



Presented to the

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
LIBRARY

by the

ONTARIO LEGISLATIVE
LIBRARY

1980



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/atlantic107bostuoft>

71429

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME CVII

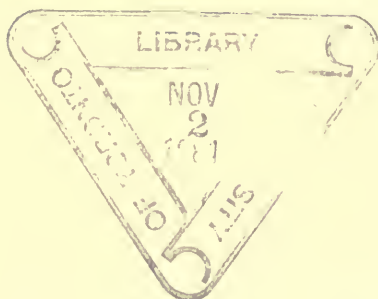


BOSTON AND NEW YORK
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

1911

COPYRIGHT, 1910 and 1911,
BY THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY.

AP
2
A8
v. 107



CONTENTS

INDEX BY TITLES

Prose

	PAGE		PAGE
Abolition of the Queue, The, <i>Ching-Chun Wang</i>	810	Dream-March to the Wilderness, A, <i>Morris Schaff</i>	632
After He was Dead, <i>Melville Davisson Post</i>	464	Educational Efficiency, <i>Henry Davis Bushnell</i>	498
American Methods of Production, German and, <i>W. H. Dooley</i>	649	Égalité, <i>Henry Seidel Canby</i>	331
American Naval Expenditure, A British View of, <i>Alexander G. McClellan</i>	34	Embarrassed Eliminators, The, <i>E. V. Lucas</i>	517
American Spirit, The, <i>Arthur Christopher Benson</i>	276	Federal Expenditures under Modern Conditions, <i>William S. Rossiter</i>	625
American Unthrift, <i>Charles T. Rogers</i>	693	Fiddler's Lure, <i>Robert Haven Schauffler</i>	472
Animal Intelligence, <i>M. E. Haggerty</i>	599	Field of Scarlet Treasure, The, <i>Edwina Stanton Babcock</i>	182
Archæology, <i>Oric Bates</i>	211	For the Honor of the Company, <i>Mary E. Mitchell</i>	648
Big Mary, <i>Katherine Mayo</i>	112	Four Winds, The, <i>Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.</i>	91
Birthplace, The, <i>Margaret Ashmun</i>	233	German and American Methods of Production, <i>W. H. Dooley</i>	649
Boys, What is Wrong with our? <i>William T. Miller</i>	789	German and British Experience with Trusts, <i>Gilbert Holland Montague</i>	155
Boys and the Theatre, <i>Frederick Winsor</i>	350	If the United States should go to War, <i>Bigelow, John, Jr.</i>	833
British View of American Naval Expenditure, A, <i>Alexander G. McClellan</i>	34	Ignominy of Being Good, The, <i>Max Eastman</i>	131
Christ among the Doctors, <i>George Hodges</i>	483	In Praise of Parrots, <i>Franklin James</i>	355
Class-Consciousness, <i>Vida D. Scudder</i>	320	Jackson, Lee and, <i>Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.</i>	778
Coddling the Criminal, <i>Charles C. Nott, Jr.</i>	164	Journalism as a Career, <i>Charles Moreau Harger</i>	218
Confederate Government, Lee and the, <i>Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.</i>	192	Journalist, The Training of the, <i>Herbert W. Horwill</i>	107
Country Minister, The, <i>Charles Moreau Harger</i>	794	Lee and Davis, <i>Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.</i>	62
Criminal, Coddling the, <i>Charles C. Nott, Jr.</i>	164	Lee and Jackson, <i>Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.</i>	778
Criticism, <i>W. C. Brownell</i>	548	Lee and the Confederate Government, <i>Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.</i>	192
Criticism of Two-Party Politics, A, <i>J. N. Larned</i>	289		
Davis, Lee and, <i>Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.</i>	62		
Diary of the Reconstruction Period, A, (Conclusion) <i>Gideon Welles</i>	118		

Lemnian, The, <i>John Buchan</i>	45	Rising Generation, A Letter to the, <i>Cornelia A. P. Comer</i>	145
Letter to the Rising Generation, A, <i>Cornelia A. P. Comer</i>	145	Russia, Tolstoi and Young, <i>Rose Strunsky</i>	490
Life beyond Life, <i>Beulah B. Amram</i>	205	Scenic Novel, The, <i>Ellis Parker Butler</i>	424
Little Baby, A, <i>Caroline Brett McLean</i>	529	Sierra, My First Summer in the, <i>John Muir</i>	1, 170, 339, 521
Mine, The Tragedy of the, <i>Joseph Husband</i>	101	Sir Walter's Orphanage, <i>N. P. Dunn</i>	709
Molière's Birthday, <i>Edwina Stanton Babcock</i>	55	Slave Plantation in Retrospect, The, <i>Winthrop More Daniels</i>	363
Municipal Government in the United States, The Tendency of, <i>George B. McClellan</i>	433	Socialism, Prepare for, <i>J. N. Larned</i>	577
My First Summer in the Sierra, <i>John Muir</i>	1, 170, 339, 521	Socialism and Human Achievement, <i>J. O. Fagan</i>	24
North and South: an Island Story, <i>Julia D. Dragoumis</i>	721	Socialism and National Efficiency, <i>J. O. Fagan</i>	580
Nullifying the Law by Judicial Interpretation, <i>Harrison S. Smalley</i>	452	South-African Sweet-Tooth, A, <i>Mark F. Wilcox</i>	830
Nurse, An Untrained, <i>Lucy Huston Sturdevant</i>	820	Step-Daughter of the Prairie, A, <i>Margaret Lynn</i>	379
Old Friends and New, <i>Margaret Sherwood</i>	661	Stranger within our Gates, The, <i>Francis E. Leupp</i>	702
Order of the Garden, The, <i>Elizabeth Coolidge</i>	771	Tendency of Municipal Government, The, in the United States, <i>George B. McClellan</i>	433
Pace that Kills, The, <i>Ford Madox Hueffer</i>	670	Theatre, Boys and the, <i>Frederick Winsor</i>	350
Parrots, In Praise of, <i>Franklin James</i>	355	Tolstoi and Young Russia, <i>Rose Strunsky</i>	490
Patricians, The, <i>John Galsworthy</i>	75, 242, 385, 502, 674	Tragedy of the Mine, The, <i>Joseph Husband</i>	101
Pedigree of Pegasus, The, <i>Frederick Morgan Padelford</i>	844	Training of the Journalist, The, <i>Herbert W. Horwill</i>	107
Persistence and Integrity of Plots, The, <i>Ellen Duwall</i>	619	Trusts, German and British Experience with, <i>Gilbert Holland Montague</i>	155
Poetry of William Watson, The, <i>Harold Williams</i>	267	Two Doctors at Akragas, <i>Frederick Peterson</i>	816
Portrait Incubus, The, <i>Helen Nicolay</i>	805	Two Generations, The, <i>Randolph S. Bourne</i>	591
Prepare for Socialism, <i>J. N. Larned</i>	577	Two-Party Politics, A Criticism of, <i>J. N. Larned</i>	289
Problem of Priscilla, The, <i>Francis E. Leupp</i>	762	Undergraduate Scholarship, <i>William Jewett Tucker</i>	740
Production, German and American Methods of, <i>W. H. Dooley</i>	649	Unpainted Portrait, The, <i>Ellen Duwall</i>	370
Provincial American, The, <i>Meredith Nicholson</i>	311	Untrained Nurse, An, <i>Lucy Huston Sturdevant</i>	820
Punch, <i>Robert M. Gay</i>	134	War against War, The, <i>Havelock Ellis</i>	751
Quality of Mercy, The, <i>Florence Converse</i>	508	Watson, William, The Poetry of, <i>Harold Williams</i>	267
Queue, The Abolition of the, <i>Ching-Chun Wang</i>	810	What is Wrong with our Boys? <i>William T. Miller</i>	789
Railroads and the People, The, <i>E. P. Ripley</i>	12	Why Not? <i>Ellwood Hendrick</i>	568
Reconstruction Period, A Diary of the, (Conclusion) <i>Gideon Welles</i>	118	Wild Life in a City Garden, <i>Herbert Ravenal Sass</i>	226
Recreation through the Senses, <i>Paul W. Goldsbury</i>	411	Word to the Rich, A, <i>Henry L. Higginson</i>	301
		Younger Generation, The: An Apologia, <i>Ann Hard</i>	538

CONTENTS

v

Poetry

Do You Remember? <i>Margaret P. Montague</i>	804	Old Bridge, The, <i>Henry Van Dyke</i>	850
Homesickness, <i>Charles Grant Matthews</i>	362	Rhetorician to his Spider, The, <i>Katharine Fullerton Gerould</i>	72
Japanese Wood-Carving, A, <i>Amy Lowell</i>	225	Safe, <i>Olive Tilford Dargan</i>	111
Loom of Spring, The, <i>Cornelia K. Rathbone</i>	624	Song of Siva, The, <i>Ameen Rihani</i>	648
Miserere, Domine! <i>Jefferson B. Fletcher</i>	203	To a Christian Poet, <i>Lee Wilson Dodd</i>	410
Myself and I, <i>Fannie Stearns Davis</i>	479	Wave, A, <i>Charles Lemmi</i>	451

INDEX BY AUTHORS

<i>Amram, Beulah B.</i> , Life beyond Life	205	<i>Eastman, Maz</i> , The Ignominy of Being Good	131
<i>Ashmun, Margaret</i> , The Birthplace	233	<i>Ellis, Havelock</i> , The War against War	751
<i>Babcock, Edwina Stanton</i>		<i>Fagan, J. O.</i>	
Molière's Birthday	55	Socialism and Human Achievement	24
The Field of the Scarlet Treasure	183	Socialism and National Efficiency	580
<i>Bates, Oric</i> , Archæology	211	<i>Fletcher, Jefferson B.</i> , Miserere, Domine	203
<i>Benson, Arthur C.</i> , The American Spirit	276	<i>Galsworthy, John</i> , The Patricians	75, 242, 385, 502, 674
<i>Bigelow, John, Jr.</i> , If the United States should to War	833	<i>Gay, Robert M.</i> , Punch	134
<i>Bourne, Randolph S.</i> , The Two Generations	590	<i>Gerould, Katharine</i> , The Rhetorician to his Spider	73
<i>Bradford, Gamaliel, Jr.</i>		<i>Goldsbury, Paul W.</i> , Recreation through the Senses	411
Lee and Davis	62	<i>Haggerty, M. E.</i> , Animal Intelligence	599
Lee and the Confederate Government	192	<i>Hard, Ann</i> , The Younger Generation: An Apologia	538
Lee and Jackson	778	<i>Harger, Charles Moreau</i>	
<i>Brownell, W. C.</i> , Criticism	548	Journalism as a Career	218
<i>Buchan, John</i> , The Lemnian	45	The Country Minister	794
<i>Bushnell, Henry Davis</i> , Educational Efficiency	498	<i>Hendrick, Ellwood</i> , Why Not?	568
<i>Butler, Ellis Parker</i> , The Scenic Novel	424	<i>Higginson, Henry L.</i> , A Word to the Rich	301
<i>Canby, Henry Seidel</i> , Égalité	331	<i>Hodges, George</i> , Christ among the Doctors	483
<i>Comer, Cornelia A. P.</i> , A Letter to the Rising Generation	145	<i>Horwille, Herbert W.</i>	
<i>Converse, Florence</i> , The Quality of Mercy	508	The Training of the Journalist	107
<i>Coolidge, Elizabeth</i> , The Order of the Garden	771	The New Missionary Outlook	441
<i>Daniels, Winthrop More</i> , The Slave Plantation in Retrospect	363	<i>Hueffer, Ford Madox</i> , The Pace that Kills	670
<i>Dargan, Olive Tilford</i> , Safe	111	<i>Husband, Joseph</i> , The Tragedy of the Mine	101
<i>Davis, Fannie Stearns</i> , Myself and I	479	<i>James, Franklin</i> , In Praise of Parrots	355
<i>Dodd, Lee Wilson</i> , To a Christian Poet	410	<i>Larned, J. N.</i>	
<i>Dooley, W. H.</i> , German and American Methods of Production	649	A Criticism of Two-Party Politics	289
<i>Dragoumis, Julia D.</i> , North and South: an Island Story	721	Prepare for Socialism	577
<i>Dunn, H. P.</i> , Sir Walter's Orphanage	709	<i>Lemmi, Charles</i> , A Wave	451
<i>Duvall, Ellen</i>		<i>Leupp, Francis E.</i>	
The Unpainted Portrait	370	The Stranger within our Gates	702
The Persistence and Integrity of Plots	619	The Problem of Priscilla	763
		<i>Lowell, Amy</i> , A Japanese Wood-Carving	225

<i>Lucas, E. V.</i> , The Embarrassed Eliminators	517	<i>Rathbone, Cornelia K.</i> , The Loom of Spring	624
<i>Lynn, Margaret</i> , A Step-Daughter of the Prairie	379	<i>Rihani, Ameen</i> , The Song of Siva	648
<i>Mather, Frank Jewett, Jr.</i> , The Four Winds	91	<i>Ripley, E. P.</i> , The Railroads and the People	12
<i>Matthews, Charles Grant</i> , Homesickness	362	<i>Rogers, Charles T.</i> , American Unthrift	694
<i>Mayo, Katherine</i> , Big Mary	112	<i>Rossiter, William S.</i> , Federal Expenditures under Modern Conditions	625
<i>McClellan, Alexander G.</i> , A British View of American Naval Expenditure	34	<i>Sass, Herbert Ravenal</i> , Wild Life in a City Garden	226
<i>McClellan, George B.</i> , The Tendency of Municipal Government in the United States	433	<i>Schaff, Morris</i> , A Dream-March to the Wilderness	632
<i>McLean, Caroline Brett</i> , A Little Baby	529	<i>Schaufler, Robert Haven</i> , Fiddler's Lure	472
<i>Miller, William T.</i> , What is Wrong with our Boys?	789	<i>Scudder, Vida D.</i> , Class-Consciousness	320
<i>Mitchell, Mary E.</i> , For the Honor of the Company	641	<i>Sherwood, Margaret</i> , Old Friends and New by Judicial Interpretation	452
<i>Montague, Gilbert Holland</i> , German and British Experience with Trusts	155	<i>Strunsky, Rose</i> , Tolstoi and Young Russia	490
<i>Montague, Margaret Prescott</i> , Do You Remember?	804	<i>Sturdevant, Lucy Huston</i> , An Untrained Nurse	820
<i>Muir, John</i> , My First Summer in the Sierra 1, 170, 339 521		<i>Tucker, William Jewett</i> , Undergraduate Scholarship	740
<i>Nicholson, Meredith</i> , The Provincial American	311	<i>Van Dyke, Henry</i> , The Old Bridge	750
<i>Nicolay, Helen</i> , The Portrait Incubus	805	<i>Wang, Chin-Chung</i> , The Abolition of the Queue	810
<i>Nott, Charles C., Jr.</i> , Coddling the Criminal 164		<i>Welles, Gideon</i> , A Diary of the Reconstruction Period (Conclusion)	118
<i>Padelford, Frederick Morgan</i> , The Pedigree of Pegasus	844	<i>Wilcox, Mark F.</i> , A South African Sweet-Tooth	830
<i>Peterson, Frederick</i> , Two Doctors at Akragas	816	<i>Williams, Harold</i> , The Poetry of William Watson	267
<i>Post, Melville Davisson</i> , After He was Dead 465		<i>Winsor, Frederick</i> , Boys and the Theatre	350

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

'Boots, The'	431	Little Boy that lived in the Lane, The	712
Born out of Time	430	Little House, The	139
By-Products of Bird-Study	716	Moment of Revolt, A	282
Call-Drum, The	140	My Views	855
Final Word, A	718	Pleasures of Acquaintance, The	857
Foundations of Simplicity	285	Rain	573
Gentleman Adventurer, A	571	Tailor's Paradox, The	286
Glory of Being Wicked, The	715	Toleration	279
How Doth ———	574	Utterance of Names, The	142
Immorality of Travel, The	851	Wedding Journeys by Proxy	854
Inanimate Objects, On	137	Wisdom of Foolishness, The	575
In Praise of Journeys	850		
Invalids and their Friends	427		

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1911.

MY FIRST SUMMER IN THE SIERRA

BY JOHN MUIR

IN the great Central Valley of California there are only two seasons — spring and summer. The spring begins with the first rainstorm, which usually falls in November. In a few months the wonderful flowery vegetation is in full bloom, and by the end of May it is dead and dry and crisp, as if every plant had been roasted in an oven.

Then the lolling, panting flocks and herds are driven to the high, cool, green pastures of the Sierra. I was longing for the mountains about this time, but money was scarce, and I could n't see how a bread-supply was to be kept up. While anxiously brooding on the bread problem, so troublesome to wanderers, and trying to believe that I might learn to live like the wild animals, gleaning nourishment here and there from seeds, berries, etc., sauntering and climbing in joyful independence of money or baggage, Mr. Delaney, a sheep-owner, for whom I had worked a few weeks, called on me, and offered to engage me to go with his shepherd and flock to the head waters of the Merced and Tuolumne rivers, the very region I had most in mind.

I was in the mood to accept work of any kind that would take me into the mountains, whose treasures I had tasted the previous summer in the Yosemite

region. The flock, he said, would be moved up gradually through the successive forest belts as the snow melted, stopping a few weeks at the best places we came to. These I thought would be good centres of observation from which I might be able to make many telling excursions within a radius of eight or ten miles of the camps, to learn something of the plants, animals, and rocks; for he assured me that I would be left perfectly free to follow my studies. I judged, however, that I was in no way the right man for the place, and freely explained my shortcomings, confessing that I was wholly unacquainted with the topography of the upper mountains, the streams that would have to be crossed, the wild sheep-eating animals, etc., and in short that what with bears, coyotes, rivers, cañons, and thorny, bewildering chaparral, I feared that half or more of his flock would be lost. Fortunately these shortcomings seemed insignificant to Mr. Delaney. The main thing, he said, was to have a man about the camp whom he could trust to see that the shepherd did his duty; and he assured me that the difficulties that seemed so formidable at a distance would vanish as we went on; encouraging me further by saying that the shepherd would do

all the herding, that I could study plants and rocks and scenery as much as I liked, and that he would himself accompany us to the first main camp and make occasional visits to our higher ones to replenish our store of provisions and see how we prospered. Therefore I concluded to go, though still fearing when I saw the silly sheep bouncing one by one through the narrow gate of the home corral to be counted, that of the two thousand and fifty many would never return.

I was fortunate in getting a fine St. Bernard dog for a companion. His master, a hunter with whom I was slightly acquainted, came to me as soon as he heard that I was going to spend the summer in the Sierra, and begged me to take his favorite dog, Carlo, with me, for he feared that if compelled to stay all summer on the plains the fierce heat might be the death of him. 'I think I can trust you to be kind to him,' he said, 'and I am sure he will be good to you. He knows all about the mountain animals, will guard the camp, assist in managing the sheep, and in every way be found able and faithful.' Carlo knew we were talking about him, watched our faces, and listened so attentively that I fancied he understood us. Calling him by name, I asked him if he was willing to go with me. He looked me in the face with eyes expressing wonderful intelligence, then turned to his master, and after permission was given by a wave of the hand toward me and a farewell patting caress, he quietly followed me as if he perfectly understood all that had been said, and had known me always.

June 3, 1869. — This morning provisions, camp-kettles, blankets, plant-press, etc., were packed on two horses, the flock headed for the tawny foothills, and away we sauntered in a cloud of dust, Mr. Delaney, bony and tall, with

sharply-hacked profile like Don Quixote, leading the pack-horses, Billy, the proud shepherd, a Chinaman, and a Digger Indian to assist in driving for the first few days in the brushy foothills, and myself with notebook tied to my belt.

The home ranch from which we set out is on the south side of the Tuolumne River near French Bar, where the foothills of metamorphic gold-bearing slates dip below the stratified deposits of the Central Valley. We had not gone more than a mile before some of the old leaders of the flock showed by the eager inquiring way they ran and looked ahead that they were thinking of the high pastures they had enjoyed last summer. Soon the whole flock seemed to be hopefully excited, the mothers calling their lambs, the lambs replying in tones wonderfully human, their fondly quavering calls interrupted now and then by hastily snatched mouthfuls of withered grass. Amid all this seeming babel of ba-as as they streamed over the hills, every mother and child recognized each other's voice. In case a tired lamb half asleep in the smothering dust should fail to answer, its mother would come running back through the flock toward the spot whence its last response was heard, and refused to be comforted until she found it, the one of a thousand, though to our eyes and ears all seemed alike.

The flock traveled at the rate of about a mile an hour, outspread in the form of an irregular triangle about a hundred yards wide at the base, and a hundred and fifty yards long, with a crooked ever-changing point made up of the strongest foragers, called 'the leaders,' which with the most active of those scattered along the ragged sides of the 'main body' hastily explored nooks in the rocks and bushes for grass and leaves; the lambs and feeble old mothers dawdling in the rear were called the 'tail end.'

About noon the heat was hard to bear; the poor sheep panted pitifully, and tried to stop in the shade of every tree they came to, while we gazed with eager longing through the dim burning glare toward the snowy mountains and streams, though not one was in sight. The landscape is only wavering foothills, roughened here and there with bushes and trees and out-cropping masses of slate. The trees, mostly the blue oak (*Quercus Douglasii*), are about thirty to forty feet high, with pale blue-green leaves and white bark, sparsely planted on the thinnest soil or in crevices of rocks beyond the reach of grass fires. The slates in many places rise abruptly through the tawny grass in sharplichen-covered slabs, like tombstones in deserted burying-grounds. With the exception of the oak and four or five species of manzanita and ceanothus, the vegetation of the foothills is mostly the same as that of the plains.

I saw this region in the early spring, when it was a charming landscape garden, full of birds and bees and flowers. Now the scorching weather makes everything dreary. The ground is full of cracks, lizards glide about on the rocks, and ants in amazing numbers, whose tiny sparks of life only burn the brighter with the heat, fairly quiver with unquenchable energy as they run in long lines to fight and gather food. How it comes that they do not dry to a crisp in a few seconds' exposure to such sun-fire is marvelous. A few rattlesnakes lie coiled in out-of-the-way places, but are seldom seen. Magpies and crows, usually so noisy, are silent now, standing in mixed flocks on the ground beneath the best shade trees, with bills wide open and wings drooped, too breathless to speak; the quails also are trying to keep in the shade about the few tepid alkaline water-holes; cottontail rabbits are running from shade to shade among the ceanothus brush, and

occasionally the long-eared hare is seen cantering gracefully across the wider openings.

After a short noon-rest in a grove, the poor dust-choked flock was again driven ahead over the brushy hills, but the dim roadway we had been following faded away just where it was most needed, compelling us to stop to look about us and get our bearings. The Chinaman seemed to think we were lost, and chattered in pigeon English concerning the abundance of 'litty stick' (chaparral), while the Indian silently scanned the billowy ridges and gulches for openings. Pushing through the thorny jungle, a road trending toward Coulterville was at length discovered, which we followed until an hour before sunset, when we reached a dry ranch and camped for the night.

Camping in the foothills with a flock of sheep is simple and easy, but far from pleasant. The sheep were allowed to pick what they could find in the neighborhood until after sunset, watched by the shepherd, while the others gathered wood, made a fire, cooked, unpacked, and fed the horses, etc. About dusk the weary sheep were gathered on the highest open spot near camp, where they willingly bunched close together, and after each mother had found her lamb and suckled it, all lay down and required no attention until morning.

Supper was announced by the call, 'Grub!' Each with a tin plate helped himself direct from the pots and pans while chatting about such camp studies as sheep-feed, mines, coyotes, bears, or adventures during the memorable gold days of pay-dirt. The Indian kept in the background, saying never a word, as if he belonged to another species. The meal finished, the dogs were fed, the smokers smoked by the fire, and under the influences of fullness and tobacco the calm that settled on their faces seemed almost divine, something

like the mellow meditative glow portrayed on the countenances of saints. Then suddenly, as if awakening from a dream, each with a sigh or grunt knocked the ashes out of his pipe, yawned, gazed at the fire a few moments, said, 'Well, I believe I'll turn in,' and straightway vanished beneath blankets. The fire smoldered and flickered an hour or two later; the stars shone brighter; coons, coyotes, and owls stirred the silence here and there, while crickets and hylas made a cheerful continuous music so fitting and full that it seemed a part of the very body of the night. The only discord came from a snoring sleeper, and the coughing sheep with dust in their throats. In the starlight the flock looked like a big gray blanket.

June 4. — The camp was astir at daybreak; coffee, bacon, and beans formed the breakfast, followed by quick dish-washing and packing. A general bleating began about sunrise. As soon as a mother-ewe arose, her lamb came bounding and bunting for its breakfast, and after the thousand youngsters had been suckled the flock began to nibble and spread. The restless wethers with ravenous appetites were the first to move, but dared not go far from the main body. Billy and the Indian and Chinaman kept them headed along the weary road and allowed them to pick up what little they could find on a breadth of about a quarter of a mile. But as several flocks had already gone ahead of us, scarce a leaf, green or dry, was left; therefore the starving flock had to be hurried on over the bare hot hills to the nearest of the green pastures, about twenty or thirty miles from here.

The pack-animals were led by Don Quixote, a heavy rifle over his shoulder intended for bears and wolves. This day has been as hot and dusty as the first, leading over gently-sloping brown

hills, with mostly the same vegetation, excepting the strange-looking Sabine pine (*P. Sabiniana*) which here forms small groves or is scattered among the blue oaks. The trunk divides at a height of fifteen or twenty feet into two or more stems, outleaning or nearly upright, with many straggling branches and long gray needles, casting but little shade. In general appearance this tree looks more like a palm than a pine. The cones are about six or seven inches long, about five in diameter, very heavy, and last long after they fall, so that the ground beneath the trees is covered with them. They make fine resinous, light-giving camp-fires, next to ears of Indian corn the most beautiful fuel I've ever heard of. The nuts, the Don tells me, are gathered in large quantities by the Digger Indians for food. They are about as large and hard-shelled as hazel-nuts, — food and fire fit for the gods from the same fruit.

June 5. — This morning a few hours after setting out with the crawling sheep-cloud, we gained the summit of the first well-defined bench on the mountain flank at Pino Blanco. The Sabine pines interest me greatly. They are so airy and strangely palm-like I was eager to sketch them, and was in a fever of excitement without accomplishing much. I managed to halt long enough, however, to make a tolerably fair sketch of Pino Blanco peak from the southwest side, where there is a small field and vineyard irrigated by a stream that makes a pretty fall on its way down a gorge by the roadside.

After gaining the open summit of this first bench, feeling the natural exhilaration due to the slight elevation of a thousand feet or so, and the hopes excited concerning the outlook to be obtained, a magnificent section of the Merced Valley at what is called Horse-shoe Bend came full in sight — a glori-

ous wilderness that seemed to be calling with a thousand songful voices. Bold, down-sweeping slopes, feathered with pines and clumps of manzanita with sunny, open spaces between them, made up most of the foreground; the middle and background presented fold beyond fold of finely-modeled hills and ridges rising into mountain-like masses in the distance, all covered with a shaggy growth of chaparral, mostly *adenostena*, planted so marvelously close and even that it looked like soft rich plush without a single tree or bare spot. As far as the eye can reach it extends, a heaving, swelling sea of green as regular and continuous as that produced by the heaths of Scotland. The sculpture of the landscape is as striking in its main lines as in its lavish richness of detail; a grand congregation of massive heights with the river shining between, each carved into smooth graceful folds without leaving a single rocky angle exposed, as if the delicate fluting and ridging fashioned out of metamorphic slates had been carefully sand-papered.

The whole landscape showed design, like man's noblest sculptures. How wonderful the power of its beauty! Gazing awe-stricken I might have left everything for it. Glad endless work would then be mine tracing the forces that have brought forth its features, its rocks and plants and animals and glorious weather. Beauty beyond thought everywhere, beneath, above, made and being made forever. I gazed and gazed and longed and admired until the dusty sheep and packs were far out of sight, made hurried notes and a sketch, though there was no need of either, for the colors and lines and expression of this divine landscape-countenance are so burned into mind and heart they surely can never grow dim.

June 7. — The sheep were sick last night, and many of them are still far

from well, hardly able to leave camp, coughing, groaning, looking wretched and pitiful, all from eating the leaves of the blessed azalea. So at least say the shepherd and the Don. Having had but little grass since they left the plains, they are starving, and so eat anything green they can get. 'Sheep men' call azalea 'sheep-poison,' and wonder what the Creator was thinking about when he made it. So desperately does sheep business blind and degrade, though supposed to have a refining influence in the good old days we read of. The California sheep-owner is in haste to get rich, and often does, now that pasturage costs nothing, while the climate is so favorable that no winter food-supply, shelter-pens, or barns are required. Therefore large flocks may be kept at slight expense, and large profits realized, the money invested doubling, it is said, every other year. This quickly acquired wealth usually creates desire for more. Then indeed the wool is drawn close down over the poor fellows' eyes, dimming or shutting out almost everything worth seeing.

As for the shepherd, his case is still worse, especially in winter when he lives alone in a cabin. For, though stimulated at times by hopes of one day owning a flock and getting rich like his boss, he at the same time is likely to be degraded by the life he leads, and seldom reaches the dignity or advantage, or disadvantage, of ownership. The degradation in his case has for cause one not far to seek. He is solitary most of the year, and solitude to most people seems hard to bear. He seldom has much good mental work or recreation in the way of books. Coming into his dingy hovel-cabin at night, stupidly weary, he finds nothing to balance and level his life with the universe. No, after his dull drag all day after the sheep, he must get his supper; he is likely to slight this task and try to satisfy his

hunger with whatever comes handy. Perhaps no bread is baked; then he just makes a few grimy flapjacks in his unwashed frying-pan, boils a handful of tea, and perhaps fries a few strips of rusty bacon. Usually there are dried peaches or apples in the cabin, but he hates to be bothered with the cooking of them, just swallows the bacon and flapjacks, and depends on the genial stupefaction of tobacco for the rest. Then to bed, often without removing the clothing worn during the day. Of course his health suffers, reacting on his mind; and seeing nobody for weeks or months, he finally becomes semi-insane or wholly so.

The shepherd in Scotland seldom thinks of being anything but a shepherd. He has probably descended from a race of shepherds and inherited a love and aptitude for the business almost as marked as that of his collie. He has but a small flock to look after, sees his family and neighbors, has time for reading in fine weather, and often carries books to the fields with which he may converse with kings. The Oriental shepherd, we read, called his sheep by name, that they knew his voice and followed him. The flocks must have been small and easily managed, allowing piping on the hills and ample leisure for reading and thinking. But whatever the blessings of sheep-culture in other times and countries, the California shepherd, so far as I've seen or heard, is never quite sane for any considerable time. Of all Nature's voices ba-a is about all he hears. Even the howls and kiyis of coyotes might be blessings if well heard, but he hears them only through a blur of mutton and wool, and they do him no good.

The sick sheep are getting well, and the shepherd is discoursing on the various poisons lurking in these high pastures — azalea, kalmia, alkali. After crossing the North Fork of the

Merced we turned to the left toward Pilot Peak, and made a considerable ascent on a rocky brush-covered ridge to Brown's Flat, where for the first time since leaving the plains the flock is enjoying plenty of green grass. Mr. Delaney intends to seek a permanent camp somewhere in the neighborhood, to last several weeks.

Poison oak or poison ivy (*Rhus diversiloba*), both as a bush and a scrambler up trees and rocks, is common throughout the foothill region up to a height of at least three thousand feet above the sea. It is somewhat troublesome to most travelers, inflaming the skin and eyes, but blends harmoniously with its companion plants, and many a charming flower leans confidently upon it for protection and shade. I have oftentimes found the curious twining lily (*Stropholirion Californicum*) climbing its branches, showing no fear but rather congenial companionship. Sheep eat it without apparent ill effects; so do horses to some extent, though not fond of it, and to many persons it is harmless. Like most other things not apparently useful to man, it has few friends, and the blind question, 'Why was it made?' goes on and on with never a guess that first of all it might have been made for itself.

June 9. — How deep our sleep last night in the mountain's heart, beneath the trees and stars, hushed by solemn-sounding waterfalls and many small soothing voices in sweet accord whispering peace! And our first pure mountain day, — warm, calm, cloudless, — how immeasurable it seems, how serenely wild! I can scarcely remember its beginning. Along the river, over the hills, in the ground, in the sky, spring work is going on with joyful enthusiasm, new life, new beauty, unfolding, unrolling in glorious exuberant extravagance, — new birds in their

nest, new winged creatures in the air, and new leaves, new flowers spreading, shining, rejoicing everywhere.

The trees about the camp stand close, giving ample shade for ferns and lilies, while back from the riverbank most of the sunshine reaches the ground, calling up the grasses and flowers in glorious array, tall bromus waving like bamboos, starry compositæ, monardella, Mariposa tulips, lupines, gilia, violets, glad children of light. Soon every fern frond will be unrolled, great beds of common pteris and woodwardia along the river, wreaths and rosettes of pellæa and cheilanthes on sunny rocks. Some of the woodwardia fronds are already six feet high.

The sheep do not take kindly to their new pastures, perhaps from being too closely hemmed in by the hills. They are never fully at rest. Last night they were frightened, probably by bears or coyotes prowling and planning for a share of the grand mass of mutton.

June 12. — A slight sprinkle of rain, — large drops far apart, falling with hearty pat and splash on leaves and stones and into the mouths of the flowers. Cumuli rising to the eastward. How beautiful their pearly bosses! How well they harmonize with the upswelling rocks beneath them. Mountains of the sky, solid-looking, finely sculptured, their richly varied topography wonderfully defined by the sunshine pouring over them. Thunder rolling in rounded muffled tones like the clouds from which it comes. Never before have I seen clouds so substantial-looking in form and texture. Nearly every day toward noon they rise with visible swelling motion as if new worlds were being created. And how fondly they brood and hover over the gardens and forests with their cooling shadows and showers, keeping every petal and leaf in glad health and heart. One may

fancy the clouds themselves are plants, springing up in the sky-fields at the call of the sun, growing in beauty until they reach their prime, scattering rain and hail like berries and seeds, then wilting and dying.

June 13. Another glorious Sierra day in which one seems to be dissolved and absorbed and sent pulsing onward we know not where. Life seems neither long nor short, and we take no more heed to save time or make haste than do the trees and stars. This is true freedom, a good practical sort of immortality. Yonder rises another white sky-land. How sharply the yellow pine spires and the palm-like crowns of the sugar pines are outlined in its smooth white domes. And hark! the grand thunder-billows booming, rolling from ridge to ridge, followed by the faithful shower.

A good many herbaceous plants come thus far up the mountains from the plains, and are now in flower, two months later than their lowland relatives. Saw a few columbines to-day. Most of the ferns are in their prime — rockferns on the sunny hillsides, cheilanthes, pellæa, gymnogamma; woodwardia, aspidium, woodsia along the stream-banks, and the common pteris aquilina on sandy flats. This last, however common, is here making shows of strong exuberant abounding beauty to set the botanist wild with admiration. I measured some scarce full grown that are more than seven feet high. Though the commonest and most widely distributed of all the ferns, I might almost say that I never saw it before. The broad-shouldered fronds held high on smooth stout stalks growing close together, overleaning and overlapping, make a complete ceiling, beneath which one may walk erect over several acres without being seen, as if beneath a roof. And how soft and lovely the light

streaming through this living ceiling, revealing the arching, branching ribs and veins of the fronds as the framework of countless panes of pale green and yellow plant-glass nicely fitted together — a fairyland created out of the commonest fern-stuff. The smaller animals wander about in it as if in a tropical forest. I saw the entire flock of sheep vanish at one side of a patch and reappear a hundred yards farther on at the other, their progress betrayed only by the jerking and trembling of the fronds; and strange to say very few of the stout woody stalks were broken.

I sat a long time beneath the tallest field, and never enjoyed anything in the way of a bower of wild leaves more strangely impressive. Only spread a fern-frond over a man's head, and worldly cares are cast out, and freedom and beauty and peace come in. The waving of a pine tree on the top of a mountain, — a magic wand in nature's hand, — every devout mountaineer knows its power, but the marvelous beauty-value of what the Scotch call a breckan in a still dell, what poet has sung this? It would seem impossible that any one, however incrustured with care, could escape the Godful influence of these sacred fern forests. Yet this very day I saw a shepherd pass through one of the finest of them without betraying more feeling than his sheep. 'What do you think of these grand ferns?' I asked. 'Oh, they're only d——d big brakes,' he replied.

Lizards of every temper, style, and color dwell here, seemingly as happy and companionable as the birds and squirrels. Lowly, gentle fellow mortals, enjoying God's sunshine, and doing the best they can in getting a living, I like to watch them at their work and play. They bear acquaintance well, and one likes them the better the longer one looks into their beautiful, innocent eyes. They are easily tamed, and one soon

learns to love them, as they dart about on the hot rocks, swift as dragon-flies. The eye can hardly follow them; but they never make long-sustained runs, usually only about ten or twelve feet, then a sudden stop, and as sudden a start again; going all their journeys by quick, jerking impulses. These many stops I find are necessary as rests, for they are short-winded, and when pursued steadily are soon out of breath, pant pitifully, and are easily caught.

Their bodies are more than half tail, but these tails are well managed, never heavily dragged nor curved up as if hard to carry; on the contrary, they seem to follow the body lightly of their own will. Some are colored like the sky, bright as bluebirds, others gray like the lichenized rocks on which they hunt and bask. Even the horned toad of the plains is a mild, harmless creature, and so are the snake-like species which glide in curves with true snake motion, while their small undeveloped limbs drag as useless appendages. One specimen fourteen inches long which I observed closely made no use whatever of its tender sprouting limbs, but glided with all the soft, sly ease and grace of a snake. Here comes a little gray, dusty fellow who seems to know and trust me, running about my feet, and looking up cunningly into my face. Carlo is watching, makes a quick pounce on him, for the fun of the thing I suppose, but Liz. has shot away from his paws like an arrow, and is safe in the recesses of a clump of chaparral. Gentle saurians, dragons, descendants of an ancient and mighty race, Heaven bless you all and make your virtues known! for few of us yet know that scales may cover fellow creatures as gentle and lovable as do feathers, or hair, or cloth.

Mastodons and elephants used to live here no great geological time ago, as shown by their bones, often discovered by miners in washing gold-gravel. And

bears of at least two species are here now, besides the California lion or panther, and wild cats, wolves, foxes, snakes, scorpions, wasps, tarantulas; but one is almost tempted at times to regard a small savage black ant as the master-existence of this vast mountain world. These fearless, restless wandering imps, though only about a quarter of an inch long, are fonder of fighting and biting than any beast I know. They attack every living thing around their homes, often without cause so far as I can see. Their bodies are mostly jaws curved like ice-hooks, and to get work for these weapons seems to be their chief aim and pleasure. Most of their colonies are established in living oaks somewhat decayed or hollowed, in which they can conveniently build their cells. These are chosen probably on account of their strength as opposed to the attacks of animals and storms. They work both day and night, creep into dark caves, climb the highest trees, wander and hunt through cool ravines as well as on hot, unshaded ridges, and extend their highways and byways over everything but water and sky. From the foothills to a mile above the level of the sea nothing can stir without their knowledge; and alarms are spread in an incredibly short time, without any howl or cry that we can hear.

I can't understand the need of their ferocious courage; there seems to be no common sense in it. Sometimes no doubt they fight in defense of their homes, but they fight anywhere and always wherever they can find anything to bite. As soon as a vulnerable spot is discovered on man or beast they stand on their heads and sink their jaws, and though torn limb from limb they will yet hold on and die biting deeper. When I contemplate this fierce creature so widely distributed and strongly intrenched, I see that much

remains to be done ere the world is brought under the rule of universal peace and love.

On my way to camp a few minutes ago, I passed a dead pine nearly ten feet in diameter. It has been enveloped in fire from top to bottom so that now it looks like a grand black pillar set up as a monument. In this noble shaft a colony of large jet-black ants have established themselves, laboriously cutting tunnels and cells through the wood, whether sound or decayed. The entire trunk seems to have been honeycombed, judging by the size of the talus of gnawed chips like sawdust piled up around its base. They are more intelligent-looking than their small, belligerent, strong-scented brethren, and have better manners, though quick to fight when required. Their towns are carved in fallen trunks as well as in those left standing, but never in sound, living trees or in the ground.

When you happen to sit down to rest or take notes near a colony, some wandering hunter is sure to find you and come cautiously forward to discover the nature of the intruder and what ought to be done. If you are not too near the town and keep perfectly still he may run across your feet a few times, over your legs and hands and face, up your trousers, as if taking your measure and getting comprehensive views, then go in peace without raising an alarm. If however a tempting spot is offered or some suspicious movement excites him, a bite follows, and such a bite! I fancy that a bear- or wolf-bite is not to be compared with it. A quick electric flame of pain flashes along the outraged nerves, and you discover for the first time how great is the capacity for sensation you are possessed of. A shriek, a grab for the animal, and a bewildered stare follow this bite of bites as one comes back to consciousness from sudden eclipse. Fortunately, if

careful, one need not be bitten oftener than once or twice in a lifetime.

This wonderful electric ant is about three fourths of an inch long. Bears are fond of them, and tear and gnaw their home-logs to pieces, and roughly devour the eggs, larvæ, parent ants, and the rotten or sound wood of the cells, all in one spicy acid hash. The Digger Indians also are fond of the larvæ and even of the perfect ants, so I have been told by old mountaineers. They bite off and reject the head, and eat the tickly acid body with keen relish. Thus are the poor biters bitten, like every other biter, big or little, in the world's great family.

There is also a fine active intelligent-looking red species, intermediate in size between the above. They dwell in the ground, and build large piles of seed-husks, leaves, straw, etc., over their nests. Their food seems to be mostly insects and plant-leaves, seeds and sap. How many mouths nature has to fill, how many neighbors we have, how little we know about them, and how seldom we get in one another's way! Then to think of the infinite numbers of smaller fellow mortals, invisibly small, compared with which the smallest ants are as mastodons.

June 14. — The pool-basins below the falls and cascades hereabouts, formed by the heavy down-plunging currents, are kept nicely clean and clear of detritus. The heavier parts of the material swept over the falls is heaped up a short distance in front of the basins in the form of a dam, thus tending, together with erosion, to increase their size. Sudden changes, however, are effected during the spring floods, when the snow is melting and the upper tributaries are roaring loud from 'bank to brae.' Then boulders which have fallen into the channels, and which the ordinary summer and winter currents

were unable to move, are suddenly swept forward as by a mighty besom, hurled over the falls into these pools, and piled up in a new dam together with part of the old one, while some of the smaller boulders are carried farther down stream and variously lodged according to size and shape, all seeking rest where the force of the current is less than the resistance they are able to offer.

But the greatest changes made in these relations of fall, pool, and dam are caused, not by the ordinary spring floods, but by extraordinary ones that occur at irregular intervals. The testimony of trees growing on flood boulder-deposits shows that a century or more has passed since the last master-flood came to awaken everything movable to go swirling and dancing on wonderful journeys. These floods may occur during the summer, when heavy thunder-showers, called 'cloud-bursts,' fall on wide, steeply-inclined stream-basins furrowed by converging channels, which suddenly gather the waters together into the main trunk in booming torrents of enormous transporting power, though short-lived.

One of these ancient flood-boulders stands firm in the middle of the stream-channel, just below the lower edge of the pool-dam at the foot of the fall nearest our camp. It is a nearly cubical mass of granite about eight feet high, plushed with mosses over the top and down the sides to ordinary high-water mark. When I climbed on top of it to-day and lay down to rest, it seemed the most romantic spot I had yet found, — the one big stone with its mossy level top and smooth sides standing square and firm and solitary, like an altar, the fall in front of it bathing it lightly with the finest of the spray, just enough to keep its moss cover fresh; the clear green pool beneath, with its foam-bells and its half circle of lilies

leaning forward like a band of admirers, and flowering dogwood and alder trees leaning over all in sun-sifted arches. How soothingly, restfully cool it is beneath that leafy, translucent ceiling, and how delightful the water music — the deep bass tones of the fall, the clashing, ringing spray, and infinite variety of small low tones of the current gliding past the side of the boulder-island, and glinting against a thousand smaller stones down the ferny channel. All this shut in; every one of these influences acting at short range as if in a quiet room. The place seemed holy, where one might hope to see God.

After dark, when the camp was at rest, I groped my way back to the altar-boulder and passed the night on it, — above the water, beneath the leaves and stars, — everything still more impressive than by day, the fall seen dimly white, singing nature's old love-song with solemn enthusiasm, while the stars peering through the leaf-roof seemed to join in the white water's song. Precious night, precious day, to abide in me forever. Thanks be to God for this immortal gift.

June 16. — One of the Indians from Brown's Flat got right into the middle of the camp this morning, unobserved. I was seated on a stone, looking over my notes and sketches, and happening to look up, was startled to see him standing grim and silent within a few steps of me, as motionless and weather-stained as an old tree-stump that had stood there for centuries. All Indians seem to have learned this wonderful way of walking unseen, — making them-

selves invisible like certain spiders I have been observing here, which, in case of alarm, caused for example by a bird alighting on the bush their webs are spread upon, immediately bounce themselves up and down on their elastic threads so rapidly that only a blur is visible. The wild Indian power of escaping observation, even where there is little or no cover to hide in, was probably slowly acquired in hard hunting and fighting lessons while trying to approach game, take enemies by surprise, or get safely away when compelled to retreat. And this experience transmitted through many generations seems at length to have become what is vaguely called instinct.

June 17. — Counted the wool bundles this morning as they bounced through the narrow corral gate. About three hundred are missing, and as the shepherd could not go to seek them, I had to go. I tied a crust of bread to my belt, and with Carlo set out for the upper slopes of the Pilot Peak ridge, and had a good day, notwithstanding the care of seeking the silly runaways. I went out for wool, and did not come back shorn. A peculiar light circled around the horizon, white and thin like that often seen over the auroral corona, blending into the blue of the upper sky. The only clouds were a few faint flossy pencilings like combed silk. I pushed direct to the boundary of the usual range of the flock, and around it until I found the outgoing trail of the wanderers. It led far up the ridge into an open place surrounded by a hedge-like growth of ceanothus chaparral.

(To be continued.)

THE RAILROADS AND THE PEOPLE

BY E. P. RIPLEY

THERE is just one point about the present relations between the railroads and the people of the United States as to which all agree. This is that they are very unsatisfactory. Opinions differ as to why this is so. Many say that the roads themselves, by numerous sins of omission and commission, raised and have prolonged the storm of hostile public sentiment which has been sweeping over them for some years. The shortcomings and abuses in railway management, it is argued, have made necessary, for the protection of the public, strict and detailed public regulation; and railway owners and managers, it is asserted, have not met in the right spirit efforts to secure such regulation. Senator A. B. Cummins of Iowa expressed a widely-taken view when he said on August 17 in a letter to me, 'The trouble with the railway owners and railway managers is that, instead of loyally and finally accepting the supervising and regulating power of the government, and helping to make its exercise fair and effective, they resist every proposal to enlarge public authority, and resent every attempt to interfere with their management. The outcome is constant irritation and increasing turmoil.'

Railway managers do not deny that many mistakes have been made and many abuses have grown up in the development and administration of American railways. But they do deny the truth and fairness of many of the counts in the sweeping indictments of the roads that have been made and

printed throughout the country, and feel strongly that most of the public hostility to the carriers is unjust. They do not doubt that the public means to be fair. But they feel that it has allowed itself to be misled, to its own injury, by these wholesale charges of wrong-doing. They believe that some of the legislation that has been passed recently is wholesome. But they think that many laws that have been enacted, and many projects for further regulation which are receiving popular support, are unwise, because they aim to do things that are undesirable, or to secure ends the attainment of which would be impracticable even if it were desirable.

Railway transportation is one of our largest industries. It employs over a million and a half of men to whom have been paid over a billion dollars in wages in a single year. The concerns that make and deal in railway equipment and supplies, whose prosperity depends on that of the railways, employ perhaps as many more. Upon the amount their employers can pay these men depends the amount they can spend with the local merchant. Upon how much goods the local merchant can sell depends the quantity he can buy from the jobber. Upon how much the jobber can sell depends how much he can buy from the manufacturer. And upon how much the manufacturer can sell depends how much wages he can pay and how much raw materials he can purchase. Therefore, the prosperity of the entire country depends to a

very large degree on the prosperity of the transportation industry. I do not take the narrow view that this is true only of the transportation industry. But how much all classes will be affected by the condition of any industry depends on how large and important it is, and how extensive are its ramifications; and the prosperity of all depends so much on the condition of the transportation industry because it is the largest, the most important, and the most extensive in its ramifications, except agriculture.

The country has been feeling the effects for the last three years of an unhealthy condition of the railway business. If the railways had spent as much in proportion during this time for operation and additions and betterments as they did in 1907, their expenditures for these accounts would have been during this period about four hundred million dollars larger than they were. If there had been during the last three years as much new railway construction in proportion as there was in 1907, the mileage built would have been seventy-two hundred miles greater than it was, which would have involved an additional expenditure of approximately three hundred million dollars. Who can doubt that the fact that the railways during these years greatly curtailed their expenditures has been one of the main influences protracting the depression? In order to keep abreast of the growth of commerce they should have increased instead of reducing their expenditures.

That the relations of the railways and the people have not been put on a better basis has not been because there is any antagonism between their interests, but largely because the officers of the railways, on the one hand, and the leaders of public opinion, on the other, often have not approached the subject in the right spirit. It would be

a thankless and fruitless task to inquire who has been the more to blame; both sides have been at fault. The discussion of railway regulation has too often resolved itself into arguing over what rights are guaranteed to the railways, and what power over them is given to the people by the Federal Constitution. Now, it is very desirable that the relative constitutional rights of the public and the carriers should be clearly defined, thoroughly understood, and faithfully respected. But the people and the railways have a relation which is even more important than their constitutional relation. This is the relation indicated by the subject on which the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* has asked me to write — their 'ethical relation.' An ethical relation involves reciprocal duties; and the constitutional rights of the railway and the constitutional power of the public do not mark the boundaries of their duties to each other. There are many things railways ought to do for the convenience and benefit of the public that they could not constitutionally be forced to do. And on the other hand, the criterion of the duty of the public as to adopting any proposed policy regarding the railways is, not merely whether it would be constitutional, but whether it would be just to the railways and for the good of the people. The proper relation between the railways and the people is that which, not merely temporarily, but in the long run, will best promote the 'greatest happiness of the greatest number.'

The formulation of correct general principles is important. Their practical application to specific cases is more important, and also more difficult. The principle that the proper ethical relation between the railroads and the people is that which will, in the long run, best promote the 'greatest happiness of the greatest number' is easy to

formulate; it will be universally accepted; but wide differences of opinion will arise as to its application. Yet it must be applied to practical affairs to be of any value.

The part of the railroad's business which has received the most discussion and regulation is its rates. Both the law and sound ethics require rates to be 'fair and reasonable': that is, equitable as between different commodities, shippers, and localities, and not exorbitant.

Two widely different theories have been advanced as those which ought to govern the making of rates. These theories may be denominated as, —

(1) The value of the service.

(2) The cost of the service.

The railroads themselves (and I think nearly all intelligent students of the question) advocate the former. There is little difference in the cost of transporting a car of automobiles and a car of sand, yet it is manifest that a rate which would be much less than fair for the automobiles would prohibit the movement of the sand; therefore, the rate on the sand, if moved at all, must be actually less than the *average* cost of moving all freight, while the rate on the automobiles must be very largely in excess of the average cost. A mere statement of this proposition should suffice to prove it. There is one point regarding this matter that many forget: this is that in all affairs there are two kinds of discrimination. There is the kind which, as the dictionary expresses it, 'sets apart as being different,' which 'distinguishes accurately,' and there is the widely different kind which 'treats unequally.' In all ordinary affairs of life we condemn as 'undiscriminating' those who have so little judgment or fairness as not to 'distinguish accurately' or 'set apart things that are different' — who either treat equally things that are unequal,

or treat unequally things that are equal. Now, when the railway traffic-manager 'sets apart things that are different,' and treats them differently, he simply does what it is the duty of every one to do.

This shows what is meant by basing rates on the 'value of the service' — on 'what the traffic will bear.' This method of making rates has been widely and vigorously denounced; but, when properly carried out, it is merely the 'setting apart of things which are different' in a way that is highly beneficial. The free movement of all commodities promotes the 'greatest good of the greatest number'; and as the adjustment of the rates on the various commodities roughly in proportion to the value of the services rendered in hauling them is an imperative condition to the free circulation of the cheaper and bulkier commodities, in so adjusting its rates the railway simply does its public duty. At all events, this policy has built up the business of the country to its present proportions.

Many, while conceding that the rates on different commodities must be adjusted according to the value of the service, contend that the rates for different hauls of the same commodity should be based on cost, or on distance, which is a rough measure of cost. Railroad men do not believe that rates ought always to increase *in proportion* to distance. They believe that here again we should 'set apart things that are different.' All statesmen and economists agree that free industrial and commercial competition promotes the public welfare. Now, the policy of American railways in generally making their rates lower in proportion for long than for short distances — in basing them on the value rather than the cost of service — has enabled producers throughout a large territory to compete in every market, and consum-

ers to get commodities from every point of production in that territory; and has therefore, I believe, been of great benefit to the public.

Many persons who concede that distance must, to a considerable extent, be disregarded, argue that at least there can be no excuse for so far ignoring it as to charge a higher rate for a shorter than for a longer haul over the same line. But this, again, is often merely 'setting apart things that are different.' When a railway makes a lower rate for a longer than for a shorter haul, it is usually because it meets controlling competition either by water or by rail at the more distant point, which it does not meet at the nearer point. It could no more afford to make rates proportionately as low to the intermediate as to the more distant point than it could afford to make as low rates on all commodities as it makes on sand. If it quit meeting the competition at the more distant point, the shipper at the nearer point would not be benefited, because he would still have to pay the same rates as before, while the shipper at the more distant point would still be able to get his goods by the competing rail or water line at the same rate as before. The railway which had withdrawn from competing would be injured, because it would no longer get any of the competitive traffic; and shippers and consumers at the more distant point would be injured, because they would no longer enjoy the benefit of its competition with the other lines serving them.

This shows that the 'greatest good of the greatest number' is often best promoted by almost entire disregard of distance in rate-making.

No doubt many will say that theoretically the value-of-the-service principle is right, but that many mistakes have been made and many abuses have developed in its application. This is

quite true; there have been many discriminations which have consisted in 'treating unequally,' and for them the railways deserve condemnation. But unfair discriminations in rates afford the best illustration of the fact that, in order that the railway may do its full duty to the public, the public must do its duty to the railway. Secret rebating has been practically extirpated. For the fact that it and other forms of unfair railroad discrimination continued so long, and that some still exist, the public is much to blame. Since the original Interstate Commerce Act was passed, there has not been a time when our laws regulating railways have not been so inconsistent and conflicting that railway men could not obey one part of them without violating another part. The best parts of the Interstate Commerce Act are those prohibiting unfair discrimination. The big shippers and large centres of industry and commerce control a great deal of traffic. By withholding their business from roads which will not give them unfair concessions, and giving it to those which will, they have got many unfair advantages. In compliance with the provisions of the Interstate Commerce Act, and in the performance of their duty to the public, the railways ought to abolish these unfair discriminations. But to do so, all competing railways must act in concert regarding rates; and under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law such a perfectly reasonable and salutary combination by the railways has been held to be an illegal conspiracy! In other words, existing laws forbid the railways to discriminate unfairly, and then make it criminal conspiracy for them to take the only action that will effectually prevent unfair discrimination.

It may be said that, as the Interstate Commission now has authority to reduce any rate, and to prevent any ad-

vance in rates that 'it finds unreasonable, it is unnecessary for the railways to be allowed to act together to stop or to prevent unfair discrimination; that the Commission can do this. But unfair discrimination consists in the fixing of unfair relations between two or more rates, and may be due either to the fact that one rate is too high or that some related rate is too low. Therefore, anybody, in order in all cases fairly to correct discriminations, must be able either to reduce a rate that is too high or raise a rate that is too low. But the law confers on the Commission only authority to reduce rates and prevent advances.

The public very properly requires the railways to give it and all its patrons a 'square deal.' Have not the railways an equal right to demand a square deal from the public? And can they be said to be getting it as long as the laws are such that they cannot obey part of them without incurring the danger of punishment for violating another part of them? The Interstate Commerce Law and the Sherman Anti-Trust Law should be so modified as to permit railways to enter into reasonable agreements regarding rates. This is allowed in every other leading country in the world. The Interstate Commerce Act should be further amended so as to authorize the Commission, when it finds a certain adjustment of rates unfairly discriminatory, to correct it by ordering either advances in the lower or reductions in the higher rates, according to which may be most fair.

For the last two or three years the public has been giving less attention than formerly to unfair discrimination, and more to the question of the absolute amount of the rates that ought to be allowed to be charged. As has already been said, it is the duty of the railway not only to make its rates fair as

between different commodities, shippers, and communities, but also to make them reasonable — that is, not excessive. I believe the railways of the United States have fully discharged that duty. Traffic cannot grow rapidly on excessive rates; and industry and commerce cannot thrive on them. But traffic and industry and commerce have increased in an unprecedented and unparalleled degree on the rates made by American railways.

If further evidence be desired that the rates of the railways of the United States have been reasonable, it can be found in a comparison of them with those of the railways of other countries. Such comparisons are deceptive unless account be taken of the differences between transportation and industrial conditions here and abroad; but, making generous allowance for all these differences, it is conceded by every competent economist who has ever investigated the subject that the rates of our railways are the lowest in the world.

A railway, however, has not discharged its full public duty even when it has made its rates both fair and low. It is also its duty to treat its employees well, and to give good service to the public. That the railways of the United States, while keeping their rates low, have done well by their employees, is amply demonstrated by the statistics regarding the wages paid them. While railway rates have remained almost stationary, railway wages have been increased during the past ten years about twenty-three per cent; and railway employees are to-day — as, in fact, they have been for years — the highest-paid workmen in this or any other country. It is the duty of railways, not only to treat their employees well, but, whenever at all possible, to reach settlements of disputed points with them in an amicable way. This duty was not fully appreciated in

past years, and the consequence was strikes and lockouts which caused enormous trouble and loss to the public. It is a duty which has been fully appreciated and performed in later years, and, in consequence, there has been no very serious interruption to commerce, due to railway strikes, for a long time.

As to railway service in general in the United States, it has many shortcomings; but the managements of the roads are constantly striving to make it better; and the great improvements that have been made in it in recent years ought to be sufficient evidence that they will in course of time make it as good as any one can reasonably ask, if they are allowed to charge rates that are reasonably proportionate to the value of the services they render for them.

There are many persons, however, who think that the reasonableness of rates should be measured by some other standard than the value of the services rendered for them. They contend that all a railway is entitled to is a 'fair return' on the fair value of its property; that a fair return is the current rate of interest; and that if it is earning, or in future shall earn, more than this, then its rates should be reduced. Is that an equitable proposition? It is true that the railway's service is public and it is therefore subject to regulation; but its ownership is private. When private capitalists built our railways they did so with the understanding that if they gave good service at fair and reasonable rates their duty to the public would be discharged; and that, in return, the public would no more limit the *profits* they derived from their business than it would limit the profits derived by investors from any other business. The railways have in the main carried out their part of the bargain. Now, obviously, the proposi-

tion so to regulate rates as to limit the earnings of railways to a 'fair return' is a proposition, not merely to require their *rates* to be reasonable, but to limit their *profits* in a way that profits in no other business ever have been limited in any other commercial undertakings in any country on earth.

It is sometimes said that the fact that railways exercise the power of eminent domain gives the public a special right narrowly to limit their profits. But the power of eminent domain can be exercised only for the public benefit; railways are allowed to exercise it only because otherwise they could not be built at all, and because their construction and operation is of benefit to the public. On what theory of equity can the exercise by the railroad of a power which is conferred on it, and which it exercises for the public good, be turned into an argument for so regulating it as to make it less profitable than concerns which do not serve a public use, but merely serve a private purpose?

One of the greatest difficulties in the way of so regulating rates as to limit each railway to a 'fair return' is that railways differ as widely as individual men. Some roads are favorably, others unfavorably located. Some managements have great, and others only moderate foresight and ability, and others almost none. To limit the profits of the favorably located and well-managed railways to the current rate of interest would deprive them of the rewards of, and the incentive to, good management. As rates on all competing roads must be the same, it would prevent weaker roads from earning any return, and bankrupt them. How is it possible that any one can believe that such a policy would be just either to the strong or to the weak roads?

If one formed his opinion solely by following the discussions of railway

rates, he would conclude that all the public wants is low rates, and that it is willing that the railways should reduce the quality of their service indefinitely if this be accompanied by proportionate reductions in rates. But this is far from the case. Railway men are beset constantly by demands for reductions and opposition to advances in rates. But they are beset just as constantly by demands for improvements in service. The public cannot both eat its cake and have it. It cannot at the same time get, and ought not to ask, both lower rates and more expensive and better service. Which of the public's demands, then, ought the railways, with the coöperation of the regulating authorities, chiefly to seek to meet?

It seems to me that they ought mainly, at least for some years to come, to try to meet the public's demand for better service. For railway rates in this country are the lowest in the world. In some respects, railway service here is the best and most efficient; but every one knows that there are many improvements in service which ought to be made in the interest of the public safety, convenience, and economic welfare.

The statistics of accidents on American railways are only too familiar. I need not repeat here the harrowing details to show the need of making our transportation safer. About eighty per cent of railway accidents are caused by mistakes, or reckless violations of the rules of the companies by employees; but a great many are due to defects and shortcomings of the physical plants of the railways. The total number of miles of railway in the United States on June 30, 1909, was 236,869. Block-signals are very useful in preventing accidents, even on roads where traffic is comparatively light, and are absolutely requisite to safe operation

where it is heavy. Yet a report of the Block-Signal and Train-Control Board of the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that on January 1, 1910, the mileage operated by block-signals was but 65,758 miles, or only twenty-seven per cent of the total, and that of this only 14,237 miles were operated by automatic blocks. In the interest of public safety there should be a very great increase in the mileage of block-signals.

In order to make their service safe, many roads will have to do an amount of work for the strengthening of their tracks which will amount practically to reconstruction of large parts of them, or, in the cases of not a few roads, of all of them. In the course of time all grade-crossings between railways, and between railways and highways, ought to be eliminated. Many other costly improvements ought to be made to render transportation safe; and the roads are not only willing, but anxious to make them as fast as their financial resources will permit, and also to submit to and comply with all reasonable legislation intended to promote safety. It is significant that while the railways have contested in the courts a great deal of legislation regarding rates, they have never tested the validity of the original federal safety-appliances acts, although their constitutionality has always been doubtful, but have faithfully complied with them; and that at great expense, they are now pursuing the same policy in reference to the new safety-appliance act passed by Congress in 1910. Railway managers are just as anxious to make their service safe, both for their employees and for passengers, as the public is to have them do so. The main difference between them and those who criticise them is that the railway managers appreciate more keenly the expense that must be incurred, and the difficulties

that must be overcome, in making transportation safe.

Every railway manager in the country has in his files scores of petitions for the construction of new passenger stations. These vary in importance and amounts of money involved from the request of villages that their little wooden depots be replaced by larger and more pretentious brick ones, to the demands of cities, such as Kansas City, Washington, Chicago, and New York, for new passenger terminals and stations costing from \$20,000,000 to \$100,000,000 each. In many cases the roads are asked to build, not only handsome and expensive stations, but to surround them with beautiful parks. The railways at Kansas City, as one of the conditions of the passage by the city of an ordinance authorizing them to build a new union station, are giving the public a park adjacent to it costing \$500,000. The appearance of the railway station and grounds considerably influences the opinions visitors form of a town or city, and it is perfectly natural that the people should desire them to be commodious and beautiful. The public constantly grows more exacting in its demands for comfort, and even luxury, on passenger trains, and for their strict adherence to their schedules, so that the traveler can tell with unvarying accuracy at what time he will reach his destination.

Shippers constantly ask more and faster freight service. There has been during the last several years a great deal of complaint because the roads have been unable in the busiest parts of the year to handle promptly all of the freight traffic that has been offered them. In order that they may become able to do this they must build numerous extensions and branches, and many miles of second, third, and fourth track. The railways of the United States today are practically a single-track sys-

tem: of the 236,869 miles of line, only 21,000 miles are double-tracked. The roads must also greatly enlarge their terminal facilities and provide hundreds of thousands of new cars and locomotives.

The roads ought to make all these great improvements. But it is perfectly evident that if they are to be made, they must be paid for; and that if they are to be paid for, the public has a part to perform — that of letting the roads earn whatever is necessary to make it practicable to pay for them. Now, while some improvements increase the earning capacity of a railway, others do not. For example, from the \$500,000 the roads are spending on a park at Kansas City they will never derive a dollar of return. They are spending two or three million dollars on the union depot at Kansas City. A station which would serve adequately all purely transportation purposes could be built for \$200,000. On the difference between these amounts the roads will receive no return. Similar comment might be made on all large passenger stations. They are built for the benefit of the public, not for the profit of the railroads. Elevation of tracks and separation of grades increase to some extent the efficiency of railway operation, but the amount by which they reduce operating expenses is far less than the interest on their cost. The amounts by which the enlargements of terminal facilities in big cities, which must be made if the growing traffic is to be properly handled, will increase net earnings, will in many cases be less than the interest on their cost.

Improvements which increase earning capacity ought to be capitalized because they afford the means for paying interest and dividends. But suppose the total investment of \$2,000,000 in a passenger station be capitalized. In twenty-five years the interest on

the investment at four per cent will have equaled the original cost. At the rate this country grows, the station may then be so obsolescent that it must be replaced by another station, costing perhaps \$6,000,000. If this station also be capitalized, the road will thereafter have to pay interest on the \$8,000,000 it has spent on the two stations, although it will have but one station.

Now, if a railway is allowed to earn nothing over a 'fair return,' it will have no earnings to invest in improvements; in that event it will have to make from capital improvements that do not increase earning capacity; and that would result in a rapid and heavy increase of capitalization. Would that be fair to posterity? That the English roads have piled up a capitalization of \$314,000 a mile is very largely because they have paid for all improvements and betterments out of capital whether they increased earning capacity or not. Unable to raise their rates high enough to earn a return on this enormous capitalization without imposing an intolerable burden on commerce, they are now threatened with general insolvency. This is the situation American railways would be facing in a comparatively few years if the policy of narrowly limiting their net earnings, and thus forcing them to make all improvements from capital, were adopted.

If the public can and shall regulate railway profits, it should adopt the policy of letting the railways, or at least the better-managed ones, earn as much to be spent on improvements as they pay out in dividends on a reasonable stock capitalization. If, for example, a road is paying seven per cent on its stock, it ought to be allowed to earn an equal additional amount with which to make improvements. This policy, which is the one followed by well-man-

aged industrial corporations, would both allow the better-managed roads to enjoy the benefits of their good management, and protect the weaker roads from reductions in rates which would bankrupt them. It would also strengthen railway credit. That the railway exercises the right of eminent domain, is held to give the public a special power to regulate it; but when it goes into the money market to raise capital, the power of eminent domain gives it no better credit than that possessed by an industrial corporation. If it is barely able to earn its dividends, the investor will know that if bad times come it will become unable to meet its obligations to its bond- and stock-holders, and he will not invest in its securities except at a discount proportionate to the risk taken. Therefore it is necessary for the railway in good times to earn more than its interest and reasonable dividends, not only that it may have surplus earnings to invest in improvements that will not increase its earning capacity, but also that it may be able to get on reasonable terms the capital necessary to make extensions and improvements which will increase its earning capacity.

It may be replied that if the railways are allowed to earn large profits in order to have earnings to invest in improvements, they will subsequently capitalize all such investments, and then seek to make the public pay a return on them, and that, to prevent this, the public should regulate their issuance of securities. The past history of our railways, which is the only thing we can judge by, is against this theory. Some railways have capitalized earnings invested in the properties, but many have not. The amount of invested earnings that has not been capitalized greatly exceeds the amount that has been. And it is due largely to this that American railways are now the most

conservatively capitalized railways in the world. This statement will be received with incredulity by most people. The public has lent an all too willing ear to the oft-repeated misstatement that our railways are overcapitalized. It is true that some of them are, but who can believe that they are as a whole after reading the following figures regarding the capitalization per mile of the railways of our own and other countries: United States, \$59,259; Argentina, \$59,930; New South Wales, \$63,999; Canada, \$66,752; Switzerland, \$109,000; Germany, \$109,788; France, \$139,290; United Kingdom, \$275,040; England alone, \$314,000?

If the public, in order to enable the roads to make needed improvements in their facilities, shall permit them to earn more than enough to pay substantial dividends, the roads, no doubt, will be under a moral obligation properly to invest the surplus earnings in the properties and to abstain from capitalizing them. It has been proposed to subject the issuance of railway securities to regulation by the Interstate Commerce Commission; and undoubtedly, if the roads did not deal fairly with the public in regard to this matter, this would strongly reinforce the argument for such regulation.

There are many other points regarding the relations of the railways and the people on which I should like to touch if space permitted. The one point, however, that I am most anxious to drive home is the one that comes out most prominently in the intelligent discussion of every phase of the railway question — namely, that the duties of the railways and the people, whether in regard to rates, or service, or capitalization, or any other feature of railway policy, are equal and reciprocal. This must always be true while the service of the railways is public and their ownership is private. The

public, on the one hand, and the private owners of the railways, on the other hand, have exactly equal rights to demand that each shall give the other a 'square deal.' When either asks much, it must, for equitable as well as economic and legal reasons, be prepared and willing to give much in return.

Up to a comparatively few years ago, the public probably did its duty by the railways better than the railways did their duty by the public. Broadly speaking, the management of our railways was good; but some deplorable abuses characterized railway management. The public was amply justified in growing incensed at these conditions, and taking vigorous measures to remedy them. But the course the public actually has adopted has not been fair to the railways, or to itself. It has not been content merely to pass and enforce laws for the suppression of the real evils in railway management. It allowed itself to be hurried into a fit of passion against the roads; and this has been succeeded by a prejudiced mental attitude toward them. The result has been that it has given willing ear to innumerable glaring misrepresentations of them, and has passed numerous laws which are extremely unjust and injurious.

Take, for example, its attitude toward secret rebating. This was the most pervading and pernicious abuse that ever developed in the railway business in this country, and the public was justified in adopting measures for its suppression. But the public has been unfair in that it has habitually refused to give due weight to the fact that no rebate was ever given which was not received by some one; and that the recipients were just as guilty as the givers; or to the further fact that the railways tried repeatedly to stop rebating, and did more than any one else to get passed the Elkins Act of 1903,

which did more to suppress that evil practice than any other piece of legislation.

Again, the railways have been bitterly denounced by the press, public men, and the people, for having at times used corrupt means to prevent the passage of laws which their managers thought would hurt them. The use of such means was ethically indefensible; but the people were largely to blame for it. The people elected corrupt men to the legislatures who introduced measures whose passage would have been injurious to the roads, and the purpose of whose introduction was to blackmail them. No doubt the roads should have submitted to the passage of these unfair measures instead of submitting to being blackmailed. But can the people who elected these men to office fairly lay all the blame on the railways for the corrupt bargains which their chosen representatives struck with the representatives of the railways? The railways all over the country are now trying very hard to avoid entirely the use of improper measures to influence legislation. They have a right to ask that the public shall meet them halfway in this matter. But the blackmailing law-maker still regularly turns up in many of our city councils and state legislatures.

Once more, some newspapers and public men have purveyed for public consumption, and the public has accepted, the most tropical misrepresentations of railway capitalization. For example, certain public men have repeatedly asserted that the railways of this country are overcapitalized to the extent of \$8,000,000,000. Now, there is not one scintilla of evidence to support that statement. Every fair valuation of railways which has been made by commission or court has shown that most of the railways valued were capitalized for less than it would cost to

reproduce their physical properties. Only a short time ago I saw the statement in the Washington correspondence of one of our leading newspapers that our railways are capitalized for an average of \$235,000 a mile. The writer of that statement, and the readers of it, could have found by investigation that there is not a single railway in this country capitalized for as much as the amount stated, and that the average capitalization of our railways, as reported by the Interstate Commerce Commission, was, on June 30, 1909, as already stated, but \$59,259 per mile. But the public has not investigated misstatements such as this, which are quite worthy of Baron Munchausen. It has accepted them as the true gospel, and it is mainly owing to this that there is to-day in progress a widespread agitation for a physical valuation of railways which is being conducted on the utterly erroneous theory that the railways are charging excessive rates to pay a return on excessive capitalization, and that for the protection of the public their value must be ascertained and used in future as a basis for the regulation of rates.

Meanwhile, the attitude of the railway managements has been changing. The duty of the railways to the public is now more clearly recognized by their managers, more frankly conceded, and more fully and faithfully performed, than it ever was before. In consequence of these changes, I believe that it can truthfully be said that, whereas up to a few years ago the public did its duty to the railways better than the railways did theirs to the public, the reverse is now the fact; and that the railways have a right to complain that they are now doing their duty to the public much better than the public is doing its duty to them.

To remedy the present unsatisfactory condition it is needful, on the one

hand, that railway managers as a class shall clearly see and frankly concede that they are quasi-public servants, owing a different and a higher duty to the public than almost any other business men, and act accordingly. They must also recognize that their duty does not consist merely in making reasonable rates, giving good service, and honestly managing the properties entrusted to their care for the benefit both of the owners and the public, for the public has a right to interest itself in all the various questions about railway policy that arise; many of these questions are very complicated; and it is a duty of railway men, which usually has been rather poorly done, to discuss these questions with the public fully and candidly, that the public may know the imperative practical conditions which require the railway business to be managed on much the same commercial principles as other businesses, and why it is to the interest of the public that it shall be so conducted.

On the other hand, it is the duty of the public to disabuse its mind of much of the misinformation and prejudice about railways with which it has been filled by the anti-railway agitation of the last five or six years. As it is the

duty of railway managers to remember and to act always in accordance with the fact that the railway is a public service corporation, so it is the correlative duty of the public always to remember and act in accordance with the fact that the railway's ownership is private; that the private persons who own it have the same right to demand protection in the enjoyment of their property rights as the owners of any other private property; and that unjust attacks on their rights of property are just as immoral as attacks on the property rights of the manufacturer, the merchant, or the farmer, and will, in the long run, react just as disastrously on the welfare of the country. The people can make the ownership as well as the service of our railways public if they wish to; and as long as they do not do so they cannot fairly treat them as if they were public property.

It is perfectly feasible to establish proper ethical relations between the railway and the people; but I know of no way in which this can be done except by following substantially that noble rule, whose influence is all too seldom felt in modern politics and business, of each doing by the other as he would be done by.

SOCIALISM AND HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

I

THE history of achievement in the United States contains many of the characteristics of a Midsummer Night's Dream. For the first time in the annals of nations, democracy has had full swing, and has said to a whole people, 'Come now, let us see what you will do with this word Liberty.'

So the people have gone out into the woods, as it were, with no let or hindrance but their own passions and their own powers. Time-honored social and political standards have been abandoned. Whatever plans they possessed were indefinite and governed by circumstances. Consequently, to begin with, there have been many strange and unexpected results, the contemplation of which gave the world abroad much complacent amusement. In this way, for generations, the worn-out civilization of the past has continued to titter and to point the finger of derision at the fantastical struggles of the new order of things, and to reiterate the warning, 'I told you so.'

In many directions there appear to be numerous glaring reasons for this attitude. For the story of the early struggles of this youthful democracy contains the strangest conglomeration of social happenings that has ever been witnessed on any human stage. These happenings were by no means forced or artificial, but absolutely human, and springing from the blood and the soil. Such a mixture of excellencies and crudities, of heroism

and social escapades, had never before called itself a system of government, and kept on battling, in a seemingly haphazard way, for the existence and supremacy of a principle. Applied to a whole continent, to states with divers and conflicting interests, to social and industrial problems all the way down to the regulation of individual conduct and the ideals of a community, the principle on trial was the idea that the freest self-government of the parts produces the strongest self-government of the whole. The comments of historians, philosophers, and travelers who have watched the development of this principle are all set to one key.

'The sword of Damocles,' they affirm, 'hangs over you and your country. Your social and political conceptions are impossible of attainment. Every lesson and precedent of the past is against you. For one thing, the discomforts of life in your country are simply unbearable. Meanwhile, you have an entire continent to bring under subjection. You have roads to construct, forests to clear, rivers to span, churches and schools to build, politics to purify, and a continuous and countless stream of incoming foreigners to provide for and assimilate. Then again you have no leisure class, consequently as a people you have little refinement or delicacy. To crown all, your voices are harsh, your manners boorish, and your self-conceit absurd.'

The above is not a fanciful estimate of outside opinion. Well-nigh word for word for nearly one hundred years it

has been the uniform tale of historians, travelers, and critics, who have made it their business to comment on the nature and prospects of American democracy. Democracy, however, accepted the situation, with all its inconsistencies and prophesied terrors. It had no excuses or explanations to make, no finely-drawn theories to submit to the public opinion of the world, no time, in fact, to bother about anything but the work in hand. It simply believed in the democratic ship; and this ship was an instinct, and not a plan. Monarchy and Socialism are plans. Democracy, on the other hand, is at bottom the science of growth, of well-regulated freedom, and of the making of men. In those early days, this planless democracy, with no scheme for the debasement and dethronement of the individual, received but scant sympathy from other nations. With the odds against her in this way, she narrowed the justification for her existence to one main issue. She simply said to the rest of the world, 'Watch us grow.'

This growth has been phenomenal and all-embracing. From the beginning until to-day it has been the work of an enchanter, and this social wizard is the Democratic Institution. In the United States the democratic idea has now been in full swing for generations, and in every honest aspect and detail it has been in the main continuously successful. The wilderness has been reclaimed, railroads have been constructed, rivers have been spanned, cities have been tunneled, the seas are covered with ships, the people have been educated, and everywhere industry flourishes and expands.

This industrial expansion is now a game of millions and billions. During the past twenty-five years one hundred thousand miles of new railroads have been built, requiring an expenditure

each year of not less than two hundred million dollars for labor and material. We are both producers and consumers. While our population is only a little over five per cent of the population of the world, we produce twenty per cent of the wheat, forty per cent of the iron and steel, fifty-five per cent of the copper, seventy per cent of the cotton, and eighty per cent of the corn of the world.

Furthermore, with inconceivable rapidity, machinery has taken the place of human toil, and incidentally millions of slaves have been set free. The same triumphant progress has unvaryingly characterized every phase of human endeavor on the American continent. Civil and religious liberty is a natural condition as well as an attitude of mind. The story of agriculture, of manufacturing, of mining, of the arts and sciences, demonstrates the unbroken progress and uplift of the whole people. Finally, the health and well-being of the toiling masses have become, with constantly increasing earnestness of endeavor, the individual and collective purpose of the nation. And above all, the democratic idea, through good and evil report, has encouraged the personal work and character of the individual citizen. It has always believed that competition which encourages merit and skill should remain paramount. It has always gloried in this personal competitive type as the ideal and preserver of democratic traditions.

This type is purely and simply the workingman. It includes the man at the forge, the man at the desk, the man in the study, and the man on the railroad. These workers are to be counted by the tens of thousands in every industry and in every field of endeavor. The big railroad worker, for example, is but a drop in the bucket; but let us hear what one of these modern Titans of industry has to say for himself:—

'I believe every man who works is entitled to be classed as a workingman, and I am still working as I have worked in the different departments of railroading. My first railroad work was on a section; from there to the traffic and operating departments, until I reached my work of construction. Within the past twelve years I have planned and carried out the construction of more than five thousand miles of railroad. I am proud of this work. The railroads I have built are now employing thirty thousand men, and with these employees and their families, these railroads are now supporting over one hundred thousand souls. I wish I could continue to build roads in sections where they are needed, furnishing employment to deserving men, support of families and means of education for their children.'

In its own sphere there is ethical and economic grandeur in this American ideal of a workingman. In spite of faults and backslidings, all the best strains of the democratic instinct are stowed away, as it were, in this intelligent and stalwart representative. Let no one imagine that he is simply a creation of the times, or an occasional product. He is rather the hammered-out result of at least two centuries of social and industrial battle. This ethical and economic frame of mind, this attitude of skill and capital toward society in general and the toilers in particular, is the result of the pounding of public opinion on the business and social conceptions of the community. This railroad workingman is the coming type of the captain of American industry. Pushed forward by his own abilities and by public opinion, he is now crowding to the front in every trade and calling. He is the justification of things as they are, and as they are unceasingly tending to become.

This glorious record of the achieve-

ment of democracy has its lesson for the present generation. Some time ago, in addressing the workmen of Chicago, ex-President Roosevelt partially described the function and opportunity of the individual in American life in these words:—

'We can build up the standard of individual citizenship and individual well-being and make it what it can and shall be, only by each one of us bearing in mind that there can be no substitute for the world-old, humdrum, commonplace qualities of truth, justice and courage, thrift, industry, common sense and genuine sympathy with others.'

He might have added that any social proposition or system of government that threatens in any way to interfere with the *private ownership*, control, and management of these faculties, threatens at the same time the whole fabric of democracy; and the quickest way to bring about this confusion of interests and ideals is by means of the *public ownership* and direction of the jobs, the homes, and the business of the people which depend upon the free play of these personal faculties for their inspiration and success. For it must be remembered that this is a country whose every chapter of growth, progress, and prosperity is an unbroken narrative of the individual effort of its citizens. The absolute negation, therefore, of the democratic idea of government and the achievement behind it, is contained, as it seems to the writer, in the doctrine of Socialism. This conclusion has been arrived at from a consideration of the subject from a definite and, as the writer thinks, from a neglected point of view, which must at once be focused and explained.

Briefly stated, then, most discussion concerning Socialism is based on a tacit acknowledgment that our individualist civilization is a failure. This assumption is based on ignorance and

blindness. Facts and tendencies point the other way. All serious discussion should be based on the value of actual civilization, not on the relative merits of possible panaceas. Progressive, healthy, and persistent improvement are cogent reasons for faith in existing institutions, faith which should not be upset by any criticism of conditions, however distressing, especially when it can be shown that the trend of the very worst of these conditions is continuously upward.

But to be passively or theoretically conscious of the democratic idea in government is one thing; to be actively helpful and assertive of its merits is another. Just at present the public mind is so preoccupied with a multitude of material undertakings that it is becoming somewhat forgetful of the meaning and social value of its democratic heritage.

In the following pages the writer endeavors to illustrate these facts in relation to certain well-known theories of Socialism. It is a stock observation with many prominent Socialists that if an inhabitant from some other sphere should pay a visit to this planet of ours, he would be inexpressibly shocked at the unjust and ridiculous nature of our civilization. In the opinion of the writer, however, the surprise of a properly informed and intelligent visitor would be tuned to a totally different key. Bearing in mind the road traveled, the obstacles surmounted, the victories won, and then listening to an account of the widespread doubt and criticism with which the fundamentals of our civilization are now being assailed, he would be much more likely to express an opinion of the situation in the well-known words of King Lear, —

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!

This view of the matter points the way to a number of interesting details.

II

As we all know, in spite of the glorious past and present, and the dazzling prospect on the horizon ahead of us, this is not the whole picture. It is not the consummation, but it *is* the way. We are still confessedly on the high seas of improvement and discovery. As one generation of newcomers is admitted to the national partnership and is successfully passed upward and onward, another works its way to the foot of the social ladder. In this way the body politic is being continually called upon to assimilate fresh supplies of human nature, for the most part in the raw. Consequently, society is at all times in a state of strenuous, yet healthy fermentation, resulting in a strange conglomeration of conflicting situations and conditions.

As the most sanguine among us are willing to admit, the picture is at times, and in many respects, 'a spectacle shot strangely with pain, with mysterious insufficiencies and cruelties, with aspects unaccountably sad.' It is a consequence, and a natural one, that from top to bottom of the social and industrial fabric, there is an ever-present unrest and a consciousness of injustice and of wrongs still to be righted. But these shadows do not darken the whole prospect, for the sense of justice is constantly growing. Democracy in America is bestowing much careful thought upon every phase of this perplexing situation. It is constantly making fresh and critical examination of its own standing and practices, and if it must, it is willing to attempt a radical reconstruction. It would gladly settle the problems of poverty, of intemperance, of wages, and of industrial conditions, by any feasible and reasonable plan, if such could only be devised without stunting the individual growth and genius of the people. In the set-

tlement of justice between classes, and of nearly all other social problems — as it seems to the writer, at all events — American democracy is frankly opportunist. It has no plan apart from the gigantic movement working out in various ways, from the inspiration of the individual toward the gradual uplift of society and the fairer adjustment of conditions.

From this point of view Socialism and its wholesale collective theories must be looked upon as a menace to American society. Socialism has taken for its text the 'determining economic base,' and its conclusions and anticipations are all derived from this axiom. In the words of one of the interpreters of this doctrine, 'One strong trade union is worth more as a force in moral education in a given city, than all the settlements and people's institutes combined.'¹ And it is seriously questioned by the same writer, 'whether the scene has been brightened perceptibly by the efforts of all our social artists.'

The truth of this statement depends on how far you allow your perception to penetrate. Certainly as an estimate of social forces it is sadly deficient in vital truths. The prophets, philosophers, and teachers who have blazed the way to the social and economic triumphs of the twentieth century cannot be dismissed with the queries, What have they said? or, What have they done? These 'social artists' may not have worked in cotton mills or been prominent in the circles of organized labor, but there are thousands upon thousands in every walk of life in this country, whose lives have been 'perceptibly brightened' by their influence and efforts. In reading the life of Alice Freeman Palmer, for example, one gets a vivid idea of this helping and brightening process.

¹ 'Socialism and Sacrifice,' by VIDA D. SCUDDER, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1910.

Turning to the other side of the situation, however, one finds democracy giving the greater part of its allegiance to the determining ethical and educational base. Socialism is prepared to name the time and conditions when individuals and classes shall be harmonized and fairly contented. Given the material conditions, Socialism can figure, or thinks it can, on human conduct. The individualist, on the other hand, has no formula for social or industrial contentment.

Take the matter of work and wages. Neither the successful pedler nor the successful millionaire, nor the representative of any grades between them can throw one ray of light on the problem of permanent or satisfactory conditions other than in terms of dollars and cents. While we are watching them, the pedler may move up and the millionaire may move down, and mixed in the very fibre of their lives, together with every conceivable degree of happiness and achievement, there is now, and always must be, discontent.

The 'determining economic base' in human affairs appears to be still more fairylike as a harmonizer when we consider a well-appointed and well-conditioned labor organization at the present day. Take the cigar-makers, for example. At the present writing, in one or two cities, they are on strike for higher wages and better conditions. The conditions that obtain in the city of Boston in this industry, as advertised by the union, will give an idea of its general prosperity.

Number of factories	165
Number of persons employed	3,000
Amount of wages paid annually	\$2,900,000
Amount paid in revenue annually	\$400,000
Number of cigars made annually	134,000,000

The standard based upon these conditions will last as long as the contract that binds it, not a minute longer.

Five dollars a day for five hours' work is said to be the next step, which before long will be up for consideration.

Or take the situation on the railroads. The country is kept in a continual state of anxiety in regard to the settlement of wages and conditions. And yet, neither Utopia nor Socialism in any form has any such picture of opportunity and prosperity as the railroads to-day are offering to employees, from the trainman at three dollars a day all the way up to the locomotive engineer at seven or eight dollars a day, with a positive guarantee in some cases of a comfortable salary whether they work or not.

Nor is the government ownership and direction of labor one whit more satisfactory than other methods. Economically speaking, it leaves little to be desired; but a tour of the government offices in Washington, where thousands of employees go to work at nine or ten o'clock in the morning and go home at two or three in the afternoon, has a discouraging if not a soporific effect on a visitor of ordinary energy.

However, democracy has all these different problems in hand, and they are being slowly, yet surely, worked out by the process of education and enlightenment. Meanwhile, to illustrate the vanity as well as the variety of the social paradox with the 'determining economic base,' let us take up a newspaper and read the following description of a town in Brittany where the 'economic base' is far from satisfactory.

'Concarneau is not a prohibition town. There are drinking-booths at every step. I think there are about two "buvettes" to each three fishermen, but I have not yet seen a drunken man.

'I admire all the inhabitants? The men are sturdy and honest, as good

sailors always are, and it is a pleasure to see the women of all ages (all dressed alike) go "click-clacking" along the street, and gather in little crowds around the fountain or the fish market and gossip cheerfully. All are poor, but I believe that nearly all are happy and contented. They are deeply religious. I have the good fortune to strike one of their annual religious festivals (called "Pardons"), and wind and weather permitting, will go to-morrow to the Pardon of Fouesnant in honor of St. Anne.'

III

But the propositions and contentions of Socialism cannot be brushed aside with any mere collection of statistics. After all has been said, the fact remains that Socialism in various forms and degrees is now being discussed by thoughtful people in every civilized country. It is preëminently the great social, industrial, and religious problem of the century. What is termed justice, between the classes, is now the popular slogan on every platform and in nearly every pulpit. There is a certain fluidity and pliability in the mental temperament of the times, particularly in the United States, that promises well for the general outcome of this discussion. The distinguishing feature of this mental fluidity, however, is in many ways puzzling and unsatisfactory. It has been described as a state of moral earnestness, combined with unprecedented perplexity and uncertainty. In our social and industrial programmes, it is said, we have everything but decided views, everything but steadfast purpose, everything but character. In a certain way Socialism may be said to be an attempt to check this mental uncertainty and to solidify the vacillating yet earnest public opinion into some kind of scientific social rigidity.

Manifestly, in any consideration of Socialism, some idea of its brand and doctrine from the writer's point of view must first be outlined. But unfortunately, the open-minded inquirer into the principles and aims of Socialism meets as many opinions as he has Socialist acquaintances. Among the more popular exponents of Socialism, there are, however, a few writers who speak with considerable authority on the subject, and whose presentations of principles and aims may be looked upon as fairly reliable and representative at the present day.

Some time ago the writer of this article was advised to read a volume entitled, *New Worlds for Old*, by Mr. H. G. Wells. 'In this book,' my friend said to me, 'you will find a reasonable and fairly exhaustive presentation of Socialism, interpreted by a very capable and conscientious writer.'

Socialism, as viewed by Mr. Wells and stated substantially in his own words, I find to be the most hopeful thing in human affairs. It is a project for the reshaping of human society. In its nature this project is distinctly scientific. It aims to bring order out of casualty, beauty out of confusion, justice, kindness, and mercy out of cruelty and wrong. The present order of things is found fault with by this Socialist, from every conceivable point of attack. Our methods of manufacturing necessary things, of getting and distributing food, of begetting and raising children, and of permitting diseases to engender and spread, are chaotic and undisciplined.

The remedy for this state of affairs, in the opinion of the Socialist, is organized effort, and a plan in place of disorderly individual effort. This organized effort is to convert one public service after another 'from a chaotic profit scramble of proprietors amidst a mass of sweated employees, into a

secure and disciplined service, in which every man will work for honor, promotion, achievement, and the common weal.' With these noble ends in view the State, that is to say, the organized power and intelligence of the community, is to be called upon to take action in the most practical manner. There are to be no more private land-owners, no private bankers and lenders of money, no private insurance adventurers, no private railway owners, no private mine owners, no oil kings, no silver kings and wheat forestallers, and so forth, and the 'vast revenues that are now devoted to private ends will go steadily to feed, maintain, and educate a new and better generation, to promote research, to advance science, to build houses, develop fresh resources, and to plan, beautify, and reconstruct the world.'

In this way, after a thorough analysis of his subject-matter, the Socialist has formulated his plans for the reshaping of human society. At the very outset, however, he is compelled to confess, 'Unless you can change men's minds, you cannot effect Socialism.' In order to bring about this psychological reformation, the collective mind of the world has first to be educated and inspired, and when you shall have made clear and instilled into the collective mind certain broad understandings, Socialism, in the words of Mr. Wells, becomes 'a mere matter of science devices and applied intelligence.'

It is not now the intention of the writer to construct a formal argument against Socialism, or to analyze any of the economic features of this programme. It is presented with considerable detail, that we may be able so to grasp a certain 'broad understanding' which covers it all from beginning to end, as with a blanket. Briefly, the thing to be grasped is the assumption of fail-

ure and defeat so emphatically ascribed by Socialism to every feature of social and industrial progress in America. Beginning with the personal attitude of the individual and the conduct and standard of his domestic life, all the way up to the application of democratic principles in government, the whole system is characterized as hopelessly and miserably unfair and chaotic. In every conceivable way, Socialism is held up as the last and beatific resort of a defeated civilization.

But luckily, as we have seen, the history of achievement in the United States admits of no such interpretation of social and industrial progress. Socialism, even as viewed by Mr. Wells, a very conservative interpreter, is building itself up on theories of crumbling ruins which do not exist, and its literature is padded with stories from the catacombs of human society.

But democracy, and its fruits, like any ordinary business undertaking, must be judged from the comparative point of view. Although betterment work in every conceivable direction is progressing by leaps and bounds, the average Socialist remains oblivious to the speed at which the world moves on.

A writer in a recent issue of the *Quarterly Review* describes this important phase of the situation as follows: 'The theory of increasing misery, which is an essential part of the doctrine of Socialism, is faring very badly. It is still repeated in the programmes, but it is so glaringly contradicted by patent and uncontrovertible facts, that the great parliamentary champion, Herr Bebel himself, has abandoned it. The contention now is that the condition of the working classes gets worse relatively to the prevailing standard. But this also is contradicted by statistical data and general experience. Nothing in our time is more remark-

able than the steady approximation of classes among the great mass of the population. The theory of increasing misery, and the dismal, unmanly whining of Socialism, are exceedingly repugnant to self-respecting workingmen. Mr. Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, has fiercely attacked the whole theory and has covered it with ridicule, on behalf of the American Trades Unions.'

But while faith and freedom in America will never succumb to Socialism, of late years there has, nevertheless, appeared around us an atmosphere of dissatisfaction and lack of faith in existing standards, which is having a marked, and in many ways a pernicious, influence on religion, education, industry, and politics. These topics cannot now be treated separately with the care which their importance merits, but the general principle which warrants the criticism can be clearly enunciated.

IV

Briefly stated, the growing impression that in our social and industrial programmes we have everything but decided views, everything but steadfast purpose, everything but character, is the very natural outcome of the gospel of social failure, which is the head and front of the socialistic propaganda. But apart from all methods or principles of Socialism, this doctrine of failure has been the text of the great majority of political, social, and religious writers during the past ten years. The Socialist movement in America is kept on its feet by this outside public opinion and criticism of existing conditions.

This public opinion had a very healthy origin. Its aim was reform and the abolition of abuses in directions too numerous to mention. It has done good work, but it is now degenerating into a kind of morbid introspection

which has little affinity with healthy progress. In a word, the mental trouble which this doctrine of failure is now engendering in society threatens to dwarf in importance every economic injustice which in the beginning it was its purpose to remedy. And it must be confessed that it is to the well-intentioned writers and educators in this country that we owe the development and persistence of this doctrine of social failure. Without this encouragement from the outside, Socialism, at any rate in its most radical features, would soon be absorbed in the everyday atmosphere of American democracy. As the case stands, however, the minds of the people are becoming more and more entangled in the meshes of this fault-finding propaganda, and in all the perplexities of the socialistic logic with which it is surrounded.

Meanwhile the social and religious everyday life of the people goes on apace, and everywhere achievement is giving the lie to its mischievous theoretical environment. The consequent mental bewilderment that has resulted from this conflicting situation must now be evident to the least thoughtful of men. The spiritual uncertainty of the boy and the girl is simply taking its cue from the spiritual uncertainty and indefiniteness of the parent, the minister, and the educator, in matters of teaching. In this way, the thought-life of the nation is moving in a direct line toward the annulment of ideas and principles which have always been looked upon as the bulwarks of democratic institutions. Happily, this movement is still in the mental stage, but the day is not far distant when this mental uncertainty and this gospel of fault-finding, with all its socialistic background, will bear fruit, and then we are likely to awake to the fact that the great problems of the future may not, after all, concern so much the clothing

and feeding of the people as the wrecking of their minds.

It is, therefore, now time for the educators and prompters of the public conscience to study the ethics of appreciation, and the economic value to the community of a propaganda of thankfulness. But to study and recognize the history of achievement in this country, according to the merits of the case, would take from Socialism the principal means whereby it lives. Unfortunately, now-a-days, there is a noticeable lack of this hopeful, appreciative kind of literature. There are certainly figures enough and considerable glorification, but in all the libraries of books that have been published during the past ten years, one searches in vain for a single psalm of thanksgiving, such as those in which the Jewish nation has enshrined its traditions.

A word remains to be said with particular reference to the influence of this doctrine of Socialism, or the failure of democratic principles and methods, upon the rising generation. Being a false, or at any rate a grossly exaggerated, aspect of American life, it is peculiarly harmful to the young. To illustrate the nature and significance of this doctrine at the present day, I will quote the headlines from a single newspaper of recent date, as follows:—

THE PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION RETURNS FROM ABROAD AND SAYS THAT AMERICA LACKS MORALS.

Again, at a conference on the moral and religious training of the young, held at Sagamore Beach, the founder of the Christian Endeavor Society is reported to have said: 'My attention has been particularly called to this subject by some alarming but well-authenticated reports of flagrant immorality in our public schools, and by *the well-known fact* that in some of our colleges even, gross immorality, drunk-

eness, and lechery, are no bar to a degree if only examinations can be passed and percentages of scholarship are barely tolerable.'

Apart from its manifest exaggeration, this kind of educational advertising is something worse than a mistaken policy. With conditions in our colleges as they really are, the morality of the method itself is very questionable. In some circles the persistent flaunting of occasional failures follows hard upon the waning of the devil as a religious asset, and upon the whole, this doctrine of social failure is the more mischievous delusion of the two. It penetrates every nook and corner of social life. Even the American home must be subjected to this withering process. On the same date and in the same newspaper to which I have referred, a well-known minister and educator has the following to say about it:—

'As a rule, teachers, public officials, and the public generally, discount the parental care of their own children. It is because of this fact that the extra-domiciliary agencies for child-training have arisen. Hence the Sunday School. Then, again, the public schools are assuming functions which belong to the home, and which, being delegated to an agency outside of the home, make for the disintegration of home-life. Others have been given over to the church which, likewise, is to-day doing scores of things which it has no proper business to be doing. In this way the church is also a disintegrating force in modern society.'

In fact, nothing escapes the hue and cry. Just what stimulation or uplift there is for the rising generation in all this fault-finding literature, it is impossible to imagine. In the midst of all this mental derangement, however, our boys and girls and our homes are

continually working out the way to higher and better things.

A number of years ago, Mr. Herbert Spencer called attention to the paradox that, as civilization advances, as the health and comfort of the community increase, the louder become the exclamations about the inherent badness of things. Our attention was directed to the fact that in the days when the people were without any political power, when women bore all the burdens, when scarcely a man could be found who was not occasionally intoxicated, and when ability to read and write was practically limited to the upper classes, the subjection and discomfort of the people were rarely complained of.

This paradox mentioned by Herbert Spencer still holds good. Seemingly unaffected by reforms and improvements without number, or by the best material gains of the masses, there still continues to swell louder and still more loud the cry that the evils connected with our social and industrial systems are so great that 'nothing short of a revolution can cure them.'

After all, this is not very much of a paradox; it is simply a tribute to the expanding sensibility of the public conscience. At the same time the situation points to misunderstanding and lack of harmony between the practical and the theoretical elements in human progress. For a number of years past the combination of these essential elements has been doing good work. It has been asserting itself in reforms and regulative movements. It has accomplished results gradually destructive of graft and of wrong-doing. But the mental element of the combination is now getting ahead of its job. It should be subjected to a steady process at the hands of conservative and well-balanced people. Democracy is willing to experiment with various

socialistic ideas, but her main purpose is, and must be, the perfection of individual character in social progress.

There are laws and regulations enough on the statute-books, and as a clear-sighted thinker has described the situation, 'After a period of correction

and chastisement, we should now apply ourselves to constructive work; and having got rid of so much that is bad, having thoroughly frightened the unrighteous, we should now seek to build higher upon moral foundations our industrial and institutional structure.'

A BRITISH VIEW OF AMERICAN NAVAL EXPENDITURE

BY ALEXANDER G. McLELLAN

I

IN spite of Hague conferences, peace and arbitration societies, diplomacy, trade relations, and last, but not least, Christianity and our boasted civilization, the navies of the world, instead of showing a substantial decrease in tonnage and expenditure, show, on the contrary, an alarming increase. In fact, it is only necessary to compare the naval estimates of to-day with those of twenty years ago, to come to the conclusion that in their race for sea power or naval supremacy, the maritime nations have gone navy, Dreadnought, and big-gun mad.

To those whose interests in general lie outside of naval matters, and whose active part in naval administration consists in finding the dollars, this annual voting away of millions is causing much alarm. Peaceful citizens are, it is true, mere outsiders, yet they have no personal axes to grind, and it may be that the onlookers see most of the game. Certain it is, anyway, that if reform ever does come to pass, it must be brought about by laymen. One cannot

expect naval officers to take the initiative in condemning their profession. Professional opinion in the navy may fairly be said to be navy-mad. In democratic America, at least, the man in the street, being decidedly saner than his naval brother, has an increasing right to ask, 'Is America's naval expenditure justifiable?' If he takes the added trouble to look a little way below the surface, he may find matters which concern him almost as much as they do the naval officer.

The time has come for America to decide once for all whether to keep up the frantic pace of this unprofitable race or to drop astern, and allow European Powers to shape their naval programmes without her. To possess a few powerful squadrons for the mere sake of possession is neither sensible nor profitable. There can be no doubt about the matter: America must either require a much more powerful navy than she has to-day, or she has no vital need of any navy at all.

In her relations with European nations, her almost complete independence of them, her ability to support

herself without their aid, and her general geographical position, enable her to view with equanimity political disturbances which the leading maritime nations of Europe cannot afford to ignore. Any move on the political chess-board of Europe affects to some extent every European nation. Hence the increase in tonnage and expenditure of European navies. America and her interests, on the other hand, are affected only in rare instances.

Turn to some of these moves, and see if America cannot afford to look on them as a disinterested spectator. Take first the case of Great Britain and Germany. Nowhere in the history of the expansion of the British navy has foolishness been more conspicuous than in British insistence upon regarding the development of the German navy as a menace to England. The Germans began to build a fleet for the same reason that every other power has: the protection of their coast and commerce. In answer to this development, we Englishmen began to build more than ever, and adopted a two-keel-to-one standard, in addition to striking up an effusive friendship with France — our enemy for hundreds of years. This friendship was especially warm at the time of the strain between France and Germany over the Moroccan question, when British sympathies took sides with France. It was even rumored in the press, and never denied officially, that should the quarrel end in war, Britain would land an army in Holstein.

What could be more natural, after this display of antagonism, than that the Germans should increase their natural strength still further? We in England proclaim it our duty to maintain a navy equal to a two-power standard plus a ten-per-cent margin, and yet we deny the right to Germany, who has greater reason to fear the attack of a

combination of naval powers than we have. Our fear of a combination of two or more fleets attacking us is altogether visionary. On the other hand, with Germany it is a very possible situation. In addition to naval alliances, there is a military treaty between France and Russia. Imagine the position of Germany with a hostile army on each flank, with her coast at the mercy of attacking fleets which could cover the landing of an army at any point along its entire length. Yet with all the dangers confronting Germany and all the obligations she owes to herself, she cannot build a battleship without sending a thrill through the British Jingo press.

We in Britain seem to have a bad fit of nerves at present. If Germany lays down the keel of a battleship, we feel it our duty to lay one down also, and as a make-weight, perhaps, throw in an armored cruiser which costs almost as much. This persistence in viewing every increase of naval expenditure on Germany's part as a menace to herself is mainly responsible for Great Britain's voting a sum of \$200,000,000 to be spent on her navy in 1910-1911, at a time when the exchequer shows a deficit of \$142,500,000 for the financial year ending in March of 1910. Even \$200,000,000 for one year is not enough for some who have the mania in its worst form. Admiral Lord Charles Beresford has, for the past two years, been agitating for \$300,000,000. Three hundred million on the navy alone in one year, and that at a time when British pauper-houses are full to overflowing, and the unemployed number hundreds of thousands!

Again, we have the Minister of Marine of the Republic of France, with a sailor's characteristic contempt for politics, asking the French Cabinet for forty-six ironclads of the largest modern type — Dreadnoughts — which, if

both countries carried out their programmes, would give France in 1919 a superiority over Germany of eight ships, the French admiral's idea being evidently to tackle Germany single-handed. Now notice the subtlety of European politics, which America can afford to ignore, as it in no way affects her. Instead of forty-six vessels, the admiral's programme has been cut down by the Cabinet to twenty-eight vessels, on the ground that Britain can be relied upon to safeguard French interests in the Mediterranean, while the whole force granted can be held for service in the North Sea, where an alliance with a local British squadron would overwhelmingly dispose of the *mythical* German peril.

Thirteen of these vessels are already well under way, and several will be in commission by 1912. The remainder, along with minor auxiliary vessels, will cost France somewhere about \$280,000,000, the money to be found within the next nine years, at a time when the normal sources of taxation are almost exhausted, and the French exchequer shows a deficit of more than 200,000,000 francs.

On account of Britain's friendship with France, she is expected to make France's quarrels her own, to protect French interests in the Mediterranean, to join forces in the North Sea against a country which has never yet fired a shot at her in anger, not to speak of taking sides with a nation which has warred against her for centuries. Such, in brief outline, is the political situation, so far as it affects the naval matters of the three principal maritime nations of Europe.

Through these political entanglements with no actual war, Great Britain's annual naval expenditure has increased in twenty-one years from a trifle under \$65,000,000 to the sum already quoted, \$200,000,000. In other

words, it has more than trebled. No sane person can view this increase with indifference. Too many, however, will quiet their minds with the reflection that it is inevitable. Is it?

Enough has been said on European politics to show that whatever movement may be on foot in Europe to disturb the peace, it can hardly affect America in the shaping of her relations with the Powers, or necessitate the strengthening of her navy. Her position as a neutral is a natural one, and no disturbances, however great, need affect her to such an extent that it is necessary for her to mix herself up with European politics and petty jealousies.

II

Turning from the European side of the question, let us bring the subject home to the United States, and see if America need have a navy at all. At the outset, I admit the obvious fact that the United States has the biggest navigable coastline in the world, about fourteen thousand miles exclusive of Great Lake shores. For this reason, it will seem to some men madness to question the necessity of a navy, but in my deliberate opinion, she could well afford to do without one altogether.

Let us begin by bringing forward all the arguments we can in favor of strengthening her navy, or even in justification of its existence. Of primary importance is the protection of her tremendous coastline, on both the Atlantic and Pacific; next come her over-sea possessions; after that her commerce; and after that, or perhaps before it, her position as a world-power. These seem to be the chief arguments which are to be brought forward to justify the existence of the American navy; after all, they are the principal reasons for the existence of any navy.

Let us speak first of the Atlantic

coastline. From a strategical point of view, the Atlantic seaboard is admirably adapted to acting on the defensive against any combination of hostile fleets. The principal ports are for the most part situated at the head of winding channels, bays, and gulfs. It would be impossible for the largest naval guns made to do them any harm until the shore batteries with their more powerful and longer-range guns were silenced. No battleship yet built could stand up for half an hour against the fire of the latest United States garrison artillery 16-inch gun, let alone their 14-inch. The 16-inch gun, though slow in firing, can hurl a projectile weighing twenty-four hundred pounds a distance of twenty miles or more. The latest naval gun — 13.5-inch, which has not yet been placed aboard any ship in commission, can only throw a projectile weighing twelve hundred and fifty pounds, and the 12-inch guns with which the Dreadnoughts are armed, a projectile weighing eight hundred and fifty pounds.

Again, the usual battle-range of battleships for accurate and destructive firing cannot be greater than six or seven miles, this again depending upon wind and weather and the state of the atmosphere. No naval officer, no matter how keen on victory, would be mad enough to tempt Providence by bringing his ship in range of the guns just spoken of. Then how are these monster guns going to be silenced? Only by guns of equal power and range on the land side of them, or by assault. In the case of America, it is impossible for guns of equal power to be transported behind the batteries. Invading armies, as a rule, do not carry with them garrison artillery guns, but only field, horse, and mountain batteries. Take the cases of New York and Boston. Both these ports are situated at the heads of inland waters strongly forti-

fied, and well beyond range of hostile ships' guns. Even suppose that through some assault, the land batteries had been put out of action, what would be the fate of their ports? Captured? I think not! Anybody who has entered them once from seaward can see at a glance, without any technical skill, that entry to them could be barred in many ways. What with submarine vessels, submarine mine-fields, floating mines, and the withdrawal or displacing of lights, buoys, and beacons, it would be impossible for a squadron to enter, should its presence be undesirable. What applies to New York and Boston will also apply in a greater or less degree to all the chief ports on both the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard. I have visited most American ports, and I know of none of importance situated on the shores of an unprotected bay.

Germany has made her coast defenses so formidable that no enemy is likely to assail them. Why cannot America do the same? Facing the Atlantic and about three thousand miles distant is Europe. From here it is possible for three powerful enemies to come — Britain, Germany, and France. To the north, there is also another conceivable enemy, — Canada, — with her growing desire for a navy. Suppose for the sake of argument that Germany alone were at war with the United States, what possible chance would she have of crippling or even seriously hurting America either on sea or on land, even if America did not possess a single third-class gunboat? True, the Germans could come over and play havoc with places weakly fortified. They dare not, however, attack the main defenses, nor dare they, if they observe the international rules of civilized warfare, open fire on unprotected towns situated along the coast, unless they are fired upon first. For wanton destruction or for the mere fun of the

thing, they would not dare to destroy property. Again, Germany has no coaling stations of her own on the American side of the Atlantic, nor would any other country open its coaling stations to her in time of war. German fleets for coaling purposes would have to trust to colliers — a doubtful quantity even in time of peace; and, still more important, they would be operating at a distance of three thousand miles from their base. To land an invading army would be impossible, or to maintain a successful blockade either on the Atlantic or on the Pacific ocean, the coastline being too 'extensive. German fleets dare not blockade the Canadian coastline, nor could they steam over the land and blockade the Canadian frontier. If it were considered too dangerous to use American ports, America's over-sea commerce could reach its destination in ships of other than German nationality *via* Canadian ports.

Turn now to Britain, whose navy might meet with better success. On the American side of the Atlantic her fleet could use as naval bases her possessions in the West Indies, in addition to Canada. Yet even with the vital support which these possessions could give, her fleets in the long run would be very little better off than the German. Probably they would waste more coal and consume more stores in cruising about, but the serious damage that they could do would be practically *nil*. England could no more maintain a successful blockade than Germany, even supposing her numerous fleets patrolled both oceans. For her to land an invading army, as in the case of the Germans, is out of the question. The nation which could fight a war like the Civil War without even a standing army worth speaking about, and divided against itself, has little to fear from any army of invasion, even though

it should gain admittance into the country.

My arguments are logical, and therefore I ask: Is America justified in spending about \$150,000,000 yearly on her navy, when the most powerful antagonist that we can put against her cannot do damage enough to require that sum to set it right again, in one year? I think not!

Thus far, to strengthen my argument, I have been assuming that America has no navy; but we cannot lose sight of the fact that America has a navy, and one that would give a good account of itself. At the same time, we must remember that the American navy is scattered over two oceans, and thereby loses too much of its striking power to fight successfully an overwhelmingly stronger British or German navy which might be brought against it. I remember the fighting qualities of 'the man behind the gun,' and the enormous advantage which the American navy would have of fighting close to its own shores; but I realize that in the end it would be annihilated by sheer weight of metal if the Atlantic and Pacific fleets were on their respective stations at the commencement of hostilities. But the question whether the American fleet could be destroyed or not, could not in the least affect the final result, when one takes into consideration the infinitesimal amount of damage which an enemy's fleet could do, were there no American fleet on the spot to stop it. That small damage in no way justifies America's present naval expenditure, or even the existence of her navy at all.

At the present time, America holds second place in total displacement of completed warships, and sixth in respect to number of vessels. Yet on the Atlantic alone, she cannot hope to possess or even dream of possessing a navy as strong in all its units as Britain's

or even Germany's. Rather than suffer defeat, would it not be better if she acted entirely on the defensive and trusted to her formidable 14-inch and 16-inch batteries on shore?

III

What has been said about coast defenses on the Atlantic will apply also in a great measure to the Pacific; but, in certain issues, the case is there very different, for, instead of three possible enemies, we find but one — Japan. A war between America and any European power being such a remote possibility, we might with confidence ignore the chances altogether. It would be possible for American ships to act in concert with those of one of the powers against a common enemy, — Japan, for instance, — but hardly to act alone against a European power.

In the Pacific question, the danger may be more imaginary than real, or *vice versa*, according to how one looks at it. In my opinion, so long as America chooses to hold the Philippines, the danger is more real than imaginary. One need not be an alarmist to see trouble brewing in the future for the United States, or any other nation with Asiatic possessions. 'Asia for the Asiatic,' is a doctrine, or rather a religion, which the Japanese are preaching throughout Asia and India. The British in India know this to their cost. Since the overthrow of the Russians by the Japanese, the whole of Asia is in a state of unrest, and dreams of throwing off the white man's yoke at no distant date.

America's position as a colonizing power is a precarious one when it comes to owning colonies almost within the doors of a power which looks with longing eyes upon outlets for its surplus population. Putting sentiment aside, would it not be better if America, instead of holding on to the Philippines,

neutralized them? She could do this honorably, not only without loss of prestige, but with the dignified attitude of taking the lead in the cause of peace. Were she to do this, the only danger of war likely to threaten her Pacific coast would be wiped out of existence. Her inability to hold the islands, should Japan care to take them from her, is a fact well recognized by both naval and military experts.¹

Compare for a moment the positions of America and Japan on the Pacific Ocean.

Japan has a powerful fleet of up-to-date battleships equal in strength to those of any European power, — ship by ship, — while America at the time of this writing has not a single battleship in commission on the Pacific station, — only armored and protected cruisers. While the Japanese transport service is modern in all its units, and is of sufficient size to transport an army of over two hundred thousand men — with equipment — to any required distance, that of America is practically non-existent. The United States transport service, at the most, can boast of only a dozen fairly decent ships, which can carry only about ten thousand troops, leaving stores and munitions of war out of the question; while the Japanese service could land an army of two hundred thousand men in the Philippines, and a smaller one of one hundred thousand in Hawaii, in less than a month. To transport fifty thousand men to the Philippines would, under existing conditions, take the United States transport service exactly one year, while Hawaii, in time of war, would have to take pot-luck.

Japan, again, has more than half a million trained seamen to lay her hands on, while America has little more than

¹ For a discussion of the subject, see 'The United States and Neutralization' in the September number of the *Atlantic*. — THE EDITORS.

a thousand on the Pacific. In case of war, the battleship squadrons of Japan could reach the Pacific seaboard two months sooner than America's battleships could round Cape Horn and reach California to operate with the Pacific fleet — if it still existed. Cruisers, either armored or protected, stand no conceivable chance of scoring a success against battleships. A squadron of ships steaming a distance of about twelve thousand miles under full pressure would arrive at its destination in sad need of repair, especially in the engine-rooms.

Should America's Atlantic fleet, after steaming twelve thousand miles, immediately engage a fleet of Japanese vessels which had been waiting two months for them, the Japanese ships would have an enormous advantage over the American. The speed of a squadron is the speed of the slowest ship in that squadron, and in action speed is as necessary as good tactics and good gunnery. While Japanese ships were waiting for the Atlantic fleet to appear, any repairs down below could be effected long before the time arrived for speed to be maintained at any cost.

Trouble, if it ever does come about, is likely to come before the opening of the Panama Canal, for it would be an object of prime importance to have the two American fleets separated by a distance of twelve thousand miles. Invasion by the Japanese is a likely probability in the event of war, in case Japan secures possession of a Pacific port; but a Japanese, or any other army, once in America could never get out again alive except by favor of the army of defense.

The great Moltke's remark concerning the invasion of England applies also to America. Asked if an invasion of England were possible, he answered, 'I know of three ways in, but not one

out.' There may be many ways into America, but how an invading army, even without a navy to stop it, would ever leave the country without the permission of the army of defense, cannot very well be made out.

Nothing in the world can justify America in building a fleet strong enough to tackle Japan single-handed on the Pacific, or a fleet strong enough to tackle single-handed any European naval power on the Atlantic. It would mean keeping her navy up to a two or three-power standard all the time. Will American extravagance run to this? If not, why play at owning a navy to satisfy vanity? Why pay away one hundred and fifty millions of dollars a year on the navy when it is practically helpless, because it lacks the vital support of a merchant marine? The all-round-the-world trip which an American fleet made a couple of years ago would have been an impossibility without the help afforded by British and German colliers. Not one American merchant-Jack's ensign could be seen in attendance on the naval ships during the whole cruise. This was commented upon by the chief in command — Admiral Evans. Not very palatable reading, is it? Remember, it applies to the country with the finest navigable coasts, harbors, and rivers in the world!

IV

Let us now consider the merchant shipping of the leading maritime nations, and see its bearing on the existence of an American navy.

According to Lloyd's register, 1908-1909, and excluding vessels under one hundred tons register, also wooden vessels trading on the Great Lakes, we find that the British merchant marine (including colonies) totals up to 18,709,537 tons; that of America (including the Philippines), 4,854,787 tons;

of Germany, 4,232, 145 tons; of France, 1,883,894 tons; of Russia (excluding small sailing vessels trading in the Black Sea), 974,517 tons; of Japan, 1,142,468 tons (excluding sailing vessels under 300 tons net register not recorded in Lloyd's).

Turn now to the naval expenditures of the countries mentioned, and see how they compare. The naval expenditure on Great Britain's sea-going force in 1907 — that is, about the year the Dreadnought craze became general — was about \$152,000,000; of America, \$119,000,000; of Germany, \$54,000,000; of France, \$61,000,000; of Russia, \$59,000,000; of Japan, \$24,500,000. These figures, though not quite up to date, are still a sufficient guide for our purpose. Those of the merchant shipping will have increased a little, but not in comparison to those of naval expenditures. The year 1907 is quoted to show how the expenditure on a single battleship has increased, for we find that the first modern Dreadnought cost \$8,538,110 to build, and the 1910 Super-Dreadnought about \$12,000,000. The latest British armored cruiser to be laid down — *Princess Royal* — when completed will have cost \$9,400,000. The latest United States battleships when completed will cost \$11,500,000 each at a moderate computation. Battleships, armored cruisers, protected cruisers, and, in fact, every type of naval vessel, have half again exceeded their former cost since the advent of the all-big-gun, heavily-armored Dreadnought of 1906-07.

At first showing, the figures quoted will seem to justify America's naval expenditure, but when gone into more closely, the opposite will prove to be the case. A little calculation will show that the smaller nations are more extravagant than the bigger ones. It will also show that the British merchant marine is four times bigger than

the American, and the protecting of it is only a little more than one fifth more expensive. If the British authorities were as extravagant as the American, they would have to vote a sum of some \$600,000,000 a year on their navy in proportion; this, on their merchant shipping alone, and leaving their colonies without naval protection! Germany, whose merchant tonnage equals America's, spends half the amount in protecting hers. Now, do the figures quoted justify America's present naval expenditure?

There is still another important point of view to consider, and it is this: Britain's and Germany's merchant marines are chiefly composed of deep-water — foreign-going — ships, while American merchant ships are chiefly engaged in the coastal and inter-coastal trade. Again, Britain depends upon her merchant ships for the means to live; America does not. In case of war and blockade, her coasters could tie up in harbor, coil down their ropes, and wait for peace. The work they do could be carried on by railroads.

Turn now to American commerce. Here lies another great advantage of America. She can afford to stand by and snap her fingers at any nation, no matter what the size of its navy. In the first place, her position as a producer makes her absolutely independent of all nations: other nations must come to her, and not she to them, for necessities. This being the case, she is in a position to retaliate without firing a shot, should offensive measures be taken against her. Again, where two such countries as Britain and Germany depend upon America for the employment of a great part of their shipping, war with either is a remote possibility. America, not owning a deep-water merchant marine, need fear no captures or destruction in this direction. Should America carry on a war with Germany,

what would happen to her over-sea commerce? Simply nothing! During these times of too much merchant tonnage, British ships would be only too glad to take American products anywhere; and so would German vessels in case of an Anglo-American war. Thus we see that if America went to war with either country, the damage would be confined to a few unimportant towns on the coast, and her over-sea commerce would reach its destination just as merrily as ever. Peace also has its victories, and the country which warred with America would find that after war had ceased, her ships would have little left to pick up in the way of cargo. A revival of old trade relations would not come with the declaration of peace, but it would take years of keen competition to regain the lost ground.

v

We arrive now at America's position as a world-power. Politically speaking, America from the days of its earliest settlement was destined to become a power in the world, without the assistance of any other country, and with none of the false show of power that Dreadnoughts, standing armies and 12-inch guns, give to other nations. Power, I think, means something greater and nobler than the slaughtering of thousands of innocent lives with the aid of guns. The power worth having ought to tend to make the world more Christian instead of more brutal. Right, and not might, is what we need to-day. Power cannot be reckoned by the number of guns and battleships a nation possesses. The power which lasts and is worth having is of the kind which America showed in bringing about peace between Russia and Japan.

That is one kind of power America possesses. She has also another which is more efficacious than ships and guns.

Britain may be top-hole man in the naval world, Germany top-hole man in the military world, but America is top-hole man in the commercial world, which after all bosses the other two. Peace, as we all know, lasts longer than war; and a nation which can dictate to others, without bullying, in times of peace and war, using only trade as a weapon, needs no other. Such a country is America. While our civilization lasts, her position is assured. Therefore, I say again that she has no need of a navy at all, or at least, of no stronger one than she had ten years ago. A successful invasion of her shores is impossible, her geographical position is three thousand miles away from any possible enemy, her internal resources are unlimited and all sufficient, her over-sea commerce is carried by foreign ships; politically speaking, she is a free lance; and yet she has gone Dreadnought-mad. In fact, she was the first to follow Britain's lead. A fine sample of American independence!

Being able to boast of a strong navy does not give one that feeling of security which is commonly supposed. I belong to the country with the biggest navy in the world, and my feelings are not those of security, but rather the opposite. Like a good many other men in the naval reserve, I am watching for the bubble to burst, waiting to be sent, if required, aboard a man-o'-war as food for 12 or 13.5-inch guns, whichever happens along my way first. We Britishers have to pay for our big navy in more ways than one. Beer and skittles are not on the national bill of fare of a fighting power.

But where, I ask, does the boasted American independence and initiative one hears so much about, come in? Just because a British Admiral — Sir John Fisher — introduced the modern Dreadnought, costing anywhere from \$9,000,000 to \$12,000,000, must Amer-

ica follow suit? By laying down the first modern Dreadnought, Admiral Fisher increased naval expenditure on a single battleship to enormously more than what it was before. That was not all he did. By his action he put all the battleships in the British navy out of date in a day, and made them fit only for the boneyard. So superior was his ship in armament and gun-fire to all others, that navies nowadays are classed only by the number of Dreadnoughts they possess. For this mistake, instead of being cashiered or hanged, he was raised to the British Peerage as a reward of merit. His folly is being repeated everywhere. Even Dreadnoughts and armored cruisers are going out of date fast. Nothing short of Super-Dreadnoughts and Dreadnought cruisers — the latter costing about \$7,500,000 at the lowest — will satisfy our craze for that stupendous piece of folly called 'naval power.'

Would it not be better if America voted less on naval ships and just a little on merchant ships? The latter would bring millions into the treasury, while the former only takes millions out. It would prove a profitable investment, I am sure.

VI

Not for a moment do I say that America should not own a navy of a sort. I only state that if she chooses to, she can, without much danger to herself, do without one. Her army and land defenses are quite capable of tackling any armed force which may attempt to gain admittance into the country. Certainly this is true, if all her main waterways are fortified with sufficient 14-inch and 16-inch guns. In addition to the guns, let all the navigable approaches be mined, and an adequate fleet of submarine vessels built. In war-time, if floating mines were scattered

about the entrances to the various ports, or about any strategical position, these would guarantee immunity from attack. Germany has intimated that, in any future war, she will use floating mechanical mines on an extensive scale. The stock of mechanical mines owned by Germany a year ago was over seven thousand. A single mine is capable of destroying a modern battleship. Three large battleships, the Petropavlosk, Hatsuse, and Yashima, besides a large number of smaller craft, were sunk through striking floating mines in the Far East.

Supposing these precautions were taken, then the American navy of to-day need only consist of a few armored cruisers with a speed of twenty-eight knots, armed with 12-inch guns, and having also a large coal-carrying capacity, a few submarine vessels, mine-laying vessels, and a group of mine-trawlers. The cruisers need never act on the offensive unless cornered, but should be used simply for scout work and, if possible, to destroy an enemy's commerce. Guerilla warfare, it must be remembered, is as possible on sea as on land.

The position of America at the time of the War of 1812 was such that her need of a strong navy was far greater than to-day. To a great extent she was dependent upon other countries. Struggling to maintain her independence, her position as a nation was in no wise secure. Her merchant ships required protection, and this was given by her smart frigates, and not, as to-day, by her enviable position. Her coasts were only weakly fortified, and naval guns of that date much more nearly equaled the power of shore batteries than they do to-day.

Has the Monroe Doctrine anything to do with America's navy? Perhaps so! Well, in spite of the Monroe Doctrine and the American army and navy,

if a strong European power chooses to make a permanent settlement in any of the South American republics, I cannot very well see how America is going to oust it. Such a possibility, however, calls for no consideration, in face of the growing strength of the South American republics.

Although I am a believer in disarmament, that is not my reason for wishing a reduction in America's naval expenditure. No one expects her to disarm for the sake of posing as an example of Christian virtue and forbearance, though, were she to do this, her example would not be without its good effect. I think she would show Europe that, in spite of its boasted civilization, it is on the wrong tack — the 'give-way' tack, and not the 'stand on.'

Smug politicians often remind us that a big navy makes for peace. In our private life we abhor pugilism, we can get along comfortably without it, and most people do not consider a knowledge of the art of pugilism a valuable personal asset. Then why, in our national life, should we delight in big navies, which after all only stand for national pugilism on a big scale? Consistent, are we not?

If in the march of civilization we need the help of battleships and 12-inch guns, then I say that our civilization is rotten, and will not last. I am confident that the day is not far off when the people of America, at least, will oppose the needless waste of millions. The preparations for a war which need never come about, only suggest childish folly which must be thrown aside. America is not confronted with

the same fears as are the countries of Europe. There, the nations which dread war most are yet at the same time wasting millions in preparations. Perhaps, after all, the common sense of the American people will come to the assistance of their less fortunate brethren in Europe.

The nation which could bring about an armistice during hostilities, and afterward an honorable peace, must possess a latent power capable, if exerted, of forcing other issues of equal importance without having to fire a shot in defense. America has that latent power, and is able to do this much for herself. And we in Europe, though not of the same nation, are yet of the same race, and for the sake of our race, we have the right to expect America to help us work out our salvation before it be too late.

'Mailed fists' and huge standing armies and navies are out of date, and are diametrically opposed to the progress of civilization and Christianity. As a plain sailor who has seen all the mighty navies of the world, I say in plain language that they stand only to mock us and prove our civilization a sham. As a man who took an active part in the Boer War of 1900, and who saw the effect of shot and shell on life and limb, I say that our skill and ingenuity of to-day, instead of tending to elevate us, tend only to draw us back into our ancient state of barbarism. The man in America, or even in Europe, who thinks that this craze can last, or is bound to culminate in a war, has a poorer opinion of his fellow men than I have.

THE LEMNIAN

BY JOHN BUCHAN

HE pushed the matted locks from his brow, as he peered into the mist. His hair was thick with salt, and his eyes smarted from the green-wood fire on the poop. The four slaves who crouched beside the thwarts—Carians, with thin, birdlike faces—were in a pitiable case, their hands blue with oar-weals and the lash-marks on their shoulders beginning to gape from sun and sea. The Lemnian himself bore marks of ill-usage. His cloak was still sopping, his eyes heavy with watching, and his lips black and cracked with thirst. Two days before, the storm had caught him and swept his little craft into mid-Ægean. He was a sailor, come of sailor stock, and he had fought the gale manfully and well. But the sea had burst his water-jars, and the torments of drought had been added to his toil. He had been driven south almost to Scyros, but had found no harbor. Then a weary day with the oars had brought him close to the Eubœan shore, when a freshet of storm drove him seaward again. Now at last, in this northerly creek of Sciathos, he had found shelter and a spring. But it was a perilous place, for there were robbers in the bushy hills—mainland men who loved above all things to rob an islander; and out at sea, as he looked toward Pelion, there seemed something ad which boded little good. There was deep water beneath a ledge of cliff, half covered by a tangle of wildwood. So Atta lay in the bows, looking through the trails of vine at the racing tides now reddening in the dawn.

The storm had hit others besides him, it seemed. The channel was full of ships, aimless ships that tossed between tide and wind. Looking closer, he saw that they were all wreckage. There had been tremendous doings in the north, and a navy of some sort had come to grief. Atta was a prudent man and knew that a broken fleet might be dangerous. There might be men lurking in the maimed galleys who would make short work of the owner of a battered but navigable craft. At first he thought that the ships were those of the Hellenes. The troublesome fellows were everywhere in the islands, stirring up strife, and robbing the old lords. But the tides running strongly from the east were bringing some of the wreckage in an eddy into the bay. He lay closer and watched the spars and splintered poops as they neared him. These were no galleys of the Hellenes. Then came a drowned man, swollen and horrible; then another—swarthy, hook-nosed fellows, all yellow with the sea. Atta was puzzled. They must be the men from the east about whom he had been hearing.

Long ere he left Lemnos there had been news about the Persians. They were coming like locusts out of the dawn, swarming over Ionia and Thrace, men and ships numerous beyond telling. They meant no ill to honest islanders; a little earth and water were enough to win their friendship. But they meant death to the ὕβρις of the Hellenes. Atta was on the side of the invaders; he wished them well in their war with his ancient foes. They would eat them

up, Athenians, Lacedæmonians, Corinthians, Æginetans, men of Argos and Elis, and none would be left to trouble him. But in the mean time something had gone wrong. Clearly there had been no battle. As the bodies butted against the side of the galley, he hooked up one or two and found no trace of a wound. Poseidon had grown cranky, and had claimed victims. The god would be appeased by this time, and all would go well. Danger being past, he bade the men get ashore and fill the water-skins. 'God's curse on all Hellenes!' he said, as he soaked up the cold water from the spring in the thicket.

About noon he set sail again. The wind sat in the northeast, but the wall of Pelion turned it into a light stern breeze which carried him swiftly westward. The four slaves, still leg-weary and arm-weary, lay like logs beside the thwarts. Two slept; one munched some salty figs; the fourth, the headman, stared wearily forward with ever and again a glance back at his master. But the Lemnian never looked his way. His head was on his breast as he steered, and he brooded on the sins of the Hellenes.

He was of the old Pelasgian stock, — the first lords of the land, who had come out of the soil at the call of God. The pillaging northmen had crushed his folk out of the mainlands and most of the islands, but in Lemnos they had met their match. It was a family story how every grown male had been slain, and how the women long after had slaughtered their conquerors in the night. 'Lemnian deeds,' said the Hellenes, when they wished to speak of some shameful thing; but to Atta the shame was a glory to be cherished forever. He and his kind were the ancient people, and the gods loved old things, as these new folk would find. Very especially he hated the men of Athens. Had not one of their captains, Milti-

ades, beaten the Lemnians and brought the island under Athenian sway? True, it was a rule only in name, for any Athenian who came alone to Lemnos would soon be cleaving the air from the highest cliff-top. But the thought irked his pride, and he gloated over the Persians' coming. The Great King from beyond the deserts would smite these outrageous upstarts. Atta would willingly give earth and water. It was the whim of a fantastic barbarian, and would be well repaid if the bastard Hellenes were destroyed. They spoke his own tongue, and worshiped his own gods, and yet did evil. Let the nemesis of Zeus devour them!

The wreckage pursued him everywhere. Dead men shouldered the side of the galley, and the straits were stuck full of things like monstrous buoys, where tall ships had foundered. At Artemisium he thought he saw signs of an anchored fleet with the low poops of the Hellenes, and steered off to the northern shores. There, looking towards Æta and the Malian Gulf, he found an anchorage at sunset. The waters were ugly and the times ill, and he had come on an enterprise bigger than he had dreamed. The Lemnian was a stout fellow, but he had no love for needless danger. He laughed mirthlessly as he thought of his errand, for he was going to Hellas, to the shrine of the Hellenes.

It was a woman's doing, like most crazy enterprises. Three years ago his wife had labored hard in childbirth, and had had the whims of laboring women. Up in the keep of Larissa, on the windy hillside, there had been heart-searching and talk about the gods. The little olive-wood Hermes, the very private and particular god of Atta's folk, was good enough in simple things like a lambing or a harvest, but he was scarcely fit for heavy tasks. Atta's wife declared that her lord lacked

piety. There were mainland gods who repaid worship, but his scorn of all Hellenes made him blind to the merits of these potent divinities. At first Atta resisted. There was Attic blood in his wife, and he strove to argue with her unorthodox craving. But the woman persisted, and a Lemnian wife, as she is beyond other wives in virtue and comeliness, is beyond them in stubbornness of temper. A second time she was with child, and nothing would content her but that Atta should make his prayers to the stronger gods. Dodona was far away, and long ere he reached it his throat would be cut in the hills. But Delphi was but two days' journey from the Malian coast, and the god of Delphi, the Far-Darter, had surprising gifts, if one were to credit travelers' tales.

Atta yielded with an ill grace, and out of his wealth devised an offering to Apollo. So on this July day he found himself looking across the gulf to Kallidromos bound for a Hellenic shrine, but hating all Hellenes in his soul. A verse of Homer consoled him, — the words which Phocion spoke to Achilles. 'Verily even the gods may be turned, they whose excellence and honor and strength are greater than thine; yet even these do men, when they pray, turn from their purpose with offerings of incense and pleasant vows.' The Far-Darter must hate the *ἰβρις* of these Hellenes, and be the more ready to avenge it since they dared to claim his countenance. 'No race has ownership in the gods,' a Lemnian song-maker had said, when Atta had been questioning the ways of Poseidon.

The following dawn found him coasting past the north end of Eubœa, in the thin fog of a windless summer morn. He steered by the peak of Othrys and a spur of Ceta, as he had learned from a slave who had traveled the road. Presently he was in the muddy Malian

waters, and the sun was scattering the mist on the landward side. And then he became aware of a greater commotion than Poseidon's play with the ships off Pelion. A murmur like a winter's storm came seaward. He lowered the sail which he had set to catch a chance breeze, and bade the men rest on their oars. An earthquake seemed to be tearing at the roots of the hills.

The mist rolled up and his hawk eyes saw a strange sight. The water was green and still around him, but shoreward it changed its color. It was a dirty red, and things bobbed about in it like the Persians in the creek of Scia-thos. On the strip of shore, below the sheer wall of Kallidromos, men were fighting — myriads of men, for away toward Locris they stretched in ranks and banners and tents till the eye lost them in the haze. There was no sail on the queer, muddy, red-edged sea; there was no man in the hills; but on that one flat ribbon of sand all the nations of the earth were warring. He remembered about the place: Thermopylæ, they called it, the Hot Gates. The Hellenes were fighting the Persians in the pass for their fatherland.

Atta was prudent, and loved not other men's quarrels. He gave the word to the rowers to row seaward. In twenty strokes they were in the mist again.

Atta was prudent, but he was also stubborn. He spent the day in a creek on the northern shore of the gulf, listening to the weird hum which came over the waters out of the haze. He cursed the delay. Up on Kallidromos would be clear, dry air and the path to Delphi among the oak woods. The Hellenes could not be fighting everywhere at once. He might find some spot on the shore far in their rear, where he could land and gain the hills. There was danger indeed, but once on the ridge he would be safe; and by the time

he came back the Great King would have swept the defenders into the sea and be well on the road for Athens. He asked himself if it were fitting that a Lemnian should be stayed in his holy task by the struggles of Hellene and barbarian. His thoughts flew to his homestead at Larissa, and the dark-eyed wife who was awaiting his homecoming. He could not return without Apollo's favor; his manhood and the memory of his lady's eyes forbade it. So, late in the afternoon he pushed off again and steered his galley for the south.

About sunset the mist cleared from the sea; but the dark falls swiftly in the shadow of the high hills, and Atta had no fear. With the night the hum sank to a whisper; it seemed that the invaders were drawing off to camp, for the sound receded to the west. At the last light the Lemnian touched a rock-point well to the rear of the defense. He noticed that the spume at the tide's edge was reddish and stuck to his hands like gum. Of a surety, much blood was flowing on that coast.

He bade his slaves return to the north shore and lie hidden there to await him. When he came back he would light a signal fire on the topmost bluff of Kallidromos. Let them watch for it and come to take him off. Then he seized his bow and quiver, and his short hunting spear, buckled his cloak about him, saw that the gift to Apollo was safe in the folds of it, and marched sturdily up the hillside.

The moon was in her first quarter, a slim horn which at her rise showed only the faint outline of the hill. Atta plodded steadfastly on, but he found the way hard. This was not like the crisp sea-turf of Lemnos, where among the barrows of the ancient dead, sheep and kine could find sweet fodder. Kallidromos ran up as steep as the roof of a barn. Cytisus and thyme and juniper

grew rank, but, above all, the place was strewn with rocks, leg-twisting boulders, and great cliffs where eagles dwelt. Being a seaman, Atta had his bearings. The path to Delphi left the shore road near the Hot Gates, and went south by a rift of the mountain. If he went up the slope in a bee-line he must strike it in time and find better going. Still it was an eerie place to be tramping after dark. The Hellenes had strange gods of the thicket and hillside, and he had no wish to intrude upon their sanctuaries. He told himself that next to the Hellenes he hated this country of theirs, where a man sweltered in hot jungles or tripped among hidden crags. He sighed for the cool beaches below Larissa, where the surf was white as the snows of Samothrace, and the fisherboys sang round their smoking brothpots.

Presently he found a path. It was not the mule road, worn by many feet, that he had looked for, but a little track which twined among the boulders. Still it eased his feet, so he cleared the thorns from his sandals, strapped his belt tighter, and stepped out more confidently. Up and up he went, making odd détours among the crags. Once he came to a promontory, and, looking down, saw lights twinkling from the Hot Gates. He had thought the course lay more southerly, but consoled himself by remembering that a mountain path must have many windings. The great matter was that he was ascending, for he knew that he must cross the ridge of Æta before he struck the Locrian glens that led to the Far-Darter's shrine.

At what seemed the summit of the first ridge he halted for breath, and, prone on the thyme, looked back to sea. The Hot Gates were hidden, but across the gulf a single light shone from the far shore. He guessed that by this time his galley had been beached and

his slaves were cooking supper. The thought made him homesick. He had beaten and cursed these slaves of his, times without number, but now in this strange land he felt them kinsfolk, men of his own household. Then he told himself he was no better than a woman. Had he not gone sailing to Chalcedon and distant Pontus, many months' journey from home, while this was but a trip of days. In a week he would be welcomed home by a smiling wife, with a friendly god behind him.

The track still bore west, though Delphi lay in the south. Moreover, he had come to a broader road running through a little tableland. The highest peaks of Œta were dark against the sky, and around him was a flat glade where oaks whispered in the night breezes. By this time he judged from the stars that midnight had passed, and he began to consider whether, now that he was beyond the fighting, he should not sleep and wait for dawn. He made up his mind to find a shelter, and in the aimless way of the night traveler, pushed on and on in the quest of it. The truth is, his mind was on Lemnos and a dark-eyed, white-armed dame spinning in the evening by the thresh-old. His eyes roamed among the oak trees, but vacantly and idly, and many a mossy corner was passed unheeded. He forgot his ill-temper, and hummed cheerfully the song his reapers sang in the barley-fields below his orchard. It was a song of sea-men turned husbandmen, for the gods it called on were the gods of the sea.

Suddenly he found himself crouching among the young oaks, peering and listening. There was something coming from the west. It was like the first mutterings of a storm in a narrow harbor, a steady rustling and whispering. It was not wind; he knew winds too well to be deceived. It was the tramp of

light-shod feet among the twigs — many feet, for the sound remained steady, while the noise of a few men will rise and fall. They were coming fast and coming silently. The war had reached far up Kallidromos.

Atta had played this game often in the little island wars. Very swiftly he ran back and away from the path, up the slope which he knew to be the first ridge of Kallidromos. The army, whatever it might be, was on the Delphian road. Were the Hellenes about to turn the flank of the Great King?

A moment later he laughed at his folly. For the men began to appear, and they were coming to meet him, coming from the west. Lying close in the brush-wood, he could see them clearly. It was well he had left the road, for they stuck to it, following every winding, — crouching, too, like hunters after deer. The first man he saw was a Hellene, but the ranks behind were no Hellenes. There was no glint of bronze or gleam of fair skin. They were dark, long-haired fellows, with spears like his own and round eastern caps and egg-shaped bucklers. Then Atta rejoiced. It was the Great King who was turning the flank of the Hellenes. They guarded the gate, the fools, while the enemy slipped through the roof.

He did not rejoice long. The van of the army was narrow and kept to the path, but the men behind were straggling all over the hillside. Another minute and he would be discovered. The thought was cheerless. It was true that he was an islander and friendly to the Persian, but up on the heights who would listen to his tale? He would be taken for a spy, and one of those thirsty spears would drink his blood. It must be farewell to Delphi for the moment, he thought, or farewell to Lemnos forever. Crouching low, he ran back and away from the path to the crest of the sea-ridge of Kallidromos.

The men came no nearer him. They were keeping roughly to the line of the path, and drifted through the oak wood before him, an army without end. He had scarcely thought there were so many fighting men in the world. He resolved to lie there on the crest, in the hope that ere the first light they would be gone. Then he would push on to Delphi, leaving them to settle their quarrels behind him. These were hard times for a pious pilgrim.

But another noise caught his ear from the right. The army had flanking squadrons, and men were coming along the ridge. Very bitter anger rose in Atta's heart. He had cursed the Hellenes, and now he cursed the barbarians no less. Nay, he cursed all war, that spoiled the errands of peaceful folk. And then, seeking safety, he dropped over the crest on to the steep shoreward face of the mountain.

In an instant his breath had gone from him. He slid down a long slope of scree, and then with a gasp found himself falling sheer into space. Another second, and he was caught in a tangle of bush, and then dropped once more upon scree, where he clutched desperately for handhold. Breathless and bleeding, he came to anchor on a shelf of greensward, and found himself blinking up at the crest which seemed to tower a thousand feet above. There were men on the crest now. He heard them speak, and felt that they were looking down.

The shock kept him still till the men had passed. Then the terror of the place gripped him and he tried feverishly to retrace his steps. A dweller all his days among gentle downs, he grew dizzy with the sense of being hung in space. But the only fruit of his efforts was to set him slipping again. This time he pulled up at a root of gnarled oak, which overhung the sheerest cliff on Kallidromos. The danger

brought his wits back. He sullenly reviewed his case and found it desperate.

He could not go back, and, even if he did, he would meet the Persians. If he went on he would break his neck, or at the best fall into the Hellenes' hands. Oddly enough he feared his old enemies less than his friends. He did not think that the Hellenes would butcher him. Again, he might sit perched in his eyrie, till they settled their quarrel or he fell off. He rejected this last way. Fall off he should for certain, unless he kept moving. Already he was giddy with the vertigo of the heights.

It was growing lighter. Suddenly he was looking not into a black world but to a pearl-gray floor, far beneath him. It was the sea, the thing he knew and loved. The sight screwed up his courage. He remembered that he was a Lemnian and a seafarer. He would be conquered neither by rock nor by Helene nor by the Great King. Least of all by the last, who was a barbarian. Slowly, with clenched teeth and narrowed eyes, he began to clamber down a ridge which flanked the great cliff of Kallidromos. His plan was to reach the shore, and take the road to the east before the Persians completed their circuit. Some instinct told him that a great army would not take the track he had mounted by. There must be some longer and easier way debouching farther down the coast. He might yet have the good luck to slip between them and the sea.

The two hours which followed tried his courage hard. Thrice he fell, and only a juniper root stood between him and death. His hands grew ragged, and his nails were worn to the quick. He had long ago lost his weapons; his cloak was in shreds, all save the breast-fold which held the gift to Apollo. The heavens brightened, but he dared not look around. He knew that he was traversing awesome places where a goat

would scarcely tread. Many times he gave up hope of life. His head was swimming, and he was so deadly sick that often he had to lie gasping on some shoulder of rock less steep than the rest. But his anger kept him to his purpose. He was filled with fury at the Hellenes. It was they and their folly that had brought him these mischances. Some day —

He found himself sitting blinking on the shore of the sea. A furlong off, the water was lapping on the reefs. A man, larger than human in the morning mist, was standing above him.

'Greeting, stranger,' said the voice. 'By Hermes, you choose the difficult roads to travel.'

Atta felt for broken bones, and, reassured, struggled to his feet.

'God's curse upon all mountains,' he said. He staggered to the edge of the tide and laved his brow. The savor of salt revived him. He turned, to find the tall man at his elbow, and noted how worn and ragged he was, and yet how upright.

'When a pigeon is flushed from the rocks, there is a hawk near,' said the voice.

Atta was angry. 'A hawk!' he cried. 'Ay, an army of eagles. There will be some rare flushing of Hellenes before evening.'

'What frightened you, islander?' the stranger asked. 'Did a wolf bark up on the hillside?'

'Ay, a wolf. The wolf from the East with a multitude of wolflings. There will be fine eating soon in the pass.'

The man's face grew dark. He put his hand to his mouth and called. Half a dozen sentries ran to join him. He spoke to them in the harsh Lacedæmonian speech which made Atta sick to hear. They talked with the back of the throat, and there was not an 's' in their words.

'There is mischief in the hills,' the first man said. 'This islander has been frightened down over the rocks. The Persian is stealing a march on us.'

The sentries laughed. One quoted a proverb about island courage. Atta's wrath flared and he forgot himself. He had no wish to warn the Hellenes, but it irked his pride to be thought a liar. He began to tell his story, hastily, angrily, confusedly; and the men still laughed.

Then he turned eastward and saw the proof before him. The light had grown and the sun was coming up over Pelion. The first beam fell on the eastern ridge of Kallidromos, and there, clear on the sky-line, was the proof. The Persian was making a wide circuit, but moving shoreward. In a little he would be at the coast, and by noon at the Hellenes' rear.

His hearers doubted no more. Atta was hurried forward through the lines of the Greeks to the narrow throat of the pass, where behind a rough rampart of stones lay the Lacedæmonian headquarters. He was still giddy from the heights, and it was in a giddy dream that he traversed the misty shingles of the beach amid ranks of sleeping warriors. It was a grim place, for there were dead and dying in it, and blood on every stone. But in the lee of the wall little fires were burning, and slaves were cooking breakfast. The smell of roasting flesh came pleasantly to his nostrils, and he remembered that he had had no meal since he crossed the gulf.

Then he found himself the centre of a group who had the air of kings. They looked as if they had been years in war. Never had he seen faces so worn and so terribly scarred. The hollows in their cheeks gave them the air of smiling, and yet they were grave. Their scarlet vests were torn and muddied, and the armor which lay near was dented like the scrap-iron before a smithy door.

But what caught his attention was the eyes of the men. They glittered as no eyes he had ever seen before glittered. The sight cleared his bewilderment and took the pride out of his heart. He could not pretend to despise a folk who looked like Ares fresh from the wars of the Immortals.

They spoke among themselves in quiet voices. Scouts came and went, and once or twice one of the men, taller than the rest, asked Atta a question. The Lemnian sat in the heart of the group, sniffing the smell of cooking, and looking at the rents in his cloak and the long scratches on his legs. Something was pressing on his breast, and he found that it was Apollo's gift. He had forgotten all about it. Delphi seemed beyond the moon, and his errand a child's dream.

Then the King, for so he thought of the tall man, spoke: —

'You have done us a service, islander. The Persian is at our back and front, and there will be no escape for those who stay. Our allies are going home, for they do not share our vows. We of Lacedæmon wait in the pass. If you go with the men of Corinth you will find a place of safety before noon. No doubt in the Euripus there is some boat to take you to your own land.'

He spoke courteously, not in the rude Athenian way; and somehow the quietness of his voice and his glittering eyes roused wild longings in Atta's heart. His island pride was face to face with a greater — greater than he had ever dreamed of.

'Bid yon cooks give me some broth,' he said gruffly. 'I am faint. After I have eaten, I will speak with you.'

He was given food, and as he ate he thought. He was on trial before these men of Lacedæmon. More, the old faith of the Islands, the pride of the first masters, was at stake in his hands. He had boasted that he and his kind

were the last of the men; now these Hellenes of Lacedæmon were preparing a great deed, and they deemed him unworthy to share in it. They offered him safety. Could he brook the insult?

He had forgotten that the cause of the Persian was his; that the Hellenes were the foes of his race. He saw only that the last test of manhood was preparing, and the manhood in him rose to greet the trial. An odd, wild ecstasy surged in his veins. It was not the lust of battle, for he had no love of slaying, or hate for the Persian, for he was his friend. It was the sheer joy of proving that the Lemnian stock had a starker pride than these men of Lacedæmon. They would die for their fatherland and their vows, but he, for a whim, a scruple, a delicacy of honor. His mind was so clear that no other course occurred to him. There was only one way for a man. He too would be dying for his fatherland, for through him the island race would be ennobled in the eyes of gods and men.

Troops were filing fast to the east — Thebans, Corinthians.

'Time flies, islander,' said the King's voice. 'The hours of safety are slipping past.'

Atta looked up carelessly. 'I will stay,' he said. 'God's curse on all Hellenes! Little I care for your quarrels. It is nothing to me if your Hellas is under the heel of the East. But I care much for brave men. It shall never be said that a man of Lemnos, a son of the old race, fell back when Death threatened. I stay with you, men of Lacedæmon.'

The King's eyes glittered; they seemed to peer into his heart.

'It appears they breed men in the islands,' he said. 'But you err. Death does not threaten. Death awaits us.'

'It is all the same,' said Atta. 'But I crave a boon. Let me fight my last fight

by your side. I am of older stock than you, and a king in my own country. I would strike my last blow among kings.'

There was an hour of respite before battle was joined, and Atta spent it by the edge of the sea. He had been given arms, and in girding himself for the fight he had found Apollo's offering in his breast-fold. He was done with the gods of the Hellenes. His offering should go to the gods of his own people. So, calling upon Poseidon, he flung the little gold cup far out to sea. It flashed in the sunlight, and then sank in the soft green tides so noiselessly that it seemed as if the hand of the sea-god had been stretched to take it. 'Hail, Poseidon!' the Lemnian cried. 'I am bound this day for the Ferryman. To you only I make prayer, and to the little Hermes of Larissa. Be kind to my kin when they travel the sea, and keep them islanders and seafarers forever. Hail, and farewell, God of my own folk!'

Then, while the little waves lapped on the white sand, Atta made a song. He was thinking of the homestead far up in the green downs, looking over to the snows of Samothrace. At this hour in the morning there would be a tinkle of sheep-bells as the flocks went down to the low pastures. Cool winds would be blowing, and the noise of the surf below the cliffs would come faint to the ear. In the hall the maids would be spinning, while their dark-haired mistress would be casting swift glances to the doorway, lest it might be filled any moment by the form of her returning lord. Outside in the checkered sunlight of the orchard the child would be playing with his nurse, crooning in childish syllables the chanty his father had taught him. And at the thought of his home a great passion welled up in Atta's heart. It was not regret, but

joy and pride and aching love. In his antique island-creed the death he was awaiting was no other than a bridal. He was dying for the things he loved, and by his death they would be blessed eternally. He would not have long to wait before bright eyes came to greet him in the House of Shadows.

So Atta made the Song of Atta, and sang it then and later in the press of battle. It was a simple song, like the lays of seafarers. It put into rough verse the thought which cheers the heart of all adventurers, nay, which makes adventure possible for those who have much to leave. It spoke of the shining pathway of the sea which is the Great Uniter. A man may lie dead in Pontus or beyond the Pillars of Hercules, but if he dies on the shore there is nothing between him and his fatherland. It spoke of a battle all the long dark night in a strange place — a place of marshes and black cliffs and shadowy terrors.

In the dawn the sweet light comes,'
said the song, *'and the salt winds and*
the tides will bear me home.' . . .

When in the evening the Persians took toll of the dead, they found one man who puzzled them. He lay among the tall Lacedæmonians, on the very lip of the sea, and around him were swaths of their countrymen. It looked as if he had been fighting his way to the water, and had been overtaken by death as his feet reached the edge. Nowhere in the pass did the dead lie so thick, and yet he was no Hellene. He was torn like a deer that the dogs had worried, but the little left of his garments and his features spoke of Eastern race. The survivors could tell nothing except that he had fought like a god, and had been singing all the while.

The matter came to the ear of the Great King, who was sore enough at the

issue of the day. That one of his men had performed feats of valor beyond the Hellenes was a pleasant tale to tell. And so his captains reported it. Accordingly, when the fleet from Artemisium arrived next morning, and all but a few score Persians were shoveled into holes that the Hellenes might seem to have been conquered by a lesser force, Atta's body was laid out with pomp in the midst of the Lacedæmonians. And the seamen rubbed their eyes and thanked their strange gods that one man of the East had been found to match those terrible warriors whose name was a nightmare. Further, the Great King gave orders that the body of Atta should be embalmed and carried with the army, and that his name and kin should be sought out and duly honored. This latter was a task too hard for the staff, and no more was heard of it till months after, when the King, in full flight after Salamis, bethought him of the one man who had not played him false. Finding that his lieutenants had nothing to tell him, he eased five of them of their heads.

As it happened, the deed was not quite forgotten. An islander, a Lesbian and a cautious man, had fought at Thermopylæ in the Persian ranks, and had heard Atta's singing and seen how he fell. Long afterwards some errand took this man to Lemnos, and in the evening, speaking with the Elders, he told his tale and repeated something of the song. There was that in the words which gave the Lemnians a

clue, the mention, I think, of the olive-wood Hermes and the snows of Samothrace. So Atta came to great honor among his own people, and his memory and his words were handed down to the generations. The song became a favorite island lay, and for centuries throughout the Ægean seafaring men sang it when they turned their prow to wild seas. Nay, it traveled farther, for you will find part of it stolen by Euripides and put in a chorus of the *Andromache*. There are echoes of it in some of the epigrams of the *Anthology*; and though the old days have gone, the simple fisher-folk still sing snatches in their barbarous dialect. The Klephts used to make a catch of it at night round their fires in the hills, and only the other day I met a man in Scyros who had collected a dozen variants and was publishing them in a dull book on island folklore.

In the centuries which followed the great fight, the sea fell away from the roots of the cliffs, and left a mile of marshland. About fifty years ago a peasant, digging in a rice-field, found the cup which Atta had given to Poseidon. There was much talk about the discovery, and scholars debated hotly about its origin. To-day it is in the Munich Museum, and according to the new fashion in archæology it is labeled 'Minoan,' and kept in the Cretan Section. But any one who looks carefully will see behind the rim a neat little carving of a dolphin; and I happen to know that this was the private badge of Atta's house.

MOLIÈRE'S BIRTHDAY

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

WHEN the Seine is dark and secret, and tries to run away from itself; when rows of soft lights stretch away into luring infinities, and green and scarlet lanterns dart on and off the bridges — then the taxi-motors scramble like black beetles along the boulevards of Paris. The taxi-motors are rapid and gay, and bear sweet forms and lovely countenances, and there is one motor-cab with three little white faces pressed against its windows. This cab is shooting along toward the Théâtre Français, and it holds

Maud with her mantle of silver-green
And Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen
And Kate with the scarlet feather.

It is they, the Privileged; wide-awake and excited. For, behold, this is Paris, city ignored of the Bible and the Declaration of Independence, but in all fashion-sheets and popular novels given honorable mention. Paris is understood by the Privileged as the place where they shall at last become grown up. For the rest, their fathers have given them letters of unlimited credit, and they have as chaperon a Gracious Lady who not only smooths paths, but trims them with flowers. Three faces, downy with inexperience, severe with youth, look critically out upon hazy avenue and dim, suggestive tower. Ahem, this is Paris! The Privileged pull at their long gloves and try to keep from immature enthusiasm.

It is the first week, and the Privileged have never before been to a European theatre. The Gracious Lady wonders how they will regard what to

her is a great satisfaction. As the taxi careers along, she gives her charges a little sketch of the Comédie Française and what it stands for; she also speaks of Molière. She does these things with some exactness, after the tiresome fashion of maturity. The Privileged allow her to talk; they even ask courteous little questions — a chaperon is a chaperon, and one must always be 'nice' to her.

The taxi whirls into the fountained square of the Place du Théâtre Français. A beggar opens the door and gets his few sous. The wet spots on the rainy pavement are spatted with colored gleams as the Privileged descend and flutter into the foyer. They are impressed by the grave, impersonal gaze of the brilliant young dragoons who guard the entrance, and comment upon the superior appearance of these young cuirassiers. They take care to couch what they have to say in language laboriously adult.

'Do you suppose they realize the solemnity of the occasion?' says Maud with the mantle of silver-green.

'If Louis the Fourteenth was interested in this theatre, and Napoleon kept it up in memory of Molière, why then he must have been a very popular writer,' remarks Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen.

'I have a thrill going up and down my back,' announces Kate with the scarlet feather.

It is the night of the two hundred and eighty-eighth anniversary of the birthday of Molière. It may be that

the black-gowned maids who take the wraps and give the seat-checks with their mannerly, 'Voici, madame,' 'Quel numéro, monsieur?' 'Pardon, mademoiselle,' are dressier than usual. At any rate, the Privileged see with delight the fresh pink-and-white rosettes in their tightly twisted top-knots. It may be added that there is very little about the Théâtre Français that the Privileged do not see. They notice the gaudy red-and-gold of the beloved old theatre, the small cave-like *loges*, the famous ugly curtain, the bad arrangement of the *vomitoires*, the asbestos sheet that is solemnly raised and lowered three lawful times. Then they take their programmes, and somewhat doubtfully scraping together their boarding-school French, proceed to study the 'analization' of *Le Mariage d'Angélique*, and the two Molière plays, *L'Avare* and *Les Précieuses Ridicules*.

'*L'Avare*,' reads Kate, — and the Gracious Lady notices that her young voice already has the little American croak, — '*L'Avare* — that means miser, you know — that's the horriddest thing in the world to be.'

'I don't think so,' objects Maud; 'my grandfather was a miser, and so my father has plenty of money.'

'How awful to say right out that your own grandfather was a miser; it shows you can't be well-born.'

'It's snobbish not to be willing to tell what your parents were, even if they were rag-pickers,' retorts the valiant Maud.

'I thought it was only being a snob when you did n't want your poor relations to come to your parties,' ponders little Bell.

The Gracious Lady, overhearing, conceals a smile. Being 'well-born' in America, being a 'snob' in America — how has it been possible for these terms to find root in the stern soil whose only hope of fair harvest is in its dream of

equal brotherhood? Who, oh, who is to teach the little Privileged that there is a vast gulf fixed between opportunity and birth. But, as she muses, the theatre is filling, and the chatter of the Privileged is forgotten for the spectacle of the house.

The audience of the evening of 'Molière's Birthday' is an interesting audience, though not, to the eye grown accustomed to famous faces and distinguished features, more brilliant than might be every night at every theatre in Paris. As usual, people in the parquet stand and stare. As always, the good leaven of bourgeoisie leavens the mass. The bearded men have fresh skins and quiet eyes; there is charm in the plain women in their dainty evening simplicity.

In a nearby *loge*, sitting next to a beautiful Russian, is a famous Italian writer. A well-beloved editor of *Le Figaro* rears his lion's head and massive shoulders in the corridors. In the balcony is a popular poet; his Bacchus face, with its voluptuous lips, has strong world-charm, and his restless head, billowy with gray hair, an indescribable look of the vine-wreath. There is the usual sprinkling of English, Teuton, and Syrian faces, here and there an American or a Spaniard, also the significantly lackadaisical face and figure of the younger Frenchman, whose gestures are pure pose, whose oiled tongue runs with an empty clack in worn grooves of flattery, whose waistcoat is his sole excuse for being.

All around, the conversation is kept tossed in the air like a cloud of silver and gold balls spun on the perfumed jet d'esprit.

'There is your wife,' says a graceful Frenchwoman to the man sitting beside her. Her smooth head, coiffed to seductive shining, takes a subtle tilt, her perfumed hand fingers his coat-sleeve.

'Oh, mon Dieu! ça c'est trop fort,' comes the careless answer. The Frenchman goes on to say that it is the third time he has run across his wife this week, and that the sameness of it grows tiresome.

The Gracious Lady, tolerantly over-hearing, glances anxiously in the direction of her charges. This sort of thing, indicative as it may be of the curious current of infidelity which passes through the shoals and deeps of French society, is nevertheless not so shocking as it might seem to little ears placed always to the ground, keen eyes jumping at trails. To her dismay, however, she finds the heads of the Privileged turned in a much more doubtful direction, namely, toward a certain prominent *loge* near the stage.

Out of the dimness of this *loge* grows a mysterious face, its oval curved to a thin voluptuousness, whitened to a moon radiance, in which the scarlet of sensual lips quivers like a flame. The great eyes, set always against the challenging blackness of an enormous hat, turn here and there; soft plumes and a soft white boa caress a face apparently all indifference, yet all intensity, the expression of a personality half panther, half poisonous exotic, which expands in the gloom of the *loge* like some night-blooming swamp flower. It is a human entity, however, and near it is a weak-jawed man, who, as he bends to speak, pulls up the screens.

The Privileged rustle with excitement. 'A girl at school told me that when they pulled the screens up like that, that — that — Gracious, she's pulling up another!'

A quick little hand flies out, indicating the *loge*; as quickly turn three young heads, and the Privileged, all interest and naïve eagerness, stare.

'I would n't, dear'; the Gracious Lady feels helpless regret. Frankness, she reflects, is commendable, curiosity

excusable, but such frank curiosity is deplorable.

The candid eyes of the Privileged search hers.

'Why should n't we?' they retaliate. And Kate pouts, 'It's part of the show.'

The Gracious Lady hesitates. That strange, sad burden called 'breadth of view' has become her heaviness. Twenty years ago the creature in the box would have had only one name, and happier women would never have glanced at her. Now, to eyes grown weary with gazing on the false heart of modern society, she seems almost to have a dignity, so much more terribly honest is she than the pitiful fabric of which she is an outgrowth. She seems to teach a lesson; and yet, 'I would not look at her if I were you,' repeats the Gracious Lady very gently.

A young French girl enters with her father. She takes her seat directly in front of the Privileged. Her untouched flower-like face is alight with anticipated pleasure, with a soft vividness of intelligence that could never be cursed with the word 'brainy.' Her hair is bound with a little old-fashioned snood and tiny buckle, a strangely simple evening dress covers the exquisite ardor of her slender body. Quickly four faces, those of the over-indulged, the over-precocious, the over-athletic, and the over-dressed, turn to study her.

The Gracious Lady draws a quick breath. There is something to learn in this little French maid, whose eyes never meet a man's, who is never allowed to walk alone on the street, whose unconscious grace envelops her like a veil, who is sheltered like a delicate bird, yet trained to the utmost energy, reserve, accomplishment, and usefulness. Have the Privileged eyes to see? Will they compare her with themselves? Will they learn?

There are a few moments of silence,

of critical survey; then, as the late-comers rapidly enter and the last seats are flapping down, Kate turns to Maud.

'Do you like Charlie for a man's name?' she inquires seriously.

The Gracious Lady gasps.

Maud gives the matter deliberate consideration, her blue eyes wide with the effort.

'Hugh is nicer, I think,' she at last confesses; then, with aged conviction, 'I could love a man named¹ Hugh.'

The weightier matter disposed of, Kate resumes in an undertone, 'Don't you think this French girl in front of us is an old-fashioned mess?'

'Is n't she? My cousin says they take baths in milk every day — and yet you hear so much about the French being economical. I do believe it's that makes them look so queer; she's horribly quaint; I must say some things in Paris seem awfully country to me.'

'I think she's lovely, like the carved ivories in the Musée Cluny,' says the little dreamy Bell. She glances up at the Gracious Lady. 'Is n't nearly everything that is beautiful sort of old-fashioned?' she inquires.

The Gracious Lady for answer squeezes the small gloved hand.

'Rump — rump — rump,' comes the pounding for the raising of the curtain, — a sound familiar to European ears; but the three little Americans, hearing it, giggle and raise naughty eyebrows.

'Why, it's for all the world like theatricals in the nursery,' whispers Kate with the scarlet feather. Maud feels it incumbent upon her to make comparisons between the Théâtre Français and Belasco's. But hisses for silence end all comment, and three eager pairs of eyes fasten on the stage as the curtain goes up on the enchanting outdoor setting of Ponsard's *Mariage d'Angélique*, and the scene reveals 'Molière et quelques-uns des comédiens de sa troupe.'

He who lingers in Paris with a heart earnest to understand, chastened of prejudice, no matter how tainted for him must seem some of the planes of French thought and morals, must needs have gratitude in his heart for the city that conserves for a hungry world such treasure of talent as is to be found in the French drama. All the world knows how the Parisians, because of their fickle ecstasies, their morbid seeking of an impossible perfection, their remorseless rejection of what does not attain to an almost superhuman standard, may any night sit down in any theatre to contemplate dramatic art almost too perfect, technique incomparable. Whether the intellect be beguiled by a simple situation or stimulated by a complex one, the treatment of it is the same; the senses lie panting under voluptuous yet delicate ravishment; subtlety — the old Parisian conjure-word — plays like a hidden fountain of perfume over the whole.

Inexperienced as they are, the Privileged are quick to feel this. Fascinated, they follow the delicate, simply-dressed, tricky figures that go on and off the stage like butterflies alighting upon and leaving a flower. After the curtain goes down, eyes flash, tongues wag.

'They hardly make up at all; what pale, plain faces! What wonderful smiles, all moon-lighty and pearly.'

'How prettily Angélique wore her fichu, and what a dear little apron she had. Did you see her fingers when she took the rose? It was like a flower taking another flower.'

'How lovely to have a play with Molière himself in it. I never supposed he was gentle and dear like that. I thought he was rough and swear-y, and beer-y. What makes it so different?'

The Privileged turn on the Gracious Lady; some undefined, poignant scent of charm and mystery and grace has been wafted to their immature, keen

senses; they almost sniff the air as they eagerly repeat, 'What makes it?'

Ah — what does make it? The Gracious Lady, after years and years of life in the enigmatic city called Paris, is not prepared to say. She has heard people who like what they call facts, repeating what they have been told of the rigorous discipline of the French actor, the rehearsals that go on for months prior to a single production, the almost fetish worship of detail, the severe drudgery in the development of *nuance* and *genre*. What does make it, what makes anything, but desire and dream and tradition? *Tradition* — in this last word the Gracious Lady finds her cue.

'You see,' she slowly explains, 'you see, when people live in a city that sings with sculpture, that is cradled in beautiful parks and gardens and forests, nurtured by proud old châteaux, and educated by Gothic cathedrals; a city whose fingers and toes are palaces and tombs, whose heart is the Louvre, and whose head the Luxembourg — when a city like that has a play to amuse its people, that play has to be very well-behaved indeed. The actors have to stand up like trees with mistletoe in them, and sit down like swans disappearing behind gray towers; they have to cry with a grief that springs from the woes of the oppressed, and be afraid with a terror that was born in reigns of terror, and be wicked with the wickedness of —' The Gracious Lady breaks suddenly off.

'And be wicked — how?'

She smiles wistfully back into the three faces sweet in their unreserve, turning toward her like little white bees hurrying to sip at the very centre of the fatal flower of knowledge. Again it comes over her like a shock, this adventurous curiosity, this over-stimulation, the deadly eagerness for the unadorned fact. And yet — the Gracious Lady sighingly acknowledges it to her-

self — it is this kind of thing that makes the American what he is, the most marvelously acute, sympathetic, intuitive, and tolerant being of his age.

The next play is Molière's *L'Avare*. Old Harpagon fumes at son and daughter, the cook and lackey are beaten, the question of the lost treasure-box comes up: it was red — no, it was blue. The Privileged revel in the droll humanity of it, the simple absurdities of the Molièrisms. But as Harpagon discovers the robbery and wallows in the hideous despair of the defrauded miser, their mood changes. They glance angrily up at the balcony where two French children, amused with the agonies of the old wretch, loudly laugh. The young French, with their own peculiar heritage of humor, see only one side to the wretched grovelings; but the young Americans, born of a pure dream of compassion, as yet unhardened to human sorrow and suffering, turn pale.

'It's — it's a little too awful'; so Kate with the scarlet feather pays unconscious tribute to the French tragedian.

Maud's eyes are riveted; horrible though it be, she will lose no slightest point of it.

Little Bell turns her head away; she is glad when the curtain falls and one need look no longer on the agonies of poor old Harpagon.

There is an intermission before *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, and the ovation to Molière. The Privileged leave their seats and walk out into the corridors to look at the famous statue of Voltaire. They make solemn eyes at the keen old face; like small gold-fish mouthing against the transparent sides of their globe, so they mouth against their own transparent conception of genius.

'He was terribly clever,' explains Maud condescendingly. 'He had a sense

of humor, you know; that was what kept him cheerful while he was in prison. Every one in the whole world always comes here to look at him when they're in Paris, just because he had that wonderful sense of humor — it's an inspiration to them.'

The Privileged turn to the Gracious Lady. 'Have you a sense of humor?' they solemnly ask.

In the great entresol, surrounded for the first time by a cosmopolitan throng, the Privileged, though game to a gratifying degree, feel suddenly conspicuous. It is strange that it should be so, but it is one of those curious suggestions of quaintness and old-fashionedness and stay-at-homeness — the staring that the Parisians permit themselves. The bright, strong beauty of the American Privileged is still a shock to French urbanity — the long step, the head held back, the alert expression '*trop dure*'; these things the cultured but provincial French still gape at.

Many critical, though not unkind glances follow the direct, free movements of the Daughters of the Crude World. '*Elles sont toujours un peu sauvages*,' murmurs a motherly-looking Frenchwoman. This lady, however, is happily ignorant of the patronizing glances bestowed upon her by the *jeunesse* she criticises; the Privileged, by their comments, find her and her associates distinctly humdrum.

'All the men wear beards and those hateful, turned-up moustaches; there is n't a single nice, sharp chin here. And their eyes are silly. How funny those black satin stocks are, and the opera hats are always either too big or too little.'

'I have n't seen a really pretty lady!'

'And what plain dresses!'

Hélas! Mon Dieu! is all this decorum and humdrum respectability Paris? The Privileged, who have hith-

erto received their ideas of the wonderful city from that peculiar and poisonous reservoir 'popular impression,' are aghast. They had anticipated something glaring and glittering and gay. Instead, raw as they are, untrained as are their perceptions, they feel gravity and rebuke in the atmosphere in which they find themselves. The low voices, the omnipresent compliment, the significant '*Pardon, je vous en prie*,' and '*à votre disposition*,' impress them; even to their wandering eyes comes the curious effect as of a 'finished' crowd, as of an assemblage perfected in the outer points of good-breeding; blasé, perhaps, among themselves, but alive to every surface demand of deference and courtesy. The little Privileged seek in vain for some word to define this crowd-ego. When they are older they will call it 'a subtle something'; when they are still older they will call it a '*je ne sais quoi*'; but when they are very old indeed they will smile and not call it anything at all.

It is almost midnight. The curtain has fallen upon Les *Précieuses*; upon the dainty absurdities of the little countesses, the ruffled, wriggling, scented rascality of Mascarille, the painful spectacle of the two masquerading lackeys deprived of their wigs and embroidered waistcoats; and now, because it is Molière's birthday, and because it is Paris, and because it is the Théâtre Français, something happens that could not happen anywhere else.

As the curtain rises for the last time, there is a hush all over the house. The Privileged, alert for sensation, feel that this hush is different from any hush at home, realize vaguely that it is a hush that travels back over the centuries, though it may not beckon their memory back to Bertrand de Born and Gregory of Tours, back to the jongleurs and trouvères. It is a hush peopled with scented kings and curled

courtiers, amorous nobles and laughing dames; it is a hush through which an intense ear hears the clatter of spirited steeds in cobbled courtyards, the ringing of postern bells, the clanking of chained bridges, the fall of dead bodies into oubliette and moat.

There is a pedestal placed in the centre of the stage, and on this pedestal is set a bust of Molière. The little Privileged stare at the sweet whimsicality of the marble face. Their hearts beat rapidly at the sound of a pure French voice beginning in grandiose measure the ode to the gypsy playwright. For a swift flash the children of the new world have the Gallic impulse; they feel themselves to be part of that French bourgeoisie so critically and intently listening; they guess what it is like to be faultlessly faulty, exquisitely contradictory; to be brave cowards. They guess what it is like to light a hundred torches of art and science and research and then to hurry flippantly on to the great French darkness of negation and oblivion. They feel that ardor which keeps the world full of theories and philosophies like a sky full of aeroplanes and balloons, that wistfulness that immortalizes love, sorrow, and sin.

On the stage is grouped the entire company of the Comédie Française. In every actor's hand is a stiff, artificial palm. There is also a curious stiffness, an overdone solemnity in the young man in evening dress who has begun to deliver the ode. He strikes a strange black note against the background of spangles and fringes, doublet and hose, charming white headdress and little flowered hat, the long mitts and puffs and curls of the women, the long wigs and swords and cloaks of the men. Even his voice, pure to insipid tonality, with its long upward inflections, its *empressement*, the sophistication and precision of its diction, has a seeming

artificiality, a stiffness which to the children of the land of free speech and swinging gesture seems almost ridiculous. After a moment, the Privileged move restlessly in their seats.

'The goose, he looks like an undertaker,' pouts Kate.

Maud's face has an expression vacant and sleepy.

Little Bell is rueful; is this all the thrill there is to be? For a second the Privileged have a distinct feeling that this young man cheats them of their money's worth, that he is not the one properly to bring climax to the 'anniversaire de la naissance de Molière.'

But he is not yet quite through, this young man. He has only been biding his time, observing preliminaries traditional of the Palais de Justice, the Sorbonne, and the Académie. He has, moreover, encased in those stiff black clothes, a body that is young, that is full of Latin blood. As he goes on with his carefully prepared verses this young man seems to raise some imaginary dike and let that blood sluice into his being, leap into his heart, his gestures, his voice. It is the kind of blood that has held French inventors to their tasks, scientists to their adventures, artists and musicians to their dreams. It is the blood that gave the world Rodin's *Le Baiser*, Detailles's *Vers la Gloire*, Mounet Sully's *Edipe Roi*, Sara Bernhardt's *La Dame aux Camélias*; it is in the step of French soldiers marching over the roads, French chevaliers flashing by on the emerald courses. It is only blood, French blood; but for the purposes of destiny and art and achievement it is blood that is crimson fire.

When the young man finishes what he has to say to that strangely cold bust of the wandering playwright, when each member of the Comédie Française has raised his palm in salute to the beloved memory, there is a pause, a few mo-

ments' perfect stillness. It seems as if in this pulsing pause the gypsy playwright must turn that graceful, dreaming, periwigged head of his, and smile acknowledgment down the long years; instead, however, the French audience breaks through its habitual reserve, there is a steady clatter of applause, and the curtain falls on the 'two hundred and eighty-eighth anniversary of the birthday of Molière.'

The Privileged rise. Speechlessly they fold their wraps around them and follow the Gracious Lady. Once more they pass the statue of Voltaire and blink at it with childish, sleepy eyes; once more, on the staircase and in the foyer, they see the tall young dragoons. Then comes the soft damp night air, the drifting gayety of the streets. Moving cabs, lights and music from the cafés, streak the midnight, and the

Privileged brush wings with that cloud of human moths that flutter all night along the boulevards. As they sleepily climb into a taxi and are spun down the avenues of fairy light, it is with a pensiveness new and important.

For — *figurez vous !* — one may go to the theatre at home and come away chattering blithely, secure in one's ability to criticise. But, somehow, it has come to Maud with her mantle of silver-green, and Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen, and Kate with the scarlet feather, that after their first play at the Comédie Française on the evening of Molière's Birthday there can be no more fitting tribute than the old, old tribute of silence. And because the Privileged know enough to offer it, they look solemnly upon the mystery of midnight Paris and feel that this is Life, and that they are at last 'grown up.'

LEE AND DAVIS

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

It will hardly be disputed that Davis and Lee are by far the most prominent figures in the history of the Confederacy. Stephens and Benjamin, Johnston and Beauregard, are not to be named with them. Jackson might have been a conspicuous third, but his premature death left him only a peculiar and separate glory.

Material, of a sort, for the study of Davis's character is more than abundant. His own work, *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, is one of the numerous books that carefully avoid telling us what we wish to know. Half of it is ingenious argument on the

abstract dead questions at issue; the other half is a history of military matters which others have told often, and told better. Of administrative complications and difficulties, of the internal working of the Confederate government, of personalities at Richmond and the Richmond atmosphere, of the inner life and struggles of the man himself, hardly a word. Happily we have Mrs. Davis's life of her husband, which shows him complete, if not exactly as Mrs. Davis saw him. We have other biographies of less value, innumerable references in letters and memoirs of friends and enemies, and the constant

comments of the public press. And we have the immense mass of correspondence in that national portrait gallery, the *Official Records*, where the great — and little — men of a generation have drawn their own likenesses with an art as perfect as it is unconscious.

Davis, then, was a scholar and a thinker, and to some extent he took the bookish view of life, that it can be made what we wish it to be. Compromise with men and things was to be avoided if possible. He was an orator, a considerable orator, after the fashion of the mid-nineteenth century, which bores us now, at any rate in the reading. The orator in politics, though a naturally recurring figure in a democratic society, is too apt to be a dangerous or unsatisfactory one: witness Cicero. Davis never laid aside his robes of rhetoric in public. I doubt if he did in private. I think he wore them in his soul. His passion was rhetoric, his patriotism was rhetoric, his wit was rhetoric; perfectly genuine, there is no doubt of that, but always falling into a form that would impress others — and himself. He told Dr. Craven that he could not 'conceive how a man so oppressed with care as Mr. Lincoln could have any relish for such pleasantries.' There you have the difference between the two.

Doubtless Davis had many excellent practical qualities. For one thing, he had pluck, splendid pluck, moral and physical. To be sure, it was of the high-strung, nervous order, liable to break, as when he put on his wife's garments to escape. 'Any man might have done it,' says Mr. Dodd. You might have done it, I might, Dodd might; Grant or Lee never. There again is the difference in types. Nevertheless, Davis's pluck is beyond question.

He had consistency, too, knew his ideas and stuck to them, had persistency. 'He was an absolutely frank,

direct, and positive man,' said General Breckenridge. And he was sincere in his purposes, as well as consistent. 'As God is my judge, I never spoke from any other motive [than conviction],' he told Seward. Beyond question he told the truth. He was unselfish, too, thoughtful of others and ready to make sacrifices for them. 'He displayed more self-abnegation than any other human being I have ever known,' says one of his aides. He shrank from the sight of every form of suffering, even in imagination. When *The Babes in the Wood* was first read to him, a grown man, in time of illness, he would not endure the horror of it. His sympathy with the oppressed was also almost abnormal, 'so that,' says Mrs. Davis, 'it was a difficult matter to keep order with children and servants.'

All this shows that he was a nervous sensitive, which is a terrible handicap to a leader of men. He suffered always from nervous dyspepsia and neuralgias; and 'came home from his office fasting, a mere mass of throbbing nerves and perfectly exhausted.' He was keenly susceptible to the atmosphere about him, especially to the moods of people, 'abnormally sensitive to disapproval. Even a child's disapproval discomposed him.' And Mrs. Davis admits that this sensitiveness and acute feeling of being misjudged made him reserved and unapproachable. It made him touchy as to his dignity, also, and there are stories of his cherishing a grudge for some insignificant or imagined slight, and punishing its author.

The same sensitive temperament appears in Davis's spiritual life. That he should seek and find the hand of Providence in temporal affairs is surely not to his discredit. But I feel that his religion occasionally intruded at the wrong time and in the wrong way. When his enemies represented him as 'standing in a corner telling his beads

and relying on a miracle to save the country,' I know they exaggerated, but I understand what they meant.

Altogether, one of those subtle, fine, high-wrought, nervous organizations, which America breeds, — a trifle too fine, consuming in superb self-control too much of what ought to be active, practical, beneficent energy.

It will easily be imagined that such a temper would not always get along comfortably with rough, practical, imperious military men, accustomed to regard civil authority with contempt. That Davis had had military experience himself, both in the field and as Secretary of War, did not help matters much, since it greatly increased his own self-confidence. Subordinate officers, such as Stuart, Longstreet, and Jackson, during the latter part of his career, did not have many direct dealings with the President; but the independent commanders fall generally into two classes: those like Bragg, Pemberton, and Hood, who were more or less unfit for their positions and retained them through Davis's personal favor; and those who were able and popular, but whom Davis could not endure, like Joseph E. Johnston and Beauregard. Albert Sidney Johnston seems to have been both a favorite and a great soldier, but untimely death blighted Davis's choice in that instance.

The quarrel with Joseph E. Johnston shook the whole fabric of the Confederacy, since the omnipotent editors took part in it. Johnston was a good general and an honest man; but he was surly with a superior, and snaps and snarls all through his correspondence and his book. Davis never snarls, and his references to Johnston are always dignified. Mrs. Davis assures us that 'in the whole period of his official relation to General Johnston I never heard him utter a word in derogation.' She tells us also, however, that 'every

shade of feeling that crossed the minds of those about him was noticed, and he could not bear any one to be inimical to him.' Persons of this temper always exaggerate enmity where it exists, and imagine it where it does not. Another of Mrs. Davis's priceless observations is as to 'the talent for governing men without humiliating them, which Mr. Davis had in an eminent degree.' Samples of this were doubtless the indorsement 'insubordinate' on one of Johnston's grumbling letters and the reply to another: 'The language of your letter is, as you say, unusual; its arguments and statements utterly one-sided, and its insinuations as unfounded as they are unbecoming.' Compare also the indorsement on a letter in which Beauregard, a gentleman, an excellent soldier, and a true patriot, who had long held independent command, wrote that he was perfectly ready to serve under Lee: 'I did not doubt the willingness of General Beauregard to serve under any general who ranked him. The right of General Lee to command would be derived from his superior rank.'

And so we come to the case of Lee, who, during the last years of the war, was universally recognized as the greatest general and most popular man in the Confederacy, and who held Davis's confidence and intimate affection from the beginning to the end. 'General R. E. Lee was the only man who was permitted to enter the Cabinet [meetings] unannounced,' says the official who secured the privacy of those august assemblies.

How did Lee manage to retain his hold on the President? Pollard, who admired Lee, but detested Davis more, says plainly that the general employed 'compliment and flattery.' This is an abuse of words. One can no more associate flattery with Lee than with Washington. Lee respected and admired

Davis in many ways. With that fine insight into character which was one of his strongest points, the general appreciated the President's peculiarities, and adapted himself to them for the sake of the cause to which he had devoted his life. Davis required deference, respect, subordination. Lee felt that these were military duties, and he was ready to accord them. He defends Davis to others: 'The President, from his position being able to survey all the scenes of action, can better decide than any one else.' He defers again and again to Davis's opinion: 'Should you think proper to concentrate the troops near Richmond, I should be glad if you would advise me.' On many occasions he expresses a desire for Davis's presence in the field: 'I need not say how glad I should be if your convenience would permit you to visit the army that I might have the benefit of your advice and direction.' Those know but little of Lee who see in such passages anything but the frank, simple modesty of the man's nature, or who read a double meaning into expressions like the following: 'While I should feel the greatest satisfaction in having an interview with you and consultation upon all subjects of interest, I cannot but feel great uneasiness for your safety, should you undertake to reach me.' The solicitude was perfectly genuine, as we see from many charming manifestations of it elsewhere. 'I cannot express the concern I felt at leaving you in such feeble health, with so many anxious thoughts for the welfare of the whole Confederacy weighing upon your mind.' And there is no doubt that such sympathetic affection held the President more even than the most exaggerated military deference.

At the same time, it is certain that Davis liked to be consulted. He had a considerable opinion of his own military gifts, and would probably have prefer-

red the command of the armies in the field to the presidency, although Ropes, the best of judges, tells us that he did not 'show himself the possessor of military ability to any notable extent.' His jealousy of independent command sometimes appears even with regard to Lee. 'I have never comprehended your views and purposes until the receipt of your letter yesterday, and now have to regret that I did not earlier know all that you have now communicated to others.' Perhaps the most delightful instance of Davis's confidence in his own talents as a general is the little indiscretion of Mrs. Davis. 'Again and again he said [before Gettysburg], "If I could take one wing and Lee the other, I think we could between us wrest a victory from those people."' One says these things to one's wife; but I doubt if Davis would have wished that repeated — yet perhaps he would.

With all this in mind, it is easy to understand Lee's procedure, and to see the necessity as well as the wisdom of it. He was never free. In the early days he writes almost as Davis's clerk. To the end his most important communications are occasionally inspired by his superior, to the very wording. This subordination is trying at times to Lee's greatest admirers. Captain Battine says, 'It was the commander-in-chief who had constantly to stir up the energy of the President.' Colonel Henderson, whose admirable judgment is always to be respected, thinks Davis's policy was the cause of the failure to fight on the North Anna instead of at Fredericksburg; and he adds more generally, 'A true estimate of Lee's genius is impossible, for it can never be known to what extent his designs were thwarted by the Confederate government. Lee served Davis; Jackson served Lee, wisest and most helpful of masters.' It seems to me, however, that Lee's genius showed itself in over-

coming Davis as well as in overcoming the enemy.

One of the most curious instances of Lee's sensitive deference to the President as his military superior has, so far as I have discovered, remained unnoticed by all the historians and biographers. On August 8, 1863, a month after Gettysburg, Lee wrote the beautiful letter in which he urged that some one more capable should be put in his place (the italics are mine):—

'I know how prone we are to censure and how ready to blame others for the non-fulfillment of our expectations. This is unbecoming in a generous people, and I grieve to see its expression. *The general remedy for the want of success in a military commander is his removal.* . . . I have been prompted by these reflections more than once since my return from Pennsylvania to propose to Your Excellency the propriety of selecting another commander for this army. I have seen and heard of expression of discontent in the public journals at the result of the expedition. I do not know how far this feeling extends in the army. My brother officers have been too kind to report it, and so far the troops have been too generous to exhibit it. It is fair, however, to suppose that it does exist, and success is so necessary to us that nothing should be risked to secure it. I, therefore, in all sincerity, request Your Excellency to take measures to supply my place. I do this with the more earnestness because no one is more aware than myself of my inability for the duties of my position. I cannot even accomplish what I myself desire. How can I fulfill the expectations of others?'

It has been, I believe, universally assumed by Lee's biographers that this proposal of resignation was the result of his devoted patriotism, and of temporary discouragement caused by press and other criticism of the Gettysburg

failure. Such criticism there doubtless was; but it was so tempered by the deep-rooted confidence in Lee's character and ability that it appears mild in comparison with the attacks on Davis himself and on other generals. Without any reflection on Lee's patriotism, which needs no defense, I think a more important key to his action is to be found in the first sentence of his letter: 'Your letters of July 28 and August 2 have been received and I have waited for a leisure hour to reply.' The letter of July 28 apparently was not printed till 1897, in the supplementary volumes of the *Official Records*. In it Davis writes (italics still mine):—

'Misfortune often develops secret foes and still oftener makes men complain. It is comfortable to hold some one responsible for one's discomfort. In various quarters there are mutterings of discontent, and threats of alienation are said to exist, with preparation for organised opposition. *There are others who, faithful but dissatisfied, find an appropriate remedy in the removal of officers who have not succeeded.* They have not counted the cost of following their advice. Their remedy, to be good, should furnish substitutes who would be better than the officers displaced. If a victim would secure the success of our cause, I would freely offer myself.'

It seems of course absurd to suppose that Davis intended any hint here, especially in view of the instant, cordial, and affectionate negative which he returned to Lee's suggestion. Yet I think it quite in the character of the man to feel that it would be a graceful and respectful thing for a beaten commander to take such a step and receive presidential clemency. At any rate, if Davis's remarks were not intended as a hint, they show a gross lack of tact as addressed to a man in Lee's situation; and certainly no one can doubt that Lee's letter was in the main the

response of his sore and fretted humility to what seemed the implied suggestion of his superior.

It must not, however, for a moment be supposed that Lee's attitude toward Davis or any one else was unduly subservient. Dignity, not pompous or self-conscious, but natural, was his unfailing characteristic. 'He was one with whom nobody ever wished or ventured to take a liberty.' Even little slights he could resent in his quiet way. Davis himself records with much amusement that he once made some slur at a mistake of the engineers, and Lee, who had been trained in that service, replied that he 'did not know that engineer officers were more likely than others to make such mistakes.'

Furthermore, Lee never hesitated to urge upon the President the wants of the army. Over and over again he writes, pointing out the terrible need of reinforcements. 'I beg that you will take every practicable means to reinforce our ranks, which are much reduced, and which will require to be strengthened to their full extent to be able to compete with the invigorated force of the enemy.' His tone is roundly decided and energetic when he represents the importance of government action to repress straggling and disorder. 'I have the honor to enclose to you a copy of a letter written on the 7th instant, which may not have reached you, containing suggestions as to the means of preventing these and punishing the perpetrators. I again respectfully invite your attention to what I have said in that letter. Some effective means of repressing these outrages should be adopted, as they are disgraceful to the army and injurious to our cause.' As the difficulty of obtaining supplies became greater toward the end, although it was notorious that they were to be had in various parts of the country, Lee did not hesitate to side with the

public at large, and urge the removal of Davis's favorite, the commissary-general, Northrop; and I think it probable that this is referred to in Davis's remark to Dr. Craven. 'Even Gen. —, otherwise so moderate and conservative, was finally induced to join this injurious clamor.'

In general political questions, Lee was very reluctant to interfere. He did so at times, however. His ideas as to finance and as to the military employment of Negroes are not closely connected with Davis, and belong more properly to the discussion of his relations with the Confederate government. But there were points on which he appealed to the President urgently and directly. At the time of the first invasion of Maryland, he wrote an earnest letter pointing out the desirability of proposals for peace. 'The present position of affairs, in my opinion, places it in the power of the Government of the Confederate States to propose with propriety to that of the United States the recognition of our independence.' Again, just before the second invasion, he writes to the same effect with even more energy. 'Davis had said repeatedly that reunion with the North was unthinkable,' remarks his latest biographer. 'Lee wrote in effect that such assertions, which out of respect to the Executive he charged against the press, were short-sighted in the extreme.' Lee's language is in no way disrespectful, but it is very decided. 'Nor do I think we should in this connection make nice distinction between those who declare for peace unconditionally and those who advocate it as a means of restoring the Union, however much we may prefer the former. . . . When peace is proposed, it will be time enough to discuss its terms, and it is not the part of prudence to spurn the proposition in advance.'

In political matters, as affecting

military movements, there was also more or less conflict of opinion between the President and his leading general. Lee wished to fight Burnside on the North Anna instead of at Fredericksburg. Lee regretted deeply the absence of Longstreet before Chancellorsville. And if the testimony of Long, Gordon, and others is to be accepted as against that of Davis himself, Lee would have abandoned Richmond toward the close of the struggle, had it not been for the decided opposition of the President.

In all these differences, however, we must note Lee's infinite courtesy and tact in the expression of his opinion. If he had lectured his superior after the fashion in which he himself was frequently addressed by Longstreet, the Army of Northern Virginia would have been looking for another commander at a very early stage. Instead of this, however decided his opinion, however urgent his recommendations, the language, without being undignified, is such as to soothe Davis's sensitive pride and save his love of authority. 'I earnestly commend these considerations to the attention of Your Excellency and trust that you will be at liberty, in your better judgment, and with the superior means of information you possess . . . to give effect to them, either in the way I have suggested, or in such other manner as may seem to you more judicious.'

Yet, with all his tact and all his delicacy, Lee must have felt as if he were handling a shy and sensitive horse, who might kick over the traces at any moment, with little provocation or none, so touchy was the President apt to be at even the slightest suggestion. For instance, Lee advises that General Whiting should be sent South. Davis endorses, 'Let Gen. Lee order Gen. Whiting to report here, and it may then be decided whether he will be sent South or not.' Lee ob-

jects earnestly to the organization of the military courts, offering to draft a new bill in regard to them. Davis simply comments, 'I do not find in the law referred to anything which requires the commanding general to refer all charges to the military courts.' Davis hears gossip about Lee's expressed opinions and calls him to order in the sharpest manner. 'Rumors assumed to be based on your views have affected the public mind, and it is reported obstructs [*sic*] needful legislation. A little further progress will produce panic. If you can spare the time, I wish you to come here.'

But the most decided snub of all appears in connection with the punishment of deserters. Lee felt strongly about this, and had urged upon Davis and upon the War Office the ruinous effects of executive clemency. Finally Longstreet calls attention to the depletion of his command by desertion; which he asserts is encouraged by constant reprieve. Lee passes on the complaint with the comment, 'Desertion is increasing in the army, notwithstanding all my efforts to stop it. I think a rigid execution of the law is [best?] in the end. The great want in our army is firm discipline.' Seddon refers the matter to Davis, and he calmly notes, 'When deserters are arrested, they should be tried, and if the sentence is remitted, that is not a proper subject for the criticism of a military commander.' Reading these things, one is reminded of Mrs. Davis's delightful remark about 'the talent for governing men without humiliating them,' and one is almost tempted to reverse it.

That, in spite of these small matters of necessary discipline, Davis had the most unbounded and sincere affection for Lee is not open to a moment's doubt. In the early days, when Lee was unpopular, the President supported him loyally. When the South Carolinians

objected to his being sent to them, Davis said, 'If Lee is not a general, then I have none that I can send you.' And no jealousy of later glory or success prevented the repeated expression of a similar opinion. 'General Lee was one of the greatest soldiers of the age, if not the very greatest of this or any other country.' And the praise was as discriminating as it was enthusiastic. 'General Lee was not a man of hesitation, and they mistake his character who suppose that caution was his vice.' Admiration of the general was moreover backed up by a solid confidence, which is expressed repeatedly by Davis himself and by others. 'The President has unbounded confidence in Lee's capacity, modest as he is,' says Jones, at the very beginning of the war. 'Gen. Lee was now fast gaining the confidence of all classes; he had possessed that of the President always,' writes Mrs. Davis. 'I am alike happy in the confidence felt in your ability, and your superiority to outside clamor, when the uninformed assume to direct the movements of armies in the field,' is one among many passages which show unreserved reliance on the commander-in-chief.

Nor was Davis less keenly aware of Lee's great qualities as a man than of his military superiority. This is made abundantly apparent in both speeches and writings after Lee's death. The President extols his subordinate's uprightness, his generosity, his utter forgetfulness of self, and loyal devotion. In the noble eulogy pronounced at the Lee Memorial gathering in 1870 there are many instances of such praise, as in the account of Lee's attitude toward the attacks made upon him before his popularity was established. 'Through all this, with a magnanimity rarely equaled, he stood in silence without defending himself or allowing others to defend him.' And

besides the general commendation there is a note of deep personal feeling which is extremely touching. 'He was my friend, and in that word is included all that I can say of any man.' I have not anywhere met with any expression on Davis's part of deliberate criticism or fault-finding, and if he did not say such things he did not think them; for he was a man whose thoughts found their way to the surface in some shape sooner or later.

With Lee it is different. About many things we shall never know what he really thought. Undoubtedly he esteemed and admired Davis; but the expression of these feelings does not go beyond kindly cordiality. Soon after the war he writes to Early, 'I have been much pained to see the attempts made to cast odium upon Mr. Davis, but do not think they will be successful with the reflecting or informed part of the country.' After Davis's release from captivity, Lee wrote him a letter which is very charming in its old-fashioned courtesies. 'Your release has lifted a load from my heart which I have no words to tell. . . . That the rest of your days may be triumphantly happy is the sincere and earnest wish of your most obedient and faithful friend and servant.' Lee is, of course, even less outspoken in criticism than in praise of his superior. It is only very rarely that we catch a trace of dissatisfaction, as in his reported comment on the anxiety of the authorities in regard to Richmond: 'The general had been heard to say that Richmond was the millstone that was dragging down the army.'

In the delightful memoirs of General Gordon we get perhaps the most explicit statement of what Lee's feeling about the President really was. At the time when Davis was said to have refused to abandon the capital, Lee spoke to Gordon in the highest terms of the great qualities of Davis's

character, praised 'the strength of his convictions, his devotion, his remarkable faith in the possibility of still winning our independence, his unconquerable will-power. "But," headed, "you know that the President is very tenacious in opinion and purpose."'

The study of the relations of Lee and Davis grows more interesting as the history of the Confederacy approaches its tragic close. In 1861 Davis was popular all through the country. A small faction would have preferred another President, but once the election was settled, the support was enthusiastic and general. With difficulties and reverses, however, there came — naturally — a change of feeling. In the first place, the Confederacy had seceded for state rights. Now, war powers and state rights did not go together. Davis was constantly anxious to have law behind him, so anxious that the Richmond *Whig* sneered at his desire to get a law to back up every act of usurpation. But military necessity knows no law and the states in time grew restless and almost openly rebellious.

More than this, there came — also naturally — a bitter hostility to Davis himself. 'The people are weary of the flagrant mismanagement of the government,' is a mild specimen of the sort of thing that abounds in the Richmond *Examiner*. 'Jefferson Davis now treats all men as if they were idiotic insects,' says the Charleston *Mercury*. And Edmund Rhett, who had been disposed to hostility from the beginning, told Mrs. Chesnut that the President was 'conceited, wrong-headed, wranglesome obstinate, — a traitor.' These little amenities were of course to be expected. Lincoln had to meet them. But the Southern opposition seems to have been more widespread than the Northern, and I imagine an election in the autumn of 1864 would have defeated

Davis decisively. A moderate view of the state of things appears in a letter from Forsythe of Mobile to Bragg, January, 1865: 'Men have been taught to look upon the President as a sort of inexorably self-willed man who will see the country to the devil before giving up an opinion or a purpose. . . . We cannot win unless we keep up the popular heart. Mr. Davis should come down and grapple with that heart. He has great qualities for gaining the confidence of the people. There are many who would leap to his side to fight with and for him and for the country, if he would step into the arena and make the place for them.'

The question now arises, how far was Davis really responsible for this state of things? Could another, larger, abler man have done more than he did, if not have succeeded where he failed? For there is good evidence that the South had men and material resources to have kept up the struggle far longer. 'Our resources, fitly and vigorously employed, are ample,' said Lee himself in February, 1865. It was the people who had lost their courage, lost their interest, lost their hope — and no wonder. But could any people have behaved differently? Would that people with another leader? 'It is not the great causes, but the great men who have made history,' says one of the acutest observers of the human heart.

Such discussion would be futile except for its connection with the character of Davis. In the opinion of his detractors, the lost cause would have been won in better hands; and Pollard's clever book has spread that opinion very widely. Pollard, however, though doubtless sincere enough, was Davis's bitter personal enemy, or at any rate wrote as such. The dispassionate observer will hardly agree at once with his positive conclusions. More interesting is the comment of the diary-

keeping war-clerk, Jones, an infinitely small personage, but with an eye many-faceted as an insect's. Jones was a hearty admirer of the President at first, but fault-finding grows and, what is more important, the fault-finding is based on facts. 'Davis,' says Jones, 'is probably not equal to the rôle he is called upon to play. He has not the broad intelligence required for the gigantic measures needed in such a crisis, nor the health and physique for the labors devolving upon him.'

It is difficult, I think, not to agree with this moderate statement, unless the emphasis should be placed rather on character than on intelligence. It is probable that the Confederacy could never have been saved; but there might have been a leader who could have done more to save it than Davis. In the first place, the greatest men gather able men about them. Professor Hart writes, with justice, 'President Davis's cabinet was made up in great part of feeble and incapable men.' Mrs. Chesnut tells us that 'there is a perfect magazine of discord and disunion in the Cabinet.' Jones, who had the best opportunities for observation, says, 'Never did such little men rule a great people.' And again, 'Of one thing I am certain, that the people are capable of achieving independence, if they only had capable men in all departments of the government.' Mrs. Chesnut, an admirer of Davis in the main, lays her finger on the secret of the matter when she says, 'He (Toombs) rides too high a horse for so despotic a person as Jefferson Davis.' And we get further insight, when we learn that in 1862 Davis considered making Lee secretary of war, but thought better of it. Perhaps Lee was of more value in the field than he would have been in the cabinet; but it is difficult to believe that even he could permanently have remained Davis's secretary.

There are plenty of other indications, besides his choice of advisers, to show that Davis, able, brilliant, noble figure as he was, was 'overparted' in the enormous rôle he had to play. He could not always handle men in a way to win them, as a great ruler must. In his earlier life we read that 'public sentiment has proclaimed that Jefferson Davis is the most arrogant man in the United States Senate'; and Mrs. Davis herself tells us, when she first meets him, that he 'has a way of taking for granted that everybody agrees with him, when he expresses an opinion, which offends me.' 'Gifted with some of the highest attributes of a statesman, he lacked the pliancy which enables a man to adapt his measures to the crisis,' says his kinsman, Reuben Davis. But the two most decisive comments on Davis's career that I know of are made again by Mrs. Davis, certainly with no intention of judging her husband, and all the more valuable on that account. 'It was because of his supersensitive temperament and the acute suffering it caused him, I had deprecated his assuming the civil administration.' And later she writes, 'In the greatest effort of his life Mr. Davis failed from the predominance of some of these noble qualities,' failed, that is, not by reason of external impossibility, but by causes within himself. Pollard could not have said more. Most of us would hardly say so much. Mrs. Davis certainly did not intend to, yet she knew the facts better than any one else in the world.

Whether another ruler than Davis could have saved the country or not, an immense number of people in the Confederacy thought that one man could—and that man was Lee. Everywhere those who most mistrusted the President looked to Lee with confidence and enthusiasm. At least as early as June, 1864, it was suggested that he should be made dictator. This idea

became more and more popular. On the nineteenth of January, 1865, the *Examiner* expressed itself editorially, as follows, 'There is but one way known to us of curing this evil: it is by Congress making a law investing Gen. Lee with absolute military power to make all appointments and direct campaigns. It may, indeed, be said that in this new position Gen. Lee would have to relieve generals and appoint others and order movements which perhaps might not satisfy the strategick acumen of the general publick; and how, it might be asked, could he satisfy everybody any more than Mr. Davis? The difference is simply that every Confederate would repose implicit confidence in Gen. Lee, both in his military skill and in his patriotic determination to employ the ablest men, whether he liked them or not.'

This sort of thing could not be very agreeable to Davis, and Mrs. Davis is said by the spiteful Pollard to have exclaimed, 'I think I am the proper person to advise Mr. Davis, and if I were he, I would die or be hung before I would submit to the humiliation.' On January 17, however, before the editorial appeared in the *Examiner*, the Legislature of Virginia addressed a respectful appeal to the President to make Lee commander-in-chief of all the Confederate armies. Davis, knowing his man well, replied on the eighteenth that nothing would suit him better, and on the same day wrote to Lee offering him the position, thus anticipating the vote of Congress on the twenty-third that a commander-in-chief should be appointed by the President, by and with the consent of the Senate.

It was, of course, the intention of Congress to take the military control entirely out of Davis's hands. It was expected and hoped that Lee would have agreed to this. What would have

happened if he had done so, or what would have happened if such a change could have been made at an earlier date, belongs more properly to a discussion of Lee's general relations to the Confederate government and the national policy as a whole. To have attempted anything of the sort would have meant revolution, for Davis would have fought it to the death. As it was, Lee did not hesitate a moment. To all suggestions of independent authority he returned a prompt and absolute No. The position of commander-in-chief he accepted, but only from the hands of Davis, and with the intention of acting in every way as his subordinate. 'I am indebted alone to the kindness of His Excellency the President for my nomination to this high and arduous office, and wish I had the ability to fill it to advantage. As I have received no instructions as to my duties, I do not know what he desires me to undertake.'

Thus we see that Lee, from personal loyalty, or from a broad view of policy, or both, was determined to remain in perfect harmony with his chief to the end. After the war the general said, 'If my opinion is worth anything, you can always say that few people could have done better than Mr. Davis. I knew of none that could have done as well.' And it is pleasant to feel that in all the conflict and agony of that wretched time these two noble figures — both lofty and patriotic, if not equally so — could work together in the full spirit of Lee's testimony before the grand jury, as reported by himself to Davis: 'He said that he had always consulted me when he had the opportunity, both on the field and elsewhere; that after discussion, if not before, we had always agreed; and that therefore he had done, with my consent and approval, what he might have done if he had not consulted me.'

THE RHETORICIAN TO HIS SPIDER

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

Good gossip, list! The lamp burns low,
As morning climbs our crumbling stair.
My tropes fade, too — but ere I go,
I praise the vigil that we share.

Thy shape transmuted should have shone
A golden spinner in the sky,
Where haunted Algol strays alone,
And gallant Argo plunges by.

More than to pipe on Marsyas' note,
To outweave Pallas! Thou didst know
How skill-less was the hand that smote,
And mocked her web who wrought thy woe.

She housed thee in the common dust,
A withered creature, shrunk and gray;
She mated thee with moth and rust,
And named thee handmaid of decay —

Yet could not tame thy skill, or bring
Thy craft to aid the shame begun:
Each morning sees thee deftly fling
Thine ancient pattern on the sun.

We contradict their social cant:
Ours are not of the eyes that see
Griselda in the patient ant,
Or Brutus in the dying bee —

Mean traffickers for dusty trade,
Betrayers of the simple flowers!
We are recluses, subtle maid;
The solitary cult is ours.

THE RHETORICIAN TO HIS SPIDER

We doubt their vulgar Paradise;
And, throned above the modern stir,
Heretically canonize
Saint Syntax and Saint Gossamer.

Yet serve we, too: thy tender coils
Alone entice the brawling fly;
I trip the demagogue in toils
Of syllogistic symmetry.

The unlettered, whom the letter kills,
May prate of charity for fools —
Through our pedantic peace yet thrills
The sacred fury of the Schools.

We laugh the pragmatist to scorn,
Who seeks his truth in loudest lies,
Awaiting, on the Judgment Morn,
Oracular majorities.

We dream a State of pure design,
Beyond the anarchy of swords,
Whose Code shall match thy lore with mine,
A perfect web of perfect words.

Thy woven heart, my broidered page,
My logic and thy legend, girl —
These isolate us from the Age,
In comradeship above the churl.

Let Peter or Mahomet save,
Jahveh — or Cretan Minos — damn;
So I may pledge, on Styx's wave,
Arachne, in an epigram!

THE PATRICIANS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

XIV

EXALTATION had not left Milton. His sallow face was flushed, his eyes glowed with a sort of beauty; and Mrs. Noel, who, better than most women, could read what was passing behind a face, saw those eyes with the delight of a moth fluttering towards a lamp. But in a very unemotional voice she said, 'So you have come to breakfast. How nice of you!'

It was not in Milton to observe the formalities of attack. Had he been going to fight a duel there would have been no preliminary, just a look, a bow, and the swords crossed. So in this first engagement of his with the soul of a woman! He neither sat down nor suffered her to sit, but stood close to her, looking intently into her face.

'I love you,' he said.

Now that it had come, with this disconcerting swiftness, Mrs. Noel was strangely calm and unashamed. The elation of knowing for sure that she was loved was like a wand waving away all tremors, stilling them to sweetness. Since nothing could take away the possession of that knowledge, she could never again be utterly unhappy. Then, too, in her nature, so deeply incapable of perceiving the importance of any principle but love, there was a secret feeling of assurance, of triumph. He *did* love her! And she, him! Well! And suddenly panic-stricken lest he should take back those words, she put her hand up to his breast, and said, — 'And I love you.'

The feel of his arms round her, the strength and passion of that moment, was so terribly sweet, that she died to thought, just looking up at him, with lips parted and eyes darker with the depth of her love than he had ever dreamed that eyes could be. The madness of his own feeling kept him silent. In this moment, the happiest of both their lives, the twin spirits of the universe, Force and Love, had in their immortal, bright-winged quest of the flower-moment, chosen these two. for the temple wherein to stay conflict, and worship Harmony, the Overmaster; for they were so merged in one another that they knew and cared nothing for any other mortal thing. It was very still in the room; the roses and carnations in the lustre bowl, well knowing that their mistress was caught up into heaven, had let their perfume steal forth and occupy every cranny of the abandoned air; a hovering bee, too, circled round the lovers' heads, scenting, it seemed, the honey in their hearts.

It has been said that Milton's face was not unhandsome; for Mrs. Noel at this moment, when his eyes were so near hers, and his lips touching her, he was transfigured, and had become the spirit of all beauty. And she, with heart beating fast against him, her eyes half closing from delight, and her hair asking to be praised with its fragrance, her cheeks fainting pale with emotion, and her arms too languid with happiness to embrace him — she, to him, was the incarnation of the woman that visits dreams.

So passed that moment.

The bee ended it; who, impatient with flowers that hid their honey so deep, had entangled himself in Mrs. Noel's hair. And then, seeing that words, those dreaded things, were on his lips, she tried to kiss them back. But they came.

'When will you marry me?'

It all swayed a little. And with marvelous rapidity the whole position started up before her. She saw, with preternatural insight, into its nooks and corners. Something he had said one day, when they were talking of the Church view of marriage and divorce, lighted all up. So he had really never known about her! At this moment of utter sickness, she was saved from fainting by her sense of humor — her gentle cynicism. Not content to let her be, people's tongues had divorced her; he had believed them! And the crown of irony was that he should want to marry her, when she felt so utterly, so sacredly his, to do what he liked with, without forms or ceremonies. A surge of bitter feeling against the man who stood between her and Milton almost made her cry out. That man had captured her before she knew the world or her own soul, and she was tied to him, till by some beneficent chance he drew his last breath — when her hair was gray, and her eyes had no love-light, and her cheeks no longer grew pale when they were kissed; when twilight had fallen, and the flowers and bees no longer cared for her.

It was that feeling, the sudden revolt of the desperate prisoner, which steeled her to put out her hand, take up the paper, and give it to Milton.

When he had read the little paragraph, there followed one of those eternities which last perhaps two minutes.

He said, then, 'It's true, I suppose.' And as she did not answer, he added, 'I am sorry.'

The queer dry saying was so much more terrible than any outcry, that Mrs. Noel remained, deprived even of the power of breathing, with her eyes still fixed on Milton's.

The smile of the old Cardinal had come up on his face, which was to her at that moment like a living accusation. It seemed strange that the hum of the bees and flies and the gentle swishing of the lime-tree leaves should still go on outside, insisting that there was a world moving and breathing apart from her and careless of her misery. Then some of her courage came back, and with it her woman's mute power. It came haunting about her face, perfectly still; about her lips, sensitive and drawn; about her eyes, dark, almost mutinous under their arched brows. She stood, drawing him with her silence and her beauty.

At last he spoke.

'I have made a foolish mistake, it seems. I thought you were free.'

Her lips just moved for the words to pass: 'And I thought you knew. I never dreamed that you would want to marry me.'

It seemed to her natural that he should be thinking only of himself, but with the subtlest defensive instinct, she put forward her own tragedy. 'I suppose I had got too used to knowing that I was dead.'

'Is there no release?'

'None. We have neither of us done wrong; besides, with *him*, marriage is — forever.'

'My God!'

She had broken his smile, that was cruel without meaning to be cruel; and with a smile of her own that was cruel too, she said, —

'I did n't know that *you* believed in release.'

Then, as though she had stabbed herself in stabbing him; her face quivered.

He looked at her now, conscious at last that she was suffering too. And she felt that he was holding himself in with all his might from taking her again into his arms. Seeing this, the warmth crept back to her lips, and a little light into her eyes, which she kept hidden from him. Though she stood so proudly still, some wistful force seemed to be coming from her, as from a magnet, and Milton's hands and arms and face twitched as though palsied. This struggle, dumb and pitiful, seemed never to be coming to an end in the little white room, darkened by the thatch of the veranda, and sweet with the scent of pinks and of a wood-fire just lighted somewhere out at the back. Then, without a word, he turned and went out. She heard the wicket-gate swing to. He was gone.

XV

Lord Dennis was fly-fishing — the weather just too bright to allow the little trout of that shallow, never silent stream to embrace with avidity the small enticements which he threw in their direction. But 'Old Magnificat' continued to invite them, exploring every nook of their watery pathway with his soft-swishing line. In a rough suit, and battered hat adorned with those artificial and other flies which infest Harris tweed, he crept along among the hazel bushes and thorn trees, perfectly happy. Like an old spaniel who has once gloried in the fetching of hares, rabbits, and all manner of fowl, and is now happy if you will but throw a stick for him, so one who had been a famous fisher before the Lord, who had harried the waters of Scotland and Norway, Florida and Iceland, now pursued trout no bigger than sardines. The glamour of a thousand memories hallowed the hours he thus spent by that sweet brown water.

He fished unhasting, religiously, like some good Catholic adding one more row of beads to those he had already told, as though he would fish himself gravely, without complaint, into the other world. With each fish caught he experienced a certain solemn satisfaction.

Though he would have liked Barbara with him that morning, he had only looked at her once after breakfast in such a way that she could not see him, and with a little sigh had gone off by himself. Down by the stream it was dappled, both cool and warm, windless; the trees met over the river, and there were many stones, forming little basins which held up the ripple, so that the casting of a fly required much cunning. This long dingle ran for miles through the footgrowth of folding hills. It was beloved of jays; but of human beings there were none, except a chicken-farmer's widow, who lived in a house thatched almost to the ground, and made her livelihood by directing tourists with such cunning that they soon came back to her for tea.

It was while throwing a rather longer line than usual to reach a little dark piece of crisp water that Lord Dennis heard the swishing and crackling of some one advancing at full speed. He frowned slightly, feeling for the nerves of his fishes, whom he did not wish startled. The invader was Milton: hot, pale, disheveled, with a queer, hunted look on his face. He stopped on seeing his great-uncle, and instantly put on the mask of his smile.

Old Magnificat was not the man to see what was not intended for him, and he merely said, 'Well, Eustace!' as he might have spoken, meeting his nephew in the halls of his London clubs.

Milton, no less polite, murmured, 'I hope I have n't lost you anything.'

Lord Dennis shook his head, and laying his rod on the bank, said, 'Sit

down and have a chat, old fellow. You don't fish, I think?'

He had not in the least missed the suffering behind Milton's mask; for his eyes were still good, and there was a little matter of some twenty years' suffering of his own on account of a woman — ancient history now — which had left him oddly sensitive, for an old man, to the signs of suffering in others.

Milton would not have obeyed that invitation from any one else, but there was something about Lord Dennis which people did not resist; his power lying perhaps in the serenity which radiated from so grave and simple a personality — the assurance that there was no afterthought about his mind, that he would never cause one to feel awkward.

The two sat side by side on the roots of trees. At first they talked a little of birds, and then were silent, so silent that the invisible creatures of the woods consulted together audibly. Lord Dennis broke that silence.

'This place,' he said, 'always reminds me of Mark Twain's writings — can't tell why, unless it's the evergreenness. I like the evergreen philosophers, Twain and Meredith. There's no salvation except through courage, though I never could stomach the "strong man" — captain of his soul, Henley and Nietzsche and that sort. It goes against the grain. What do you say, Eustace?'

'They meant well,' answered Milton, 'but they protested too much.'

Lord Dennis moved his head in silent assent.

'To be captain of your soul!' continued Milton in a better voice; 'it's a pretty phrase!'

'Pretty enough,' murmured Old Magnificat.

Milton looked at him. 'And suitable to you,' he said.

'No, my dear, a long way off that. Thank God!'

A large trout rose in the stillest coffee-colored pool. Lord Dennis looked at the splash. He knew that fellow, a half-pounder at the least, and his thoughts began to flight round the top of his head, hovering over the various merits of the flies. His fingers itched too, but he made no movement, and the ash tree under which he sat let its leaves tremble, as though in sympathy.

'See that hawk?' said Milton suddenly.

At a height more than level with the tops of the hills, a buzzard-hawk was stationary in the blue directly over them. Inspired by curiosity at their stillness, he was looking down to see whether they were edible; the upcurved ends of his great wings flirted just once to show that he was part of the living glory of the air — a symbol of freedom to men and fishes.

Lord Dennis looked at his great-nephew. The boy — for what else was twenty-eight to seventy-eight? — was taking it hard, whatever it might be, taking it very hard! He was that sort — ran till he dropped. The worst kind to help — the sort that made for trouble — that let things gnaw at them! And there flashed before the old man's mind the image of Prometheus devoured by the eagle. It was his favorite tragedy, which he still read periodically, in the Greek, helping himself now and then, out of his old lexicon, to the meaning of some word which had flown to Erebus. Yes, Eustace was a fellow for the heights and depths!

He said quietly, 'You don't care to talk about it, I suppose?'

Milton shook his head, and again there was silence.

The buzzard-hawk, having seen them move, quivered his wings like a moth's, and deserted that plain of air. A robin, from the dappled warmth of a mossy

stone, was regarding them instead. There was another splash.

Old Magnificat said very gently, 'Don't move. That fellow's risen twice; I believe he'd take a "Wistman's treasure."' Extracting from his hat its latest fly, and binding it on, he began softly to swish his line. 'I shall have him yet!' he murmured.

But Milton had stolen away.

The further piece of information about Mrs. Noel, already known by Barbara, and diffused by the *Bucklandbury Gazette*, — in its quest of divinity, the reconciliation of white-wash and tar, — had not become common knowledge at the Court till great Lord Dennis had started out to fish. In combination with the news that Milton had arrived and gone out without breakfast, it had been received with mingled feelings. Bertie, Harbinger, and Shropton, in a short conclave, after agreeing that from the point of view of the election it was perhaps better than if she had been a *divorcée*, were still inclined to the belief that no time was to be lost — in doing what, however, they were unable to determine. Apart from the impossibility of knowing how a fellow like Milton would take the matter, they were faced with the devilish subtlety of all situations to which the proverb 'Least said, soonest mended' applies. They were in the presence of that awe-inspiring thing, the power of scandal.

Simple statements of simple facts, without moral drawn (to which no legal exception could be taken), laid before the public as a piece of interesting information, or at the worst made known, *bona fide*, lest the public should blindly elect as their representative one whose private life might not stand the inspection of daylight — what could be more justifiable! And yet Milton's supporters knew that this simple statement of where he spent his evenings

had a poisonous potency, through its power of stimulating that side of the human imagination most easily excited. They recognized only too well how strong was a certain primitive desire, especially in rural districts, by yielding to which the world was made to go, and how remarkably hard it was not to yield to it, and how interesting and exciting to see or hear of others yielding to it, and how (though here of course opinion might differ) reprehensible of them to do so! They recognized, too well, how a certain kind of conscience would appreciate this rumor; and how the Puritans would lick their lengthened chops. They knew, too, how irresistible to people of any imagination at all was the mere combination of a member of a class, traditionally supposed to be inclined to having what it wanted, with a lady who lived alone! As Harbinger said, it was really devilish awkward! For to take any notice of it would be to make more people than ever believe it true. And yet, that it was working mischief, they felt by the secret voice in their own souls, telling them that they would have believed it if they had not known better. They hung about, waiting for Milton to come in.

The news was received by Lady Valleys with a sigh of intense relief, and the remark that it was probably another lie. When Barbara confirmed it, she only said, 'Poor Eustace!' and at once wrote off to her husband to say that Mrs. Noel was still married, so that the worst, fortunately, could not happen.

Milton came in to lunch, but from his face and manner nothing could be guessed. He was a thought more talkative than usual, and spoke of Brabrook's speech — some of which he had heard. He looked at Courtier meaningly, and after lunch said to him, —

'Will you come to my den?'

In that room, the old withdrawing room of the Elizabethan wing, — where once had been the embroideries, tapestries, and missals of beruffled dames, — were now books, pamphlets, oak panels, pipes, fencing-gear, and along one wall a collection of Red Indian weapons and ornaments brought back by Milton from the United States. High on the wall above them reigned the bronze death-mask of a famous Apache chief, cast from a plaster taken of the face by a professor of Yale College, who had declared it to be a perfect specimen of the vanishing race. That visage, which had a certain weird resemblance to Dante's, presided over the room with cruel, tragic stoicism. No one could look on it without feeling that there the human will had been pushed to its furthest limits of endurance.

Seeing it for the first time, Courtier said, 'That's a fine thing. It only wants a soul.'

Milton nodded. 'Sit down,' he said. Courtier sat down.

There followed one of those silences in which men whose spirits, though different, are big, can say so much to one another.

At last Milton spoke. 'I have been living in the clouds, it seems. You are her oldest friend. The question now is how to make it easiest for her. This miserable rumor!'

Not even Courtier himself could have put such whip-lash sting into the word 'miserable.'

He answered, 'Oh! take no notice of that. Let them stew in their own juice. She won't care.'

Milton listened, not moving a muscle of his face.

'Your friends here,' went on Courtier with a touch of contempt, 'seem in a flutter. Don't let them do anything, don't let them say a word. Treat

the thing as it deserves to be treated. It'll die.'

Milton smiled. 'I'm not sure,' he said, 'that the consequences will be what you think, but I shall do as you say.'

'As for your candidature, any man with a spark of generosity in his soul will rally to you because of it.'

'Possibly,' said Milton, 'but it will lose me the election.'

They stared at one another, dimly conscious that their last words had revealed the difference of their temperaments and creeds.

'Damn it!' said Courtier, 'I never will believe that people can be so mean!'

'Until they are.'

'Anyway, though we get at it in different ways, we agree.'

Milton leaned his elbow on the mantelpiece, and shading his face with his hand, said, 'You know her story. Is there any way out of it, for her?'

On Courtier's face was the look which so often came when he was speaking for one of his lost causes — as if the fumes from a fire in his heart had mounted to his head.

'Only the way,' he answered calmly, 'that I should take if I were you.'

'And that?'

'The law into your own hands.'

Milton unshaded his face. His gaze seemed to have to travel from an immense distance before it reached Courtier. He answered, 'Yes, I thought you would say that.'

XVI

When everything, that night, was quiet in the great house, Barbara, with her hair hanging loose outside her dressing-gown, slipped from her room into the dim corridor. With bare feet thrust into fur-crowned slippers which made no noise, she stole along, looking at

door after door. Through a long Gothic window, uncurtained, the mild moonlight was coming. She stopped just where that moonlight fell, and tapped. There came no answer. She opened the door a little way, and said, —

‘Are you asleep, Eusty?’

There still came no answer, and she went in.

The curtains were drawn, but a chink of moonlight, peering through, fell on the bed. It was empty. Barbara stood uncertain, listening. In the heart of that darkness there seemed to be, not sound, but, as it were, the muffled soul of sound, a sort of strange vibration, like that of a flame noiselessly licking the air. She put her hand to her heart, which beat as though it would leap through the thin silk coverings. From what corner of the room was that mute tremor coming? Stealing to the window, she parted the curtains, and stared back into the shadows. There, on the far side, lying on the floor with his arms pressed tightly round his head and his face to the wall, was Milton.

Barbara let fall the curtains, and stood breathless, with such a queer sensation in her breast as she had never felt: a sense of something outraged — of lost divinity — of scarred pride. It was gone in a moment, before a rush of pity. She stepped forward quickly in the darkness, was visited by fear, and stopped. He had seemed absolutely himself all the evening. A little more talkative, perhaps, a little more caustic than usual. And now to find him like this!

There was no great share of reverence in Barbara, but what little she possessed had always been kept for her eldest brother. He had impressed her, from a child, with his aloofness, and she had been proud of kissing him because he never seemed to let anybody else do so. Those caresses, no doubt, had the savor of conquest; his face had

been the undiscovered land for her lips. She loved him as one loves that which ministers to one’s pride; had for him, too, a touch of motherly protection, as for a doll that does not get on too well with the other dolls; and withal a little unaccustomed awe.

Dared she now plunge in on this private agony? Could she have borne that any one should see herself thus prostrate? He had not heard her, and she tried to regain the door. But a board creaked; she heard him move, and flinging away her fears, she said, ‘It’s me! Babs!’ and sank on her knees beside him. She tried at once to take his head into her arms, but she could not see it, and succeeded indifferently. She could but stroke his arm, wondering whether he would hate her ever afterwards, and blessing the darkness, which made it all seem as though it were not happening, yet so much more poignant than if it had happened. Suddenly she felt him slip away from her, and getting up, stole out. After the darkness of that room, the corridor seemed full of gray, filmy light, as though dream-spiders had joined the walls with their cobwebs, in which innumerable white moths, so tiny that they could not be seen, were struggling. Small eerie noises crept about. A sudden frightened longing for warmth and light and color came to Barbara.

She fled back to her room. But she could not sleep. That terrible, mute, unseen vibration in the unlighted room — like the noiseless licking of a flame at bland air; the touch of Milton’s hand, hot as fire against her cheek and neck; the whole tremulous dark episode possessed her through and through. Thus had the wayward force of love chosen to manifest itself to her in all its wistful violence. At this first sight of the red flower of passion, Barbara’s cheeks burned; up and down her, between the cool sheets, little hot, cruel shivers ran;

she lay, wide-eyed, staring at the ceiling. She thought of the woman whom he so loved, and wondered if she too were lying sleepless, flung down on the bare floor, trying to cool her forehead and lips against a cold wall.

Not for hours did she fall asleep, and then dreamed of running desperately through fields full of tall spikey flowers like asphodels, and behind her was running herself.

In the morning she dreaded to go down. Could she meet Milton, now that she knew of the passion in him, and he knew that she knew it? She had her breakfast brought upstairs. But she need not have feared. Before she had finished, Milton himself came in. He looked more than usually self-contained, not to say ironic, and he only said, 'If you're going to ride, you might take this note for me over to old Haliday at Wippincott.'

By his coming she knew that he was saying all he ever meant to say about that dark incident. And sympathizing completely with a reticence which she herself felt to be the only possible way out for both of them, Barbara looked at him gratefully, took the note, and said, 'All right!'

After glancing once or twice round the room, Milton went out.

But he left her restless, divested of the cloak 'of course,' in a mood of strange questioning, ready as it were for the sight of the magpie wings of Life, and to hear their quick flutterings. The talk of the big house jarred on her, with its sameness and attachment to things done and about to be done, its essential concern with the world as it was. She wanted to be told that morning of things that were not, yet might be; to peep behind the curtain, and see the very spirit of mortal happenings riding on the tall air. This was unusual with her, whose body was too perfect, too sanely governed by the flow of her

blood, not to revel in the moment and the things thereof. Restlessness sent her swinging out into the lanes. It drove her before it all the morning, and hungry, at midday, into a farmhouse to beg for milk. There, in the kitchen, like young jackdaws in a row with their mouths a little open, were the three farm boys, seated on a bench gripped to the alcove of the great fire-way, munching bread and cheese. Above their heads a gun was hung, trigger upwards, and two hams were mellowing in the smoke. At the feet of a black-haired girl, slicing onions, lay a sheep-dog of tremendous age, with nose stretched out on paws, and in his little blue eyes a gleam of approaching immortality. They all stared at Barbara, as if an archangel had asked for milk. And one of the boys, whose face had the delightful look of him who loses all sense of other things in what he is seeing at the moment, smiled; and continued smiling, with sheer pleasure. The milk was new. Barbara drank it, and wandered out. She went up a lane, and passing through a gate at the bottom of a steep, rocky tor, she sat down on a sun-warmed stone. The sunlight fell greedily on her here, like an invisible, swift hand, touching her all over as she leaned back against the wall, and specially caressing her throat and face. A very gentle wind, which dived over the tor-tops into the young fern, stole down at her, spiced with the fern sap. All was warmth and peace, and only the cuckoos on the far thorn trees — as though stationed by the Wistful Master himself — were there to disturb her heart.

But all the sweetness and piping of the day did not soothe her. In truth, she could not have said what was the matter, except that she felt so discontented, and as it were empty of all but a sort of aching impatience, with what exactly she could not say. She had that

rather dreadful feeling of something slipping by which she could not catch. It was so new to her to feel like that — no girl was less given to moods and reelinings. And all the time a sort of contempt for this soft and almost sentimental feeling in her, made her tighten her lips and frown. She felt distrustful and sarcastic towards a mood so utterly subversive of that fetich 'hardness' which unconsciously she had been brought up to worship. To stand no sentiment or nonsense either in herself or in others was the first article of faith; not to slop over anywhere. And to feel like this was almost horrible to Barbara. And yet she could not get rid of the sensation. With sudden recklessness she tried giving herself up to it entirely. Undoing the scarf at her throat, she let the air play on her bared neck, and stretched out her arms as if to hug the wind to her; then, with a sigh, she got up, and walked on.

And now she began thinking again of Mrs. Noel; turning her position over and over with impatience. The idea that any one young and beautiful should thus be clipped off in her life, roused indignation in Barbara. Let them try it with her! They would soon see! Besides, she hated anything to suffer. It seemed to her unnatural. She never went to that hospital where Lady Valleys had a ward, nor to their summer camp for crippled children, nor to help in their annual concert for sweated workers, without a feeling of such vehement pity that it was like being seized by the throat. Once, when she had been singing to them, the rows of wan, pinched faces below had been too much for her; she had broken down, forgotten her words, lost memory of the tune, and just ended her performance with a smile, worth more perhaps to her audience than those lost verses. She never came away from such sights and places without a feeling of revolt

amounting almost to rage; yet she continued to go, because she dimly knew that it was expected of her not to turn her back on things.

But it was not this feeling which made her stop before Mrs. Noel's cottage; nor was it curiosity. It was a quite simple desire to squeeze her hand.

She seemed to be taking her trouble as only those women who are not good at self-assertion can take things — doing exactly as she would have done if nothing had happened; a little paler than usual, with lips pressed rather tightly together.

Neither of them spoke at first, but they stood looking, not at each other's faces, but at each other's breasts.

At last, Barbara stepped forward impulsively and kissed her.

After that, like two children who kiss first and make acquaintance afterwards, they stood apart, silent, faintly smiling. It had been given and returned in real sweetness and comradeship, that kiss, for a sign of womanhood making face against the world; but now that it was over, both felt a little awkward. Would that kiss have been given if Fate had been auspicious? Was it not proof of misery? So Mrs. Noel's smile seemed saying, and Barbara's smile unwillingly admitting. Perceiving that if they talked it could only be about the most ordinary things, they began speaking of music, flowers, and the queerness of bees' legs. But all the time, Barbara, though seemingly unconscious, was noting with her smiling eyes the tiny movements by which one woman can tell what is passing in another. She saw a little quiver tighten the corner of the lips, the eyes suddenly grow large and dark, the thin blouse desperately rise and fall. And her fancy, quickened by last night's memory, saw this woman giving herself up to love in her thoughts. At this sight

she felt a little of that impatience which the conquering feel for the passive, and perhaps just a touch of jealousy.

Whatever Milton should decide, that would this woman accept! Such resignation, while it simplified things, offended that part of Barbara which rebelled against all inaction, all dictation, even from her favorite brother.

She said suddenly, 'Are you going to do nothing? Are n't you going to try and free yourself? If I were in your position, I would never rest till I'd made them free me.'

But Mrs. Noel did not answer; and sweeping her glance from that crown of soft dark hair, down the soft white figure, to the very feet, Barbara said, 'I believe you are a fatalist.'

Then, not knowing what more to say, she soon went away. But walking home across the fields, where full summer was swinging on the delicious air, and there was now no bull, but only red cows to crop short the 'milkmaids' and buttercups, she suffered from this strange revelation of the strength of softness and passivity—as though she had seen in Mrs. Noel's white figure, and heard in her voice, something from beyond, symbolic, inconceivable, yet real.

XVII

Lord Valleys, relieved from official pressure by subsidence of the war scare, had returned for a long week-end. To say that he had been intensely relieved by the news that Mrs. Noel was not free, would be to put it mildly. Though not old-fashioned, like his mother-in-law, in regard to the marriage question, and quite prepared to admit in general that exclusiveness was out of date, he had a peculiar personal feeling about his own family, and was perhaps a little extra sensitive because of Agatha; for Shropton, though a good fellow and extremely wealthy, was only a third bar-

onet, and had originally been made of iron. And though Lord Valleys passed over with a shrug and a laugh—as much as to say, 'It's quite natural nowadays'—those numerous alliances by which his caste were renewing the sinews of war; and indeed, in his capacity of an expert, often pointed out the dangers of too much in-breeding; still, when it came to his own family, he felt that the case was different. There was no material necessity whatever for going outside the inner circle; he had not done it himself; moreover, there was a sentiment about these things!

On the morning after his arrival, visiting the kennels before breakfast, he stood chatting with his head man, and caressing the wet noses of his two favorite pointers, with something of the feeling of a boy let out of school. Those white creatures, cowering and quivering with pride against his legs, and turning up at him their yellow Chinese eyes, gave him that sense of warmth and comfort which visits men in the presence of their hobbies. With this particular pair, inbred to the uttermost, he had successfully surmounted a great risk. It was now touch-and-go whether he dared venture on one more cross to the original strain, in the hope of eliminating that last clinging touch of liver color. It was a gamble—and it was just that which rendered it so vastly interesting.

A small voice diverted his attention; he looked round and saw his granddaughter, little Ann Shropton. She had been in bed when he arrived the night before, and he was therefore the newest thing about. She carried in her arms a guinea-pig, and began at once:—

'Grandpapa, granny wants you. She's on the terrace; she's talking to Mr. Courtier. I like him—he's a kind man. If I put my guinea-pig down, will they bite it? Poor darling—they shan't! Is n't it a darling?'

Lord Valleys, twirling his moustache, regarded the guinea-pig without favor; he had rather a dislike for all senseless kinds of beasts.

Pressing the guinea-pig between her hands, as it might be a concertina, little Ann jiggled it gently above the pointers, who, wrinkling horribly their long noses, gazed upwards, fascinated.

'Poor darlings, they want it — don't they, grandpapa?'

'Yes.'

'Do you think the next puppies will be quite white?'

Continuing to twirl his moustache, Lord Valleys answered, 'I think it is not improbable, Ann.'

'Why do you like them quite white? Oh! they're kissing Sambo — I *must* go!'

Lord Valleys followed her, his eyebrows a little raised. As he approached the terrace, his wife came towards him. Her color was deeper than usual, and she had the look, higher and more resolute, peculiar to her when she had been opposed. In truth, she had just been through a passage of arms with Courtier, who, as the first revealer of Mrs. Noel's situation, had become entitled to a certain confidence on this subject. It had arisen from what she had intended as a perfectly natural and not unkind remark, to the effect that all the trouble had arisen from Mrs. Noel not having made her position clear to Milton from the first.

He had gone very red.

'It's easy,' he said, 'for those who have never been in the position of a lonely woman, to blame her.'

Unaccustomed to be withstood, Lady Valleys had looked at him intently.

'I am the last person to be hard on a woman for conventional reasons. I merely think it showed a lack of character.'

Courtier's reply had been almost rude.

'Plants are not equally robust, Lady Valleys. Some are sensitive.'

She had retorted with decision, 'If you like so to dignify the simpler word "weak."'

He had become very rigid at that, biting deeply into his moustache.

'What crimes are not committed under the sanctity of that creed, "survival of the fittest," which suits the book of all you fortunate people so well!'

Priding herself on her restraint, Lady Valleys answered, 'Ah! we must talk that out. On the face of them, your words sound a little unphilosophical, don't they?'

He had looked straight at her with a queer, rather unpleasant smile; and she had felt at once uneasy, and really angry. But remembering that he was her guest, she had only said dryly, 'Perhaps, after all, we had better not talk it out.'

But as she moved away, she heard him say, 'In any case, I'm certain Audrey Noel never willfully kept your son in the dark.'

Though still ruffled, she could not help admiring the way he stuck up for this woman; and she threw back at him the words, 'You and I, Mr. Courtier, must have a good fight some day!'

She went towards her husband, conscious of the rather pleasurable sensation which combat always roused in her.

These two were very good comrades. Theirs had been a love match, and making due allowance for human nature beset by opportunity, had remained, throughout, a solid and efficient alliance. Taking, as they both did, so prominent a part in public and social matters, the time they spent together was limited, but productive of mutual benefit and reinforcement.

They had not yet had an opportunity of discussing their son's affair; and, slip-

ping her arm through his, Lady Valleys led him away from the house. 'I want to talk to you about Milton, Geoff.'

'H'm!' said Lord Valleys. 'Yes. The boy's looking worn. Good thing when this election's over, anyway!'

'If he's beaten and has n't something new and serious to concentrate himself on, he'll fret his heart out over this woman.'

Lord Valleys meditated a little before replying.

'I don't think that, Gertrude. He's got plenty of spirit.'

'Of course! But it's a real passion. And, you know, he's not like most boys, who'll take what they can.'

She said this rather wistfully.

'I'm sorry for that woman,' mused Lord Valleys; 'I really am.'

'They say this rumor's done a lot of harm.'

'Oh, our influence is strong enough to survive that.'

'It'll be a squeak; I wish I knew what he was going to do. Will you ask him?'

'You're clearly the person to speak to him,' replied Lord Valleys. 'I'm no hand at that sort of thing.'

But Lady Valleys, with genuine discomfort, murmured, 'My dear, I'm so nervous with Eustace. When he puts on that smile of his, I'm done for, at once.'

'This is obviously a woman's business; nobody like a mother.'

'If it were only one of the others,' muttered Lady Valleys; 'Eustace has that queer way of making you feel lumpy.'

Lord Valleys looked askance. He had that kind of critical fastidiousness which a word will rouse into activity. Was she lumpy? The idea had never struck him.

'Well, I'll do it, if I must,' sighed Lady Valleys.

When she entered Milton's 'den,'

he was buckling on his spurs preparatory to riding out to some of the remoter villages. Under the mask of the Apache chief, Bertie was standing, more inscrutable and neat than ever, in a perfectly-tied cravat, perfectly-cut riding-breeches, and boots worn and polished till a sooty glow shone through their natural russet. Not specially dandified in his usual dress, Bertie Caradoc would almost sooner have died than disgrace a horse. His eyes, the sharper because they had only half the space of the ordinary eye to glance from, at once took in the fact that his mother wished to be alone with 'old Milton,' and he discreetly left the room.

That which disconcerted all who had dealings with Milton was the discovery, made soon or late, that they could not be sure how anything would strike him. In his mind, as in his face, there was a certain regularity, and then — impossible to say exactly where — it would shoot off and twist round a corner. This was the legacy, no doubt, of the hard-bitted individuality which had brought to the front so many of his ancestors; for in Milton was the blood not only of the Caradocs and Fitz Harolds, but of most other prominent families in the kingdom, all of whom at one time or another had had a forbear conspicuous by reason of qualities, not always fine, but always poignant.

Now, though Lady Valleys had the audacity of her physique, and was not customarily abashed, she began by speaking of politics, hoping her son would soon give her an opening. But he gave her none, and she grew nervous. At last, summoning all her coolness, she said, 'I'm dreadfully sorry about this affair, dear boy. Your father told me of your talk with him. Try not to take it too hard.'

Milton did not answer, and silence

being that which Lady Valleys habitually most dreaded, she took refuge in further speech, outlining for her son the whole episode as she saw it from her point of view, and ending with these words, 'Surely it 's not worth it.'

Milton heard her with the peculiar look, as of a man peering through a vizor. Then smiling faintly, he said, 'Thank you,' and opened the door.¹

Lady Valleys, without quite knowing whether he intended her to do so, indeed without quite knowing anything at the moment, passed out, and Milton closed the door behind her.

Ten minutes later he and Bertie were seen riding down the drive.

XVIII

That afternoon the wind, which had been rising steadily, brought a flurry of clouds up from the southwest. Formed out on the heart of the 'Atlantic, they sailed forward, swift and fleecy at first, like the skirmishing white shallows of a dark fleet, then in great serried masses overwhelmed the sun. About four o'clock they broke in rain, which the wind drove horizontally with a cold, whiffling murmur. As youth and glamour die in a face before the cold rains of life, so glory died on the moor. The tors, from being uplifted, wild castles, became mere gray excrescences. Distance failed. The cuckoos were silent. There was none of the beauty, that there is in death, no tragic greatness — all was moaning and monotony. But about seven the sun tore its way back through the swath, and flared out. Like some huge star, whose rays were stretching down to the horizon, and up to the very top of the hill of air, it shone with an amazing, murky glamour; the clouds, splintered by its shafts, and tinged saffron, piled themselves up as if in wonder. Under the sultry warmth of this new great star, the heather be-

gan to steam a little, and the glitter of its wet, unopened bells was like that of innumerable tiny, smoking fires.

The two brothers were drenched as they cantered silently home. Good friends always, they had never much to say to one another. For Milton was conscious that he thought on a different plane from his brother; and Bertie grudged, even to his brother, any inkling of what was passing in his spirit, just as he grudged parting with diplomatic knowledge, or stable secrets, or indeed anything that might leave him less in command of life. He grudged it, because, in a private sort of way, it lowered his estimation of his own stoical self-sufficiency; it hurt something proud in the withdrawing-room of his soul. But though he talked little, he had the power of contemplation — often found in men of decided character, with a tendency to liver. Once in Nepal, where he had gone to shoot, he had passed a month quite happily with only a Ghoorka servant who could speak no English. In describing that existence afterwards, he had said, 'No, was n't bored a bit; thought a lot, of course.'

With Milton's trouble he had the professional sympathy of a brother and the natural intolerance of a confirmed bachelor. Women were to him very kittle-cattle. He distrusted from the bottom of his soul those who had such manifest power to draw things from you. He was one of those men in whom some day a woman might awaken a really fine affection; but who, until that time, would maintain a perfectly male attitude to the entire sex. Women were, like life itself, creatures to be watched, carefully used, and kept duly subservient. The only allusion, therefore, that he made to Milton's trouble, was very sudden.

'Old man, I hope you're going to cut your losses.'

The words were followed by undisturbed silence. But passing Mrs. Noel's cottage, Milton said, —

'Take my horse on, old fellow. I want to go in here.'

She was sitting at her piano with her hands idle, looking at a line of music. She had been sitting thus for many minutes, but had not yet taken in the notes.

When Milton's shadow blotted the light by which she was seeing so little, she gave a slight start, and got up. But she neither went towards him, nor spoke. And he, without a word, came in and stood by the hearth, looking down at the empty grate. A tortoiseshell cat which had been watching swallows, disturbed by his entrance, withdrew from the window beneath a chair.

This silence, in which the question of their future lives was to be decided, seemed to both interminable; yet neither could end it.

At last, touching his sleeve, she said, 'You're wet!'

Milton shivered at that timid sign of possession. And they again stood in silence broken only by the sound of the cat licking its paws.

But her faculty for dumbness was stronger than his, and he spoke first.

'Forgive me for coming; something must be settled. This rumor —'

'That!' she said scornfully; but quickly added, 'Is there anything I can do to stop the harm to you?'

It was the turn of Milton's lips to curl. 'God! no; let them talk!'

Their eyes had come together now, and, once together, seemed unable to part.

Mrs. Noel said at last, 'Will you ever forgive me?'

'What for? it was my fault.'

'No, I should have known you better.'

The depth of meaning in those words — the tremendous and subtle admission they contained of all that she had been ready to do, the despairing knowledge in them that he was not, and never had been, ready to 'bear it out even to the edge of doom' — made Milton wince away. With desolate dryness, he said, 'It is not from fear — believe that, anyway.'

She answered, 'I do.'

There followed another long silence. So close that they were almost touching, they no longer looked at one another. Then Milton said, —

'There is only to say good-by, then.'

At these clear words, spoken by lips which, though just smiling, failed so utterly to hide his misery, Mrs. Noel's face became as colorless as her white gown. But those eyes, which had grown immense, seemed, from the sheer lack of all other color, to have drawn into them the whole of her vitality; to be pouring forth a proud and mournful reproach.

Shivering and crushing himself together with his arms, Milton walked towards the window. There was not the faintest sound from her, and he looked back. She was following him with her eyes. He threw his hand up over his face, and went quickly out.

Mrs. Noel stood for a little while where he had left her; then, sitting down once more at the piano, began again to con over the line of music. And the cat stole back to the window to watch the swallows. The sunlight was dying slowly on the top branches of the lime tree; a drizzling rain began to fall.

XIX

Claud Fresnay, Viscount Harbinger, was, at the age of thirty-one, perhaps the least encumbered peer in the United Kingdom. Thanks to an ancestor who had acquired land, and departed this

life one hundred and thirty years before the town of Nettlefold was built on a small portion of it, and to a father who had died in his son's infancy, after selling the said town, he possessed a very large and well-nursed income independently of his landed interests.

He was tall, strong, and well-built, had nice easy manners, a regular face, with dark hair and a light moustache, more than average wits, and a genial smile. He had traveled, written two books, was a Captain of Yeomanry, a Justice of the Peace, a good cricketer, a very glib speaker, and marked for early promotion to the Cabinet. He had lately taken up Social Reform very seriously, so far as a nature rapid rather than deep, and a life in which he was hardly ever alone, or silent, suffered him. Brought into contact day and night with people to whom politics was a game, run after everywhere, subjected to no form of discipline, it was a wonder that he was as serious as he was. Moreover, he had never been in love until, the year before, during her first season, he met Barbara. She had, as he would have expressed it, — in the case of another, — 'bowled his middle stump.' But though deeply smitten, he had not yet asked her to marry him — had not, as it were, had time; nor perhaps quite the courage, or conviction. Yet, when he was near her, it seemed impossible that he could go on longer without knowing his fate; but then again, when he was away from her it was almost a relief, because there were so many things to be done and said, and so little time to do or say them in. During the fortnight, however, which, for her sake, he had managed, with intervals of rushing up to London, to devote to Milton's cause, his feeling had advanced beyond the point of comfort. He was, in a word, uneasy.

He did not admit that the cause of this uneasiness was Courtier, for, after

all, Courtier was, in a sense, nobody, and an extremist into the bargain; and an extremist always affected the centre of Harbinger's anatomy, causing it to give off a peculiar smile and tone of voice. Nevertheless his eyes, whenever they fell on that sanguine, steady, ironic face, shone with a sort of cold inquiry, or were even darkened by the shade of fear. They met seldom, it is true, for most of his day was spent in motoring and speaking, and most of Courtier's in writing and riding, his leg being still too weak for walking. But once or twice in the smoking-room late at night, Harbinger had embarked on some bantering discussion with the champion of lost causes; and very soon an ill-concealed impatience had crept into his voice. Why a man should waste his time flogging dead horses on a journey to the moon, was incomprehensible. Facts were facts, and human nature would never be anything but human nature! It was peculiarly galling to see in Courtier's eye a gleam, to catch in his voice a tone, as if he were thinking, 'My young friend, your soup is cold!'

On a morning after one of these encounters, seeing Barbara sally forth in riding-clothes, he asked if he too might go round the stables; and walked at her side, unwontedly silent, with an odd, icy feeling about his heart, his throat unaccountably dry.

The stables at Monkland Court were as large as many country-houses. They accommodated thirty horses, but were at present occupied by twenty-one, including the pony of little Ann. For height, perfection of lighting, gloss, shine, and purity of atmosphere, they were unequalled in the county. It seemed indeed impossible that any horse could ever so far forget himself in such a place as to remember that he was a horse. Every morning a little bin of carrots, apples, and lumps of sugar

was set close to the main entrance, ready for those who might desire to feed the dear inhabitants.

Reined up to a brass ring on either side of their stalls, with their noses towards the doors, they were always on view from nine to ten, and would stand with their necks arched, ears pricked, and coats gleaming, wondering about things, soothed by the faint hissing of the still busy grooms, and ready to move their noses up and down the moment they saw some one enter.

In a large loose-box at the end of the north wing, Barbara's favorite hunter, a bright chestnut, patrician all but one sixteenth of him, having heard her footstep, was standing quite still with his neck turned. He had been crumping up an apple placed amongst his feed, and his senses struggled between the lingering flavor of that delicacy, and the perception of a sound with which he connected carrots. When she unlatched his door, and said, 'Hal,' he at once went towards his manger, to show his independence; but when she said, 'Oh! very well!' he turned round and came towards her. His eyes, which were full and of a soft brilliance, under thick chestnut lashes, explored her all over.

Perceiving that her carrots were not in front, he elongated his neck, let his nose stray round her waist, and gave her gauntleted hand a nip with his lips. Not tasting carrot, he withdrew his nose, and snuffled. Then, stepping carefully so as not to tread on her foot, he bunted her gently with his shoulder, till with a quick manoeuvre he got behind her and breathed low and long on her neck. Even this did not smell of carrots, and putting his muzzle over her shoulder against her cheek, he slobbered a very little. A carrot appeared about the level of her waist, and hanging his head over, he tried to reach it. Feeling it all firm

and soft under his chin, he snuffled again, and gave her a gentle dig with his knee. But still unable to reach the carrot, he threw his head up, withdrew, and pretended not to see her. And suddenly he felt two long substances round his neck, and something soft against his nose. He suffered this in silence, laying his ears back. The softness began puffing on his muzzle. Pricking his ears again, he puffed back, a little harder, and with more curiosity, and the softness was withdrawn. He perceived suddenly that he had a carrot in his mouth.

Lord Harbinger had witnessed this episode, oddly pale, leaning against the wall of the loose-box. He spoke as it came to an end:—

'Lady Babs!'

The tone of his voice must have been as strange as it sounded to himself, for Barbara spun round.

'Yes?'

'How long am I going on like this?'

Neither changing color nor dropping her eyes, she regarded him with a faintly inquisitive interest. It was not a cruel look, had not a trace of mischief, or sex-malice, and yet it frightened him by its serene inscrutability. Impossible to tell what was going on behind it.

He took her hand, bent over it, and said in a low, hurried voice, 'You know what I feel; don't be cruel to me!'

She did not pull her hand away; it was as if she had not thought of it.

'I am not a bit cruel.'

Looking up, he saw her smiling.

'Then — Babs!'

His face was close to hers, but Barbara did not shrink back. She just shook her head; and Harbinger flushed up.

'Why?' he asked; then, as though the enormous injustice of that rejecting gesture had suddenly struck him, dropped her hand. 'Why?' he said again, sharply.

But the silence was broken only by the cheeping of sparrows outside the round window, and the sound of the horse, Hal, munching the last morsel of his carrot.

Harbinger was aware in his every nerve of the sweetish, slightly acrid, husky odor of the loose-box, mingling with the scent of Barbara's hair and clothes. And rather miserably, he said for the third time, 'Why?'

But, folding her hands away behind her back, she answered gently, 'My dear, how should I know why?'

She was calmly exposed to his embrace if he had only dared; but he did not dare, and went back to the loose-box wall. Biting his finger, he stared at her gloomily. She was stroking the muzzle of her horse, and a sort of dry

rage began whisking and rustling in his heart. She had refused him — Harbinger? He had not known, he had not suspected, how much he wanted her. How could there be anybody else for him, while that young, calm, sweet-scented, smiling thing lived, to make his head go round, his senses ache, and to fill his heart with longing? He seemed to himself at that moment the most unhappy of all men.

'I shall not give you up,' he muttered.

Barbara's answer was a smile, faintly curious, compassionate, yet almost grateful, as if she had said, 'Thank you — who knows?'

And rather quickly, a yard or so apart, and talking of horses, they returned to the house.

(To be continued.)

THE FOUR WINDS

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

For a season it was my fortunate lot to live in a villa called The Tower of the Four Winds. Just where it lies is no matter. Enough to say that behind it fissured crags and gaunt monoliths tear the song from the strong winds, while below it olives and trellised vines answer to every whisper of the fairer breeze. From its terrace one surveys at will either a gulf bordered by monumental peaks, or an endless expanse of proper sea, — to wit, the Mediterranean. From such a watch-tower one might recognize the winds from afar. Even- ing after evening one saw the bland

Northwestern breeze ripple over the gulf, and shake the still leaves of the vines before it filled our loggia with perfumed coolness. Over the shattered cliff behind, the West wind combed out the fleecy clouds and gave back the shreds to the blue ether. The crag itself would be full of the petulant wail of the Levantine or of the more stolid complaint of the African wind, long before either had visibly tarnished the waters. In such a place, with abundant leisure, it was natural that I should look much at the waters, and hearken much to the winds. Thus they became

familiar to me — my friends and my foes — persons to me as much as ever they were to Greek or Roman suppliant. And as the Ancients set up fanes to the bad winds, but not to the good, and as my master Chaucer teaches me that men

demen gladly to the badder ende,

I will begin with the bad winds in general; and then, Sirocco, that I may the sooner have done with thee, I will deal with thee specifically. Afterwards let the order be as the winds themselves shall intimate.

The evil winds, in a word, are the Norther (though not, as you shall see, invariably), the three southern winds, and the Levantine. If any one doubts, let him watch the scared sails flutter landward when the clouds declare one of these winds in the upper air. For a more solemn demonstration we have only to turn to Virgil, and note what befell Æneas fleeing from Troy when Juno had persuaded Æolus to do his worst. We read that all together the East wind, the South, and the South-wester rushed squally upon the sea, —

Una Eurisque Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis

Africus, —

and rolled the huge waves shorewards,
et vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus.

Then, as if this southeastern concentration were not enough, a howling Norther was added, which naturally caught Æneas's sail aback, —

stridens aquilone procella
 Velum adversa ferit.

How Æneas, whose seamanship was usually impeccable, should have been carrying more than a rag of try-sail in such weather I have never understood. Possibly there was no time to clew up the belying lateen sails and bring the yard inboard. Yet the poet makes Æneas pray at length, with the mainsail aback. Or Virgil may have been

no sailor-man. Still again, the crew may have dropped work for prayer and ululation, as well might be, when three of the worst winds were unitedly threatening a jibe. However this be, Æolus's choice of bad winds for Æneas — East, South, Southwest, and North — would still strike a Mediterranean skipper as a suitable combination for a hated rival.

Since Virgil has passed for a sentimentalist and an over-literary chap, — just why this should seem a defect in a poet has never been wholly clear to me, — I feel glad that his roster of evil winds is confirmed by that good head Horace. Be it noted too that Horace does not name these winds academically, he invokes them most practically upon the loathed poetaster Mævius, who is about to set sail. Horace's famous imprecation involves an artistic *crescendo* of merely terrifying, positively damaging, and completely destructive winds. He starts Mævius rather gently with a stiff South wind (Auster, the equivalent of Virgil's Notus): —

Do you, Auster, beat both sides of the ship with
 your horrid waves.

This induction is clearly intended to be more disconcerting than dangerous. For the steady work of punishment, Horace very properly depends on the East wind: —

Let Eurus, having turned the sea upside-down
 [nothing expresses a Mediterranean storm
 like that sickening *inverso mare*] sweep
 away the broken oars.

Now the ill-omened bark of the vile Mævius wallows helplessly in the worst — shall we say the most 'inverted'? — of seas, and Horace calls upon a Northern blast, such as finally wrecked Æneas, to complete the job: —

Let the North wind with his mountainous waves
 arise as when he shatters the trembling
 ilices.

The urbane cool-headed Horace agrees

so closely with Virgil that we may be sure the tearful poet has, after all, recorded truly the actual proceedings of *Æolus re Æneas*. Like a finished man of the world, Horace simplifies matters. An unaided South wind suffices for *Mævius*, whereas *Æneas* endures also a Southwester. But then *Æneas* had offended, not a poet, but a goddess. It appears that *Æolus* prudently kept one bad wind, the Southeaster, in reserve, on the off chance that *Æneas* might outmanœuvre that buffeting Norther.

So much concerning foul winds, and now for the worst of them.

Sirocco, the Southeaster, may seem to divide the infernal honors with his brother Mezzogiorno (the South wind) and his remoter kinsman Libeccio, the Southwester. In fact, it seems to have been Libeccio that the ancients regarded as the 'pestilent African.' But Sirocco is after all the type of a hot and humid storm-wind, and the others merely borrow and live on his unhallowed repute. A moaning and persistent blast when once he starts, he often comes insidiously, in disguise. For hours it has been calm; the sun beats pitilessly upon the trembling sea; humid vapors shimmer whitely before distant headlands; above, only a few light clouds fleck the vibrant blue. The sea sparkles uniformly, except where meeting currents etch the surface with dull filaments, or plaques of smooth enamel tell that the last ripple is at rest. Soon an invisible breeze scatters a grayness over the sea, powders it with the dust of black pearls. Then the lower air surges with inchoate vapors, something between mist and cloud. These giant embryos cast deeply-blue shadows upon the sea. Through thin places in the mist-cover the sunshine strikes, and penumbral iridescences play slowly across the waters. The surface now is mottled with lines of cream, deep blue, rose-gray. These

widely-spaced nacreous areas unite in a satiny iridescence, which soon tarnishes to a pewtery gleam.

At the Tower of the Four Winds is heard a moaning. The mist-wrack smites our mountain at mid-cliff, and flings itself upward over the crest. The torn fragments fly over the bay, dulling its sheen as they go, till they shut out the farther shore and the darkling blue mountains beyond. Seaward the waves are rising, and their breaking becomes a steady clamor. Under the crags and in the grottoes, the island wears a hem of whitest spume. A light diffused from the mist strikes thousands of dull reflections from the leaden wave-crests. Here and there the worrying blast strains the cloud-veil to the tearing point, and then a shifting spot of zinc-like lustre hurries across the lumpy surface. The African wind is here, and may stay for three days, nay, five. 'It is Sirocco, have patience,' one says to his neighbor.

If one could but look at the African blast without breathing it or moving in it, one might enjoy the spectacle. About his operations over the sea, in the cliff crannies, and in the cloud-wrack, there is something grandiosely willful and potent. It is only to unhappy mortals that he demonstrates his seamy side. A hundred times I have loyally trusted Sirocco, believing the native report of him to be too black, and a hundred times I have been pitifully undeceived. With the same sentiment, I can never reconcile myself to the notorious historical fact that Titian, like Sirocco a great tonalist, like Sirocco was 'close.'

A discomfort is announced in the first breathings of this wind. At the slightest motion the sweat starts out, and the breeze chills it upon you. If you sit still, the air seems too thick for respiration. Watery humors seem to enter one's head and curdle. Think-

ing passes into deliquescence; reading produces no mental response; business decisions become a tribulation, — no wise man makes them while Sirocco blows, — personal adjustments, a torment. We may, however, unburden ourselves, if we must, in unknightly phrase or gesture. It will be resented, but as soon forgiven us. 'Bah! is it not Sirocco?'

Like other disagreeable wights, he has his usefulness, for which he receives small gratitude. His humidity is drunk up by powdery fields and thirsty trees and vines. Three days of him equal perhaps an hour of overt drizzle. Above the parched terraces of the vineyards, you will find the mountains clothed deep with a moist tangle of roots and herbage. It has not rained for three months. What is this precious liquor, then, but so much life-blood drawn from Sirocco's battering wings? Without him, would there be summer roses drooping from the Amalfi cliffs? I doubt it. These apologies should be made; and as for his disagreeable habit of saturating the air we breathe with hot and sticky vapors, does not kind Doctor Watts in explanation hold that 'tis his nature to'? Consider his origin. He begins to moan and speed on the torrid Libyan sands, the mere desiccated ghost of a wind. What wonder that he quaffs to bloating when his brittle pinions touch the tideless sea. Destiny wills that he come to land again with his desert heat unquenched, nay, raised to a tropical fervor by the humors he licks up as he flies. It is, as the Italians say, 'a combination' that oppresses him and us. Yes; on days when he bloweth not, much may be said for Sirocco.

After he has sufficiently labored the sea, a change comes over his sullen, humid spirit. The orchards, vineyards, and porous cliffs have sucked the courage out of him. The lower vapors evade

his harrying, and assert themselves in the upper air as clouds. The moaning ceases in the crannies of the rocks, the island drops its hem of ermine into a mild and hesitant sea. Large tranquil undulations cross the choppy gray waves, carrying a pale cerulean blue piecemeal through the trembling surface. Above, the clouds wheel uncertainly, then set to the east with draperies proudly trailing. The West wind is here. Ave, Zephyrus! May thy going be delayed!

Of all the winds the most open-hearted, the most delicately attentive to mankind, the West wind alone comes freighted with oceanic mystery. We scent the desert in the three southern gales, the North wind carries the witness of its abode in Alpine heights, the testy Levantine has clearly had its stride and temper broken upon the countless islands of the Ægean and Ionian seas. But the West wind obeys a rhythm that admits of no proximate terrestrial explanation. Is it merely the echo of the rise and fall of Atlantic waves, the stress of currents that rise from the unfathomed depths,

A thousand miles to westward of the West?

Or is there a hint of spice-laden Fortunate Islands? A memory of blest Atlanteses sunk in the blue sea when the world was yet young? Something of all this there is in the throb of the West wind, but his secret is not thereby exhausted.

With a sense of this, the Romans called him the tricky wind, Favonius, — the Fauns' wind. To him they imputed all manner of gracious offices. As Zephyr, accompanied by Venus and Cupid, he was the harbinger of spring. On the Ides of March he became more specifically the swallow-bringer, Chelidonios. It is Favonius, sings Horace, that after sharp winter drags the dry

hulls to the wave; or, again, it is Favonius that shall waft back the lover Gyges to waiting Asteria.

The Fauns' wind can also be heroic. In such an exceptional phase Shelley invokes him:—

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere,
Destroyer and Preserver: hear, oh, hear!

In some such guise the West wind presents himself at the autumnal equinox, but the year round I fancy he would hardly know himself in Shelley's magnificent lines. It would particularly surprise him to find himself serving as a symbol of death, for by and large he represents joy of life, intense, varied, and capricious. There is in him something of Puck, more of Ariel, with a good deal of sheer woman to boot. He is at once a soothing and a teasing elf. There is in him as little stability as treachery. Variable like a woman, like one who puts heart into her caprices, his inconstancy is ever fertile in unhackneyed delights. Of all winds he is the most personal. His endearments are so modulated that you never take them for granted. Your gratefulness to him is as unintermittent as his own mindfulness of you.

Like most serene and joyous things, the outer signs of Favonius are only diminished by transcription. Let me, then, say bluntly that his tokens are the contented sibilation of the olives and the smoother rustle of the vines; the even sailing of bright clouds athwart cerulean skies; the frosty splendor of blue water, argentine where the flaws pass; the measured dancing of sapphire waves, over which a swimmer may reach a rhythmically clasping arm. Though wind and sea rise high, the cadence is never broken. An opaline blue gleams in the greater as in the lesser billows. Ships charge lightly through such a sea. Even the pounding brigs assume the poise of skimming

birds, their sordid patches of weathered canvas catching a silvery quality from the universal azure.

The racing waves carry the celestial hue into the grottoes. Shoot your deft skiff into one or another and hold it away from the rounding walls, and you shall see gleam and brightness and casual reflections of the rocks mingle in sanguine, verdant, and silver harmonies, or in some triple distillation of the blue outside.

Always the Fauns' wind prizes his blue and silver, but when he must spend either, the silver goes first. Watch him clearing up the heavens after the East or the South wind. He urges the shapeless clouds and they fall apart in negotiable masses. At the frayed edges he nibbles playfully. The fringes whirl as he breathes. Silver strands detach themselves, hang dwindling for a moment in the blue, turn thin and ashen, then vanish like snowflakes in the surface of a lake. So Favonius forms and fines his cloud-argosies, each of which trails over the leaping sea its shadow disk of darkling azure.

Like all elfin creatures, the West wind plays most freely by moonlight; and mad work he makes with the lunar refulgences on a coursing sea. Here he effaces, there imposes a steely coruscation; here he spreads silver miles, and there mottles them with dusky cloud shadows. So, in velvety mood, he weaves over the waters; and, as he wills, the waves stifle in blue murkiness or exult in lunar incandescence, while the firm silhouettes of clouds or sails move with funereal precision across the serene or pulsing blue.

This is the wind of all pageantry and romance. It has bellied the sails of the dromonds of Tyre and Sidon, bearing gold from Iberia or tin from the Hyperborean Isles. Upon its wings the Norsemen drove their bucklered hulls into fragrant Sicilian havens. It carried

to Paynim ears the distant canticles of Crusaders pent up in castellated galleys. The course of empire is admittedly western, but empire is content to crawl trader-like by land, or beat its way on sea against the headwinds. The course of adventure, on the contrary, is down the Western wind. The causes that perish, the proud races that vanish, the fond quests of sunnier dominions or of desecrated holy sepulchres, have all spread their sails and banners to a following West wind. Favonius then is in some fashion the patron of the extravagant element in us, of the quality that makes the knight-errant, the corsair, and the saint — he blows not merely to refresh us, but to keep our souls alive. We need not live, but we must set sail, is his message: a profitable one to meditate, since it draws all terrors from the storm-winds.

At the Tower of the Four Winds we were doubly favored. The Fauns' wind parted at a mountain behind us and came from the south, rebounding gustily from immense cliffs, and again more suavely from the north across vineyards and rustling groves of saplings. By moving from one end of a terrace to the other we might enjoy Favonius in his boisterous or caressing mood. But his winning quality was ever the same. At every lull you craved renewal of his touch on your brow. Before your ear grew dull to his constant murmur, it fell to a sigh, or rose to a vibrant organ note. So delicately he fingered the keys of your flesh and spirit, that you were always aware of him, ever awaiting the surprise of his next benefaction. Yes, incorrigibly variable, woman-like refusing to be monotonous in blessing, delicately personal, insinuating himself in the realms below thought — such is Favonius. And some women take from him the hue and rhythm of their souls. Happy he who domesticates such a woman, more blest than

one about whose ivory tower the West wind should ever blow. And if such a woman, like the Fauns' wind of our terrace, should at intervals have a gustier phase, why that would be only an enhancement of her life-giving variety.

There is a kindly theory, Aristotelian I believe, by which a vice is to be regarded merely as the excess of a virtue. If this be so, the East wind may be taken as a reversed caricature of the West wind. The capricious and playful qualities of Favonius, that is, reappear in Eurus, but in extravagantly intensified form, all sprightly geniality of the Fauns' wind being converted into active malevolence. The East wind is a booming and impatient spirit — should you personify him it must be as a mad giant, the *Hercules furens* of Æolus's family. He abounds in wanton violence. Stirring the sea to its depths, he also torments its surface. Whatever great rollers he launches toward the Pillars of Hercules, he straightway falls upon and decapitates. The spindrift smitten from their crests slides level and dense above the slower billows, low clouds' clash above, stinging showers unite tumbling vapors with frothing sea, a spectral pallor seems churned up from phosphorescent depths. This is 'the tempestuous wind called Euroclydon,' before which St. Paul's ship drove helpless upon the reefs of Malta. Woe to the ill-fated bark that lacks a roadstead now. On shore the tall pines are being wrenched to their spreading roots. Some fall before the test. Achilles fell, so Horace sings, 'like a cypress smitten of the East wind,' —

velut

... impulsa cupressus Euro
Cecedit.

Again, he writes from the shelter of the Sabine roof-tree, 'To-morrow a tempest from the East shall strew the

woods with many leaves and the strand with useless sea-weed, unless indeed that augur of the rains, the crow, deceives us.'

Nobody speaks disrespectfully of the giant Eurus. His cousin Auster-Notus (the South wind) men call rash and heady, the sweltering African blast (the Southwester, the Libeccio of modern sailors) is qualified abusively as scorching, pestilent, and the like, but the East wind is dealt with reverently. When the shade of a drowned mariner begs a handful of sand for his mound, — Archytas overtaken and ignobly stranded by the South wind (Notus), — what does he promise the pious wayfarer? Why, protection against Eurus. 'Howsoever Eurus shall threaten the Hesperian waves, let the Venusian forest be shattered, thou being safe!'

quodcumque minabitur Eurus
Fluctibus Hesperii, Venusinæ
Plectantur silvæ, te sospite.

And again, when Horace wants a simile to tell the ruthless speed of care, he finds that it boards the ships more swift than Eurus bearing storms.

Yes, a battering, potent wind is Eurus, full withal of significant sound and fury, for he can make good every threat. Like most of the bad winds he is a tarnisher, blazoning with nothing brighter than lead or zinc. He beats the clouds down close to earth and sea as if to form low corridors in which he may rage the more terribly. In him there is something insensate, yet also purposeful. He exhausts by his steady pounding, and overwhelms by his sudden furious blasts. His frenzies are calculated. Beside the Anarch in him there is much of the Jacobin. He plays the leveler. Perhaps he was long ago the great wind that sounded before Elijah, in which God was not.

The younger Pliny declares that the North wind is the most healthful of

them all. Otherwise I have never read a good word about Tramontano. In winter the shivering Italians shut him out with muffling cloaks; in summer even, they regard him as a mixed blessing. On the sea he is almost always an enemy, for he stirs the waves, if not from the bottom, like Sirocco, at least most lamentably from the top. He dashes the powdery dust from the mainland upon island vineyards and parched decks far beyond the looming of the cliffs. And yet, summer or winter, he is a brave and revealing wind. The well-moulded clouds rise high and escape him in the upper blue, crisp jets of foam flower at random through the level sea. Above them spreads a mist infinitely subtile in texture, — a lens, not a screen, — for through it one may see beyond a chaplet of white cities the blue bulwark of far-away mountains. At sunset the rugged sea rejects the glow, and the gulf lies like a sombre slab of rippled porphyry between its amethystine headlands. Above, the heaven, barred with flaming clouds, passes from a coppery red at the horizon through yellow to palest green and an upper blue interspersed with rose.

Other winds are harmonizers, melting into a single element earth and sea and sky. Not so your North wind. He is a stickler for distinctions. The land, though it be ten leagues distant, remains the firm rim of the sea. The mountains project their gaunt ribs toward you like an athlete swelling his chest. Artists shut up their paint-boxes in despair, and protest they are not topographers. The uttermost mountains rise clear and massive against the sky. In the jargon of the studios, there is no atmosphere, but there is a crystalline something in the air that for the plain man's purpose is better.

I suppose the bad name Aquilo had, with the Romans, and Tramontano equally with the Italians, comes from

the fact that, being a good thing, one almost always has too much of him. And as our unperceptive fellow beings are too prone to judge us by those very rare occasions when we are at our worst, so Tramontano, perhaps, takes his unpopularity from the unusual phase in which he well deserves the epithet 'black.' A black Tramontano may bring thunder, and always, as the case may be, rain, sleet, or hail. It brings along also pretty much anything that is detachable, favoring, however, shutters, tiles, chimney-pots, and like articles of *vertu*. After two days of the sable North wind a great liner came in salted from water-line to truck. You would have declared her to be sprayed with whitewash. Hardy revelers in the grill-room forty feet above the spume were forced to desist, as their table was covered with a mixture of salt water and shattered window-panes. It was this wind that Horace invoked against the driveling Mævius, and that overcame Æneas when black night settled upon the deep, —

ponto nox incubat atra.

Was it not this wind which the patriarch Job had in mind when he groaned, 'O remember that my life is wind: mine eyes shall no more see good'? And Horace rejoiced that his monument more durable than brass was not to be exposed to the gnawing of the frosty North wind.

But why judge old Boreas by his worst blowing? There was once a very young clergyman who discoursed on the duty of cheerfulness. When, by way of illustration, a jackal slays a child or a tiger a man, we are too prone to say, 'Unlucky child! unhappy man!' Why look only at one side of the transaction, protested the apostle of cheerfulness. Why not say rather, 'Lucky jackal! happy tiger!' The plea was so effective with the parish that now I

venture to borrow it in behalf of my boisterous friend. Why not say, 'Fine old Boreas, how he enjoys himself!' when he playfully prostrates a row of cypresses, or casually removes a few square metres of your tiles? Or, better yet, let us judge the North wind not at his worst, but at his best. Mark that loveliest of the winds, the refresher of sultry sun-settings, Maestrale.

For long hours there has been no breeze. The heat reverberates from the cliffs in visible whorls. The shingly strand is scorching even to a bather's wet skin. Fishermen snore in the shadow of their warping boats. The vines are still, and the fig-leaves stand out motionless against a coppery sky as if cut in enameled metal. The olives drenched with the sunlight sparkle from within. All is silence save for the minor drone of a returning goat-herd. On the crest of the bluff far below, the ilexes stand stiffly before the smooth water. The burnished level rises for miles unruffled, but variously polished and tinted and veined by the slow play of invisible currents. A sullen mistiness broods over all. The marbled expanse receives streams of orange and crimson from the sinking sun. Far up, under the looming white cities, the polished sheet is tarnished. The corroding area sweeps down toward our island, and at the edge may be seen a violet ripple racing for the shore. As it passes, the brighter hues of sunset yield. Soon the undulation vanishes under the projecting cliffs, and in a moment there is a tossing of their crowning ilexes; far down the slopes the vines are already sibilant, and their increasing rustle deepens into a cheer which flapping fig-leaves and vibrating olives take up more sonorously. A great freshness surges into our loggia: Maestrale is here.

As he leaps down through vineyards and orchards, the formerly silent peasants hail each other from terrace to

terrace. Below, the snorers under the boats have counted upon his coming. A dozen tiny sails begin to mount a sea fairly damasked by the passing flaws. In hurdling our craggy island, *Maestrale* has literally gone to pieces. To pull himself together on the farther side he may need a mile. As the climbing boats scatter right and left, another dozen dart out from the port, and then a score. The tiny patches of sail soon lose themselves in the growing dusk, but if the moon withhold her rays, ever unfriendly to fisher-folk, covey after covey of these winged skiffs will rise from somewhere under the cliff and disappear in the gloom. Wait but a moment and lights will be twinkling on the deep. Tens, twelves, whole constellations will merge into one greater figure, until you may see a hundred beacons deployed in even lines upon the mysterious parade-ground below. To-morrow the whole island will feast on slender young octopuses fried to a golden crisp. As for *Maestrale*, his day's work is done. He may sleep until to-morrow needs him.

The Ancients are on the whole ungrateful to *Maestrale*, giving to the gentle West wind, *Zephyr*, a praise that should be shared. But a wind of a few hours' duration may perhaps hardly expect better treatment, inconsistent repetitiousness being of the very essence of popular impressiveness. I think, however, we may believe it was *Maestrale* that wafted *Æneas* on the last stretch of his fateful voyage from *Gaeta* to *Tiber* mouth. The sense of gentleness and sudden breathing in two of *Virgil's* loveliest lines forbids me to think that the stronger, and for

this course slightly adverse, West wind is intended. No, it can only be *Maestrale* of which it is written, —

*Adspirant auræ in noctem; nec candida cursus
Luna negat; splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.*

Such were the winds that visited our tower. While we sojourned there we naturally took the seafarer's self-interested view of them, and perhaps dwelt overmuch upon the bad winds. Would *Sirocco* blow and make climbs impossible? Would the Levantine blast make the shallows too rough and turbid for bathing? Might too vigorous a *Tramontano* keep in port the little steamer that brought the mails? — These were the questions we asked of the winds. We quite understood why the mariners of old Rome set up a fane to the tempests near the *Porta Capena*, whereas the *Fauns'* wind and the delectable *Maestrale* have never, I think, boasted altar nor obtained votive garlands of flowers and fruit. So in all our traffic with Nature we are wont to take her favors for granted, while shabbily calling upon the gods to avert her buffets. This, I confess, was our pagan mood so long as the winds had power to work us annoyance. But now that the Tower itself is becoming a fading memory, and vague and featureless winds play about our American cottage, our minds hold most clearly the buoyant Western wind and the healing northern breeze that preludes the setting of the sun. May these erstwhile benefactors deign to accept an humble altar of alien sod, and thereon some modest oblation of New World posies, propitiatory, I trust, albeit uncouth to *Favonius*.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE MINE¹

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

IN the days that followed the explosion there came to all the men the unconscious realization that the next attempt to open the mine would in all probability be the last. If the attempt should prove successful, a few months' time might see the mine again in working order; but should another disaster occur, the mine—now partially ruined—would probably be wrecked beyond any immediate recovery.

As there had been no trace of smoke following the explosion, and as the mine had been so promptly sealed, it was reasonable to suppose that little, if any, fire existed in the workings; and the only question was, how much of the work of restoration that had been effected was destroyed by the explosion of the gas?

Ten days later, the helmet-men again were lowered into the mine, and, after remaining underground for an hour and a half, came out and reported that the force of the explosion had expended itself principally up the air-shaft, and that although the numerous stoppings that we had erected had been for the most part destroyed, there were no serious 'falls' that they could discover, or any special damage to the entries which they had explored. Immediately the work of restoration began afresh, and all day and night the helmet-men in regular shifts entered the gas-filled

mine, and put back in place the stoppings around the mine-bottom, in order to create once more an air-zone for the workers. The work was dangerous. Again we lost a man, an enormous Negro, who had in some way loosened his helmet and fallen unconscious, too far from the foot of the hoisting-shaft for his comrades to drag him to the hoist; before the rescue party, consisting of three more helmet-men, had reached him, he was dead. And during these more recent days, another miner had met his death in the blackness of the entry. The pressure of the pneumatic washer beneath the helmet had stopped the circulation around the top of his head, and in endeavoring to loosen his helmet and relieve the pain, he had let in a breath of the gas. We got him to the surface with his heart still faintly beating, but death soon followed.

The men used to get into their helmets in a little room that we had fitted up for the purpose in the warehouse, one hundred feet from the top of the hoisting-shaft; and as we saw the doors close behind the men as they entered the hoist, every man of us would instinctively look at his watch and mark the time of the entrance of the shift. An hour later, some one was sure to remark, 'They've been gone an hour—just'; and then, a little later, 'They're down an hour and ten minutes.' It was then reasonable to expect their signal to the hoisting engineer at any minute. An hour and twenty minutes, or often thirty, would sometimes pass before

¹ In the November number of the *Atlantic* Mr. Husband described the mine and the conditions of life attending it. In the December issue he gave an account of a long fight with fire. — THE EDITORS.

the little bell in the engine-house rang its 'hoist away.' If it were an hour and a half, some one would say, 'They ought to be out by now'; and Billy Tilden, who had charge of the helmets, would silently begin getting ready a second set. It was a terrible feeling that would come over us as we watched the minutes slip past the time when the men should appear; and it was a thought that had come to us all, that Charley one day voiced: 'Times like this, I'd rather be down with 'em than safe on top and all scareful.'

'They are coming out!' some one would yell from the door of the hoisting engineer's house; and then the strain would become intense. An hour and a half or an hour and three quarters down was a long trip, and if it were the latter, the question would arise silently in every one's thoughts: 'How many will appear?'

Four always went down on a shift, and twice I remember when the door of the gas-lock above the hoisting-shaft burst open, and but three helmeted men staggered out into the sunlight. As the first man's helmet was loosened, a dozen questions were fired at him. Whom had they left? Where was he? And while they were talking, the second shift was already on the hoist to the rescue.

After three weeks it seemed that success would reward us. An air-zone was created between the two shafts, and helmets were practically discarded except for exploration into the more distant workings of the mine. From the north end of B entry the air-current had been directed into the West North portion of the mine, and that entire section had been cleared of the gas. There had been no fire here, nor had the effects of the explosion been felt, and it was like walking the streets of a silent and long-deserted city to explore these entries so hastily abandoned on

the night of the fire four months before. Day and night, like the skirmish line of an army, the men in charge moved slowly from place to place at the edge of the air-zone, each day penetrating farther and farther from the foot of the man-hoist as the air-currents drove back the gas, and forced it up and out through the shaft; and with these men ever on ceaseless guard, gangs of miners attacked the great falls in B entry, and carried on the slow work of removing the piles of fallen stone, and retimbering and strengthening the weakened roof.

I went on at three o'clock, on a shift that lasted until eleven in the evening, and for those eight hours my chief work consisted in testing and marking the line where the life-supporting air ceased, and the invisible, tasteless, odorless gas began. Holding our safety-lamps in the right hand, level with the eyes when we suspected the presence of gas, we would watch the flame. The safety-lamp—a heavy, metal, lantern-shaped object, with a circular globe of heavy plate glass—is the only light other than electricity that can be safely carried into a gaseous mine. The lamps were lit before they were brought into the mine, and in addition were securely locked, that no accident or ignorant intention might expose the open flame to the gases of the mine. Over the small, sooty, yellow flame which gives a light less bright than that of an ordinary candle, are two wire-gauze cones fitting snugly inside the heavy globe; and it is through these cones that the flame draws the air which supports it. The presence of black-damp, or carbon dioxide, can easily be detected, if not by its odor, by the action of the flame, which grows dim, and, if the black-damp exists in any quantity, is finally extinguished.

White-damp, the highly explosive gas which is most feared, has, on the

other hand, a totally different effect. In the presence of this gas the flame of the safety-lamp becomes pointed, and as the gas grows stronger, the flame seems to separate from the wick, and an almost invisible blue cone forms beneath it. If the miner continues to advance into the white-damp, he will pass through a line where there are nine parts of air to one part gas (the explosive mixture), and the lamp will instantly register this explosive condition by a sudden crackling inside of the gauze and the extinguishing of the flame. Were it an open lamp, the explosion ignited by the flame would sweep throughout the entire workings, carrying death and destruction before it; but by the construction of the safety-lamp, the explosion confines itself to the limited area within the gauze cones, and unless the lamp is moved suddenly and the flame is dragged through the gauze at the instant that the explosion occurs within the globe, it will not extend beyond the gauze. So dim was the light given from these lamps that we usually carried a portable electric lamp for light, using our safety-lamps principally for detecting the presence of gas.

As the days went by, the men became more hopeful, and it seemed that we were winning in our fight against the invisible. Already an entire quarter of the mine had been recovered from the gas, — a section where men might work without the use of helmets, restoring the burned and blown-down timbering, doors, and brattices.

Rob Carr, assistant mine-manager, was a tall young Scotsman who had been but a year or two in America. He had been brought up from early boyhood in the coal-mines, and had won the confidence of all who knew him, on account of his knowledge of the difficulties which beset the miner, and his ability in overcoming them. He was

a tall man, — about six feet two in height, — with slightly stooping shoulders, caused perhaps by the attitude which days and nights of work under the low roofs of the mine-tunnels made necessary. I never heard him swear, and the men who knew him maintained that he never drank or smoked; and yet, in that rude community, where virtues were often more criticised than faults, there was no man more respected — and, perhaps, loved — than he.

He joined me every afternoon in the scale-house at about five, and for four hours we followed the long west entries out to their headings, testing for gas, and confirming the safety of the men who worked at bottom and trusted their lives in our hands. Each day he joined me, and for the last hours of my shift we remained together, examining and marking everywhere the progress of the air, and the ever-widening boundaries of the air-zone. At eleven our shift left the mine, and the night shift, under Carr, went down; and it was in order that he might be fully informed as to the conditions underground before he entered the mine with his men that he spent these additional hours in the evening with the men of the shift which preceded him.

One day we had walked from the scale-house down Second West North to the brattice-door which separates that entry from two other entries which cross it at right angles a half-mile from the mine-bottom. It was our purpose to open this door slightly and start the clean air-current behind us, moving through it into the crossing entries, which were filled with gas. A temporary brattice had to be erected in the nearer of the cross-entries, and for an hour we sat on the track while the air hummed through the half-open door, until the gas had been sufficiently blown back to permit us to pass through and put up the stopping.

As we sat on the track, talking in the low voice that men always use in dark and quiet places, we remarked how like the sound of surf on a hard beach and a wind from the sea was the sound of the air-current as it murmured through the cracks in the brattice-door. For the first time, Carr told me of his wife and the two small children whom he had left in Scotland, to whom he would some day return. 'And I'm going to quit mining then,' he told me. 'I'm going to build a cottage down somewhere along a cove that I know of; where you can hear the surf on the beach, and where you can keep a sail-boat.' He had made good, he felt. There was money in the bank that, with the additions of a year or two more, would give him all that he desired, and then he was going home. And so we talked and, later, tested and found that the air was clear at last in a little area beyond the door. We erected the stopping, and, waiting a few minutes more to measure with our lamps the speed of the retreating gas, we turned and walked down the track. It was about ten o'clock. In an hour more I would be out, the long, hard day would be over; and then Carr with his night shift would return into the mine, and take up the work where we had left it.

There were lights and voices in B entry at the mine-bottom, and now and then a bit of laughter; and there was a cheerful noise of sledges and the rumble of the wheels of the flat cars as the men pushed them, laden with the broken stone from the falls, down the track to the hoisting-shaft. A little before eleven, the orders were given and the men laid down their tools, and picked up their safety-lamps, to leave. Two decks on the great hoisting-cage carried us all, and a minute later we stepped out into the fresh, cold air of the winter night.

From the yellow windows and open

door of the warehouse came the sounds of voices and the laughter of the night shift who were getting ready to go down. We tramped in through the open door, blackened and wet, and for a few minutes rested our tired bodies, and warmed ourselves in the pungent heat of the little room, telling the others what we had accomplished. As I left the warehouse, I stopped for a minute on the doorstep and took a match from Johnny Ferguson, another Scotsman, a strong, silent man, with friendly eyes; then turned and walked home in the darkness of the cloudy night.

It was about half an hour later when I reached my room, for I had stopped on the way to chat with the gate-man. I was sitting on the edge of the bed, loosening the heel of one of my rubber boots with the toe of the other, when suddenly, through the stillness of the sleeping town, from the power-house half a mile away came a low and rising note, the great siren whistle in the power-house. Almost fascinated, I listened as the great note rose higher and more shrill and died away again. One blast meant a fire in the town; two blasts, fire in the buildings at the mine; and three blasts, the most terrible of all, a disaster or trouble in the mine. Once more, after an interminable pause, the sound came again; and once more rose and died away. I did not move, but there was a sudden coldness that came over me as once more, for the third time, the deep note broke out on the quiet air. Almost instantaneously the loud jingle of my telephone brought me to my feet. I took down the receiver: 'The mine's blown up,' said a woman's voice.

It was half a mile between my room and the gate to the mine-yards, and as my feet beat noisily on the long, straight road, doors opened, yellow against the blackness of the night, and voices called out — women's voices mostly.

The gate-man knew little. 'She's let go,' was all that he could say.

There were two men at the fan-house, the fan-engineer and his assistant, and in a second I learned from them that there had come a sudden puff up the air-shaft that had spun the fan backward a dozen revolutions on the belt before it picked up again. The explosion doors, built for such an emergency on the new dome above the air-shaft, had banged open noisily and shut again of their own weight. That was all.

There were half a dozen men at the top of the hoisting-shaft. The hoisting engineer sat, white-faced, on his seat by the shaft-mouth, one arm laid limply on the window-sill, his hand clenched on the lever. 'I tried to telephone 'em,' he said, 'but they did n't answer. The cage was down. She came out with a puff like you blow out of your pipe; that's all.' He stopped and awkwardly wiped his face. 'Then I left the hoist down five minutes and brought her up,' he continued, 'but there was no one in it. Then I sent it down again. It's down there now.'

'How long has it been down?' I asked.

'Ten minutes,' he hazarded.

I gave him the order to hoist; and the silence was suddenly broken by the grind of the drums as he pulled the lever back, and the cable began to wind slowly upward. A minute later the black top of the hoist pushed up from the hole, and the decks, one by one, appeared — all empty.

There was no one at the mine except the hoisting engineer and some of the night force who were on duty at the power-house and in the engine-room. In the long months of trouble our force had gradually diminished, and of those who had remained and who were equal to such an emergency, part were now in the mine, and the rest, worn out and exhausted by the long day's work, were

far away in the town, asleep; or perhaps, if the whistle had aroused them, on their way to the mine. Instant action was necessary, for following an explosion comes the after-damp, and if any were living this poisonous gas would destroy them.

As I turned from the shaft-mouth, McPherson, the superintendent, a square-built, freckled Scotsman about fifty years of age, came running toward the warehouse. There were but two helmets ready, for so favorably had our work progressed that we had neglected to keep more than two charged with oxygen, and had allowed the rest to be taken apart for repairs. Familiar with the conditions existing in the mine, we realized that the explosion, however slight, must have blown down many of the stoppings which we had erected, and allowed the pent-up gas to rush back into the portion of the mine which we had recovered, and in which the night shift was now imprisoned. If the gas had been ignited by open fire, immediate action was necessary, for our own safety as well as for the chance of rescuing the men in the mine; for in the month preceding we had seen the mine 'repeat' at regular intervals with two explosions, and if the fire had been ignited from open flame we must enter it, effect the rescue of our comrades, and escape before we could be caught by a second explosion. On the other hand, the chances were equal that the explosion might have been set off by a defective gauze in a safety-lamp or some other cause, and that there would be no immediate explosion following the first one.

In the hurry of adjusting our helmets, no one noticed that the charge of oxygen in mine was short, and that an hour and forty minutes was my working limit; and all unconscious of this, I tightened the valve, and with the oxygen hissing in the check-valves, we

left the bright light of the room, and felt our way down the steps into the darkness of the yard, where a great arc-light above the hoisting-shaft made objects visible in its lavender light. A crowd had already gathered; a dark, silent crowd that stood like a flock of frightened sheep around the mouth of the man-hoist. With a man on either side of us to direct us, we walked to the hoist, our electric hand-lanterns throwing long white beams of light before us. There was no sound; no shrieking of women, no struggling of frenzied mothers or sisters to fight their way into the mine; but there was a more awful silence, and as we passed a pile of ties, I heard a whimpering noise, like a puppy, and in the light of my lamp saw the doubled form of a woman who crouched alone on the ground, a shawl drawn over her head, sobbing.

We stepped on the hoist, and for an instant there came the picture of a solid line of people who hung on the edge of the light; of white faces; of the lavender glare of the arc-lamp, contrasting with the orange light from the little square window in the house of the hoisting engineer. 'Are you ready?' he called to us. 'Let her go,' we said; and the picture was gone as the hoist sank into the blackness of the shaft. We said nothing as we were lowered, for we knew where the men would be if we could reach them, and there was nothing else to talk about. The grind of the shoes on the hoist as they scraped the rails made a sound that drowned out my feeble whistling of the *Merry Widow* waltz inside of my helmet.

We felt the motion of our descent slacken, and then came a sudden roaring splash as the lower deck of the hoist hit the water which filled the sump. Slowly we sank down until the water which flooded that part of the mine rose, cold and dead, to our knees, and the hoist came to a stop. Splashing clumsily

over the uneven floor, we climbed the two steps which led to the higher level of B entry, and for a minute turned the white beams of our lights in every direction. There was nothing to be seen, and no trace of any explosion except a thin, white layer of dead mist or smoke which hung lifeless, like cigar-smoke in a quiet room, about four feet from the ground; but there was a silence that was terrible, for in it we listened in vain for the voices of men. At first we assured ourselves that there was no one around the bottom of the shaft, for we had expected that some one, injured by the explosion, might have been able to crawl toward the man-hoist; but there was no trace of any human being.

Walking slowly and peering before us through the bull's-eyes of our helmets, to right and left, we advanced down the entry, our lights cutting the blackness like the white fingers of twin searchlights. Suddenly, far off in the darkness, there came a sound. It was laughter. We stopped and listened. High, shrill, and mad the notes caught our ears. Again we advanced, and the laughter broke into a high, shrill song. To right and left we swung the bars of our searchlights, feeling for the voice. Suddenly the white light brought out of the darkness a tangled mass of blackened timbers which seemed to fill the entry, and into the light from the pile of wreckage staggered the figure of a man, his clothes hanging in sooty ribbons, and his face and body blackened beyond recognition. Only the whites of his eyes seemed to mark him from the wreckage which surrounded him. In a high-pitched voice he called to us, and we knew that he was mad. 'Come! Come!' he cried. 'Let's get out of here. Come on, boys! Let's go somewhere'; and then, as his arms instinctively caught our necks, and we felt for his waist, he began talking to Jesus. With

our swaying burden, we turned and retraced our steps down the entry, and fifteen minutes after our descent into the mine, we handed out of the hoist the first man rescued, to his friends.

Once more came the vision of the great black wall of people in the lights at the mine-mouth, and again we plunged down into the blackness and silence of the mine. Reaching bottom, we walked as rapidly as we were able beyond the point where we had found the madman, to where the great structure of the scale-house had once filled a cross-cut between B entry and the air-course behind it. Where once had been solid timbers and the steel structure of the scales, now remained nothing but the bare walls of the cross-cut, swept clean by a giant force, and in the entry the crumbled and twisted wreckage marked where the force of the explosion had dropped it in its course. With a swing of my light I swept the floor of the cross-cut. Halfway down it, on the floor, lay what seemed to be a long bundle of rags. I knew it was a man. There was no movement as I walked toward it, and as I knelt over it a sudden impulse came to me to disbelieve my first thought that this could be a man. Prevented from seeing clearly by the bull's-eye of my helmet, and the poor light of my electric lamp, I felt for his chest, and as my hand touched his breast, I felt that it was warm and wet. Perhaps he was alive. I ran my light along the bundle. Those were his feet. I turned it the other way. The man was headless. Instantly I got to my feet, and in the faint glimmer of McPherson's light I saw that he had found something in the wreckage. 'What is it?' I bellowed to him through my helmet. He pointed with his ray of light. A body hung in the mass of wreckage, thrown into it like putty against a screen. We turned and continued our way up the entry.

Halfway between the shafts there was a temporary canvas stopping, and we knew that if we could tear this down, the air from the fan which had been speeded up must short-circuit, and pass through B entry, clearing out the after-damp before it. Most of the men, if not all, would be in this entry; of that we were confident. By tearing down the brattice and freeing the direction of the ventilation, life might be saved.

As I have said, I had entered the mine on my first trip with a short charge of oxygen, and in the urgency had failed to replenish it before going down the second time. As I turned from the cross-cut a sudden tugging at my lungs told me that my air was running low. Beside the track, in a pool of water, lay a blackened object that I knew to be a man. He was the only one I recognized, and I knew that it must be Daman, one of the gas-inspectors, — the body was so small. A few feet beyond him lay another, and another, all blackened and unrecognizable. The white wall of the brattice gleamed suddenly before us, and in a second we had torn it from its fastenings. One side had already disappeared from the force of the explosion. Why it was not all torn to ribbons, I do not know.

As I turned, I called to McPherson that I was in, and as I spoke a sudden blackness engulfed me. My air was gone. The sights of that awful night and the long strain of the months of dangerous work on high-strung nerves had caught me. I came to with my eyes closed, and a clean, sweet taste of fresh air in my mouth. I thought I was above ground, but opening my eyes I saw that I was looking through the bull's-eye of my helmet at a blackened roof, dim in the single shaft of a lamp. McPherson was talking to me. He had dragged me from where I lay to where he had felt the air blow strongest. My

weight, increased by the forty-five pounds of the helmet, made it impossible for him to think of moving me unaided. There was no time to summon assistance. In the strong current of air, he had opened my valves and trusted that, revived by the fresh air, I could reach the hoisting-shaft under my own locomotion before the after-damp could overcome me. Faint and reeling,

I got to my feet; we started down the entry, our arms about each other's necks. We were both staggering, and halfway to the sump I fell. Then we crawled and rested and crawled again. I think I remember splashing in the water at the foot of the hoisting-shaft, but nothing more. We had saved only one man of the twenty-seven who had entered the mine.

THE TRAINING OF THE JOURNALIST

BY HERBERT W. HORWILL

IN the days when men 'drifted into journalism' nothing was heard of any special schools for the education of the journalist. You do not need lessons in navigation in order to go with the current. But its recognition as a distinct profession has now given journalism a right to a chapter by itself in books on 'What To Do With Our Boys,' and there are young men in college who of malice prepense are intending to adopt it as a life-career. Newspaper-writing, like acting, has thrown off much of its ancient Bohemianism and become respectable. The journalist is still a step ahead of the actor, for in England the stage knighthoods are eclipsed by the peerages of Lord Northcliffe and the late Lord Glenesk, and no American has been translated from the boards of a theatre to a foreign embassy. Apart from its financial and social prizes, the press nowadays offers irresistible attractions to many young men whose temperament makes the exercise of influence over the multitude the most desirable form of ambition.

It is not surprising, then, that the question should be asked: If the older professions, such as law and medicine, train their novices in special schools, why should not this new profession provide its recruits with opportunities of technical preparation?

The analogy of the older professions is not, however, as cogent as it might appear at first sight. We may be justified in using the word 'profession' of what was formerly known as a 'pursuit,' but the change of name does not of itself make the occupation of journalism quite parallel with law and medicine. That there is an important difference is clear from the fact that, while a man may still drift into journalism without being a quack, it is impossible so to drift into these other professions. A candidate for one of them has to spend years in mastering a multitude of facts quite outside the range of a liberal education, and also, especially in surgery, in the acquisition of a skill that is purely technical. But there is no such body of special knowledge to

be assimilated by a journalist before he can be permitted to begin to practice. There is, indeed, no other kind of intellectual work in which the necessary technique is so little in amount. To be assured of this, we have only to glance over the shelves of text-books that compose the professional library of the young physician or lawyer or clergyman, and then consider what can be set over against all this as representing the special studies of the journalist.

An analysis of the esoteric qualifications of the newspaper writer yields little result. A few mechanical details have to be learned, — as to the revision of proofs, the use of various sizes of type, etc., — but these may be ascertained by a few hours' reading of any guide for literary beginners, and may be fixed in the memory by a few weeks' experience. The occupant of a regular position on a newspaper staff has further to acquaint himself with the custom of his own office in such matters as paragraphing, and the use of capitals, italics, and quotation marks; but as the practice in these respects varies in different printing-offices, there is no stable substance for special tuition here. If the recruit decides to qualify himself for verbatim reporting, he will of course need to devote a good deal of time to shorthand, an accomplishment which may be gained at any ordinary commercial school. As to its importance for newspaper work in general, journalists are not agreed.

Where, then, is the need or room for a special school of journalism? The function of such a school can scarcely be anything else than that of supplying the lack of general education from which those young men suffer who have been unfortunate enough to spend their school and college period in institutions of a low standard.

That this is so is shown by some of the arguments used in favor of a special

preparation for journalists. Not many years ago a distinguished English editor, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, in supporting the establishment of an endowment for this purpose in London, pleaded that a school for journalism would teach its pupils to write paragraphs well; it would train them to put their points in a clear way, and not encumber their work by technicalities and irrelevancies. But what has the lad's English teacher been doing all the time, if this is yet to learn? When Dr. Nicoll went on to speak of accuracy as the first quality required by a journalist, and to say that 'most people when turned out from school are habitually inaccurate,' he showed still more plainly that what is wanted is not the establishment of technical schools, but an improvement in the quality of general education. A critic would reply to this argument, so Dr. Nicoll suggested, by alleging that these things must indeed be learned, but can be best learned in the office. Not so; the true answer is that these things must be learned, but can be best learned in high-school or college.

The main preparation, then, for a journalistic career can be obtained in any places of secondary and higher education that live up to their advertisements. What are the main requirements? The candidate must, of course, possess certain natural aptitudes. Unfortunately these cannot always be surely determined until the pupil is a good way on in his teens. He must have that native intelligence which no school can impart, but which some methods of education can undoubtedly impair. There must also be a peculiar alertness to the facts of human life, a quickness and catholicity of mind which would almost justify the maxim that there is nothing dull to the born journalist. In addition, there appears to be especially needed wide and thorough information, ability to observe and reason, and

skill in literary expression, together with what may be called the essential intellectual habits, including accuracy and freedom from prejudice.

If this is a fair account of the needs of the journalist, it is evident that his purpose will best be served by just such an equipment as would most be desired by a student who aimed simply at a liberal culture. On the side of knowledge, nothing comes amiss to a newspaper writer, though it would perhaps be wise to pay special attention to modern languages, modern history, and economics. Natural science, particularly laboratory and field-work, should cultivate the power of observation. Logic and the allied studies supply the best stimulus to thought as well as the best training in method. The study of the English literature and language, with practice in essay-writing, suggests itself as most likely to communicate the power of idiomatic expression, but equal stress should be laid on the study of Greek and Latin — or at least one of these languages — with constant practice in translation. It is not possible in translation, as in essay-writing, to shirk the choice of the fitting word or phrase. Translation from the classics is sometimes condemned as injurious to English style, but it can be so only where the instructor is incompetent, for no teacher worth his salt will suffer a pupil to present to him versions which lazily retain the alien constructions of the original instead of transmuting them into the characteristic speech of the mother tongue.

Whatever the particular curriculum followed, it is essential that the education given be of a disciplinary quality. It must quicken the intellectual conscience to the point of disgust with all scamped work, and of readiness to take pains in securing the exactness of a date or a quotation; it must

strengthen the nerves of the mind to grapple with subjects that are not superficially attractive.

Other things being equal, the more thoroughly a young man prepares himself by an education along these lines the wider will be his range as a writer for the press. He will have an easier grasp of the everyday work of journalism, and at the same time will be competent to deal with topics that are beyond the reach of the average newspaper man.

A striking proof of what can be done by the scholar in journalism was given by the career — unhappily cut short by fever during the siege of Ladysmith — of Mr. G. W. Steevens, who went on the daily press after winning several high distinctions in classics at Oxford. In his accounts of the Diamond Jubilee procession, of the Dreyfus court-martial, and of the bivouac at Elandslaagte, he beat the descriptive reporter on his own ground, while he could deal adequately with literary and philosophical subjects which the mere reporter could not even approach. His skill in the craft of the special correspondent so impressed itself upon his contemporaries, that a London literary weekly, commenting on the lack of any notable descriptions of the coronation of the present King, remarked that 'the absence from among us of the late G. W. Steevens was severely felt.' For an earlier example one may turn to Taine's *Notes on England*, some chapters of which contain writing which would have won the author high eulogies for his 'reportorial' talent from the most exigent of American city editors.

Further, the man who comes to his task equipped with a liberal education is likely to regard the work itself with greater freedom from convention and less respect for precedent. Many of the chief successes in modern journalism have been won by men who have de-

fied tradition and have struck out in an entirely opposite direction from what had come to be regarded as the only safe course. In any profession such originality is most commonly found in men who have cultivated breadth of view. A student of pedagogy, for example, whose special studies have not been based on a good general education is likely to become narrowed by his work at the normal college. What he is told about educational methods is accepted by him as a code of inflexible rules, instead of as principles that are to be applied in various forms according to circumstances. We thus come across kindergarten instruction that faithfully carries out a certain mechanical syllabus, but has almost forgotten Froebel's fundamental truth that the child's mind is to be treated as a garden. In the same way a journalist may easily sink into a rut unless his outlook has been widened by a training that gives him a feeling of proportion and makes him sensitive to fresh impressions.

It is not until this foundation has been laid that the novice need pay attention to studies that will differentiate him from his fellows who are entering other professions. He may now specialize in two directions. On the one hand, he may carry to a higher stage those college studies which most appeal to him, in order that he may be able to write about them with the authority of an expert. There is a growing demand for writers who are com-

petent to deal with the affairs of some particular department, such as art, or economics, or foreign politics. On the other hand, he must diverge from the general path by making himself acquainted with the *minutiæ* of the actual practice of the profession, partly by reading books about journalism — not forgetting the best biographies and autobiographies of journalists — and partly by observing the methods of a competent practitioner and working under his guidance. This clinical course will be most fruitful when the student has prepared himself for it by careful preliminary reading and thinking.

Whatever may be the future development of journalistic education, one thing is certain — journalism will never become a close profession. Courses of study may be organized whose certificates and diplomas will come to be accepted by editors as *prima facie* evidence of aptitude for certain kinds of newspaper work. But no trade-union will ever prevent an editor from printing matter that suits him, whether the contributor is a Bachelor of Journalism or not. Whatever privileges journalistic or other graduates may attempt to secure, a memorable utterance of Mr. J. Noble Simms, that delightful character in Mr. Barrie's *When a Man's Single*, will long remain true. The calling of a writer for the press will still be open to everybody who has access to pen, ink, and paper, with a little strawberry jam to fasten the pages of manuscript together.

SAFE

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

My dream-fruit tree a palace bore
In stone's reality,
And friends and treasures, art and lore
Came in to dwell with me.

But palaces for gods are made;
I shrank to man, or less;
Gold-barriered, yet chill, afraid,
My soul shook shelterless.

I found a cottage in a wood,
Warmed by a hearth and maid;
And fed and slept, and said 't was good, —
Ah, love-nest in the shade!

The walls grew close, the roof pressed low,
Soft arms my jailers were;
My naked soul arose to go,
And shivered bright and bare.

No more I sought for covert kind;
The blast bore on my head;
And lo, with tempest and with wind
My soul was garmented.

Here on the hills the writhing storm
Cloaks well and shelters me;
I wrap me round, and I am warm,
Warm for eternity.

BIG MARY

BY KATHERINE MAYO

MACLISE, at his office desk, dropped his pen, swung his chair, and turned upon the street without a distant, ruminate gaze. Clad in his fresh tan linens, with his sturdy form, his ruddy, hearty, fine-featured face, his silver hair, his clear and kind blue eyes, he made a pleasant picture, to which the window view gave background well in harmony. Paramaribo is unique among South American towns, and the Heernstraat, at the early morning hour of peace and cool and freshness, displayed it at its comeliest.

But Maclise's eyes, for once, took no note of outward things. That afternoon he should set forth, with a heavily laden expedition, by river, by creek, and by jungle-trail, for his placer, far back in the gold-bush. His mind was absorbed in the business of it. Every detail of organization had received his personal care. Now the great 'fish-boats' rode at the riverside, ready laden since the night before. All the miscellany of supplies for men, beasts, and machinery needed at the mine for three months to come, lay packed in perfect trim and balance beneath their broad tarpaulins. The crews were contracted and safe corralled under the police's hand.

Maclise's own launch, the Cottica, tested, stored, and in perfect order, rocked at her moorings. The lists had been reviewed and supplemented till further care seemed useless. And still Maclise pondered.

'Cornelis!' said he.

'Ja, mynheer?' The office porter, a

slender, spaniel-eyed mulatto, darted forward at attention.

'Cornelis, I'll take three more wood-choppers. Get Moses, and a couple of good Para men, if you can find them. But be sure you get Moses.'

'Ja, mynheer, — but —' The humble voice trailed and faded in reluctant deprecation.

'Well?' — Cornelis's trepidations were among the minor thorns of Maclise's life; yet he took them with that humorous understanding and indulgence that, coupled with a generous hand and sharp authority, wins the Negro's heart, respect, and unquestioning obedience. 'Well, Cornelis?'

'I shall do my best, mynheer, but last night I saw Moses in a Portuguese shop on the Waterkant, and he was drinking — too much drinking, mynheer.'

Maclise considered. Moses was the best wood-chopper in the colony — a Demeraran, pure black, with the strength and patience of an ox; also, with an ox's intelligence. Moses' arms chopped cord-wood in the beauty of perfection, but the brain of Moses did nothing at all; whence it happened that, like an ox, Moses was led by whoever pulled on his nose-ring. Drunk, however, — drunk and ugly, — he would surely be no subject for the gentle Cornelis to tackle, and the boats must be off by three o'clock. Maclise's eyes signaled a conceit that jumped with his fancy.

'Cornelis, find Big Mary. Say I want to take Moses to the placer, and

that I look to her to send him here by noon. Find Big Mary, tell her simply that, and then hurry on about the Para men.'

An hour later, over the iced papaia that prefaced breakfast, Maclise recurred to the subject. 'Nora,' said he to the presence behind the coffee-pot, —and told the story. 'It would stump half the police force in the town to move Moses against his will,' he concluded. 'If Big Mary sends him, will you thank her for me? It would please her.'

'Surely I will. But how far do you really suppose she is vulnerable, on the human side — that huge primeval thing — that great black buffalo? One can't but wonder.'

The morning at the office passed rapidly, with its press of last details. Loose ends were tied. The Para men were caught and duly contracted; and when from Fortress Zeelandia, down by the river, the noon gun sounded, all was in shape.

'All except Moses,' thought Maclise. 'The rascal was evidently too far gone to listen to — why, Mary!'

For the side window, at which laborers reported to the office, suddenly framed the head and shoulders of a burly Negress.

It was indeed an aboriginal type — pure Negro, thin-lipped, but flat-nosed, ape-eared, slant-chinned, broad-jawed, and with the little eyes of an intelligent bush animal.

'Yes, mahster, mahnin', mahster. Ah hope mahster *quite* well.'

'Howdy, Mary. Where's that villain Moses? Could n't find him, eh?'

Turning silently, Mary reached into space. One heave of her brawny arm, a scramble, and a giant figure lurched beside her, darkening the window with sheer bulk. It was Moses, but Moses dejected, spiritless, with drooping head and abject gaze. Moses, more-

over, with one eye closed, a great fresh cut across his ebony jaw, and his right hand bandaged. With honest pride his helpmate pointed to her work. 'Here he, mahster. He done come mighty hard, *but Ah fotch he.*'

Maclise considered the pair briefly, in quiet enjoyment; then, with the gesture natural to the moment, slid his hand into his trousers pocket. 'All right, Mary. Good girl. Here you are. Now go tell the Mistress howdy.'

Nora looked up in surprise as Mary loomed before her, and the contrast of her slight little figure, her blonde hair, and her climate-blanchéd face, with the rough-hewn form of the great Negress, was the contrast of the Twentieth Century with the Age of Stone.

'And did you bring Moses? Oh, Mary, I am so pleased with you! The Master particularly wanted him.' With a sudden impulse a small white hand went out and rested upon the huge blue-black one. 'Mary, I *like* to feel that we can trust you!'

The giantess looked down upon the slim white fingers that lay upon the great seamed fist, with visible wonder, as though they had been snowflakes from the equatorial sky. A slow, vague wave of something like emotion ebbed across her face, making it, in passing, more formless. Then an earlier pre-occupation resumed control. She seized a corner of her apron, and began torturing it into knots, while her unstockinged feet shuffled dubiously in their flinty feast-day slippers.

'Is something troubling you, Mary?'

'Lil' Mistress,' — Mary's voice came oddly small and husky, — 'Mahster ain't never 'low no womens on the placer, is he?'

'You know he does not, Mary.'

'Lil' Mistress, Moses ain't want to come. Dat mek Ah 'bliged to mash he up. Ah *glad* ef Mahster want leff me go, des dis one time, fo' look po' Moses.'

Nora regarded the timid Amazon with the wider comprehension of experience. 'I will see what the Master says,' she replied. And so it happened that Big Mary, against all precedents, that day was allowed to embark with her dilapidated partner upon the long journey to the gold-bush.

The run that followed Maclise's arrival at the placer surpassed anything in its history. For three glorious weeks the whole affair worked as by charm, without an accident or a drawback, and the 'clean-ups' were beautiful. Then came the eternal unexpected. The 'Directors at Home,' those fog-inspired bugaboos of colonial enterprise, cabled a foolishness. Maclise, would he or would he not, must drop all and go to town to answer it. With wrath in his heart, therefore, he fore-guided his beloved work as best he might, and addressed himself to the downward journey.

And here, again, a fresh vexation met him: the Cottica's picked and trusty crew failed. Duurvoort, best engineer on the river, was down with the fever. Jacobus, the faithful stoker, had taken to his hammock with snake-bite. Only old Adriaan, the steersman, remained. Adriaan, to be sure, knew his river, *hoek* by *hoek*, and, with the fine sense of a wild beast, distinguished landmarks where others saw naught but unfeatured stretches of leaves and water and mud. Yet Adriaan's faculties were like the launch's engine — of no use unless a hand and brain compelled them. Given Duurvoort behind him to keep him alive and alert, he managed his wheel with perfect skill. But Adriaan unwatched, alone? — Hendrick, the untried substitute engineer, had the reputation of a good man. To him Fate added Willy, a hair-lipped Barbadian mulatto, and the scrub crew was complete as the journey began.

It was sunset-time, of the last afternoon of the trip. The Cottica, despite her handicap, had thus far made her distance without delays or accidents. By midnight she should reach her mooring before the town. Maclise, who had finished supper, lay on his cabin couch watching the shore slip by and thinking opprobriums. A vague physical discomfort fumbled at the door of his consciousness, and from moment to moment he tossed and twisted restlessly. He tried to calm himself. Nora, at least, he reflected, would be pleased. He had managed to send her warning of his coming and —

Maclise slowly sat up, with a face of pure dismay. The door of his consciousness had opened at last, to admit a sensation no longer vague but all too sure and familiar. Again the aching tremor shot through his body, with increased force. 'Bless my soul!' said Maclise, quite gently, '*did* I need this now?'

He rose and went forward to the engine-room, knowing he had no time to lose. He spoke to the engineer in short, sharp words, saying the same three sentences over and over, to the punctuation of the Negro's 'Ja, mynheer,' and 'Ja, mynheer.' Then he moved on toward the wheel. The steersman had heard the voice behind him, and sat erect as duty's self, eyes straight forward on the river and the rosy sky.

'Adriaan —' A fresh rigor seized the speaker and he laid hold of the rail to steady himself. Maclise would never learn the colonial Negro-language, the '*taki-taki*'; but a pidgin of his own seldom failed to carry its meaning, and the gesture replaced the word. 'Adriaan, fever catch me. No can watch Adriaan. Duurvoort no here. Jacobus no here. Adriaan must run boat. No must sleep. *No must sleep. Hear?*'

The little Negro's wrinkled face beamed limitless good-will and sym-

pathy and confidence. '*Poti, mynheer! Mino sa slibi.*' (Too bad! I will not sleep.) Mynheer need not fear. Mynheer must go lie down, and Adriaan will carry him safe. Ja, mynheer, ee-ja, mynheer!

Maclise looked down upon his willing servitor with little faith. But help there was none. 'No must sleep,' he repeated, 'and *count the hoeks.*' Stumbling back to his cabin, he stretched on his couch. The fever, curse of the country, gathered him into her grip, gradually effacing all thought and understanding. And the shadows deepened into night.

'Thud-thud, thud-thud,' the engine beat on, smoothly. Smoothly the launch clove her way over the darkening waters; and 'tinkle-tinkle, tinkle-tinkle,' the little ripples sang around the nose of her tow. The tow was only a 'fish-boat,' going back to town for repairs. And in it was nothing in particular, — only its oars, and, curled up asleep in the stern, under a cotton blanket to keep out the dark and the Jumbies, — Big Mary.

Three weeks in the bush had more than exhausted her fancy for sylvan life. Moses' wounds had promptly healed, depriving him, thereby, of a sentimental interest. In fact, in such daily proximity he palled upon her. 'Ah close 'pon sick 'n' suffik o' de sight o' dat man,' she explained. 'Ef Ah ain't get some reliefment soon Ah gwine loss' ma tas'e fo' he.' The news of Maclise's sudden sortie, and of the fish-boat tow with its possibilities of conveyance, had therefore come to her as a godsend, for whose realization she had begged too earnestly to be denied.

'Thud-thud,' hummed the engine. Hendrik, singly intent upon his immediate job, hung above it, the intermittent gleam of the fires making strange masques of his black and dripping face. The ministering Willy, like

a hair-lipped, banana-colored goblin, hovered in and out, or slumbered profoundly in the doorway; and forward at the wheel, alone in the dark, old Adriaan struggled with the Adversary.

'*Granmasra taki, mi no sa slibi,*' he muttered aloud from time to time. '*Granmasra siki. Adriaan wawan de vo tjari hem boen na foto. Fa mi sa slibi!*' (How should I sleep, with Granmasra sick and Adriaan the only one to take him safe to town!)

And yet, with the soft, cool fingers of the silky night pressing his eyelids down and down, with the river singing her silver, rhythmic undertone, endless, changeless, with no human governance to sustain and spur him, the task was very hard — too hard. Slowly the small bright eyes grew dim, the woolly head sank forward, the body swayed against the wheel, and the hands on the spokes hung lax. Easily, swiftly, the Cottica slid from her course and made for the shadows of the eastern bank. On she sped, unheeded, — on till a branch of brush, caught in the deep-sunk top of a drifting tree, struck her a spattering blow across the bows. The shower of water upon his face awoke the steersman with a jump. He sprang to place, peering forward into the misty dark.

'*Mi Gado! Mi Gado!*' he shivered. But there was yet time. With a sharp veer he put the launch upon her course again, and soon had rediscovered his familiar bearings. '*Pikinso moro, ala wi dede na boesi,*' Adriaan reproached his inward tormentor. 'A little more, and we were all killed in the bush. What makes you trouble me so, *you!*'

He sat very erect now, facing his duty determinedly. But the night was so still and soft, the wind so small and sweet, the river's song so lulling! The woolly head nodded, then recovered with a jerk. 'Sleep kills me, for true,' muttered poor Adriaan, pulling at his

pipe fiercely. For a moment it served; then again the quick and heavy slumber of his race descended upon him, claiming its own. Slowly, an inert, crumpled heap, the steersman collapsed upon his seat, and the boat swept on.

The noise was like the noise of a volley of musketry, and like the breaking of a great sea on a liner's deck, and like the sucking and rending of the roots of the world. Out in the tow Big Mary sprang to her knees, flinging aside her covering before any conscious thought could paralyze her muscles with the image of Jumbies. Close above her rose the broad stern of the Cottica. But the Cottica's body, like Daphne of old, was transformed into bush. For an instant Big Mary stared, collecting her wits. Then grim understanding dawned. With a haul on the slack tow-line she brought herself close, and swarmed up over the stern. Peering into the cabin, she made out Maclise, lying on his couch quietly.

'Mahster!' she called, alarmed at the inexplicable sight. 'Mahster!'

Through the craze of his dreams Maclise heard, subconsciously, and answered with incoherent mumblings. Mary laid her finger gently on his head.

'The fever!' she groaned. 'Now who gwine he'p we!' But the fiercely faithful spirit of the good old-time Negro even then possessed her. Her hour had come.

Turning, she started forward. The moko-moko, dense withy growth of the border waters, had buckled and bent and twisted in its violent displacement, and crowded across the decks in an almost solid mass. On all fours, burrowing through it like a bush beast, she made the engine-room. Hendrik and Willy stared out at her with helpless, panic faces. Through the tangle on the other side protruded

Adriaan's ghastly visage, wrinkled in a thousand seams of terror, his goat-beard twitching, his wild eyes rolling like jetsam by a rudderless wreck. The engine-room light caught upon the broad, lustrous surfaces of the moko-moko leaves that framed him in, making them spear-heads of false and lurid green. Mary gazed upon the speechless three in a scorn that, despite her attitude, became magnificent.

'Well, niggers?'

A palpable shiver was the only answer.

'You! Ah ain' want neider wise man fo' mek me know what *you* is done. Wha' you gwine do now? *Wha' fo' you isn' wukkin'?*'

It was the wretched Adriaan, from his lurid ambush, like a sacrificial ram, that first essayed an answer. 'Sissa, don't be too hard on us,' he bleated in his native tongue. 'Night is black. Boat too much full of bush. Must wait for day. Can't see to cut a path to my wheel till day comes.'

'True, true, sissa, don't be hard on us,' echoed Hendrik. 'The propeller is wound tight into the moko-moko, way down below. Can't cut her loose till day comes.'

'Too true,' urged the fatuous Willy, '*mus*' wait 'pon day.'

Yet they shriveled before the glittering eyes of the great Negress.

'Mens, less yo' noise. Don' mek me sin dis night. Mahster lie down sick, eh? Lil' Mistress watchin' fo' he comin', eh? *You t'ink Ah's gwine leff Mahster dead on de ribber an' lil' Mistress wring she lil' white hands off 'cause a pa'cel o' wufless black trash ain' wan' wuk in de dark?* You, Adriaan, back to yo' wheel. Has'y, now,' as the steersman hesitated, 'has'y! You t'ink Ah foolin'?'

Dominated, Adriaan slunk back, and the straining and crackling of wood bespoke the ardor of his obedience.

'You, Hendrik, *you* gwine sot right wha' you is, wuk yo' engines, till dis boat a-movin', hear? Willy, tek dat cutlass behime you on de wall, an' come outside to me.'

Hypnotized by her imperiousness and by the example of the others, Willy followed the leader, creeping painfully to the free space about the stern. But rebellion dared in his heart, for he was a new hand, and knew not Mary. On the open deck she arose and faced him in the dark.

'Willy,' she said, pointing over the side, 'you, now, dive, dive, an' cut dat compeller clean clear.'

Willy stared with sincere surprise. 'Woman, you is mad?'

'Ain' Ah tole you, *dive*? Ah ain' foolin', man.'

Willy laughed a laugh of ugly meaning. Big Mary's bulk seemed to rise and broaden. With a lunge she sprang for him. The mulatto drew back, quick as a cat, and, swinging his cutlass over his head, brought it down viciously. They clinched, for a moment rocked in each other's grip, and then the greater strength triumphed. The cutlass rattled upon the deck, the giant Negress, lifting her victim bodily, flung him over the rail, and the inky waters closed above him.

Hanging over the side Mary watched. In a moment a head appeared on the surface, and Willy's strangled voice bellowed for mercy.

'Tek dis,' shouted Mary, thrusting into the upstretched, grasping hand the cutlass. 'Tek dis, boy, go down an' do lak Ah tole you. *You try to bo'd dis boat befo' you is clear dat compeller, an' Ah gwine bus' you wi-ide open!*' She flourished a crowbar over the swimmer's head, bringing it down with a crash on the launch's side.

Willy needed no more. 'Don' hit me!' he shrieked, 'Ah'se gwine'; and, half-amphibian that he was, like all

Barbadians, disappeared to his horrid work. In a moment the black head bobbed up again.

'She loose!' it sputtered. But Mary knew it lied.

'Boy, go back down!'

The head again vanished, and a tremor along the boat's frame told of the force of the attack on her entanglement. Once more he emerged.

'Ah loose she fo' true dis time, Miss Mary. Le' me up, in Gaad's name!'

'You, Hendrik, dis boat loosed?' Mary shouted to the engine-room.

'No-no,' Hendrik called back; 'propeller fast yet.'

Mary addressed herself to the round thing bobbing in the water. 'You dirty — black — *Nigger!* You *black Nigger!*' she howled, 'you go back down, an' ef ma eyes cotch you once mo' befo' dis boat loose, Ah —'

Willy sank beneath the whistling sweep of the crowbar. The launch quivered and quivered again with the snap of breaking bonds. One final tug, and the thing was done. The Cottica backed away into her natural element.

At two o'clock that morning, only two hours behind schedule, the Cottica made her moorings off the Waterkant. Then it was Mary who, brushing aside all other aid, half-lifted Maclise into the small boat. It was she, too, who helped him from the boat to the waiting carriage. And it was she who, through the dark streets of the town, stalked at the carriage step, all the way to the house door.

The door flung open wide at the sound of approaching wheels. In the light stood Nora, her women about her. Maclise was quite himself now, and could walk alone, though weakly.

'Mary fotch me,' he said, with his whimsical smile, as he stopped to rest in the hall. '*Ah done come mighty hard, but she fotch me.*'

A DIARY OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD¹

BY GIDEON WELLES

XII. THE END OF THE DIARY

Tuesday, July 14, 1868.

THE Democrats and conservatives do not yet get reconciled to the New York nominations. It was undoubtedly a mistake, but they must support it as preferable to Grant in his ignorance, and radicalism in its wickedness. It will not do to sacrifice the country from mere prejudice against or partiality for men. I judge from what I hear that Chase and his friends felt a degree of confidence that he would be the nominee. He had, I have no doubt, the money interest in his favor.

When I went to Cabinet to-day, only Seward was in the Council room. He said, jocosely, that he understood I was for the New York nominations and he opposed to them. Said the papers so stated. I observed that I had not seen the statement, but I had no hesitation in saying I was opposed to Grant and the radicals, and, consequently, I had, under the circumstances, no alternative but to go for Seymour. I tried to draw from him some expression, but without success.

Friday, July 17, 1868.

The President read a veto which he had prepared on the Edmunds bill excluding certain States from casting electoral votes, or preventing them from being counted. The veto is very well done and is the President's own work.

He afterwards laid before us a mes-

sage suggesting sundry alterations of the Constitution. I was uncomfortable while it was being read, and I could perceive it was a favored bantling which he had prepared with some care. Seward, at once, on its conclusion, met the subject frankly and candidly. Said he made no objection to the document as an exhibit, as the President's own personal views, but he did object to its being given out as an administrative or Cabinet paper. He could readily assent to some of the propositions, to others he could not, and as a general thing did not admire changes of the fundamental law. He did not wish the Presidential term lengthened, nor did he wish there should be a prohibition to re-elect.

McCulloch said as a general thing he was against constitutional changes, but thought it well for the President to present his views. He rather liked extending the term. Browning had never given the subject much thought, but was favorably impressed with the suggestions that were made.

Schofield and Randall said very little. I concurred generally in the remarks of Seward, but excepted, which he did not, to the encroachments proposed to be made on the federation features of our system. I was not for taking from the States the single sovereign vote in case there was no election on the first trial.

Tuesday, July 21, 1868.

Mr. Evarts appeared in Cabinet Council to-day for the first time. He arrived in Washington on Sunday. This appointment makes Seward potent beyond what he has hitherto been with the President, but that fact will not strengthen the administration. Neither of the political parties likes Seward. He is disliked by both, has not public confidence, and there is no affection for him in any quarter. The President does not see this, nor will he; but from this time forward he will probably be too much under the combined influence of his Secretary of State and Attorney-General.

Monday, July 27, 1868.

There was little to interest during the closing hours of the session — less excitement than usual, and more of the great absorbing constitutional struggle, — such as I have sometimes seen in other years. Statesmanship was wanting. The members talked and acted as if in a village caucus. Petty intrigues, tricks, and contrivances to help the party were the great end and aim. Instead of the usual adjournment *sine die* to meet at the regular session in December, Congress took what they call a recess until the 21st of September. This was a scheme to cheat the Constitution and innovate on the executive prerogative, for it is the President's duty to convene Congress, if public necessity requires. But it was not pretended there was any public necessity. The recess was to prolong the session, and watch and circumscribe the President in the discharge of his executive duties.

There being no cause for assembling, the radical members, before leaving, knowing that an extra session was unnecessary, signed a paper to the purport that they would not convene in September until called together by

E. D. Morgan, Senator, and Schenck, Representative. These two men are chairmen of the radical party committees of their respective Houses, and on them was conferred the executive authority of calling an extra session for party purposes. Such is radical legislation and radical government.

Thursday, September 17, 1868.

The returns from Maine give a very decided victory to the radicals. The Democrats have, it is true, greatly increased their vote but so have the radicals also. All their members of Congress are elected.

Saturday, October 3, 1868.

The country is absorbed with politics and parties. More of the latter than the former. Speakers are overrunning the country with their hateful harangues and excitable trash. I read but few of the speeches. Those of the radicals are manufactured, so far as I have seen them, of the same material: hatred of the rebels, revenge, the evils of reconciliation, the dangers to be apprehended if the whites of the South are not kept under, the certainty that they will, if permitted to enjoy their legitimate constitutional rights, control the government, [in which event] the radicals will be deprived of power.

This is the stuff of which every radical oration is made, interlarded sometimes with anecdotes. No allusion to the really great questions before the country — the rights of man, — the rights of the States, — the grants and limitations of the Constitution.

Had the Democrats made a judicious nomination they would have enlisted the good sense and patriotism of the people, and had an easy victory. As it is they have given the radicals every advantage and, of course, are likely to suffer a terrible defeat. At all events things appear so to me.

Saturday, October 10, 1868.

A letter from General Schofield to General Grant, congratulating him on his nomination and hoping for his election, is published. It was written last May and confirms my impression that Grant was consulted by Fessenden and Grimes, and participated in making S[chofield] a Cabinet officer. Schofield, like Grant, is shrewd, and in the civil service acts with a view to his own interest in all he does. This is the fact as regards both. They each have astuteness — a certain kind of ability. Schofield is much the best informed of the two, but Grant has more obstinacy and self-will. It was natural enough for Schofield to ally himself to his superior in command. Most of the army officers would be apt to do it. There is not, however, much enthusiasm for Grant. He has not many warm personal friends. Sherman is quite devoted to him, — sincerely, I think, — others because he is the lucky man, in place, and the Democratic nomination renders Grant's election almost certain.

The elections will, I think, be adverse to the Democrats next Tuesday — and also in November. If so, a sad fate, I fear, awaits our country. Sectional hate will be established.

Wednesday, October 14, 1868.

The President says this P. M. that he has no definite news, nothing more than is in the papers. No one sends to him. Heretofore he has always had friendly telegrams giving results. He says Randall called just before I did, and was feeling very blue, and when he left said he would telegraph Tilden to get Seymour out of the way. It was pretty evident, the President said, that the present ticket could have little hope.

Although guarded in his remarks, I could perceive the President was not greatly displeased with the turn things

were taking, and I think began to have hopes that attention may yet be turned to himself. But his intimacy with and support of Seward forecloses, if nothing else would, any such movement. On that rock he split. It was Seward who contributed to the retention of Stanton; it was Seward who counselled him to submit and yield to radical usurpation; and it was Seward who broke down his administration; it was Seward who drove from him the people. The President is bold and firm, when he has come to a decision, but is not always prompt in reaching it. The people would have stood by him against the usurping Congress, had he squarely met them at first and asserted the rights of the Executive and the Constitution.

Friday, October 23, 1868.

At the Cabinet meeting General Schofield read a letter from the Governor of Arkansas expressing great apprehension of trouble from the people who are armed, and requesting that he might have U. S. arms that are in the Arsenal to put in the hands of the militia. General Schofield was very earnest in this matter, said the opponents of the Governor were rebels who retained their arms when Kirby Smith surrendered, that they are organized, and unless something was done, the loyal men would be overpowered and killed by the Ku-Klux. After hearing him for some time and a few commonplace expressions of concern from others, I asked if the Governor of Arkansas was afraid of the people of Arkansas, if General S[chofield] advised the arming of the Governor's [party] against their opponents, — the people of that State. In other words, is popular government a failure in Arkansas?

General S[chofield] said that he and the military gentlemen generally had believed there was but one way to establish the reconstruction of the states

south, and that was by martial law. I asked how long martial law should be continued. He said until those governments were able to sustain themselves. 'Do you mean by that,' I enquired, 'until the black and the ignorant element controls the intelligent white population?' The General said he was not a politician, nor intending to discuss the subject politically; he was describing practically how these governments were to be maintained. 'And you come to the conclusion that form is requisite?' said I. Then he said he knew no other way to keep down the rebels.

'Then,' said McCulloch, 'if I understand you, General S[chofield], the reconstruction laws are a failure. The people in those States are incapable of self-government.'

Browning said there must be a standing army to carry out the radical policy, and it would have to be kept up through all time. All agreed that it was not best to let the governor have the arms of his party.

Seward proposed U. S. troops to Arkansas. This Schofield thought would perhaps answer, if we had the troops, but we had not got them. He urged that General Smith, commanding, might be authorized to issue arms if he thought it necessary.

After a long and earnest, but not satisfactory discussion, the compromise of Seward was adopted by Schofield, who proposed to order the twelfth regiment, stationed here in Washington, to proceed to Memphis, and by the time they reached that point, it could be determined what disposition should be made of them.

Tuesday, November 17, 1868.

Exhausted and fatigued with office labor during the day and with preparing my annual report and receiving company evenings, I have been unable to make note in this book for some time.

But events of interest have transpired, and I regret that I did not from day to day make at least a brief memorandum. There was excitement over the election, but acquiescence in the declared result.

In New York and Philadelphia there was a great outcry of fraud by the radicals, who, as a party, now as in other days and under other names, are given to frauds. They denounce the vote of intelligent whites of foreign birth, while they illegally and by fraud polled hundreds of thousands of ignorant Negro votes.

The defeat of Seymour did not surprise me. There has been mismanagement and weakness on the part of the Democratic leaders, if nothing worse.

In nominating Seymour the war issue was unavoidably raised, and the Democrats have been busy in trying to make people believe Seymour to have been a good war man. They did not convince the voters, nor believe their own assertions.

Grant has returned to Washington after loitering away several months in Galena and the region round about, since he was nominated. Colfax has been back here also. He and Wade have again adjourned Congress, — a mockery upon the Constitution and honest government.

A dinner is given by the New York bar to Attorney-General Evarts this evening, to which all the Cabinet men were invited. I omitted writing the Committee until Saturday evening. McCulloch and Randall did not write until yesterday. The others wrote a week ago, declining. The papers state that Grant, who is in New York, declines to attend, if Secretaries McCulloch and Welles and P. M. General Randall are to be present. This announcement, publicly made, is from his factotum, Adam Badeau, but by Grant's authority.

Wednesday, December 9, 1868.

As I anticipated, Congress ventilated its rage against the President. His message in its soundest portions annoyed them. They felt his rebuke and knew they deserved it. Conness, who is innately vulgar, Cameron, who is an unconscionable party trickster, and Howe, cunning and shrewd but not profound or wise, had their sensibilities aroused. The President had no business to insult Congress by communicating his opinions. It was indecorous to the Senate, and they would not permit it to be read. So they adjourned in a huff.

The House permitted the message to be read, and then denounced it as infamous, abominable, wicked. Schenck the leader was against printing, and others of about the same calibre ranted. They attacked most violently that part which suggests payment of the bonds, not in conformity with the original understanding. It is the most weak and indefensible [portion of the message].

Thursday, December 10, 1868.

The Senators have recovered their senses, and quietly submitted to the reading of the message after an exhibition of folly and weakness that would discredit a party caucus. All seemed ashamed. The House, however, prints only the legal number of the message and documents—no extras.

These displays of puerile anger by the legislative body are ridiculous.

Saturday, December 19, 1868.

There has been some discussion on the finances in Congress, and also in the newspapers. Almost the whole that I see is crude absurdity. Morton of Indiana has submitted propositions and made a speech which exhibit some ingenuity and talent, but, if sincere, they evince little financial knowledge or ability. There are some clever things, of course.

I do not, I confess, read much of the shallow, silly trash that appears in the debates,—there is not so far as I can perceive a single financial mind in Congress. Most of the editors are perfect blockheads on the subject. The more ignorant give us the most words.

Senator Doolittle is beginning to bestow attention on financial matters. He made some enquiries of me this evening. I told him I had given the subject very little thought for years. It has been painful for me to do so, from the time Chase commenced issuing irredeemable paper and making it a legal tender for debt. Where the crude, unwise and stupid management of party schemers and managers is to lead the country God only knows. We have no fixed standard of value. Everything is uncertain. There is a redundant currency, all of irredeemable paper, and the radical leaders may at any time increase it and make what is bad worse. There is no coin in circulation. In this, as in almost everything else, the country is drifting and the government and all sound principles are likely to be wrecked. Morton is said to be fishing for the Treasury, but it would be a source of regret to see him appointed Secretary, yet I know not who Grant can select. There is talk of E. B. Washburne, who has no capacity for the place. He can, and so could any thick-headed numskull, oppose appropriations without judgment or discrimination, but this affectation of economy from a notoriously mean man, is no qualification for a financier.

The whole pack of radicals are, as I expected they would be, fierce in their denunciations of the President for his suggestions, yet many of their leaders have made quite as exceptional propositions.

The President did not intend repudiation, although his financial scheme renders him liable to be so represented.

I was sorry he made it. His scheme is virtually a plan to extinguish the public debt by paying the interest for sixteen years and a fraction. But the creditors are entitled to the principal.

If our financiers will bring around specie payments the debt can be reduced; loans at reduced rates could be negotiated to advantage. But there is no proposition yet made to effect the first, and until that is done we cannot expect to accomplish the other.

So long as the Government discredits its own paper, there will be no resumption of specie payments. The first step to be taken is to stop the issuing of any more fractional currency. Call it in, burn it up. The vacuum will be supplied by specie, which will come when invited, treated respectfully and according to its worth. Let the second step be a prohibition against all paper money below five dollars. This might be gradual. Coin would take its place. Specie will come when demanded. Supply and demand in this as in other matters will regulate themselves.

These steps cannot be taken without an effort. Values are to be effected and prices brought to a proper standard. They are now inflated. We are not to get a return to specie payments without some embarrassment. But the movement can be made and carried much sooner and easier than is supposed. Senator Morton's plan of hoarding specie until 1871 is ridiculously absurd. Instead of hoarding in the vaults of the Treasury and the banks, let it go into the pockets of the people when demanded for ordinary business transactions. Then [there] will be a basis for resumption. The gold and silver would be retained in the country, for here the demand would be greatest, until there was a supply.

To discredit its own paper, compel it to be received as money and in payment of debt, and sell the specie which

it collects, is bad government. While this practice is pursued we cannot expect resumption. Our wise Congressmen think they can order resumption by law without any strain or pressure on the public, but they are careful to fix a distant day, and before it arrives they know and intend it shall be further postponed and abandoned. If they would forbear persecution, hate, and oppression of the South, let war cease when none but themselves make war, give us real peace, instead of constant strife, develop the resources of the country, that will contribute to the restoration of confidence and a stable currency.

Tuesday, December 29, 1868.

Quite a discussion took place on the subject of the currency at the Cabinet meeting. The President insisted, positively and with sincerity, that specie payment might be resumed to-morrow without difficulty or derangement. Although believing that gold and silver, like other commodities, are regulated by demand and supply, provided there were no paper substitute, I could not assent to the feasibility of an immediate resumption without causing some embarrassment. It might be less perhaps than was generally believed, but whenever we did return to a specie standard there would be suffering and hardship. Fasting is essential to restoration after a plethora. McCulloch came in while we were discussing the subject, and he and the President soon became engaged [in conversation]—the President laying down certain propositions which I did not perhaps fully comprehend, to the effect, if I understood him, that if twenty-five per cent of the greenbacks were redeemed at once, their place would be immediately supplied with gold. McCulloch controverted this, said the customs barely yielded sufficient coin to pay accruing

interest and the requisitions of the State and Navy departments. To resume at once, therefore, he declared an impossibility. The greenbacks and paper must be gradually retired, and had not Congress improperly interfered and prevented the withdrawal of greenbacks, we should at this time have been near the point of resumption,

The President insisted resumption could just as well take place now as if the withdrawal had gone on. Schofield protested it would be most unjust to the whole debtor class to resume without previous notice. I asked if injustice had not been already done the whole creditor class by cheapening the currency by which they received really but seventy cents on the dollar. This view completely stumped Schofield, who evidently had thought and talked on only one side of the question.

This subject is one of absorbing interest, and its rightful solution is of the utmost importance. It must necessarily be attended with some hardships, but less I apprehend than is generally believed. The great body of the supporters of Grant are not hard-money men. They belong mostly to the old Whig party, and while full of expedients have no sound or fixed principles on currency, finance or any other subject. If Grant has any views in regard to currency or finance they are not avowed or declared. I doubt if he has any, and should feel quite as well satisfied to know that he had none as that he had, for he may, provided he is well advised, fall into a correct train, if not already committed to some one or more of the many wild and vague theories that are pressed. If he has any opinions on these subjects my apprehensions are that his notions are crude, and that from ignorant obstinacy he will be likely to aggravate existing evils.

The country needs at this time a firm, intelligent and able executive,

and he should be sustained in whole-some efforts by a decisive congressional majority. A wise policy persistently adhered to is wanted. The standard or measure of value must be maintained to insure stability and confidence.

Wednesday, December 30, 1868.

There was, last evening, an interesting party of two or three hundred young folks at the Presidential mansion, called thither to meet the grandchildren of the President in a social dance. It was the President's birthday; he being sixty years old that day. The gathering was irrespective of parties, and all were joyous and festive. General Grant, the President-elect, would not permit his children to attend this party of innocent youths, manifesting therein his rancorous and bitter personal and party animosity.

Saturday, January 2, 1869.

The weather is still unpleasant. Made a short business call on the President. He says General B. F. Butler called on him yesterday; Butler also called on me and I believe most of the Cabinet. It was impudent and vulgar to intrude himself on the President, — the man whom he had vilified, slandered, and abused, for the President could not, if so disposed, treat him as he deserved. Butler undertakes to discriminate between the man and the President; says he has no controversy or difference with Andrew Johnson, and the Senate, wiser than himself, have acquitted the President of official misconduct with which Butler and his co-conspirators deliberately and maliciously charged him.

The President while conversing freely on Butler's call was careful to express no opinion as to its propriety or otherwise. He says the visit was entirely unexpected, and was prompted as much by the absence of Grant, as a desire to be courteous to him.

Tuesday, January 12, 1869.

Butler, who yesterday carried the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office Bill through the House, made his long-promised speech to-day in favor of paper money, and against specie; in plain words, a preference of false promises over truth. Irredeemable paper is a lie; gold is truth. He is a controlling spirit in this Congress, and with the radical party. He is strong-willed, when clothed with power, energetic, cunning, unscrupulous, and consequently, dangerous, potent for good sometimes, for evil often. There is very little true wisdom or good sense in the House on matters of currency or finance.

Seward had three or four treaties to send up to the Senate. He said with a self-complacent air of triumph that they completed the fifty-sixth which he had concluded; about as many as had been made during the whole previous existence of the government. I could not resist remarking 'entangling alliances' — our predecessors deemed it wise and prudent to have no more than were absolutely necessary. The remark vexed him.

Wednesday, February 10, 1869.

Congress to-day counted and declared the presidential votes. There was nothing novel or interesting in the proceeding, save that certain States were excluded. The truth is, Grant is elected by illegal votes and fraudulent and unconstitutional practices. He would not have had a vote south of Washington but for the usurping and inexcusable acts of Congress.

The folly of the Democrats north in nominating Seymour insured Grant's election and gave encouragement to the outrageous legislation to help them.

Thursday, February 11, 1869.

It seems there were some not very creditable proceedings in Congress yes-

terday when the two Houses were in joint session, followed up by the House after the joint convention was dissolved. The subject has been continued and discussed to-day, though with less heat and rancor. Still there has been sufficient to show the antagonisms in the radical party which must break out before Grant shall have been long in office. The hate between Butler and Bingham is intense. Both are unscrupulous and unprincipled; both are cunning and adroit. Butler has most talent, most will, most daring and persistency; Bingham is more subtle and deceptive, has more suavity, is more snaky and timid, with less audacity. Most of the members are with Bingham at present. He has also Stanton and Grant, who are too afraid of Butler to support him. The difficulties yesterday grew out of the radical intrigue and villainy to exclude the vote of Georgia, and treat her as out of the Union.

These revolutionary and wicked proceedings are having their effect in more ways than one on their authors. I do not see how Grant — if he has the comprehension, which is doubtful — can reconcile these differences; and before his administration will be half served out, serious calamities are likely to befall the country.

Friday, February 19, 1869.

Seward says he intends to leave Washington on the 8th of March and go to Auburn. The President appears to think that the Cabinet should all go out at noon on the 4th of March. This is my wish, and I believe that of most of the members of the Cabinet, and yet there is an apparent impropriety, if not a positive wrong in abandoning our posts until there has been a seasonable time for our successors to qualify and to take upon themselves the duties.

Saturday, February 20, 1869.

Had some talk with the President in relation to Inauguration Day. Something was said a few days ago about his going to the Capitol and remaining to the close of the session to sign bills, etc. I advised him to do no such thing, but to remain at the White House and discharge his duties there. Unlike proceedings at inaugurals, the next Congress would assemble on the 4th; there would be no interruption of business. He should therefore put himself to no special inconvenience, and was not requested to do so.

Monday, February 22, 1869.

I enquired how the President was to dispose of himself, if at the Capitol at 12 meridian on the 4th prox. Would he go on the platform with the man who had deceived him.

He assured me he would not; that he would close out his administration in the room where we were. I do not think he can be persuaded to a different course, though Seward and others, fond of show and parade, will urge him to form part of the pageant.

Tuesday, February 23, 1869.

I asked Seward, whom I found in the Council room alone this noon, when he proposed to leave the Cabinet and Washington. He said his resignation would take effect at noon on the 4th of March, and that he should leave Washington that day. This would be personally agreeable to me, but I queried as to the propriety of abandoning our posts before our successors appeared, and were qualified.

Monday, March 1, 1869.

The Committee have of course been embarrassed how to proceed, and have finally a programme studiously arranged, which is for the President and President-elect to proceed in separate

carriages. The President will pass through Pennsylvania Avenue, on the right, the President-elect, on the left, etc., etc. Seward and Evarts opened the subject of the procession and our attendance, and had evidently had some understanding with each other and with the Committee in regard to it. Seward said he did not know but they had intended to shut us off entirely, but since they have been polite enough to provide us a place, he believed he would remain over another day to perform his part. Evarts thought it best we should go in the procession, and he made enquiry about carriages. The President brought out a letter he had from the Marshal, enquiring about carriages informally.

I expressed a hope the President would perform no part in the parade, and advised he should remain at the Mansion until meridian, ready to discharge any and all duties. At that time his functions would cease, and ours would cease with his.

I asked whenever before there had been such a programme. Two processions, one on each side of the street! What did it indicate, but division, and what would the effect be, but to irritate and promote hostility? I disclaimed any neglect, or want of courtesy; but on the other hand, I would submit to none. There was a decency and proper self-respect to be observed.

Tuesday, March 2, 1869.

At the Cabinet much time was consumed as to the course to be pursued on the 4th. Seward and Evarts were determined that the President and Cabinet should go to the Capitol and take part in the proceedings. I combatted this course, but no one sustained me except Randall, who, near the close, expressed a hope that the President would do nothing derogatory to himself and his position.

Mr. Evarts had the matter much at heart, and he and Seward proceeded to dispose of it as a matter of course and as if nothing further was to be said. They assumed for granted that things must be as they wished and directed.

Wednesday, March 3, 1869.

Went with the Chiefs of Bureaus and officers to the Executive Mansion to introduce each and give all an opportunity to bid the Chief Magistrate farewell. Rear Admiral Joe Smith, the senior officer, who eight years ago, as now, walked by my side, then addressed President Lincoln, with a few remarks, saying there were evidences of approaching convulsion, — that 'we [navy officers] will perform our duty, and expect you to do yours.' I now introduced the officers to President Johnson with the remark, that these are the men who in war and peace have stood first by the Government and the Union. He received each cordially, took each by the hand and bade them farewell.

On returning to the Department, the Chiefs of Bureaus, the clerks, messengers and employees came successively to take their leave, and express their regard and kind wishes for me and my future welfare. It was something besides mere formality. Some, more sensitive perhaps than others, or possessed of deeper feelings, were unable to give utterance to their thoughts; others with tears expressed their regrets and spoke of lasting obligations. I, not less than they, was moved. Ties of friendship, formed and many of them continued through eight active and eventful years, cannot be easily and lightly severed or forgotten.

It was past four, when, probably for the last time and forever, I left the room and the building where I had labored earnestly and zealously, taken upon myself and carried forward great responsibilities, endured no small de-

gree of abuse, much of it unmerited and undeserved, where also I have had many pleasant and happy hours in the enjoyment of the fruits of my works and of those associated with me.

Thursday, March 4, 1869.

I went at nine this morning to the Executive Mansion, agreeably to appointment at the last Cabinet meeting. There was quite a crowd on the portico and walks as I drove up and entered. Schofield was already in the Council room, having preceded my arrival a few moments. The President was busy examining and signing bills. As I shook hands with him, he said quietly, 'I think we will finish our work here without going to the Capitol.'

The President now said he thought it but right that the Congress should forward the bills to him here. This I knew would be a disappointment to my colleagues, and I had no doubt that a strong effort would be made to bring around a different result. Randall, who came next after me, was very well satisfied. Schofield discreetly said nothing, but I could perceive he was not pleased with the new phase of affairs. McCulloch was disappointed and disturbed. Browning said not a word. Evarts who did not come in until about ten was determined to change the programme; said the understanding was that we should go to the Capitol, that we were expected there. When the President accidentally left the room, McCulloch twice told E[varts] that the President would not go to the Capitol unless he put in strong for him to do so. Evarts would not take off his overcoat. Seward came in last, smoking his cigar. Asked if all were ready — meant to have come sooner — seemed to suppose we were waiting for him. The President continued busy at his desk, while Seward, Evarts and others talked. At length Seward, who sat on the op-

posite side of the room from the President asked aloud if we would not be late, ought we not to start immediately? The President said he was inclined to think we would finish up our work now by ourselves.

They were discomfited, of course, and it was easy to perceive they thought me the author of their disappointment.

A few minutes past twelve the President said we would part. As he was to leave, it was proposed that we should wait his departure. He then shook hands with each of us, and we with each other, and, descending to the portico, where our respective carriages were waiting, the President entered his. Mine followed, and we drove away.

At my house were the President's daughter, Mrs. Patterson, and her children who had come over in the morning. They propose to remain with us a few days before going to Tennessee.

The proceedings at the Capitol are represented to have been without order or system, and the immense crowd swayed and pushed aside the dignitaries. I am more than ever gratified that we did not attend.

Friday, March 5, 1869.

It is obviously a Grant Cabinet. The members belong to the radical Republican party, but neither one, unless it be Creswell,¹ would have been selected by that party. They are not the men the radicals wanted, but they are such men as Grant wants. Washburne² is coarse, comparatively illiterate, a demagogue without statesmanship or enlarged views, with none of the accomplishments or attributes that should belong to a Secretary of State. Jefferson is the first, Washburne is the last. Hamilton, a man of talents

¹ J. A. J. Creswell, Postmaster-General.

² E. B. Washburne, Secretary of State for a brief period.

and genius, was the first Secretary of the Treasury. He had financial skill and ability to develop the resources of the nation. Stewart,³ the last Secretary of the Treasury, has made a princely fortune in the trade of silks, calicoes, laces, and stockings. So of the others. From first to last there is not an experienced politician or statesman among them. Most of them are party men. All are Grant men. Creswell was a secessionist in 1861, and, like Logan, raised a company to resist the Unionists. There is not now a more bitter and intolerant radical in the country, but his radicalism is obsequious and subservient to Grant.

The radicals are astounded, thunderstruck, mad, but after taking breath, try to reconcile themselves and be composed that things are no worse, that Grant has not, besides kicking them one side, selected Democrats. In this is consolation. They therefore try to praise the Cabinet and like it. The administration is to be Grant's, based on radical usurpations. Both parties are to be bamboozled, and if Grant really has any policy, which I doubt, it is that the animosity of each is to be played off against the other.

Saturday, March 6, 1869.

There is disturbance and trouble in the radical camp. Mr. Stewart is not ready to give up his extensive business for the office of Secretary of the Treasury. Grant did not know that it was illegal for an extensive importer to be Secretary of the Treasury. A sagacious and honest-minded man would have seen the incompatibility of such a conjunction, even were there no legal objections. Had Grant been less secretive he would have been wiser. His friends, had he consulted them, would have advised him properly. Stewart of course knew no better. The Senate

³ Alexander T. Stewart.

confirmed Stewart unanimously, supposing, probably, that it was arranged that he should give up his business to take the place. This was the general supposition. But to-day, Grant sends in a special message addressed to the Senate only, asking Congress to permit the newly appointed Secretary of the Treasury to be exempted from the law; that the most conspicuous case of the propriety and necessity of the law in the whole United States shall be relieved from the disabilities which the law imposes; that Mr. Stewart, the largest importer, shall have a privilege which the law was enacted to prevent and which is denied every other importer.

This message is a more conclusive evidence of unfitness, than the ignorance of appointing.

Tuesday, March 9, 1869.

The *Intelligencer* of this morning contained a very extraordinary leader — first under its head — double-led — laudatory of Stewart and Grant, because the former offers to give his income, some two millions a year, to the poor of New York, provided he can thereby be permitted to hold the office of Secretary of the Treasury and manage the finances. Every one on reading the article pronounced the paper purchased.

Wednesday, March 10, 1869.

The papers publish Stewart's deed of trust, and also his letter declining the office of Secretary of the Treasury. It was found, after enquiry and consultation, that the arrangements would not work, and that the rich man could not buy the place.

Thursday, March 11, 1869.

Grant has finally surrendered and nominated Boutwell¹ for the Treasury. He would not at the beginning give him

George S. Boutwell.

the place, but has been humbled and subdued in a measure by the exposure of his ignorance in the first instance; by his readiness to cheat the law in the second; third, by his inability to procure a repeal of the enactment, and being finally compelled to withdraw his grossly improper proposition. The radicals have been very clamorous and violent for distinctive recognition as a power, which Grant has tried to evade, but he at last yields.

He yields in another respect from his repeated declarations and immovable principles that he would not have two members of his Cabinet from one State. But it is reported that this difficulty will soon be corrected. The Supreme Court is to be enlarged, and Hoar² is to be got rid of by being transferred to the Bench. Bargains, intrigues, and arrangements are the order of the day; the country's welfare is of little consideration. There is an inaccuracy and readiness in these vicious proceedings which is startling. But the 'party of moral ideas' seem to consider the whole thing proper.

Hamilton Fish of New York is appointed Secretary of State; Washburne held the office four days. He could not fill it. Grant told Farragut that he gave Washburne the place as a compliment. That was in character.

General Rawlins succeeds Schofield as Secretary of War. Of the three persons who figured not very largely eight years ago in the village of Galena³ but who are now in the most prominent places in the Republic, I have always considered Rawlins as possessing the superior, though not great mind. His health is not good, but I think his influence will be, in the right direction, beneficial for Grant and the administration.

² E. Rockwood Hoar, the new Attorney-General.

³ Grant, Washburne, and Rawlins.

Wednesday, March 17, 1869.

A smart debate took place between Butler and Schenck, neither very scrupulous men. Schenck has perhaps more influence in the House, but Butler knows the most.

I, this evening, parted with ex-President Johnson and his family, who leave in the morning for Tennessee. No better persons have occupied the Executive Mansion, and I part from them, socially and personally, with sincere regret. Of the President, politically and officially, I need not here speak further than to say, he has been faithful to the Constitution, although his administrative capabilities and management may not equal some of his predecessors. Of measures he was a good judge, but not always of men.

Saturday, April 17, 1869.

McCulloch called on me last evening, and regretted that I leave Washington. Thinks I would be better satisfied here than in Hartford, — for eight years' separation from old friends at the latter place has weakened and severed most of the ties which once endeared the place, while here I have formed new friendly associations, and am generally known and properly regarded. There is much truth in these remarks, and I feel that I have an ordeal and trial to pass through for a few weeks to come which I would be glad to avoid. Blair was here this evening and expressed himself even warmer and more feelingly on the subject of our approaching separation. I confess to the reluctance with which I part from the people and society of Washington, where I have experienced unremitting

kindness, and especially from the circle of intimate personal and political friends and associates with whom, through storm and sunshine, through trials and vicissitudes in war and peace, under two administrations, I have had many pleasant and happy, as well as some sad and trying hours. But it is best that the brief span of life that remains to me should be passed in the land of my nativity.

I have employed the week in preparation for my departure, gathering up, with my wife and sons, our household effects and making ready to leave.

Not a feeling, or one single moment of regret has crossed my mind on relinquishing office. In leaving the cares, responsibilities and labors, which I have borne and tried faithfully to execute, I feel satisfying relief. I miss, it is true, the daily routine, which has become habitual, but the relief from many perplexities more than counterbalances it. My duties were honestly and fearlessly discharged; these facts are known by all who have any knowledge on the subject. They have passed into history. I look back upon the past eight years of my Washington official life with satisfaction, and a feeling that I have served my country usefully and well. My ambition has been gratified, and with it a consciousness that the labors I have performed, the anxieties I have experienced, the achievements I have been instrumental in organizing and bringing to glorious results, and the great events connected with them, will soon pass in a degree from remembrance, or be only slightly recollected. Transient are the deeds of men, and often sadly perverted and misunderstood.

(The End.)

THE IGNOMINY OF BEING GOOD

BY MAX EASTMAN

IN a recent sermon I heard it stated that, along with the dread of diphtheria, and the bubonic plague, and having your child sold into slavery, there had disappeared out of the world the fear of being caught reading the Bible. I was especially struck by that statement, because the time lies within my own memory when the fear of being caught reading the Bible had not disappeared out of the world. Perhaps it lies within the memory of any man who has had the fortune of a pious rearing. I should speak with hesitation for the girls, but I say with confidence that it is habitual for healthy boys of a certain age to be ashamed of being good. And much as I enjoy rising to an optimistic sermon, I cannot help doubting whether the fear of being caught reading the Bible has actually disappeared.

When I was nine years old, through some accidental preoccupation during one of my recitation hours, I received a prize for good conduct. The prize consisted of a pale blue ribbon placed upon the lapel of my jacket. Now, I am not ashamed to-day when I remember that I received that prize, because I know that it was accidental. I was subject to fits of absentmindedness in which I neglected the business of the hour. And of those it took only the one prize to cure me. I never did it again. So I am not ashamed of it now, but I was then, and I wore my jacket inside out at recess for a week, earnestly wishing that virtue was its own reward.

That state of mind, which let us call the ignominy of the virtuous, is not

confined to boys of nine years. I have seen mortification in the faces of grown men and women when they were accused of saintliness. They would accept with more complacency the tribute that they were getting to be devils in their old age. Nor is the attitude purely jocular or colloquial. At a commencement concert in a church not long ago, a young man stood up in the pulpit and sang, with all the idealistic enthusiasm of the great poet who wrote it, —

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best
is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an'
a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there
that I would be —
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the
sea!

And the parson applauded with the rest, understanding in a sort of mental parenthesis, I suppose, that it was not a sacred or Sunday concert.

To recur to a greater poet, some of the most scandalous and soul-shocking exclamations of Walt Whitman are but a revolt against the insipid taste of the talk we use in Sunday-school. Well he says, —

I think I could turn and live with the ani-
mals . . .
They do not sweat and whine about their con-
dition;
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for
their sins;
They do not make me sick discussing their duty
to God; . . .
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that
lived thousands of years ago;
Not one is respectable or industrious over the
whole earth.

Walt Whitman had enough perspicuity and insolence to see and say that there is something disgusting about what we call being good.

We find it pretty strong in the churches where sometimes we go to learn how to be good. Much of what we learn there is summed up in the figures that occupy the stained-glass windows. If there is a living man, with the sap of nature running in his veins, who would consent to *be* one of those boneless saints, I have yet to see him. My impression of the whole tribe is that they need help. And if there is anything in the world that would sour me against virtue, it would be to have those lank and morose representatives of it stalking round me.

Winter before last a play appeared in New York called *The Servant in the House*. To sum it up briefly: the home of a preacher was full of trouble and sin; they hired a butler, and the butler turned out to be a reincarnation of Jesus; he won them all, by the power of his character, to piety and peace. The butler was supposed to represent our highest ideal of a man. What then was his first characteristic? He dressed like a woman. He had on a long gown. He could n't run. He could n't kick. What was his next characteristic? He walked like Chopin's *Funeral March*, pausing to regain his equilibrium over each foot. Speed was inconceivable to him. It was unsaintly. And then he came and laid a long solemn hand over a man's shoulder and called him 'comrade' at breakfast the first time he ever saw him.

Now, there is just one answer to that sort of thing in these days, and it is, 'Aw come off!' And everybody uses it. I think I could sum up the whole tone-color of that hero by saying that you had difficulty in making him laugh, and when he did laugh it was a special express act of geniality in the deific, and

you felt as if you must have been honored. The play was very popular, and is said to have gone a long way toward reforming the morals of the churchly; but to my soul it was so distasteful to see that stained-glass mediæval degeneration of the idea of Jesus, who was a man, brought out on the boards as if he were anybody's conception of what he would like to be or have in his house, that I could sit, through the play only because I enjoyed scorning it.

We cannot say of a people who congregate to praise in the abstract, or in a mimic of reality, what concretely, in their office, or their playground, or their home, they despise, — a people whose words of high eulogy have decayed in their mouths, till their children are ashamed of the titles, and after their schools of virtue, their Sunday-schools, name the type of mamma's boy that they can least endure to play with, — we cannot say that the fear of being good has disappeared out of their world. They have still a disease in their minds, not second to diphtheria in weakening results, — if it be as near akin to sentimental hypocrisy as it looks. Their ideals and their facts are out of gear, and nothing could be more serious.

I have an idea that the cause of this condition is to be discovered way back in the early days of the church. It dates about the time when Saint Augustine wrote a book in which he divided the universe into two parts — the City of God and the City of Satan. And the City of Satan was just about this very world of solids and liquids and gases, and flesh and blood, in which we live together and beget children; and the City of God was something else. It was a general idea of the congregation of those neutral or fanatical persons who had separated themselves from the desires of nature and the needs of society, and conceived themselves to be

undergoing a supernatural preparation for another world in which desires and needs and admirations would be altogether different. They were the virtuous and the rest were sinful. And thus it was that sainthood and virtue, and even the commonest kind of door-yard *goodness*, got separated from the question of the conduct of life in a neighborhood, and lost for ages the spontaneous heroic admiration of the young, and the candid acceptance in whole-heartedness of anybody.

We still feel that there is a sort of milk-blooded inefficiency and lack of temper in them we call saints, and we avoid for ourselves the title. But we keep right on eulogizing them, and putting up their pictures in the window. We lack the audacity to overthrow the whole calendar, and wash out our minds, and start clean with the natural opinion that virtue is what we deeply want in ourselves and the people around us; and if it is not what we want, then it is not virtue.

As we owe this malady to the times of Saint Augustine, we shall find an example of health in the times before him. In the age and city of Pericles, and long before that, the attitude of men's minds to the question of goodness was ideal. Their Bible was the *Iliad*, a story of the nation's heroes, and neither in youth nor age did they stand in terror of being caught reading it. It would teach you how to be a leader of the gang, or a prince of the people, admired and loved although superior to love and admiration. It would make you a man of power and beauty on the powerful and beautiful earth — if not always warmly comfortable to your contemporaries, then a beacon and a light unto posterity.

The admirations of the Greeks, to be sure, and their conduct of life, were not ours, nor need we pine for them. Good counsel, oratory, athletics, horse-

taming, strength in battle, hospitality, and the ability to shout loud and carry all the liquor your host offers you — these are some constituents of the Homeric hero, and they are not especially significant for us in our industrial and bed-inhabiting civilization. The significant thing for us is that those qualities of their saints were the very things they admired and demanded of their companions. They praised in their sky-canopied theatres what they loved in the market-place and at the hearth. Their divine temples were peopled with statues of those they would love to see standing there — the chosen of the earth in bodily grace, in athletics, in eloquence, statecraft, warfare, adventure, laughter and jovial conversation — poets, generals, assassins, courtesans, and whoever did to their thinking magnificently carry his part in the drama of our existence here together.

Their ideals being thus geared with the facts of the city they lived in, the love of their ideals was not sterile vapor, but begot conduct. They gave the prizes to their children, not for a sickish and unnatural poverty of demeanor, but for such exploits of individuality and adventurous mischief as in their own hearts they loved. We shall hear much in the coming years about the superiority of the Greek attitude to life, and that in those days men could think straight about morals. The whole essence of that superiority lies in the fact that if you told a hardy Greek boy that a person was virtuous, or that an act was good, he would be attracted to that person or that act, but that the equally hardy modern boy would be repelled.

And if we wish to be superior like the Greeks, we shall see to it that in our times of exaltation we aspire toward a virtue that would be admirable and useful to us in the hours of the days of the week. It can be a virtue

higher than any they thought of, because we inherit from Jesus a fervor for the ideal of universal love, and from our Teutonic fathers a pride in recognizing the equality of men, unknown even to the idealists of Athens. But

our virtue will never be heartily loved by us, as virtue was loved of old, until it is purged of those elements which we condemn in the reality on six days of the week and praise in the ideal on Sunday.

PUNCH

BY ROBERT M. GAY

IN the archives of dogdom he is registered as a descendant in the second generation from Sullivan's Punch, who was valued at \$3500. In the same illustrious table his name is given as Felsmere Focus. Why Focus rather than Fieldmouse or Feather-Duster or Flapjack, I shall not pretend to know. Burdened from birth with an august ancestry and a grandiloquent name, it would have been no great wonder if he had not amounted to much. To paraphrase the poet, however, —

Sure some kind saint took pity on him
And blessed him unaware, —

for his master, perceiving that Felsmere Focus did not lend itself aptly to abbreviation, and foreseeing that there might be an element of the ridiculous in a grown man of large dimensions addressing a snub-nosed bow-legged puppy as Felsmere Focus, promptly renamed him Punch; and Punch he has remained, except when derisive friends have inspirationally dubbed him Pop-Eye or Muggins or Snoozer.

He early developed plebeian proclivities of which his grandfather would no doubt have disapproved. No amount of admonition deterred him from bolt-

ing his food; he abhorred the bath, and vanished like a puff of smoke even before the water began to splash in the washtub; his favorite coign of vantage was the coal-bin, whence he had to be dragged, and whither he betook himself, when he could, to dry; and from the Tartarus of the cellar he was prone to climb to the Olympus of the guest-room bed or the sitting-room sofa. He preferred silk or satin pillows whereon to rest his weary head, and his trail was over them all. Remonstrances accentuated with a slipper or trunk-strap impressed him for a while, and for perhaps an hour he assumed the demeanor of one whose heart has suffered an incurable blight; but he usually cheered up in time to chase the neighbor's cat up a tree, whence she had to be rescued with a ladder, or to frighten the butcher-boy out of some wits he could ill spare.

Affecting an extreme sensibility of soul, he at times deluded the unwary into the conviction that he was a pattern of deportment; as Bridget the maid-of-all-work put it, 'Sure, he's that meek, butter would n't melt in his mouth'; but on such occasions she immediately began a search of the pre-

mises to discover what mischief he had been up to. Gifted with a pair of prominent brown gazelle-like eyes and an appealing snub-nose at one end, at the other a tail which could execute the deaf-and-dumb manual in fifty-three languages, and in the middle a heart as sentimental as the Reverend Laurence Sterne's, he knew how to inveigle the most inveterate canophile with these and the added allurements of a tentatively proffered diffident paw, usually well powdered with coal-dust. The same sentimental heart prompted him to jump into the laps of dozing old ladies, or press an icy nose unexpectedly against the hands of nervously-constituted young ones; and his abject self-effacement when they screamed saved him from punishment until an opportunity offered to do the same thing over again.

A study of Punch, lasting many months, leaves me still in doubt whether he is a Pecksniffian hypocrite or merely the victim of an affectionate temperament and a short memory. Not long ago I chastised him for barking at passing dogs. His grief was so profound that I left the task of correction filled with remorse, but hid behind a door to observe whether it had been effective. In a few moments a coach-dog, spotted with what looked like mildew, trotted by. 'Woof!' said Punch. He knew, however, that I was behind the door, and executed a propitiatory cringe in my direction. I remained silent. 'Woof!' said he again, erecting his scruff and baring his teeth; and again he looked my way, the picture of humble supplication, wagging an uncertain tail and yawning in anguish of spirit. As long as the mildewed dog was in sight, he continued to alternate between leonine ferocity and lamblike docility with a rapidity which would have put a 'lightning-change artist' to the blush. What could one do but defer his further train-

ing until the humor of the occasion should be less fresh in the mind?

Training dogs is like training children. We always know exactly what we would do with other people's children if we only had the chance. Usually we would spank them. When we own the children, — or the dogs, — the problem becomes unexpectedly complicated. We learn that each child is not merely a microcosmical entity, summing up in himself all the features of all children (even if he were, it would be a difficult matter to spank such an abstraction), but a very peculiar and remarkably individual little pagan who does the most unanticipated things for the most admirable reasons, — from his point of view, — and seems daily and hourly bent upon turning topsyturvy our best-laid plans for his education. Some philosophers advocate tossing up a cent when in doubt whether to spank or not; others advise spanking in any event and trusting to luck; while still others, maudlin with the milk of a humanitarian age, as ardently maintain that all spanking is barbarous. Who shall decide when mothers disagree? The problem as it relates to dogs is sufficiently difficult.

In Wood's *Natural History*, richly embellished with over two hundred woodcuts, which I absorbed at the age of nine, we were told that the dog is related to the wolf, and is thought by some to be a descendant of that animal. To look at Punch lying on his back with his Boston-terrier legs pointing ceilingward, the blue blood of his illustrious grandparent not preventing his snoring lustily, he seems a far cry from the four-footed demons who gobbled Little Red Riding-Hood (in the authentic version) and Ivan Ivanovitch's friend's children. Yet, again, seeing him circling tiptoe around a dog he intends to slay, his white fangs gleaming, his hair on end along his

chine, one realizes that his heart is made of sterner stuff than even his lupine cousins'; that, unlike them, he knows no cowardice, scorns treachery, and will fight even on a full stomach.

Perhaps it is the dual nature of the dog — the two strong dogs struggling within him, as in Saint Paul's text, Barnard's statue, and the romances of Stevenson and Poe — that makes him so human to most people. Poor little Punch has a hard time of it between his good and bad instincts. 'Bark,' says his own particular devil. 'Be silent,' says his conscience. Is it any wonder if he temporizes, if he barks at his enemy and propitiates his Nemesis in the same breath? What else are we mortals doing every day?

Not long ago he faced his hardest ethical problem. He was called upon to fraternize with a *rabbit*, — a poor, fluffy, white, long-eared, pink-eyed rabbit! He had received his orders not to hurt Bunny, and he observed them for a time in a way to win him a crown of glory in the canine heaven. But when the rabbit, mistaking an armed neutrality for brotherly love, began to eat out of the same dish and snuggle against him for friendship's sake, Punch's troubles commenced. The proper and usual procedure for a dog in such a fix was to shake Bun's soul out of her puny body. But he had received his commands. And so there followed the unusual spectacle of a misguided but affectionate rabbit chasing a scandalized bull terrier round and round the garden with a persistency worthy a better cause. Punch might growl and glare to his heart's content; but Bun, intent upon the company misery loves, continued to follow; and Punch —

As one who on a lonely road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once looked round walks on
And no more turns his head,

Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread —

continued to flee. Who shall say how his soul was ground between the upper millstone of his humanly-inculcated forbearance and the nether millstone of his wolfish instincts? Who shall guess how his heart was harrowed with humiliation at the picture he presented running away from a rabbit? It ended as only it could, by his instincts triumphing. One evening he turned upon Bun, seized her by the back, and shook her. She was startled, but appeared to take the admonition philosophically. Two days later, however, she died, whether of shock or a broken heart or internal injuries did not appear.

Punch's elation was cloaked in his usual garb of deprecation. He fawned, he cringed, he licked his chops, and sneezed to express his profound sorrow, yet no one detected him shedding tears of remorse over Bunny's grave. Bridget, as coroner, officiating clergyman, and grave-digger, decided that death was due to causes unknown, although, 'Faith, the dog had a hand in it'; and so the incident closed.

It is an open question whether Punch's illustrious grandparent would have managed this situation more skillfully. He could hardly have handled it more effectively. Punch has quite as much blue blood as his grandfather, but somewhere in the intervening generation some of the points which go to make up a bench-dog were lost, and so Punch's body is too long, his legs too near together, and his tail as straight as a ramrod. He cannot aspire to the blue ribbon. Yet the loss sits lightly upon him. He joyously nips the butcher-boy's calves and blithely rolls in the coal and hypocritically affects a sensitive conscience. He barks at the neighborhood cats and dogs, and bolts his one meal a day, and takes your caress with heartfelt gratitude and, 'for

a full discharge of a present benefaction, having wagged a hearty expressive tail, pursues it gently round the hearth-rug till, in restful coil, he reaches it at last, and oblivion with it,' to sleep as only the innocent — or the utterly

sinful — can sleep. He may dream of pedigrees and blue ribbons, but, knowing him, it seems more probable that the subjects of his somnial visions are cats and mutton-chops; his nightmares are undoubtedly white rabbits.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON INANIMATE OBJECTS

To be an inanimate object must be, I fancy, a very uninteresting affair. Certainly, being one appears to have a disastrous effect upon the disposition. No one who has had any intercourse with inanimate objects can doubt that their one end and aim is to try the temper of animate objects. It is unfortunate, truly, to have all the energies concentrated upon such a very low ambition, and I am inclined to think that the dullness of their existence is really responsible for this; therefore I suppose one should deal with them more in sorrow than in anger.

But deal with them one must, and it is because I have discovered one rule to be most efficacious in one's conduct toward them that I have seized this opportunity of setting it forth for the benefit of my fellow animate objects. The rule is: Keep your temper, observing as far as possible an attitude at least of outward calm. No matter how irritating they may be, and indeed they can be most irritating, never give them the satisfaction of seeing you show vexation. This may all sound very trite, and I suppose it is, but, like so many commonplace things, let one try really to practice it, and immediately one finds that it is anything but commonplace.

In common with the rest of humanity I have had, in my dealing with inanimate objects, many opportunities for the observance of serenity, and when I have succeeded in observing it I have reaped a joyous reward.

There was, for instance, the discipline that I received all one winter from a net frock, the desire of whose being was to get itself hooked into things. I congratulate myself on the calmness which I early learned to show, when the hooks of the skirt, having been foiled in their attempt to catch in my pompadour, succeeded in clutching themselves with an unholy glee into the bodice, just in the very middle, at the most inaccessible spot in my back. Of course at such moments the first impulse is to go perfectly wild, to squirm, to clutch, to swear, if one happens to be a man, — which perhaps under the circumstances is unlikely, — but I learned to resist all these impulses. I cultivated an absolute calm. I sang a snatch of song — I, who never sing. I polished my fingernails, I looked at the view, in fact, I did any and every thing to show my utter indifference to those infuriating hooks. And then, at last, after the song, the look at the view, or whatever I had resorted to, — and sometimes it even required a whole essay of Emerson's to restore my peace of mind, — I would quietly and sweetly squirm my

hand up and gently detach the hooks from my back. And glad enough I found them to let go, being quite convinced by that time that they were not exciting any attention whatever. After the first few weeks of ownership I learned to play the game successfully, to meet with an unruffled brow all that frock's most subtle attempts to try my temper; and I rejoice to think what an uninteresting time it must have had. The only satisfaction it ever obtained was at parties, where it invariably managed to hook itself up to perfectly strange ladies. Even this I learned to meet with equanimity; the stranger, however, was not always so placid.

This rule of the kept temper, and outer indifference, may be applied to all sorts and conditions of inanimate objects. I have found it most effectual in the case of dictionaries and type-writer erasers. Their great desire is to get themselves lost when they are most needed. Now, of course, the only real pleasure in being lost, to an inanimate object, is the delight that it obtains from the frantic search for it to which it stirs some animate object. My dictionary has in times past, I doubt not, been afforded many an agreeable half-hour from the extreme exasperation to which it has provoked me, when, just in the middle of a most crucial sentence, I have been forced to pause in my writing and institute a wild search for it, just because, forsooth, I did not know how to spell a word. The same with the eraser; when I needed it most, it was not to be found. Now, however, I am enabled to maintain an attitude of indifference toward them both by the simple expedient of never settling to write without first having at hand three dictionaries, and at least half a dozen erasers. Even in the most impassioned morning's work one is not likely to lose three whole dictionaries and six rubbers. When I reach eagerly

now for either of these articles, and find that they have maliciously concealed themselves, I draw a calm breath, and simply take another, remarking, perhaps, 'Oh, well, I don't care! this dictionary or eraser' (as the case may be) 'is really much better,' this having the double effect of driving home to the offender my indifference to it, and of administering at the same time a little gentle flattery to the fresh one taken. After my work for the day is finished, I cast a careless eye about for the lost articles, and by that time glad enough they are to be found, having discovered that the game of being lost when no one looks for them is a very dull business.

Of course these are only examples. Every one will have his or her own particularly infuriating inanimate object to which to apply the rule of the kept temper.

I may add that for the keeping of one's temper in this respect there is sometimes a pretty reward. My grandmother used to tell a story of a young lady whose plant-stand managed, one morning when she was tending her flowers, in some way — the devil of inanimate objects knows how (my grandmother did not say devil) — to upset itself, and to dash all its precious burden to the ground. Without so much as an exclamation of annoyance, the young lady immediately set about gathering up the broken plants as best she could, whereupon a young gentleman — in every way all that was desirable — who, unknown to the lady had witnessed the accident, stepped forth and at once proposed to her, rightly supposing that a woman of such sweetness of disposition was a jewel beyond price. In my youth I used to wonder if the lady was really quite oblivious of the young gentleman's presence; but age has softened me and made me glad to believe that she was.

THE LITTLE HOUSE

IF I had known that it was going to prove such a tyrant I should never have taken it, as I did, for better or worse. It looked so gentle and confiding in its setting of green grass and apple trees the morning when I first saw it, that I could not resist the spell. 'The old-fashioned windows gave it an expression of which one reads in impassioned novels, making me feel as if the house and I had met and become one in the infinite earlier than time. It coaxed me with that feminine appeal almost impossible to withstand. The closed door and locked sashes, the grass in the walk, hinted at loneliness, suggested that I could understand; and so, because of its quaintness, and the pathos of the worn doorstep, I took it for my own.

Doubtless the strong hold upon me was partly due to helplessness, for it was constantly appealing, in new kinds of need, as a child would. I had no idea that it would mean so much trouble; so small and sturdy and independent a thing would, I thought, more than half take care of itself. Oh, the work and the worry that have been expended on this diminutive house! The tasks it has thought up, the sudden needs where-with it has confronted me! It has invention infinite in keeping itself before my mind. Chief among its devices is an air of suffering from neglect if I but venture out of its sight. Never have I failed to turn the last corner leading homeward with a leaping of the heart in fear of what may have happened. Suppose that it were gone, by fire or by flood; suppose it had never really been there, being but a dream, a figment of the imagination wherein my spirit has been resting, as at an inn, before the long journey begins again. The corner turned, there is always something reassuring in the touch of my finger on the latch, telling me that the

little house is still there, really there. When I grow angry at the tyrant for the homely tasks it suggests, the constant watchfulness it demands, it looks upon me with a mild expression of ancient wisdom about the roof, as one who, from old time, has known and pitied all fluctuations of human mood. There is something of eternal wisdom about a roof-line; when did man first learn to lift roofs against the stars?

I have fallen into the habit, as one always does with feminine creatures, of taking home things to please it, and I marvel at the personality which dominates its caprice. Now and then it disdains an offering for this or that corner, scorning a long-meditated gift; again it will seize upon some insignificant thing, for wise, inscrutable purposes, making it beautiful as part of itself, so that one could almost swear that the little house has organic life. Lately it has refused to shelter perfectly reputable reproductions of the old masters; Madonnas heretofore tolerated it will no longer live with. On the other hand, the long strip of ecclesiastical embroidery, harmoniously faded, purchased, after much haggling, at the Rag Market at Rome, it has graciously accepted, as it did the antique lamp of bronze. Books it indulgently allows in any numbers, — all but elaborate gift books, — as who should say, 'All people must have their vices, and yours is fairly innocent.' Such charity becomes it well, for itself hath vice, a ruinous, consuming thirst for old mahogany, a passion that may yet lead me to the debtor's prison, or its modern substitute, whatever that may be.

The measure of its hold upon me is the depth of its understanding; at first glance I knew that it was *simpatica*, as the Italians say. In those tired moments when one shrinks from human beings, the companionship of the quiet corner is all in all, and there is no such

rest elsewhere as comes from watching the shadows of the woodbine flicker in the moonlight upon the old-fashioned mirror by the window. In times of grief it knows that nothing else can comfort; one learns in its wise silences. How many births and deaths it has lived through I do not know, but lately I have seen how wide its narrow door may swing upon eternity. Living through many lives, gleaning long experience, the little house seems — as one who has known it all before — to fold one's mere individual sorrow in the long sorrow of the race.

In such manifold ways of giving and demanding it has so tightened its hold upon me that I wear its bonds on hand and foot. The moment of strongest contest of will between us came with my need of going far away. The little house put its foot down, insisting that I should go nowhere that it could not go. It dominated, coaxed, said that it needed care, was sorrowful, and sometimes merely silent, suggesting that it knew perfectly well I could not get away from it if I tried. As usual, it was right. What messengers it sends! Now subtle ones: quivering aspen twig or blown leaf of autumn suddenly reminds me that I cannot go beyond its creeping shadow. Though I fare over leagues of sea, I get no farther than its chimney; great Jupiter swings across the eastern sky to lead me to the elm tree by the back door. In Grasmere's lovely green and gray of storied mountain pasture, which almost persuade me that I have wandered into another world of too delicate beauty to be called part of earth, the sudden howl of a street musician, —

There's a hold fashioned cottage, with hivy
round the door, —

going on to certain statements about a sanded floor, and the assertion, —

Where'er I roam I will always think of home, —
compels me back.

When I waken, watching the sunlight flood Pentelicon, dim blue against the clear gold of a Grecian dawn, I feel the little house tugging softly at my heartstrings, just a slight tug, to say, 'You may have your fling, but you cannot escape me; sooner or later you will come back.' At Agamemnon's awful threshold I think upon my own, and Argive Hera's ruined doorway fills me with longing for humbler portals not yet battered down. It is hard to tread always another's stairs, even though they be the exquisite carved marble stairways of the château-land; and the sheepfolds of Scotch hills or wide French plains bring a sudden sinking of the heart to one who wanders far, unfolded yet. Ah, yes, however far I stray into the storied past, the little house puts its finger on me and I come.

It makes me no reproaches for my having gone, but it does not quite admit me to its old confidence, or as yet go back to its old ways. Watchful, seemingly indifferent, it waits aloof, yet still it stands, as heretofore, with that look of immemorial wisdom, making the old demands. Soon will come the old concessions, and the earlier understanding.

What will be the end I do not know, but this spot of earth seems to have laid its spell upon me for life, and yet beyond. Long ago, one summer night of opened windows, with cool leaves just beyond, silent as the stars, I dreamed of lying under the turf of the dooryard, and of being taken back, in wholly pleasant fashion, into the elements, immeasurably rested from myself by being absorbed into green living grass.

THE CALL-DRUM

EVERY one of the Bulu tribe among whom I live has a drum-name, and so, I suppose, has every member of all the interior tribes of this West African for-

est of the Kamerun. By this phrase, beaten out on the call-drum, the individual is summoned from the forest to the village, or from town to town.

Abote tells me that her *ndan* or drum-call is, 'Don't laugh — I am dead!' (Te woé — me juya!)

'My *ndan*,' says Esola, 'is, "The little parrot has eaten all the palm nuts"; which is a way of saying that I am small but able.'

'And mine,' says Zam, 'is, "Don't walk in the towns, your husband is jealous."'

One looks at Zam and wonders why. Not tattoo, nor careful frettings of the skin of her body into designs in a low relief, nor a brass collar weighing a good four pounds, nor any other of the artful resources practiced by this forest people, have repaired in the person of Zam the 'irreparable outrage of the years.' Then one remembers that her drum-name may be the history of her youth, — the seal of a day when she carried her elaborate headdress above a young body, and when her proud walkings abroad were notable.

But that would be long ago now, and before we made our clearing on this hill among the many hills of the forest, or built our little brown settlement of bark houses and thatched them with leaf-thatch.

From the shade of our house I see our own call-drum, a hollowed log four feet long, trimmed to an oval and with blind ends. It stands on a frame under its hood of thatch, overhanging, from the rim of our clearing, our world of crowding hills and the climbing tide of the forest. Lost to the eye in that green flood, little villages sleep, and every little village has its tongue. Now and again from the deep of the forest rises the staccato beat of a call-drum, — the voice of the village speaking across the uninhabited places, calling the women in from the garden 'for the guests are

many,' warning an absent hunter that 'your wife has run away,' or 'your wife has borne a child.' Presently Sakutu our drummer will put his hand in the fissure that runs the length of the drum and will bring out his sticks; striking the drum with these, he will abruptly and terrifically shatter the afternoon. Then the voice from the thick lip of the drum that is the man-voice, and the voice from the thinner lip that is the woman-voice, will cry out articulately to the rim of our horizon. Everywhere the villages will give ear to a message from the white man's town, until seventeen miles from here, in the neighborhood of Njabilobe, the last vibration dies.

To the trained ear the drum actually syllabizes; the inflection of a phrase, its cadence, are perfectly transmitted; and a Bulu speaking his *ndan* speaks curiously like a drum.

The drum is as noncommittal, as evasive, as the Bulu. Sakutu calling up the women of the neighborhood to barter for food will beat the conventional phrase, 'Since morning I have not eaten,' or 'Hunger is in my stomach,' or — most subtle and reproachful of suggestions — 'As I was yesterday, so am I to-day.' Of a Sunday, before the late tropical dawn has dimmed the morning star, he will beat a Sunday morning call: 'The promise we promised is fulfilled to-day'; a phrase that is a whole engagement-book in itself, and that is ratified in this case, by the interested parties, with calculations upon certain notched sticks, or the moving up of wooden pegs into the last of seven holes.

Thus to all primal facts of life have been fitted phrases for the call-drum; and these phrases, long traditional, have shaken the hearts of this forest people for generations. Yesterday I sat chatting with a group of men who fell silent at the beat of a drum from a

village in the forest below us. 'Obam has died,' one told me; and the drum-name of Obam rose to us in the blue afternoon, coupled with the old poignant call to mourning, 'Ba, ba, mo toé!' (Cross, cross his hands on his breast.)

Thus to the members of this tribe since the memory of man has the death of their fellows been announced; and through unnumbered years the hearts of men have halted under the immediate stroke of this phrase.

The drum is indeed very powerful with the human heart. When it is beaten in rhythm — and the dance-drums of this country are beaten with an incredible perfection of rhythm — the heart, the white man's heart, is troubled and guesses at secret meanings, at obscure and hurrying agitations, at ignoble lassitudes and latent despairs — not so much of the senses as of the spirit. But when the call-drum gives tongue, sudden and violent tongue, to the sudden and violent disasters of our uncertain life, the heart is stricken and halts. I have wakened at night with the clamor of the night alarm falling from many drums upon my heart in a rain of terror: 'Abroad — abroad — let no man sleep!' And no man slept. The memory of this midnight panic has long outlived any memory of the simple explanation which came to us with morning.

Drums are not all of equal power, nor indeed are their voices more alike than the voices of people are. So I am told by my friends, who could never — say they — fail to locate a drum by its voice. Ekom, the famous craftsman, is dead, but his drums yet speak; and it was he who made for Ngem his great drum — the one that never lied. For so brave was Ngem and of such an infallible cruelty, that a warning once beaten by him was speedily fulfilled. His exceeding joy, say my friends, was

the killing of men. A most admirable man. He died, to the long grief of his tribe, and for him too, I suppose, was beaten the call to mourn. But not on his own drum. 'For who,' ask my friends, 'should beat the drum of so great a man?' 'At the voice of it many would remember and grieve,' say some; and others say, 'Might it not be that the people, hearing the drum, would say in their hearts that Ngem had returned?'

Into the daylight of our little clearing how many miseries are brought, of the body and of the mind, and how many obscure terrors! For here is always some one to speak comfortable words, like the words of a mother in the dark. So what should certain poor bodies do, when they heard a dead man's drum-call, but rise with the dawn and make their way by the little paths of the forest to Efulen.

'For he died you understand and we put him in the grave, all that was finished. Yet we hear his *ndan*, — not from any village, but from the uninhabited places of the forest where no town is, — the beating of a drum that calls him by his name. So we said in our hearts we will arise and go to Efulen; and now we have come we ask you: What are we to think of this?'

THE UTTERANCE OF NAMES

A NAME is a practical convenience, — so much so as to excuse us for forgetting that it is also a conduit of emotion and a rhetorical felicity. In the third person it is normally colorless, and even in the second person its office is commonly that of insuring the safe arrival of a thought or word at its destination. The humility of this function is apt to blind us to the fact that, when pronounced on occasions where no practical need requires its employment, the utterance of the mere name

is one of the most powerful auxiliaries which the lover of emphasis or emotion can summon to his aid.

A name can italicize or underscore a thought. Take the little phrase, 'In my mind's eye, Horatio,' or the weighty maxim, —

There are more things in Heaven and Earth,
Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy;

abstract that apparent irrelevance and superfluity, the proper name, and observe how the withdrawal of that prop leaves the whole expression unbraced and debilitated. The dead name is half the life of the passage.

The pronunciation of the name in places where its use is not imperative is felt to be an act of homage. Its utterance even in greeting is so far complimentary that its omission is held to be a slight; and the recurrence of the name at short intervals is one of the naïve means by which the poor and ignorant — like Ham Peggotty with his 'Mas'r Davy, bor,' and poor Jo with his unceasing 'Mr. Sangsby,' — testify their respect for their superiors. That men, even wise men, should be conscious of a delicate flattery in the mere sound of their own names may seem singular enough; but, after all, our separation in the minds of others from the mass of meaningless somebodies or nobodies is, in its way, a just ground for complacence; we have ceased to be *aliquis* and become *quidam*.

Any access of sympathy in conversation is likely to mark itself by this simple expedient. As the uttered name is the means by which we call or recall a distant friend to our side, so, by a simple but pleasing analogy, it is the name that expresses and promotes the moral approaches, the spiritual approximations, of man to man in the process of discourse. Intimacy even between intimates is a thing of shades and variations; hearts draw near and

recede, relations tighten and relax, personalities bulk large or small, a score of times perhaps in the course of half an hour's friendly conversation. When our friend says something which makes him seem for the moment large and near to us, — near because large, or large because near, — the sturdy Anglo-Saxon nature satisfies its double need of expression and reticence by that barest and baldest but most suggestive and efficient of resources, the utterance of the name. 'That is true, Edgar,' we say; 'I think you are right, John.'

The psychology of all this is not hard to unravel. In impersonal or general conversation the outlines of our friend's individuality become, not effaced indeed, but softened and attenuated; but the moment he arouses any strong emotion in us, his personality defines itself with instant and powerful distinctness against the background of that vivid feeling; and our quickened sense of his distinctness from other beings finds vent in the one word or term in the entire language which belongs to him and to him only.

A phrase like 'I thank you,' standing alone, is empty and arid; but add to that phrase a mere name; say, 'I thank you, Alice,' 'I thank you, Charles,' and observe how the commonplace has become tremulous and vibrant and eloquent; and all from its mere juxtaposition with a word so lifeless, apart from its associations, as a proper name. This dead thing, fit only, in appearance, to conclude documents or fill up directories, is in fact a magazine of power. Bulwer in an amusing and well-known passage has dwelt upon the malignity of the words 'my dear,' and has illustrated the varieties of effect by placing the phrase 'Charles dear,' or 'my dear Jane,' in various locations at the beginning, middle, and end of the sentence. His strictures are confined to

the endearment; but if any one will read his sentences, retaining the 'dear' and omitting the 'Jane' or 'Charles,' he will see that the proper name is the source of at least half the deadliness of the censured phrase. It is well known that indignation among the vulgar is prone to reënforce itself by the energetic and heated enunciation of the combined Christian and family names of its object. 'Look here, Mat Beeler!' exclaims the peppery sister in Mr. Moody's *Faith Healer*, 'I'm your born sister. Don't try to fool me!'

There is hardly a passion which does not sometimes avail itself of this simple but potent instrument. 'Why, John!' cries the mother in the joyful surprise of an unlooked-for caress from the wayward son. 'Philip!' exclaims the wife, in a burst of love and pity, when the husband returns home at night to falter out the tale of his ruined fortunes. 'George!' breaks out, in

wrath and warning, the friend whose patience at last succumbs before the torrent of undeserved censure. 'Bill, Bill,' cries poor Nancy in the moments of terrified appeal between the murderer's threat and his crime. The name serves any office; it pleads, pities, scorns, threatens, rebukes, fondles; its eloquence scarcely needs the support of other words. Tragedy, in its deepest moments, is content with the wealth of its implications. Lear says to his daughter, —

Beloved Regan,

Thy sister's naught. O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here, —

[points to his heart]

I can scarce speak to thee; thou 'lt not believe
In how depraved a quality — O Regan!

Words fail the confused mind of the old man, and his stumbling tongue is reduced to the repetition of his child's name. He can do no more. Could he, or Shakespeare, have done better?

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1911

A LETTER TO THE RISING GENERATION

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

FROM the dawn of time, one generation has cried reproof and warning to the next, unheeded. 'I wonder that you would still be talking. Nobody marks you,' say the young. 'Did you never hear of Cassandra?' the middle-aged retort.

Many of you young people of to-day have *not* heard of Cassandra, for a little Latin is no longer considered essential to your education. This, assuredly, is not your fault. You are innocent victims of a good many haphazard educational experiments. New ideas in pedagogy have run amuck for the last twenty-five years. They were introduced with much flourish of drums; they looked well on paper; they were forthwith put into practice on the helpless young. It has taken nearly a generation to illustrate their results in flesh and blood. Have they justified themselves in you?

The rising generation cannot spell, because it learned to read by the word-method; it is hampered in the use of dictionaries, because it never learned the alphabet; its English is slipshod and commonplace, because it does not know the sources and resources of its own language. Power over words cannot be had without some knowledge of the classics or much knowledge of the

English Bible—but both are now quite out of fashion.

As an instance of the working-out of some of the newer educational methods, I recall serving upon a committee to award prizes for the best essays in a certain competition where the competitors were seniors in an accredited college. In despair at the material submitted, the committee was finally forced to select as 'best' the essay having the fewest grammatical errors and the smallest number of misspelled words. The one theme which showed traces of thought was positively illiterate in expression.

These deficiencies in you irritate your seniors, but the blame is theirs. Some day you will be upbraiding your instructors for withholding the simple essentials of education, and you will be training your own children differently. It is not by preference that your vocabulary lacks breadth and your speech distinction. In any case, these are minor indictments, and, when all is said, we older ones may well ask ourselves whether we find our minds such obedient, soft-footed servants of the will as to make it clear that the educational procedure of our own early days is to be indorsed without reserve.

Your seniors also find themselves

irritated and depressed because modern girls are louder-voiced and more bouncing than their predecessors, and because their boy-associates are somewhat rougher and more familiar toward them than used to be thought well-bred. But even these things, distasteful as they are, should not be the ground of very bitter complaint. It requires more serious charges than these to impeach the capacity and intentions of those who are soon to be in full charge of this world. Every generation has — with one important abatement — the right to fashion its own code of manners.

The final right of each generation to its own code depends upon the inner significance of those manners. When they express such alterations in the fibre of the human creature as are detrimental to the welfare of the race, then, and perhaps then only, are our criticisms completely justified.

From the generation earlier than my own, still survive gentlewomen who are like old lace and opals, gentlemen all compounded of consideration and courtliness. Their graces are not due to their length of life, but to the lights by which they have lived. They are adorable. None of us born since the Civil War approach them in respect to some fine nameless quality that gives them charm and atmosphere. Yet, if we are not less stanch and unselfish than they, I take it we also have not failed in giving the world that nourished us its due.

Is the quality of the human product really falling off? That is the humiliating question you must ask yourselves. If the suspicion which runs about the world is true, then, youngsters, as you would elegantly phrase it, it is 'up to you.'

One of the advantages of living long in the world is that one steadily acquires an increasingly interesting point

of view. Even in middle life one begins to see for one's self the evolution of things. One gets a glimpse of the procession of events, the march of the generations. The longer an intelligent being lives, the more deeply experience convinces him that there is a pattern in the tapestry of our lives, individual as well as national and racial, at whose scope we can only guess.

Yet the things we actually see and can testify to are profoundly suggestive. I know of my own knowledge how greatly the face of life in this country has altered since my own childhood. It is neither so simple nor so fine a thing as then. And the type of men of whom every small community then had at least half a dozen, the big-brained, big-hearted, 'old Roman' men, whose integrity was as unquestioned as their ability, is almost extinct. Their places are cut up and filled by smaller, less able, often much less honest men. It is not that the big men have gone to the cities — for they are not there; it is not that they left no descendants — for in more cases than I care to count, the smaller, less able, less honest men are their own sons. These latter frequently make as much money in a year as their fathers did in ten, and show less character in a lifetime than their fathers did in a year.

The causes of this are too complicated to go into here, but so far as you young people just coming on the stage are concerned, the result of this change of type in American life and American men is to make life a far harder problem. The world is itself smaller; it is harder for the individual to live by his own light. The members of the body politic are much more closely knit together in the mesh of common interest to-day than ever before. While political scandals, graft, and greed have always existed, there never has been a time when low standards in business and politics

have so assailed the honor and integrity of the people as a whole, by tempting them, through fear of loss, to acquiesce in the dishonesty of others. If better standards are to prevail, it is you who must fight their final battles. Your wisdom, patience, and moral earnestness are going to be taxed to the breaking-point before those battles are won. Have you the muscle for that fight?

Evidence in regard to the falling-off in the human product is necessarily fragmentary and chaotic. Let us run over a few of the points your elders have observed and recorded against you.

Veteran teachers are saying that never in their experience were young people so thirstily avid of pleasure as now. 'But,' one urges, 'it is the season when they should enjoy themselves. Young people always have — they always will.' 'Yes,' they answer, 'that is true, but this is different from anything we have ever seen in the young before. They are so keen about it — so selfish, and so hard!'

Of your chosen pleasures, some are obviously corroding to the taste; to be frank, they are vulgarizing. It is a matter of ordinary comment that the children of cultivated fathers and mothers do not, nowadays, grow up the equals of their parents in refinement and cultivation. There must, then, be strong vulgarizing elements outside the home, as well as some weakness within, so to counteract and make of little worth the gentler influences of their intimate life. How can anything avail to refine children whose taste in humor is formed by the colored supplements of the Sunday paper, as their taste in entertainment is shaped by continuous vaudeville and the moving-picture shows? These things are actually very large factors in children's lives to-day. How should they fail of their due influence on plas-

tic human material? Where the parents at the formative age saw occasional performances of Booth, Barrett, Modjeska, and 'Rip Van Winkle,' the children go to vaudeville, and go almost constantly. While most vaudeville performances have one or two numbers that justify the proprietors' claim of harmless, wholesome amusement, the bulk of the programme is almost inevitably drivel, common, stupid, or inane. It may not be actually coarse, but inanity, stupidity, and commonness are even more potent as vulgarizing influences than actual coarseness. Coarseness might repel; inanity disintegrates.

'I don't approve,' your fathers and mothers say anxiously, 'but I hate to keep Tom and Mary at home when all the other children are allowed to go.' These parents are conscientious and energetic in looking after Tom's teeth and eyes, Mary's hair, tonsils, and nasal passages, but seem utterly unconscious that mental rickets and curvature of the soul are far more deforming than crooked teeth and adenoids.

Our ancestors spoke frequently of fortitude. That virtue was very real and very admirable to them; we use the word too little; you, not at all. The saving grace of their everyday hardships has vanished. 'Even in a palace, life may be well lived.' One wonders how Marcus Aurelius would have judged the moral possibilities of flats or apartment hotels? When one gets light by pushing a button, heat by turning a screw, water by touching a faucet, and food by going down in an elevator, life is so detached from the healthy exercise and discipline which used to accompany the mere process of living, that one must scramble energetically to a higher plane or drop to a much lower one.

When the rising generation goes into the militia, it is, old officers tell us,

'soft' and incompetent, unpleasantly affected by ants and spiders, querulous as to tents and blankets, and generally as incapable of adapting itself to the details of military life as one would expect a flat-reared generation to be. The advocates of athletics and manual training in our schools and colleges are doing their utmost to counteract the tendency to make flabby, fastidious bodies which comes from too-comfortable living; but the task is huge.

Much more ado is made over this business of training the mind and body to-day than ever before. From the multiplied and improved machinery of education, it would seem that we must be far in advance of our fathers. But where are the results in improved humanity? The plain truth seems to be that the utmost which can be done for the child to-day is not enough to counterbalance the rapidly-growing disadvantages of urban life and modern conditions. Vast increase in effort and in cost does not even enable the race to keep up with itself. Forging ahead at full speed, we are yet dropping woeefully behind.

Training is not a matter of the mind and body only. More fundamental to personality than either is the education of the soul. In your up-bringing this has been profoundly neglected — and here is your cruelest loss. Of the generation of your fathers and mothers it may be generally affirmed that they received their early religious training under the old régime. Their characters were shaped by the faith of their fathers, and those characters usually remained firm and fixed, though their minds sometimes became the sport of opposing doctrines. They grew up in a world that was too hastily becoming agnostic as a result of the dazzling new discoveries of science. It was a shallow interpretation that claimed science and religion as enemies to the death.

So much is clear now. But, shallow or not, such was the thought of the seventies. The rising generation of that day had to face it. A great many young people then became unwilling martyrs to what they believed the logic of the new knowledge. It was through inability to enlarge their ideas of Him, to meet the newly-disclosed facts about His universe, that they gave up their God. They lost their faith because imagination failed them.

The clamor and the shouting of that old war have already died away; the breach between science and religion is healed; the world shows more and more mysterious as our knowledge of it widens, and we acknowledge it to be more inexplicable without a Will behind its phenomena than with one. But that period of storm and stress had a practical result; it is incarnated in the rising generation.

In the wrack of beliefs, your parents managed to retain their ingrained principles of conduct. Not knowing what to teach you, they taught you nothing whole-heartedly. Thus you have the distinction of growing up with a spiritual training less in quantity and more diluted in quality than any 'Christian' generation for nineteen hundred years. If you are agnostic-and-water, if you find nothing in the universe more stable than your own wills — what wonder? Conceived in uncertainty, brought forth in misgiving — how can such a generation be nobly militant?

Before it occurred to me to analyze your deficiencies and your predicament thus, I used to look at a good many members of the rising generation and wonder helplessly what ailed them. They were amiable, attractive, lovable even, but singularly lacking in force, personality, and the power to endure. Conceptions of conduct that were the very foundations of existence to decent people even fifteen years their

seniors were to them simply unintelligible. The word 'unselfishness,' for instance, had vanished from their vocabularies. Of altruism, they had heard. They thought it meant giving away money if you had plenty to spare. They approved of altruism, but 'self-sacrifice' was literally as Sanscrit to their ears. They demanded ease; they shirked responsibility. They did not seem able to respond to the notion of duty as human nature has always managed to respond to it before.

All this was not a matter of youth. One may be undeveloped and yet show the more clearly the stuff of which one is made. It was a matter of substance, of mass. You cannot carve a statue in the round from a thin marble slab; the useful two-by-four is valueless as framing-timber for ships; you cannot make *folks* out of light-weight human material.

When these young persons adopted a philosophy, it was naïve and inadequate. They talked of themselves as 'socialists,' but their ideas of socialism were vague. To them it was just an 'ism' that was going to put the world to rights without bothering them very much to help it along. They seemed to feel that salvation would come to them by reading Whitman and G. B. S., or even the mild and uncertain Mr. H. G. Wells, and that a vague, general good-will toward man was an ample substitute for active effort and self-sacrifice for individuals. Somebody, some day, was going to push a button, and presto! life would be soft and comfortable for everybody.

Of socialism in general I confess myself incompetent to speak. It may, or it may not, be the solution of our acutely pressing social problems. But if men are too cheap, greedy, and sordid to carry on a republic honestly, preserving that equality of opportunity which this country was founded to secure, it

must be men who need reforming. The more ideal the scheme of government, the less chance it has against the inherent crookedness of human nature. In the last analysis, we are not ruled by a 'government,' but by our own natures objectified, moulded into institutions. Rotten men make rotten government. If we are not improving the quality of the human product, our social system is bound to grow more cruel and unjust, whatever its name or form.

'But of course you believe,' said one pink-cheeked young socialist, expounding his doctrine, 'that the world will be a great deal better when everybody has a porcelain bath-tub and goes through high school. Why — why, of course, you *must* believe that!'

Dear lad, I believe nothing of the kind! You yourself have had a porcelain bath-tub from your tenderest years. You also went through high school. Yet you are markedly inferior to your old grandfather in every way, — shallower, feebler, more flippant, less efficient physically and even mentally, though your work is with books, and his was with flocks and herds. Frankly, I find in you nothing essential to a man. God knows what life can make of such as you. I do not. Your brand of socialism is made up of a warm heart, a weak head, and an unwillingness to assume responsibility for yourself or anybody else — in short, a desire to shirk. These elements are unpleasantly common in young socialists of my acquaintance. I know, of course, that a very passion of pity, a Christlike tenderness, brings many to that fold, but there are more of another kind. It was one of the latter who was horrified by my suggestion that he might have to care for his parents in their old age. It would interfere too much, he said, with his conception of working out his own career!

What can one say to this? The words

character and duty convey absolutely nothing to young people of this type. They have not even a fair working conception of what such words mean. Did I not dispute a whole afternoon with another young man about the necessity for character, only to learn at the end of it that he did n't know what character was. He supposed it was 'something narrow and priggish — like what deacons used to be.' And he, mind you, was in his twenties, and claimed, *ore rotundo*, to be a Whitmanite, a Shavian, and a socialist. Also, he was really intelligent about almost everything but life — which is the only thing it is at all needful to be intelligent about.

The *culte du moi* is one thing when it is representative, when one rhapsodizes one's self haughtily as a unit of the democratic mass, as Whitman undoubtedly did; and quite another when it is narrowly personal, a kind of glorification of the petty, personal attributes of young John Smith, used by him to conceal from himself the desirability of remodeling his own personality; but that is what young John Smith, who calls himself a Whitmanite, is making of it. I knew one of these young persons — I trust his attitude is exceptional — who refused special training for work he wanted to do on the ground that he was 'repelling interference with his sacred individuality.'

Twenty years ago there were faint-hearted disciples of Whitman who took him as an antidote for congenital unasertiveness. His insistence on the value of personality supplied something needed in their make-up, and they found in wearing a flannel shirt and soft tie a kind of spiritual gymnastic that strengthened the flabby muscles of their Ego. The young Whitmanites of to-day have no flabby muscles in their Ego.

The same temperamental qualities operate when they name themselves Shavians. Their philosophy has been set forth lucidly in a recent *Atlantic* article.¹ Its keynote is the liberation of the natural will, with the important modifications that the natural will must hold itself to an iron responsibility in its collisions with other wills, must not obstruct the general good of society or the evolution of the race. To the unphilosophic eye, these modifications look suspiciously like duties — the old, old duties to God and man. Why go around Robin Hood's barn to arrive at the point where our ancestors set out? If the exercise were mentally strengthening, the *détour* might be justified, but the evidence of this is decidedly incomplete.

It may easily happen that the next twenty years will prove the most interesting in the history of civilization. Armageddon is always at hand in some fashion. Nice lads with the blood of the founders of our nation in your veins, pecking away at the current literature of socialism, taking out of it imperfectly understood apologies for your temperaments and calling it philosophy — where will you be if a Great Day should really dawn? What is there in your way of thought to help you play the man in any crisis? If the footmen have wearied you, how shall you run with the horsemen? In one way or another, every generation has to fight for its life. When your turn comes, you will be tossed on the scrap-heap, shoved aside by boys of a sterner fibre and a less easy life, boys who have read less and worked more, boys who have thought to some purpose and have been willing — as you are not — to be disciplined by life.

If you point out to one of these young

¹ "The Philosophy of Bernard Shaw," by ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, in the *Atlantic* for February, 1909. — THE EDITORS.

Whitmanshaws the fact that the Ten Commandments are concrete suggestions for so conducting life that it will interfere as little as possible with 'the general good of society and the evolution of the race,' and that the Golden Rule is a general principle covering the same ground, he will tell you that the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule are bad because they are promulgated on Authority, and nobody must take things on Authority — for Mr. Shaw says so! One must find it all out for himself. If you suggest that it is possible to regard Authority as the data collected by those who have preceded him along the trail, telling him what they found out about the road, so as to save him from trouble and danger; if you maintain that it is as unscientific to reject previous discoveries in ethics as in engineering, he may be silenced, but he will not be convinced, for his revolt is not a matter of logic but of feeling. He wants to do as he pleases. He desires to be irresponsible, and he will adopt any philosophy which seems to him to hold out a justification of irresponsibility, as he will adopt any theory of social organization which promises to relieve him of a man's work in the world. I am not exaggerating the shallowness of this attitude.

All educated young people are not 'intellectuals.' Most of them are perfectly contented without any articulate philosophy as an apology for their inclinations. There is also a considerable body of them who are already painfully commercialized even in their school-days. On the whole, the kind of young socialist who resents the idea of having to care for his parents in their helpless age is less of a menace to society as now constituted than the kind of young individualist who boasts how much money he acquired during his college course by making loans to his classmates upon the security of their

evening-clothes and watches. The latter, hard as nails and predatory, has already moulded himself into a distinctly anti-social shape; the former is still amorphous, still groping. There is yet a chance that he may make a man.

I am not a philosopher. I know only so much as the man in the street may know, the rough-and-ready philosophy that is born in us all. Just so long as any system of education or any philosophy produces folks that *are* folks, wisdom is justified of her children. That system has earned the right to stand. This point is not debatable. Even the new prophets concede it. For the end of all education, the business of all living, is to make men and women. All else is vain toil. The old conditions produced them; the new do not.

Certain qualities go to the making of any human being whom other human beings esteem. Certain ingredients are as necessary to a man as flour and yeast to bread, or iron and carbon to steel. You cannot make them any other way. There is a combination of steadiness of purpose, breadth of mind, kindness, wholesome common sense, justice, perhaps a flash of humor, certainly a capacity for the task in hand, that produces a worth-while person. The combination occurs in every rank in life. You find it as often in the kitchen as in the parlor; oftener, perhaps, in the field than in the office. The people who are so composed have spiritual length, breadth, thickness; they are people of three dimensions. Everybody feels alike about them, even you youngsters. For this saving grace I have noticed about you — you do, after all, know whom to like when types are put before you in the flesh. Never by any chance do you waste your real admiration on the one-dimension people who, like points, have 'position but no magnitude,' or

on the two-dimension people who, like planes, 'have length and breadth but no depth.' You frankly don't care much for the kind of creature your own ideas would shape. You want people to be stanch, patient, able, just as much as if you were not repudiating for yourselves the attitudes which produce these things.

Force, personality, the power to endure: these our fathers had; these you are losing. Yet life itself demands them as much as it ever did. For though we may be getting soft and losing our stamina (another word which, like fortitude, has gone out of fashion), the essential elements of life remain unchangeable. Life is not, and is not meant to be a cheap, easy matter, even for flat-dwellers. It is a grim, hard, desolate piece of work, shot through with all sorts of exquisite, wonderful, compensating experiences.

Consider the matter of your own existence and support that you accept with such nonchalant ease. Every child born into the world is paid for with literal blood, sweat, tears. That is the fixed price, and there are no bargain sales. Years of toil, months of care, hours of agony, go to your birth and rearing. What excuse have you, anyhow, for turning out flimsy, shallow, amusement-seeking creatures, when you think of the elements in your making? The price is paid gladly. That is your fathers' and mothers' part. Yours is, to be worth it. You have your own salvation to work out. It must be salvation, and it must be achieved by work. That is the law, and there is no other.

Our rushing, mechanical, agitated way of living tends to hide these root-facts from you. Years ago I asked a young girl, compelled for reasons of health to spend her winters away from her home, how she filled her days. 'It takes a good deal of time to find out

what I think about things,' she answered, explaining thereby, in part, the depth in her own character as well as the shallowness in whole groups of others. In simpler days, when there was more work and less amusement, there was more time for thinking, and thinking is creative of personality. Some of it must go to the making of any creature who counts at all, as must also some actual work. Also, and you ought to know this and to be able to rejoice in it, the other great creative elements in personality are responsibility and suffering. The unshapen lump of raw human material that we are cannot take on lines of identity without the hammer, the chisel, the drill — that comparison must certainly be as old as the art of moralizing, but it has not lost its force.

Sometimes you prattle confidently of growth by 'development,' as though that were an affair of ease. It is only experience, the reaction of our activities on the self, which develops; and experience has immense possibilities of pain. Have you forgotten what you learned in your psychology concerning the very kernel of selfhood? 'We measure ourselves by many standards. Our strength and our intelligence, our wealth and even our good luck, are things which warm our heart and make us feel ourselves a match for life. But deeper than all such things, and able to suffice unto itself without them, is the sense of the amount of effort we can put forth . . . as if it were the substantive thing which we *are*, and those were but the externals which we *carry*. . . . He who can make none is but a shadow; he who can make much is a hero.'

We are, obviously, here to be made into something by life. It seizes and shapes us. The process is sometimes very pleasant, sometimes very painful. So be it. It is all in the day's work, and

only the worthless will try to evade their proper share of either pain or pleasure. To seek more of the former would be bravado, as to accept less would be dishonor. The whole matter is of such a simplicity that only the suspicion of a concerted, though unconscious, attempt of an entire generation to get the pleasure without the due pain of living, would justify such a definite statement of it here.

The other day I beheld a woman whose husband earns something less than two hundred dollars a month, purchasing her season's wardrobe. Into it went one hat at fifty dollars and another at thirty dollars. Her neighbors in the flat-building admired and envied. One of the bolder wondered. 'Well, I can't help it,' said Mrs. Jones. 'I just tell Mr. Jones life is n't worth livin' if I can't have what I want.' This, you see, was her way of 'liberating the natural will.'

The truth is that life is n't worth livin' if you *can* have what you want — unless you happen to be the exceptional person who wants discipline, responsibility, effort, suffering.

From the thought of Mrs. Jones and her hats, I like to turn to a certain volume of memoirs, giving a picture of New England life in the first half of the nineteenth century. It is an incomparable textbook on the art of getting the most out of living. It sets forth in such concrete, vivid fashion as to kindle the most reluctant imagination, the habits and virtues of a plain-living, high-thinking, purposeful day. The delightful lady who is the subject of it found three dresses at a time an ample outfit, and six days' sewing a year sufficed for her wardrobe; but she had 'a noble presence and what would have been called stately manners had they not been so gracious.'¹ Before the

age of twenty she had read 'all the authors on metaphysics and ethics that were then best known,' and throughout life she kept eagerly in touch with the thought of the day. This did not interfere with her domestic concerns, as they did not narrow her social life. If she arose at four A. M. to sweep the parlors, calling the domestics and the family at six, it was that she might find time for reading during the morning, and for entertaining her friends in the evening, as she habitually did some three times a week. She managed a large house and a large family, and her wit, cultivation, and energy enriched life for everybody who knew her. She had 'no higher aim than to light and warm the neighborhood where God had placed her.' She and her sisters 'had never dreamed of a life of ease, or of freedom from care, as anything to be desired. On the contrary, they gloried in responsibility . . . with all the intensity of simple and healthy natures.'

That day is gone, not to return, but its informing spirit can be recaptured and applied to other conditions as a solvent. If that were done, I think the Golden Age might come again, even here and now.

No generalizations apply to all of a class. Numerically, of course, many of the rising generation are fine and competent young people, stanch, generous, right-minded, seeking to give and to get the best in life and to leave the world better than they found it. I take it, any young person who reads the *Atlantic* will have chosen this better part — but, suppose you had n't! Suppose you discovered yourself to be one of those unfortunates herein described? Deprived of the disciplinary alphabet, multiplication-table, Latin grammar; dispossessed of the English Bible, most stimulating of literary as well as of ethical inheritances; despoiled of your

¹ *Recollections of My Mother.* By SUSAN I. LESLEY. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

birthright in the religion that made your ancestors; destitute of incentives to hardihood and physical exertion; solicited to indolence by cheap amusements, to self-conceit by cheap philosophies, to greed by cheap wealth — what, then, is left for you?

Even if your predicament were, without relief, dire as this, you would at least have the chance to put up a wonderful fight. It would be so good a thing to win against those odds that one's blood tingles at the thought. But there are several elements which alter the position. For one, the lack of a definite religious training is not irreparable.

This is not a sermon, and it is for others to tell those how to find God who have not yet attained unto Him, but it is certain that the mature world around you with which you are just coming into definite relation is morally very much alive just now. That its moral awakening is not exactly on the lines of previous ones, does not make it less authentic or contagious. Unless you are prematurely case-hardened, it is bound to affect you.

Then — you are young. It is quite within your power to surprise yourselves and discomfit the middle-aged prophets of evil who write you pages of warnings. The chance of youth is always the very greatest chance in the world, the chance of the uncharted sea, of the undiscovered land.

The idealism of the young and their plasticity in the hands of their ideals have carried this old world through evil days before now. It has always been held true that so long as you are under twenty-five, you are not irrevocably committed to your own deficiencies. I wonder if you realize that for you, first among the sons of men, that

period of grace has been indefinitely extended?

The brain-specialists and the psychologists between them have given in the last ten years what seems conclusive proof of the servitude of the body to the Self; they have shown how, by use of the appropriate mechanism in our make-up, we can control to a degree even the automatisms of our bodies; they have demonstrated the absolute mastery of will over conduct. Those ancient foes, Heredity and Habit, can do very little against you, today, that you are not in a position to overcome. Since the world began, no human creatures have had the scientific assertion of this that you possess. Many wise and many righteous have longed to be assured of these matters, and have agonized through life without that certainty. Saints and sages have achieved by long prayer and fasting the graces that you, apparently, may attain by the easy process of a self-suggestion.

Coming as this psychological discovery does, in the middle of an age of unparalleled mechanical invention and discovery, it is almost — is it not? — as if the Creator of men had said, 'It is time that these children of mine came to maturity. I will give them at last their full mastery over the earth and over the air and over the spirits of themselves. Let us see how they bear themselves under these gifts.'

Thus, your responsibility for yourselves is such an utter responsibility as the race has never known. It is the ultimate challenge to human worth and human power. You dare not fail under it. I think the long generations of your fathers hold their breath to see if you do less with certainty than they have done with faith.

GERMAN AND BRITISH EXPERIENCE WITH TRUSTS

BY GILBERT HOLLAND MONTAGUE

LAST June, Congress voted two hundred thousand dollars to prosecute violations of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. During the past year, the federal government has prosecuted actions against several great railroad systems, and against combinations of dealers and manufacturers of beef-products, lumber, powder, licorice, sugar, oil, tobacco, fertilizer, elevators, salt, groceries, paper, drugs, ice, butter, cotton, and plumbers' supplies. At present, appeals are pending in the Supreme Court of the United States, involving the fate of the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company, and of about a hundred other concerns and individuals engaged in the manufacture and sale of various products of petroleum and tobacco. Upon the decision of the court in these cases, as appears from a tabulation in Moody's *Manual*, depend the validity and corporate life of 1198 'holding companies,' with 8110 subsidiaries and \$10,612,372,489 capital. This conflict between business enterprise, on the one hand, and the law-making and law-enforcing branches of the government, on the other, is to-day the most momentous fact in American industrial and political life.

To a foreigner, unmoved by the political passions which this conflict has unhappily engendered, this hostility toward industrial combination is incomprehensible. In Europe, combination is generally approved as a normal force in industrial development; and instead of prohibiting combination, the law — if legislation is found necessary

— merely forbids specific fraudulent and wrongful practices, whether they occur in small businesses or in the largest combinations. A foreigner cannot fail to wonder, in the words of the Honorable Seth Low, 'that a people who have constituted the greatest republic in history by the combination of many states should, even for a moment, deny to its own commercial agencies the opportunity of giving better service, by proceeding along the same lines'; for in Europe such development is heartily encouraged.

In Germany the trust movement is older than the Empire. Early in the sixties, combinations arose among the salt-producers and steel-rail manufacturers. After the industrial crisis of 1873, the movement toward consolidation became very conspicuous.

Until 1875, the states of Prussia and Anhalt owned all the mineral potash mines in Germany. Private manufacturers, however, worked up the raw material, and in 1876, after new mines had been opened by private companies, their destructive competition led them to make a temporary agreement upon prices. In self-protection, the states of Prussia and Anhalt, in 1879, formed a combination which lasted until 1883. Meanwhile, Prussia erected state factories to manufacture the product of her own mines, in order that she might strengthen her position to control prices. In 1883, the combination was extended until 1888; and Prussia, by virtue of her dominant position in the industry, obtained the right to veto

any increase in the price of the product.

This combination, which has continued to the present time, has been operated with scrupulous regard for the public interest. By the terms of the combination agreement, the administrative powers of the combination were vested in an executive committee, composed of the representatives of all the mines and factories. A special selling agency, composed of two or three members, took charge of all the sales. All contracts were made through this agency, and the filling of the contracts was intrusted to the different producers, who were paid directly by the consumers. Each factory kept an account of the sums received, and from time to time an adjustment of receipts was made upon the basis fixed by the combination agreement. An increase of production could be compelled by the Prussian Minister of Commerce and Industry, after affording an opportunity for a hearing to the executive committee of the combination. In the first instance, the executive committee of the combination could fix the price of the product. The Prussian Minister, however, could veto any increase of price; and after hearing the executive committee, he could fix exceptionally low prices for German farmers. This right he has generally exercised so as to favor domestic agriculture at the expense of foreign trade, and to reduce the exportation of potash. By the terms of the combination agreement, the mine-owners were compelled to deliver a specified quantity of raw material to the manufacturers, and were forbidden to sell outside the combination. The manufacturers, on the other hand, were required to observe the rules of the combination regarding prices and production. Private concerns in the combination were compelled to deposit Prussian securities in large amount to

guarantee the faithful performance of their agreements. The Prussian mine-owners and manufacturers could leave the combination at the end of any calendar year and thus break the monopoly whenever it seemed desirable. These are the rules under which the potash combination has operated for nearly a quarter of a century.

Similar conditions prevail in the salt industry. In 1887, three combinations were formed, out of which grew the North German and South German salt *kartells*. Any member of these kartells may leave them at will; but the members themselves are largely groups of plants which organized to escape the demoralization of prices after salt ceased to be a governmental monopoly, and there seems little desire to break away. One of the chief purposes and achievements of these kartells has been to extend the sale of salt as widely as possible, and to keep the retail price as low as is consistent with fair profits. To this end the managers have insisted that the profits of producers and wholesalers be limited to a figure fixed by the kartell.

In 1910, the Reichstag passed a statute which, in effect, enacted into law the rules of the potash combination agreement. This statute fixed the amount of production and the maximum price of the product; provided that every two years the production of each concern must be redetermined, on the basis of the demand for the preceding years, and required that any concern producing more than its allotment must pay a prohibitive governmental charge.

In 1881, a combination was formed of the coal-mines of the Westphalian District. Subsequently, a firm organization of coke manufacturers was formed, called the Westphalian Coke Syndicate. Various local combinations of coal-dealers proved so successful

that, in 1893, the Rhenish-Westphalian Coal Syndicate was incorporated for the purpose of selling the coal, coke, and briquettes produced in Western Germany. All the mine-owners agreed to deliver their entire output to the syndicate, which undertook to market the entire product and to distribute all orders received among the different mine-owners, according to their output. At the end of the year, a general reckoning was made, and mine-owners who had delivered more than their required share paid over to the syndicate a sum sufficient to make their profits proportional, which sum was distributed among those who had delivered less than their entire share. For breach of this agreement, the mine-owner became liable to a large fine.

The German iron trade was organized no less efficiently than the coal trade.¹ With equal rapidity, combina-

tions were formed in other branches of German trade. As early as 1880, international combinations between German producers and foreign producers were organized. In 1897, forty-one such combinations existed, including in their membership concerns in England, Austria, and South America, as well as in Germany. During the years from 1888 to 1901, the trust movement in Germany exceeded in importance that in the United States. In 1897, there were in Germany about two hundred and fifty known and identified combinations of national importance, not including single concerns which had attained trust size, and local combinations and associations or speculative rings. The chemical industry showed eighty-two such combinations, the iron industry eighty, the stone and clay industry fifty-nine, the textile industry thirty-eight, and the paper industry nineteen.

As regards the industries concerned, and the relative proportion of trade affected, the German movement toward consolidation is fairly comparable to the American trust movement. Both demonstrate the natural and inevitable tendency toward combination. The Industrial Commission of the United States reported to Congress in 1901 that 'in Germany it is probable that the movement has extended as far as in the United States; and that the combinations there, speaking generally, exert as great power over prices, over wages, and in other directions, as they do here.' Speaking of the Rhenish-Westphalian Coal Syndicate, the Commission stated that 'that form of organization seems, on the whole, to have been very successful and to have brought about what is, perhaps, on the whole, the largest and most effective combination in Germany, if not, indeed, in the world.' A comparison is fairly invited, therefore, between the

¹ The Consolidated Pig Iron Syndicate, organized in 1897, had its head office in Düsseldorf, and combined three subsidiary syndicates — the Rhenish-Westphalian Syndicate, formed in 1894, the Association for the Sale of Pig Iron of the Siegerland, formed in 1896, and the Comptoir of Lorraine and Luxemburg, formed in 1896. The Ingot and Billet Steel Syndicate, known as the Halbzeng-Verband, organized in 1897 and 1898, also had its head office in Düsseldorf, and included the steel works of the Moselle, the Saar, the Luxemburg, the Rhine, and Westphalia. In the same building with this syndicate was the Consolidated Girder Syndicate, organized in 1899 and comprising three subsidiary syndicates — the South German Girder Syndicate, formed in 1884, composed of the rolling-mills of the Saar District and of Luxemburg, the Girder Syndicate of the Lower Rhine and Westphalia, whose operations extend to Northern Germany, and finally the Peine works in Hanover, which supply Eastern Germany. The Wire Rod Syndicate, formed in 1896, had its head office at Hagen, Westphalia. The Plate Syndicate, projected in 1897 and incorporated in 1898, had its head office at Essen-on-the-Ruhr. The Drawn Wire Syndicate, organized in 1899, located at Hamm, in Westphalia, and operated in Northern and Northwestern Germany, Saxony, Silesia, and South Germany. — THE AUTHOR.

American attitude toward trusts and the treatment of trusts in Germany.

In response to an inquiry of the American Consul-General at Berlin, Doctor Ernest von Halle, professor in the University of Berlin, who wrote the well known authoritative book entitled *Trusts in the United States*, declared:—

‘I do not hesitate to say that, according to my opinion, Germany would be already in the midst of a dangerous industrial crisis but for the modifying and regulating influence of our kartells, in most branches of production and distribution. The country, with its dense population and increasing capital that seeks employment, could not stand that reckless speculation that would result from unrestrained competition. Modern production, by means of steam-driven machinery, cannot stand unlimited competition, which too often leads to the destruction of the value of large capital. Machine production requires close technical regulation, and does not admit of economic anarchy. So the effect of kartells seems to have been to initiate a more harmonious industrial system, permitting promoters to invest their capital in many instances with ease and safety, where without combinations they might have been too timid to assume the risks of competition. The relatively low quotations of German consols and other public securities may be partly attributed to the great number of safe investments in kartellized industrial undertakings. . . . Opposition to trusts has nowhere been made a plank of political platforms, or been used in election contests. Among officials, scientists, and lawyers, kartells are not considered unwholesome or objectionable *per se*. The Supreme Court of the Empire (*Reichsgericht*), in March, 1898, officially recognized the economic

justification of combinations, and their right to legal protection, unless they use unlawful methods of checking competitors who decline to join them.’

The German Government emphatically favors the trust form of industry. In the Prussian Reichstag, in 1900, a member charged that the Coal Syndicate had greatly increased the price of coal and coke, and urged the ministry to take action against the Syndicate. Herr Brefeld, Minister of Trade and Commerce, replied with a careful review of prices and trade conditions, and concluded as follows:—

‘No one can justly make complaints against the workings of the Syndicate. It has had the result of making the development of prices and wages more even, steady, and certain than it was formerly. I am firmly convinced that if the Syndicate had not existed we should now have prices less satisfactory than those which we have had, and that we should hereafter have to complain of a depression in prices.’

But the strangest contrast to American conditions is presented by the German laws and the decisions of their courts. While the American states have been vying with one another in passing lax corporation laws, Germany, through strict corporation laws, has rigorously and successfully been eliminating fraudulent corporate methods and encouraging the growth of sound business enterprise. The Germans have enacted no prohibitory legislation on the subject of trusts. Instead of hounding industry with barbarous anti-trust statutes, they have favored in the utmost degree combinations designed to prevent ruinous competition and to attain industrial efficiency. The German courts have valiantly assisted the efforts of the German law-makers. How different from the procrustean laws of trade which American anti-trust legislation compels our

courts to enforce, is the sensible business logic of this opinion of the German Reichsgericht: —

‘When in a branch of industry the prices of a product fall too low, and the successful conduct of the industry is endangered or becomes impossible, the crisis which sets in is detrimental, not merely to individuals, but to society as a whole. It is in the interests of the community therefore that inordinately low prices should not exist in any industry for a long time. The legislatures have often, and recently, tried to obtain higher prices for products by enacting protective tariffs. Clearly it cannot be considered contrary to the interests of the community when business men unite with the object of preventing or limiting the practice of underselling, and the fall of prices. On the contrary, when prices for a long time are so low that financial ruin threatens the business men, their combination appears to be not merely a legitimate means of self-preservation, but rather a measure serving the interests of the entire community.’

Thus did the highest court in the German Empire expound the law in consonance with modern economic development. The reference to protective tariffs has almost an American sound, and is respectfully commended to the attention of every American Congressman.

In the case just quoted the lower court had held — as most American courts, under present laws, would have to hold — that an agreement whereby several producers bound themselves to sell their product through a joint selling agency was unlawful and could not be enforced. But the Reichsgericht reversed this decision and upheld the agreement.

Since this decision was rendered, the Reichsgericht has also upheld the val-

idity of the agreement upon which the great Rhenish-Westphalian Syndicate was created.

Turning to Great Britain, the tendency toward combination appears, in many industries, to have distanced both Germany and the United States. Particularly is this true in the textile trades. The history of the great thread combination of J. and P. Coats is a classic in trust literature.

In 1826, James Coats built at Paisley a small mill for the manufacture of sewing-thread which, under the control of three generations of able business men, expanded until it reached throughout the world. In 1890, the business was turned over to the limited liability company of J. and P. Coats for £5,750,000. This combination acquired the mills at Paisley, and also the Conant Thread Company, with works at Pawtucket, Rhode Island. In 1895, the combination acquired Kerr and Company of Paisley, and in 1896 it purchased Clarke and Company of Paisley, James Chadwick and Company of Boulton, founded in 1820, and Jonas Brook and Company of Meltham, established in 1810. These four great rivals had for some time been allied through the Central Thread Agency, which marketed the products of all its members; and it was the successful working of this association that led to their permanent consolidation. J. and P. Coats thus controlled sixteen plants, including mills in the United States, Canada, and Russia; and sixty branch houses, and one hundred and fifty depots; and employed five thousand working people. Since then, the company has acquired a coal-mine, and control over the supply of cotton through the purchase of an interest in the Fine-Cotton Spinners and Doublers’ Association. Its capital stock has been increased to £12,000,000, and

throughout this period its dividends have ranged from twenty to fifty per cent.

Meanwhile, the thread concerns outside the Coats combination were combining. In 1897, fourteen firms, including companies located in France and Canada, combined to form the English Sewing-Cotton Company with a capitalization of £2,250,000, and made an alliance with J. and P. Coats, who took £200,000 of the stock. The English Sewing-Cotton Company next absorbed the great Glasgow firm of R. F. and J. Alexander, and purchased L. Arden of Swetport; and, in 1898, organized the American Thread Company, which acquired thirteen American firms and was capitalized for £3,720,000. The closeness of this great combination appears from the fact that the English Sewing-Cotton Company took a majority of the common stock of the American Thread Company, and J. and P. Coats took £100,000 of preferred shares; and when, in 1899, the English Sewing-Cotton Company increased its capitalization to £3,000,000, the American Thread Company purchased 125,000 shares of the new issue. This alliance completely controlled the thread industry, not only in Great Britain, but throughout the world.

In 1899, the Calico Printers' Association was incorporated, taking in fifty-nine firms and companies, comprising eighty-five per cent of the trade in Great Britain, with a capitalization of £8,226,840. In 1900, the Bleachers' Association was formed, taking in fifty-three concerns capitalized at £6,820,096.

In 1898, the Fine-Cotton Spinners and Doublers' Association was formed for the consolidation of thirty-one concerns producing spun Sea Island cotton. Subsequently, mills were purchased in France — a Lille company

and the Delebart Mallet Fils Company, — and more mills and a colliery in England. Up to 1905, the company comprised upwards of fifty associated concerns, and was capitalized for £7,250,000. The union between the Fine-Cotton Spinners and Doublers' Association and J. and P. Coats, already referred to, has effected the strongest textile combination in the world.

These examples of combination were duplicated in the experience of the iron and steel trade. Beginning in 1881, and continuing with varying success until 1887, the producers of Cleveland pig iron and Scotch warrants, in their local metal exchanges and at their quarterly association meetings in Birmingham, combined to prevent over-production and ruinous competition, and to sustain reasonable prices. Similar combinations existed as early as 1886 in the Scotch malleable iron trade. In 1883, the famous International Rail Syndicate was formed, which included all but one of the eighteen British steel-rail manufacturers, all but two of the German manufacturers, and all the Belgian manufacturers. This syndicate dissolved in 1886. Various temporary combinations of British steel-rail manufacturers organized and dissolved during the next eighteen years. In 1904, to meet ruinous competition from Germany, which was dumping rails abroad at thirty shillings less than the home price, an agreement was made between the rail-makers of Great Britain, Germany, Belgium, and France, by which the foreign trade was syndicated for three years on the basis of 1,300,000 tons annually. Great Britain obtained a priority in the home market, and fifty-three per cent of the foreign trade; and the rest of the foreign trade was thus apportioned: twenty-eight per cent to Germany, seventeen per cent

to Belgium, and the rest to France. The United States Steel Corporation and several other American corporations are understood to have become parties to this agreement, in 1905, and to have obtained thereby a priority in the American market.

One phase of British industrial combination particularly impresses the American observer — the working agreements between naturally competing firms, which bring them into a loose but effective alliance. In America, since the passage of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, such agreements and alliances have been condemned by the courts and denounced by legislatures more bitterly than has the ordinary single-combination form of trust. It was by breaking up a similar alliance in the Addyston Pipe Case, in 1898, that Judge Taft, while on the federal bench, paved the way for the great trust-smashing suits that have followed. In Great Britain, however, this form of combination seems especially favored. A great English authority has declared: 'We may expect, in no very remote future, to see the iron industry governed by loose federations of great power, each large firm belonging to a number of associations according to the variety of its products; and there is a final possibility that these may unite into a general union on the lines of German *Stahlwerksverband*.'

An excellent case in point is the development of the historic firm of Bell Brothers and their allied companies. In 1844, Bell Brothers began the manufacture of Cleveland pig iron, and during the succeeding half-century they acquired collieries, iron-mines, rolling-mills, steel plants, and railway connections, all of which were valued at upwards of £1,270,000. Meanwhile, their rivals Dorman, Long and Company had established themselves in the manufacture of bars and angles,

had purchased the Britannia Works, and had entered upon the manufacture of girders and open-hearth steel. In 1899, Dorman, Long and Company acquired the sheet-iron works of Jones Brothers and the steel-wire works of the Bedson Wire Company. In 1900, they employed three thousand men in all their plants, and turned out three thousand five hundred tons of finished material weekly, and had begun a rolling-mill and steel-making. Competition between Bell Brothers and Dorman, Long and Company being threatened, Dorman, Long and Company, in 1902, increased their capital stock and acquired a controlling interest in Bell Brothers. In 1903, Dorman, Long and Company acquired the ordinary shares of the Northeastern Steel Company, capitalized at £800,000, and owning a Bessemer plant and rolling-mills. The total capital involved in all these transactions amounted to £3,309,549.

These examples of combination are especially helpful to a rational understanding of the American trust situation, because they have all developed without the aid of tariffs, and in the face of unhindered foreign competition, and unaffected by any legislation whatsoever on the subject of combinations or trusts. The justification of the trust movement cannot better be established than by the trust movement in Great Britain.

The British attitude toward trusts has never been hostile. The Industrial Commission of the United States found that, aside from the universal phenomenon of hostility among a few radicals against every kind of wealth, no antipathy existed against trusts, and that 'the strong feeling on the subject, which has been manifested for some years in the United States, seems to have found only a very faint echo in England.' Trusts have never been

a political issue in Great Britain. On the whole, the British view their trust development with complacency and satisfaction.

The secret of this peace and contentment — so different from the political and industrial turmoil in which the anti-trust crusade has plunged our own country — is not hard to find. While Congress and the various state legislatures were enacting the most stringent legislation to repress the trust movement, the English were recognizing and accepting the economic necessity of combination.

The divergence of the policies of England and the United States is striking. Prior to the early eighties, neither country had passed any laws on the subject, and by the unwritten law of the courts of both countries, restraints of trade which were general or unreasonable were invalid. In the United States, this doctrine was subsequently pushed to the extreme, and enacted by Congress and by the legislatures of three fourths of the states into drastic statutes, prohibiting not merely unreasonable restraints of trade, but also every kind of restraint of trade, large or small, particular or general, whether by combination or otherwise.

In England, a diametrically opposite course was pursued. No new laws were enacted or even agitated, and the unwritten law of the courts was actually relaxed, in deference to the economic changes of the time. In 1894, four years after Congress enacted the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, while American legislatures were passing anti-trust laws with enormous penalties, the House of Lords, sitting as the highest Court of Great Britain, escaped the incongruities which have embarrassed law and business in the United States, and announced the new and broadened view which ever since has harmonized English law with English

business. The occasion of this pronouncement by the House of Lords was an action to test the validity of the contract by which Nordenfelt, the famous manufacturer of guns and ammunition, sold his entire plant, patents, business and good-will, to the Maxim-Nordenfelt Company. The transaction was alleged to be in restraint of trade, and therefore void. The House of Lords held that it was valid, and Lord Morris stated the new doctrine as follows: —

‘The weight of authority up to the present time is with the proposition that general restraints of trade are necessarily void. It appears, however, to me, that the time for a new departure has arrived, and that it should be now authoritatively decided that there should be no difference in the legal considerations which would invalidate an agreement whether in general or partial restraint of trading. These considerations, I consider, are whether the restraint is reasonable and is not against the public interest. In olden times all restraints of trading were considered *prima facie* void. An exception was introduced when the agreement to restrain from trading was only from trading in a particular place and upon reasonable consideration, leaving still invalid agreements to restrain from trading at all. Such a general restraint was in the then state of things considered to be of no benefit even to the covenantee himself; but we have now reached a period when it may be said that science and invention have almost annihilated both time and space. Consequently there should no longer exist any cast-iron rule making void any agreement not to carry on a trade anywhere. The generality of time or space must always be a most important factor in the consideration of reasonableness, though not *per se* a decisive test.’

Thus was removed, decisively and

forever, from the British industrial world, the cloud that has been gathering and ominously hanging over the American industrial world.

The results of the trust policy of Germany and England — if let-alone treatment may be called a policy — are everywhere conceded to be fortunate. The Industrial Commission of the United States reported: 'There is, relatively speaking, little objection to combinations in Europe, and in some countries the governments and the people seem to believe that they are needed to meet modern industrial conditions. . . . There seems to be no inclination toward the passage of laws which shall attempt to kill the combinations. That is believed to be impossible and unwise.'

Simple specific statutes, directed merely against the plain evils of corporate management and business competition, and not affecting the legitimate and normal forms of industrial growth, have accomplished these results. The possibility of political corruption by corporations scarcely exists in Great Britain. The Standing Orders of both Houses of Parliament require that private bills — that is, bills which grant any corporate privileges or affect any private rights — must undergo a quasi judicial procedure. Thus, all bills that confer any powers on railways, tramways, electric-lighting, gas or water companies, must be introduced on petition, instead of on motion. Notice of such bills must be given by advertisement to all persons interested, three months before the meeting of Parliament, and copies of the bills must be deposited in the Private Bill Office of the House of Commons, where memorials from opponents may also be filed. Only after these requirements have been fulfilled is the petition presented to the House. After the second reading of the bill, it is referred to a

committee, which grants hearings to the promoters and the opponents, and takes testimony under oath regarding every clause of the bill, and finally reports the bill back to the House with its opinion, where its future progress is like that of any public bill. Every private bill must be in charge of a parliamentary agent, who is required to register his name with the proper parliamentary official and to give a bond in a considerable sum to secure his obedience to the Standing Orders. No statement regarding any private bill can be circulated in the House, unless signed by a registered parliamentary agent, who is held personally responsible for its accuracy. Under this procedure, Parliament is as immune from corporate corruption as are the courts. By further providing that candidates for office cannot exceed a fixed scale of lawful expenditure, and by requiring an exceedingly exhaustive account of contributions and expenditures, political corruption by corporations is well-nigh completely prevented.

Coercion, force, and fraud are the particular methods by which monopolists try to effect their purposes. These methods are as truly anarchistic in the realm of business as assassination is in the field of politics. Each of them, unless specifically forbidden and punished, destroys every condition of healthy competition. Each is sometimes resorted to by obscure and unsuccessful competitors, as well as by occasional conspicuous and successful concerns. In Great Britain, as well as in Germany, these practices are punished by simple, specific statutes. Whether the offender be great or small, he is governed by the same law.

Strict corporation laws, in comparison with which ours grow pale, compel fair dealing with investors, and publicity to stockholders and the state.

These obvious remedies, which prevent specific fraudulent and wrongful practices, whether they occur in the smallest concerns or in the largest trusts, have proved, in Germany and England, a complete solution of the trust problem.

In the United States, trust evils have been increased and intensified by foolish statutes, which prohibit every form of combination. As President Roosevelt said of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act: 'It is a public evil to have on the statute-books a law incapable of full enforcement, because both judges and

juries realize that its full enforcement would destroy the business of the country; for the result is to make decent men violators of the law against their will, and to put a premium on the behavior of the willful wrongdoers.' Until American anti-trust legislation ceases to prohibit all combination in restraint of trade, and seeks merely to prevent specific wrongful practices, which through fraud, coercion, or force violate legitimate business competition, the trust problem of America must continue to embroil politics and business.

CODDLING THE CRIMINAL

BY CHARLES C. NOTT, JR.

LET us suppose that to a man hesitating on the verge of committing an embezzlement, the following statement should be made as to the certainty or uncertainty of punishment following upon the commission of that crime:—

'If you commit this crime, you may or may not be found out. That will depend largely upon you. If you are found out you will be taken into custody (if caught), and later, if sufficient evidence against you is obtained, you will be put to trial. In this legal encounter your adversary will, figuratively speaking, have one hand strapped behind his back and will be governed by Marquis of Queensberry rules. You will have both hands free and will not be governed by any rules, but may strike below the belt or kick or trip. Should you win, you will be free, and no appeal will lie from any decision by the judge in your favor.

Should you lose, you may or may not be sentenced. If you are, you may take an appeal. Upon this appeal, no conduct of yours or of your attorney during the trial is brought up for review, but any infraction of the law of evidence, unfavorable to you, by the judge or district attorney, will set aside the result of the trial, and give you another chance. If the conviction should be affirmed and you can then be found, you will have to go to prison, but in all probability need not stay there long if you behave yourself while there.'

To most people this would savor more of an invitation to commit crime than of a warning against so doing; yet as a matter of fact it very fairly states the chances.

The fact is that our administration of the criminal law has as nearly reached perfection in guarding the innocent (and

guilty) from conviction as is possible for any human institution; but in securing the safety and order of the community by the conviction of the guilty it is woefully inadequate.

While figures are but dry mental food, the following will illustrate very well the safeguards which the law throws around persons accused of crime. In the year 1909, 6401 cases of felony were disposed of in the county of New York. Let us see what the chances were that out of this large number an injustice could have been done *as against a defendant* — not as against the state. The grand jury in that year dismissed 1342 cases, leaving 5059, no defendant as yet having been wronged. Of these 5059 cases the district attorney recommended the discharge of defendant, or dismissal of the indictment, in 928 cases, leaving 4131 cases, and no defendant wronged as yet. Of these 4131 cases, 481 were disposed of in various ways (such as bail forfeitures, discharges on writs of habeas corpus, etc.) favorable to defendants, leaving 3650 cases, and no defendant wronged as yet. In 2602 of these 3650 cases, the defendants pleaded guilty, leaving 1048 cases, and still no possibility of injustice to a defendant. In 585 out of these 1048 cases, acquittals, either by direction of the court or by verdict, resulted, leaving only 463 cases out of 6401, in which any mistake against a defendant could have been committed. These 463 cases, winnowed out of 6401, were invariably presented to juries under instructions by the court that twelve men would have to be convinced as one man, *beyond a reasonable doubt*, of the defendant's guilt before convicting; and in each of these 463 cases, twelve men were so convinced, and returned a verdict of guilty. The law still further safeguarded the rights of these defendants. While the state was allowed no appeal in any of the 585 cases in which it was unsuccessful,

each defendant convicted had an absolute right of appeal, and 104 appeals were taken during the year, resulting in eleven reversals of convictions, and leaving 452 cases, in the final result, in which there *could* have been any chance of injustice to a defendant. Of these 452 defendants many received suspended sentences, and to the remainder an application for executive clemency, or action in case of injustice, is always open.

When we come, however, to consider the rights of the state and the punishment of the guilty, the above figures are not calculated to inspire confidence in the effectiveness of the criminal law.

The appalling amount of crime in the United States, as compared with many other civilized countries, is due to the fact that it is known generally that the punishment for crime is uncertain and far from severe. The uncertainty of punishment is largely due to the extension in our criminal jurisprudence of two principles of the common law which were originally just and reasonable, but the present application of which is both unjust and unreasonable. This change is due to the fact that under the common law an accused was deprived of many rights which he now possesses, and was subjected to many burdens and risks of which he is now relieved. But, although the reason and necessity for the two principles referred to have long since ceased to exist, the principles are not only retained, but have been stretched and expanded to the infinite impairment of the efficiency and justice of our criminal law. The two principles are: that no man shall be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb for the same offense; and that no man shall be compelled to give evidence against himself.

Under the common law as it existed long after these principles originated, every felony was a capital offense, and every misdemeanor was punished with

branding, mutilation, or transportation. There were no prisons except those for detention for trial. After conviction the defendant was hanged, or his ears were cropped, or he was transported to the colonies. At his trial he was not entitled to counsel. He could not take the stand and testify in his own behalf, even if there were no witnesses available to him. If convicted he was allowed no appeal.

This being the state of the law, the justice of the two principles referred to is obvious. Should a man be acquitted after having run the risk of death through such an ordeal, common humanity required that he should not again be subjected to it, nor have a new trial granted against him after an acquittal when he could not obtain one for himself after a conviction. And it was manifestly unfair to compel a man, who could not testify in his own behalf, to give evidence against himself.

But the original situation no longer exists. Capital punishment is abolished in most states, save in cases of murder in its first degree, and mutilation and transportation no longer exist as punishment for crimes. The accused is entitled to the advice and services of counsel. He may take the stand in his own behalf. The right of appeal is granted him, *while denied to the state*.

Taking up now the consideration of the present interpretation of the principle forbidding a second 'jeopardy of life or limb,' and remembering that at the common law *neither* side could appeal, it is obvious that the rule was intended to prevent a defendant's being arbitrarily re-tried after an acquittal — a purpose with which no one can find fault; and it is no less obvious that the rule never contemplated that a re-trial should be granted to a defendant after the reversal on appeal of a conviction, but should be denied to the state after

a reversal of an acquittal on appeal. In other words, the common law said to the state, 'As neither side can appeal, a verdict either way shall settle the litigation, and you shall not continue trying a defendant over and over again until you obtain a favorable verdict.' It did not say, 'A re-trial after a reversal of an acquittal is duly had in an appellate court constitutes the forbidden second jeopardy.'

The fact that a defendant can appeal from a conviction, and can review on appeal all errors committed by the trial judge or any misconduct on the part of the district attorney, while the state can take no appeal from an acquittal, no matter how glaring may be the errors of the trial judge or the misconduct of the defendant's attorney, has an enormous practical effect on the conduct of the trial; none the less so for all that it is not commonly understood or appreciated.

When a judge who is timid as to his 'record' of cases appealed has only to rule consistently against the prosecution to avoid any *reversible* error, the temptation is so strong as to be resisted by but few. There are some judges who rule on a question of law purely as such in a criminal as in a civil case; and some who even hold that as the state is remediless if an error of law be made, while the defendant is not, the state should have the benefit of a doubt on the law, even as the defendant has the benefit of a doubt on the facts; but the number of such judges is all too small.

On the other hand, the great number of judges take refuge in the helplessness of the prosecution when any question that strikes them as at all doubtful arises; and some judges take advantage of the situation to act as if the prosecution had no rights at all that the judge is bound to respect, and as if it were for the judge to decide whether he would be bound by

any law of evidence whatever. Thus recently a judge in New York County, when the prosecutor handed up 'requests to charge the jury,' informed him that the district attorney had no right to request the court to charge anything, and refused to receive them. Another judge in the same county recently, in reply to a perfectly proper objection made by a prosecutor to a speech the defendant was making from the witness-chair, remarked that the district attorney had no right to object, that this man was the defendant and could say anything he wanted to; while another stated that he knew certain evidence offered by the defendant was incompetent, but that he (the judge) would 'suspend the rules of evidence' — in so far only as they applied in favor of the prosecution, of course. Indeed the trial of a criminal case often degenerates into a proceeding which cannot be dignified by the name of a trial in a court of law, but which amounts simply to a hearing conducted arbitrarily in defiance of all rules of law, and in accordance with the whims of a judge who has taken an oath of office to do justice 'according to law,' and not according to his own whims.

It is a safe assertion that, under our present system, fully seventy-five per cent of judgments of acquittal could be reversed on appeal for errors committed against the prosecution. If the state could take an appeal, this percentage would at once drop enormously, even if the right to appeal were but seldom resorted to, and such arbitrary acts as those just cited would practically cease.

If the principle, as it was originally intended to be applied, were reasonable and just, namely, that a defendant (who, if convicted, had no right of appeal) should not arbitrarily be put on trial again, if acquitted; and if the present extension of the principle be unrea-

sonable and unjust; namely, that a convicted defendant can appeal and secure a new trial, but that the state is precluded from so doing in all cases where acquittal results; it may properly be asked: What objection can there be to placing parties litigant upon an even footing to the extent of allowing an appeal by the state, with a re-trial where a judgment of acquittal is reversed for errors of law?

It may be urged that an impecunious defendant would be unable to bear the expense of an appeal and would have to let it go by default. But the court could always assign counsel to defend upon appeal, as the courts now do to defend upon trial. The state, being the appellant, would be obliged to incur the expense of preparing and printing the record on appeal; and the state, having taken the appeal, should bear the expense of the printing of the defendant's brief, the only expense to be incurred by the defendant.

Should the objection be taken that defendants, having been necessarily liberated upon acquittal, would rarely be apprehended again upon a subsequent reversal of an acquittal, the answer is that the object of the change is to secure fair trials by giving both sides equal rights, and it is of small importance whether any particular defendant escapes or not. If the state were given the right to appeal, the character of criminal trials would so improve that the right would only have to be availed of in comparatively few instances.

When we turn to the second principle of the common law, that no man shall be compelled to give testimony against himself, the same condition of things confronts us, — a principle just and reasonable in its original application, warped and stretched out of all reason and justice.

This principle was originally intend-

ed to prevent the use of the rack and thumb-screw to wring a true confession from a guilty man, or a false confession from an innocent man. The fact that a defendant was precluded from testifying in his own favor also enhanced the justice of the rule. But why should the rule be stretched further than to the prevention of confessions by force or improper means of any sort? The extent to which it is stretched is well illustrated by the present law, which forbids all reference by the prosecution to the failure of the defendant to take the stand, and entitles the defendant to have the jury charged that no inference can be drawn against him because of such failure. This is done on the theory that if the failure of a defendant to take the stand could be used against him, he would be *compelled* to testify and give evidence *against* himself. What objection is there in reason to calling, through a magistrate, upon a defendant immediately upon his arraignment, to state his explanation, upon pain of being precluded from testifying upon the trial, if he refuse to give such explanation when required by the magistrate?

It cannot be too firmly kept in mind that the present practice is *solely* for the benefit of the *guilty*. The innocent man is always eager to give his explanation and does so at the first opportunity, and it is always to his interest so to do. But the guilty is now enabled by the law to remain mute, to learn the evidence against him, to concoct his defense pending trial, and to come into court fully acquainted with the case against him, while the district attorney only knows that the defendant has pronounced the two words 'not guilty,' under which he may prove an *alibi*, self-defense, insanity, or any other defense applicable to the case.

It requires no argument to show that no system could be better adapted than this to encourage and promote con-

cocted defenses, *while giving nothing of any practical advantage to the defendant with an honest defense*. Moreover, if a public and orderly inquiry into the defense were held before the committing magistrate, the abuses in obtaining information from defendants, known as the 'third degree' system, and popularly supposed to be very prevalent, would at once disappear. The prisoner on arraignment before the magistrate would be informed of his right to counsel, that whatever he might say would be used against him, and that, should he decline to answer the questions put to him, he would not be allowed thereafter to testify in his own behalf when put on trial. Such a procedure no more compels a man to testify against himself than does now the fear that a failure on his part to take the stand may result unfavorably. *It merely calls upon a defendant to make an earlier choice whether to testify or not*, and calls upon him to make that choice before he has had the chance (in criminal vernacular) to 'frame up' a defense.

A somewhat similar proceeding has long been one of the most important and distinctive features of the administration of the criminal law in France. There the accused is at once brought before the *juge d'instruction*, who examines him at length, remanding him from time to time in order to afford opportunity for verifying his statements. In case of refusal by a defendant to answer, the judge has a wide discretion in detaining him and endeavoring to break down his silence. It would certainly be inadvisable to import into our criminal procedure this power of detention in a committing magistrate; but, in the method advocated above, the magistrate would have no such power, being obliged, upon the defendant's refusal to answer, either to discharge him or hold him for the grand jury as the case might require.

To those so fortunate as never to have had any actual experience in the administration of criminal law, all of these proposed changes may appear theoretical and abstract. But they who have taken part in criminal trials and are familiar with the practical workings of our system, will appreciate the enormous practical difference that would be wrought by such changes. To-day we have a practice under which an accused is made acquainted with the case against him, even to being furnished with the names of the witnesses who have testified against him before the grand jury; the accused stands mute save for his plea of 'not guilty,' and comes into court with a defense unknown to the prosecutor, and with witnesses whose names are not known to the district attorney until they are called to the stand, when, of course, it is too late (in the ordinary criminal trial) to investigate them. The defense knows that it has everything to gain, and nothing to lose, by getting into the case anything and everything favorable to the defendant, whether competent or not, and by trying to keep out everything unfavorable to him, no matter how material, relevant, and competent; the defendant's counsel knows that no misconduct on his own part will be subjected to judicial review and criticism, and a large pro-

portion of the criminal bar customarily resort to methods in the preparation of their defenses and the trial of their cases which would not be tolerated on the part of the district attorney.

All of this state of affairs would be practically reformed by two changes in the law: the first granting a right of appeal to the state, to review all errors of law committed upon the trial; and the second providing for an examination of the defendant by the committing magistrate, and forbidding the defendant to take the stand upon his trial in case of his refusal to answer. We should then have both sides coming into court apprized respectively of the cause of action and the defense, as has been the practice from time immemorial in civil cases; we should find the number of perjured defenses decreasing and the number of honest pleas of guilty increasing; we should have trials conducted with fairness to both sides, and due regard for the law of evidence; we should have the defendants' attorneys subjected to that wholesome regard for the consequences of evil and unprofessional conduct that now exists only upon the part of their opponents; in short, we should have a marked improvement in both the effectiveness of the criminal law and the moral tone of the courts and criminal bar.

MY FIRST SUMMER IN THE SIERRA¹

BY JOHN MUIR

June 18, 1869. — Another inspiring morning; nothing better in any world can be conceived. No description of Heaven that I have ever heard or read seems half so fine. At noon the clouds occupied about .05 of the sky, white, filmy touches drawn delicately on the azure. The high ridges and hilltops beyond the woolly locusts are now gay with monardella, clarkia, coreopsis, and tall tufted grasses, some of them tall enough to wave like pines. The lupines, of which there are many ill-defined species, are now mostly out of flower; and many of the compositæ are beginning to fade, their radiant corollas vanishing in fluffy pappus like stars in mist.

June 20. — Some of the silly sheep got caught fast in a tangle of chaparral this morning, like flies in a spider's web, and had to be helped out. Carlo found them and tried to drive them from the trap by the easiest way. How far above sheep are intelligent dogs! No friend and helper can be more affectionate and constant than Carlo. The noble St. Bernard is an honor to his race.

The air is distinctly fragrant with balsam and resin and mint, — every breath of it a gift we may well thank God for. Who could ever guess that so rough a wilderness should yet be so fine, so full of good things. One seems to be in a majestic domed pavilion in which a grand play is being acted with scenery and music and incense, — all

the furniture and action so interesting we are in no danger of being called on to endure one dull moment. God himself seems to be always doing his best here, working like a man in a glow of enthusiasm.

June 23. — Oh, these vast calm measureless mountain days, inciting at once to work and rest. Days in whose light everything seems equally divine, opening a thousand windows to show us God. Never more, however weary, should one faint by the way who gains the blessings of one mountain day; whatever his fate, long life, short life, stormy or calm, he is rich forever.

June 24. — Our regular allowance of clouds and thunder. Shepherd Billy is in a peck of trouble about the sheep; he declares that they are possessed with more of the evil one than any other flock from the beginning of the invention of mutton and wool to the last batch of it. No matter how many are missing, he will not, he says, go a step to seek them, because, as he reasons, while getting back one wanderer he would probably lose ten. Therefore runaway hunting must be Carlo's and mine.

Billy's little dog Jack is also giving trouble by leaving camp every night to visit his neighbors up the mountain at Brown's Flat. He is a common-looking cur of no particular breed, but tremendously enterprising in love and war. He has cut all the ropes and leather straps he has been

¹ An earlier portion of this journal was published in the January *Atlantic*. — THE EDITORS.

tied with, until his master in desperation, after climbing the brushy mountain again and again to drag him back, fastened him with a pole attached to his collar under his chin at one end, and to a stout sapling at the other. But the pole gave good leverage, and by constant twisting during the night, the fastening at the sapling end was chafed off, and he set out on his usual journey, dragging the pole through the brush, and reached the Indian settlement in safety. His master followed, and making no allowance, gave him a beating, and swore in bad terms that next evening he would 'fix that infatuated pup' by anchoring him unmercifully to the heavy cast-iron lid of our Dutch oven, weighing about as much as the dog. It was linked directly to his collar close up under the chin, so that the poor fellow seemed unable to stir. He stood quite discouraged until after dark, unable to look about him, or even to lie down unless he stretched himself out with his front feet across the lid, and his head close down between his paws. Before morning, however, Jack was heard far up the height howling Excelsior, cast-iron anchor to the contrary notwithstanding. He must have walked, or rather climbed, erect on his hind legs, clasping the heavy lid like a shield against his breast, a formidable iron-clad condition in which to meet his rivals. Next night dog, pot-lid, and all were tied up in an old bean-sack, and thus at last angry Billy gained the victory.

Just before leaving home, Jack was bitten in the lower jaw by a rattlesnake, and for a week or so his head and neck were swelled to more than double the normal size; nevertheless he ran about as brisk and lively as ever, and is now completely recovered. The only treatment he got was fresh milk, — a gallon or two at a time forcibly poured down his sore, poisoned throat.

June 30. — Half cloudy, half sunny, clouds lustrous white. The tall pines crowded along the top of the Pilot Peak Ridge look like six-inch miniatures exquisitely outlined on the satiny sky. Average cloudiness for the day about .25. No rain. And so this memorable month ends, a stream of beauty unmeasured, no more to be sectioned off by almanac arithmetic than sun-radiance or the currents of seas and rivers, — a peaceful, joyful stream of beauty. Every morning, rising from the death of sleep, the happy plants and all our fellow animal creatures great and small, and even the rocks, seemed to be shouting, 'Awake, awake, rejoice, rejoice, come love us and join in our song. Come! Come!' Looking back through the stillness and romantic enchanting beauty and peace of the camp grove, this June seems the greatest of all the months of my life, the most truly, divinely free, boundless like eternity, immortal. Everything in it seems equally divine — one smooth pure wild glow of Heaven's love, never to be blotted or blurred by anything past or to come.

July 1. — Summer is ripe. Flocks of seeds are already out of their cups and pods seeking their predestined places. Some will strike root and grow up beside their parents, others flying on the wings of the wind far from them, among strangers. Most of the young birds are full feathered and out of their nests, though still looked after by both father and mother, protected and fed and to some extent educated. How beautiful the home-life of birds. No wonder we all love them.

I like to watch the squirrels. There are two species here, the large California gray and the Douglas. The latter is the brightest of all the squirrels I have ever seen, a hot spark of life, making every tree tingle with his prickly toes, a condensed nugget of fresh moun-

tain vigor and valor, as free from disease as a sunbeam. One cannot think of such an animal ever being weary or sick. He seems to think the mountains belong to him, and at first tried to drive away the whole flock of sheep as well as the shepherd and dogs. How he scolds, and what faces he makes, all eyes, teeth, and whiskers! If not so comically small he would indeed be a dreadful fellow. I would like to know more about his bringing up, his life in the home knot-hole, as well as in the tree-tops, throughout all the seasons. Strange that I have not yet found a nest full of young ones. The Douglas is nearly allied to the red squirrel of the Atlantic slope, and may have been distributed to this side of the continent by way of the great unbroken forests of the north.

The California gray is one of the most beautiful, and, next to the Douglas, the most interesting of our hairy neighbors. Compared with Douglas he is twice as large, but far less lively and influential as a worker in the woods, and he manages to make his way through leaves and branches with less stir than his small brother. I have never heard him bark at anything except our dogs. In search of food he glides silently from branch to branch, examining last year's cones to see if some few seeds may not be left between the scales, or gleans fallen ones among the leaves on the ground, since none of the present season's crop is yet available. His tail floats now behind him, now above him, level or gracefully curled like a wisp of cirrus cloud, every hair in its place, clean and shining and radiant as thistle-down in spite of rough, gummy work. His whole body seems about as unsubstantial as his tail.

The little Douglas is fiery, peppery, full of brag and fight and show, with movements so quick and keen they almost sting the onlooker; and the

harlequin gyrating show he makes of himself turns one giddy to see. The gray is shy, and oftentimes stealthy in his movements, as if half expecting an enemy in every tree and bush, and back of every log, wishing only to be let alone apparently, and manifesting no desire to be seen or admired or feared. The Indians hunt this species for food, a good cause for caution, not to mention other enemies, — hawks, snakes, wildcats. In woods where food is abundant they wear paths through sheltering thickets and over prostrate trees to some favorite pool where in hot and dry weather they drink at nearly the same hour every day. These pools are said to be narrowly watched, especially by the boys, who lie in ambush with bow and arrow, and kill without noise. But, in spite of enemies, squirrels are happy fellows, forest favorites, types of tireless life. Of all Nature's wild beasts, they seem to me the wildest. May we come to know each other better.

The chaparral-covered hill-slope to the south of the camp, besides furnishing nesting-places for countless merry birds, is the home and hiding-place of the curious wood-rat (*Neotoma*), a handsome, interesting animal, always attracting attention wherever seen. It is more like a squirrel than a rat, is much larger, has delicate, thick, soft fur of a bluish slate color, white on the belly; ears large, thin, and translucent; eyes soft, full, and liquid; claws slender, sharp as needles; and as his limbs are strong, he can climb about as well as a squirrel.

No rat or squirrel has so innocent a look, is so easily approached, or expresses such confidence in one's good intentions. He seems too fine for the thorny thickets he inhabits, and his hut also is as unlike himself as may be, though softly furnished inside. No other animal inhabitant of these moun-

tains builds houses so large and striking in appearance. The traveler coming suddenly upon a group of them for the first time will not be likely to forget them. They are built of all kinds of sticks, old rotten pieces picked up anywhere, and green prickly twigs bitten from the nearest bushes, the whole mixed with miscellaneous odds and ends of everything movable, such as bits of cloddy earth, stones, bones, deer-horn, etc., piled up in a conical mass as if it were got ready for burning.

Some of these curious cabins are six feet high and as wide at the base, and a dozen or more of them are occasionally grouped together, less perhaps for the sake of society than for advantages of food and shelter. Coming through the dense shaggy thickets of some lonely hillside, the solitary explorer happening into one of these strange villages is startled at the sight, and may fancy himself in an Indian settlement, and begin to wonder what kind of reception he is likely to get. But no savage face will he see, perhaps not a single inhabitant, or at most two or three seated on top of their wigwams, looking at the stranger with the mildest of wild eyes, and allowing a near approach. In the centre of the rough spiky hut a soft nest is made of the inner fibres of bark chewed to tow, and lined with feathers and the down of various seeds such as willow and milkweed. The delicate creature in its prickly, thick-walled home suggests a tender flower in a thorny involucre. Some of the nests are built in trees thirty or forty feet from the ground, and even in garrets, as if seeking the company and protection of man, like swallows and linnets, though accustomed to the wildest solitude.

Among housekeepers Neotoma has the reputation of a thief, because he carries away everything transportable to his queer hut, — knives, forks, tin cups, combs, nails, spectacles, etc., —

merely however to strengthen his fortifications, I guess. His food at home, as far as I have learned, is nearly the same as that of the squirrels, — nuts, berries, seeds, and sometimes the bark and tender shoots of the various species of *ceanothus*.

July 2. — Warm, sunny day, thrilling plant and animals and rocks alike, making sap and blood flow fast, and making every particle of the crystal mountains throb and swirl and dance in glad accord like star-dust. No dullness anywhere visible or thinkable. No stagnation, no death. Everything kept in joyful rhythmic motion in the pulses of Nature's big heart.

Pearl cumuli over the higher mountains, — clouds, not with a silver lining, but all silver. The brightest, crispest, rockiest-looking clouds, most varied in features and keenest in outline, I ever saw at any time of year in any country. The daily building and unbuilding of these snowy cloud-ranges — the highest Sierra — is a prime marvel to me, and I gaze at the stupendous white domes, miles high, with ever fresh admiration. But in the midst of these sky and mountain affairs a change of diet is pulling us down. We have been out of bread a few days, and begin to miss it more than seems reasonable, for we have plenty of meat and sugar and tea. Strange we should feel food-poor in so rich a wilderness. The Indians put us to shame, so do the squirrels, — starchy roots and seeds and bark in abundance, yet the failure of the meal-sack disturbs our bodily balance and threatens our best enjoyments.

July 4. — The air beyond the flock range, full of the essences of the woods, is growing sweeter and more fragrant from day to day, like ripening fruit.

Mr. Delaney is expected to arrive soon from the lowlands with a new

stock of provisions, and as the flock is to be moved to fresh pastures we shall all be well fed. In the mean time our stock of beans as well as flour has failed; everything but mutton, sugar, and tea. The shepherd is somewhat demoralized and seems to care but little what becomes of his flock. He says that since the boss has failed to feed him he is not rightly bound to feed the sheep, and swears that no decent white man can climb these steep mountains on mutton alone. 'It's not fittin' grub for a white man really white. For dogs and coyotes and Indians it's different. Good grub, good sheep. That's what I say.' Such was Billy's Fourth of July oration.

July 5. — The clouds of noon on the high Sierra seem yet more marvelously, indescribably beautiful from day to day as one becomes more wakeful to see them. The smoke of the gunpowder burned yesterday on the lowlands, and the eloquence of the orators has probably settled or been blown away by this time. Here every day is a holiday, a jubilee ever sounding with serene enthusiasm, without wear or waste or cloying weariness. Everything rejoicing. Not a single cell or crystal unvisited or forgotten.

July 6. — Mr. Delaney has not arrived, and the bread famine is sore. We must eat mutton a while longer, though it seems hard to get accustomed to it. I have heard of Texas pioneers living without bread or anything made from the cereals for months without suffering, using the breast-meat of wild turkeys for bread. Of this kind they had plenty in the good old days when life, though considered less safe, was fussed over the less. The trappers and fur-traders of early days in the Rocky Mountain regions lived on bison and beaver meat for months. Salmon-eaters

too there are among both Indians and whites who seem to suffer little or not at all from the want of bread. Just at this moment mutton seems the least desirable of food, though of good quality. We pick out the leanest bits, and down it goes against heavy disgust, causing nausea and an effort to reject the offensive stuff. Tea makes matters worse, if possible. The stomach begins to assert itself as an independent creature with a will of its own. We should boil lupine leaves, clover, starchy petioles, and saxifrage root-stocks like the Indians. We try to ignore our gastric troubles, rise and gaze about us, turn our eyes to the mountains, and climb doggedly up through brush and rocks into the heart of the scenery. A stifled calm comes on, and the day's duties and even enjoyments are languidly got through with. We chew a few leaves of ceanothus by way of luncheon, and smell or chew the spicy monardella for the dull headache and stomach-ache that now lightens, now comes muffling down upon us and into us like fog. At night more mutton, flesh to flesh, down with it, not too much, and there are the stars shining through the cedar plumes and branches above our beds.

July 7. — Rather weak and sickish this morning, and all about a piece of bread. Can scarce command attention to my best studies, as if one could n't take a few days' saunter in the Godful woods without maintaining a base on a wheat-field and grist-mill. Like caged parrots we want a cracker, any of the hundred kinds, — the remainder biscuit of a voyage round the world would answer well enough, nor would the wholesomeness of saleratus biscuit be questioned. Bread without flesh is a good diet, as on many botanical excursions I have proved. Tea also may easily be ignored. Just bread and water and delightful toil is all I need, — not

unreasonably much, yet one ought to be trained and tempered to enjoy life in these brave wilds in full independence of any particular kind of nourishment. That this may be accomplished is manifest, so far as bodily welfare is concerned, in the lives of people of other climes. The Eskimo, for example, gets a living far north of the wheat-line, from oily seals and whales. Meat, berries, bitter weeds, and blubber, or only the last, for months at a time; and yet these people all around the frozen shores of our continent are said to be hearty, jolly, stout, and brave. We hear too of fish-eaters, carnivorous as spiders, yet well enough so far as stomachs are concerned, while we are so ridiculously helpless, making wry faces over our fare, looking sheepish in digestive distress amid rumbling, grumbling sounds that might well pass for smothered ba-as. We have a large supply of sugar, and this evening it occurred to me that these belligerent stomachs might possibly, like complaining children, be coaxed with candy. Accordingly the frying-pan was cleansed and a lot of sugar cooked in it to a sort of wax, but this stuff only made matters worse.

Man seems to be the only animal whose food soils him, making much washing necessary, and shield-like bibs and napkins. Moles living in the earth and eating slimy worms are yet as clean as seals or fishes, whose lives are one perpetual wash. And, as we have seen, the squirrels in these resinous woods keep themselves clean in some mysterious way; not a hair is sticky, though they handle the gummy cones, and glide about apparently without care. The birds too are clean, though they seem to make a good deal of fuss washing and cleaning their feathers. Certain flies and ants I see are in a fix, entangled and sealed up in the sugar-wax we threw away, like some of their ancestors in amber.

Our stomachs, like tired muscles, are sore with long squirming. Once I was very hungry in the Bonaventure graveyard near Savannah, Georgia, having fasted for several days; then the empty stomach seemed to chafe in much the same way as now, and a somewhat similar tenderness and aching was produced, hard to bear, though the pain was not acute. We dream of bread, a sure sign we need it. Like the Indians, we ought to know how to get the starch out of fern and saxifrage stalks, lily-bulbs, pine-bark, etc. Our education has been sadly neglected for many generations. Wild rice would be good. I noticed a species of *leersia* in wet meadow edges, but the seeds are small. Acorns are not ripe, nor pine nuts, nor filberts. The inner bark of pine or spruce might be tried. Drank tea until half intoxicated. Man seems to crave a stimulant when anything extraordinary is going on, and this is the only one I use. Billy chews great quantities of tobacco, which I suppose helps to stupefy and moderate his misery. We look and listen for the Don every hour. How beautiful upon the mountains his big feet would be!

In the warm hospitable Sierra, shepherds and mountain-men in general, so far as I have seen, are easily satisfied as to food-supplies and bedding. Most of them are heartily content to 'rough it,' ignoring Nature's fineness as bothersome or unmanly. The shepherd's bed is often only the bare ground and a pair of blankets, with a stone, a piece of wood, or a pack-saddle for a pillow. In choosing the spot, he shows less care than the dogs, for they usually deliberate before making up their minds in so important an affair, going from place to place, scraping away loose sticks and pebbles and trying for comfort by making many changes, while the shepherd casts himself down anywhere, seemingly the least skilled of all rest-seekers.

His food, too, even when he has all he wants, is usually far from delicate, either in kind or cooking. Beans, bread of any sort, bacon, mutton, dried peaches, and sometimes potatoes and onions, make up his bill-of-fare, the two latter articles being regarded as luxuries on account of their weight as compared with the nourishment they contain; a half-sack or so of each may be put into the pack in setting out from the home ranch, and in a few days they are done. Beans are the main stand-by, portable, wholesome, and capable of going far, besides being easily cooked, although curiously enough a great deal of mystery is supposed to lie about the bean-pot.

No two cooks quite agree on the methods of making beans do their best, and when, after petting and coaxing and nursing the savory mess, — well oiled and mellowed with bacon boiled into the heart of it, — the proud cook will ask, after dishing out a quart or two for trial, 'Well, how do you like *my* beans?' as if by no possibility could they be like any other beans cooked in the same way, but must needs possess some special virtue of which he alone is master. Molasses, sugar, or pepper may be used to give desired flavors; or the first water may be poured off and a spoonful or two of ashes or soda added to dissolve or soften the skins more fully, according to various tastes and notions. But, like casks of wine, no two potfuls are exactly alike to every palate. Some are supposed to be spoiled by the moon, by some unlucky day, the beans having been grown on soil not suitable; or the whole year may be to blame as not favorable for beans, and so forth.

Coffee too has its marvels in the camp kitchen, but not so many, and not so inscrutable as those that beset the bean-pot. A low complacent grunt follows a mouthful drawn in with a gurgle, and

the remark cast forth aimlessly, 'That's good coffee.' Then another gurgling sip and repetition of the judgment. 'Yes, sir, that is good coffee.' As to tea, there are but two kinds, weak and strong, the stronger the better. The only remark heard is, 'That tea's weak,' otherwise it is good enough and not worth mentioning. If it has been boiled an hour or two or smoked on a pitchy fire, no matter, — who cares for a little tannin or creosote? they make the black beverage all the stronger and more attractive to tobacco-tanned palates.

At last Don Delaney comes down the long glen, — hunger vanishes, we turn our eyes to the mountains, and to-morrow we go climbing toward cloudland.

Never while anything is left of me shall this first camp be forgotten. It has fairly grown into me. Not merely as memory-pictures, but as part and parcel of mind and body alike. The deep hopper-like hollow, with its majestic trees through which all the wonderful nights the stars poured their beauty. The flowery wildness of the high steep slope toward Brown's Flat, and its bloom-fragrance descending at the close of the still days. The embowered river-reaches with their multitude of voices making melody, the stately flow and rush and glad exulting onswEEPing currents caressing the dipping sedge-leaves and bushes and mossy stones, swirling in pools, dividing against little flowery islands, breaking gray and white here and there, ever rejoicing, yet with deep solemn undertones recalling the ocean, — the brave little bird ever beside them, singing with sweet human tones among the waltzing foam-bells, and like a blessed evangel explaining God's love.

And the Pilot Peak Ridge, its long withdrawing slopes gracefully modeled and braided, reaching from climate to climate, feathered with trees that are the kings of their race, their ranks nobly

marshaled to view, spire above spire, crown above crown, waving their long, leafy arms, tossing their cones like ringing bells, — blessed sun-fed mountaineers rejoicing in their strength, every tree tuneful, a harp for the winds and the sun. The hazel and buckthorn pastures of the deer, the sunbeaten brows purple and yellow with mint and golden-rods, carpeted with chamœbatia, humming with bees. And the dawns and sunrises and sundowns of these mountain days, — the rose light creeping higher among the stars, changing to daffodil yellow, the level beams bursting forth, streaming across the ridges, touching pine after pine, awakening and warming all the mighty host to do gladly their shining day's work. The great sun-gold noons, the alabaster cloud-mountains, the landscape beaming with consciousness like the face of a god; and the sunsets, when the trees stood hushed awaiting their good-night blessings. Divine, enduring, unwastable wealth.

July 8. — Now away we go toward the topmost mountains. Many still, small voices, as well as the noon thunder, are calling, 'Come higher.' Farewell, blessed dell, woods, gardens, streams, birds, squirrels, lizards, and a thousand others. Farewell. Farewell.

Up through the woods the hoofed locusts streamed beneath a cloud of brown dust. Scarcely were they driven a hundred yards from the old corral ere they seemed to know that at last they were going to new pastures, and rushed wildly ahead, crowding through gaps in the brush, jumping, tumbling like exulting, hurrahing flood-waters escaping through a broken dam. A man on each flank kept shouting advice to the leaders, who in their famishing condition were behaving like Gadarene swine; two other drivers were busy with stragglers, helping them out of brush-

tangles; the Indian, calm, alert, silently watched for wanderers likely to be overlooked; the two dogs ran here and there, at a loss to know what was best to be done, while the Don, soon far in the rear, was trying to keep in sight of his troublesome wealth.

As soon as the boundary of the old eaten-out range was passed, the hungry horde suddenly became calm, like a mountain stream in a meadow. Thenceforward they were allowed to eat their way as slowly as they wished, care being taken only to keep them headed toward the summit of the Merced and Tuolumne divide. Soon the two thousand flattened paunches were bulged out with sweet-pea vines and grass, and the gaunt, desperate creatures, more like wolves than sheep, became bland and governable, while the howling drivers changed to gentle shepherds, and sauntered in peace.

I miss my river songs to-night. Here Hazel Creek at its topmost springs has a voice like a bird. The wind-tones in the great trees overhead are strangely impressive, all the more because not a leaf stirs below them. But it grows late, and I must to bed. The camp is silent; everybody asleep. It seems extravagant to spend hours so precious in sleep. 'He giveth his beloved sleep.' Pity the poor beloved needs it, weak, weary, forespent; oh, the pity of it, to sleep in the midst of eternal, beautiful motion instead of gazing forever, like the stars.

July 9. — Exhilarated with the mountain air, I feel like shouting this morning with excess of wild animal joy. The Indian lay down away from the fire last night, without blankets, having nothing on, by way of clothing, but a pair of blue overalls and a calico shirt wet with sweat. The night air is chilly at this elevation, and we gave him some horse-blankets, but he did n't seem to.

care for them. A fine thing to be independent of clothing where it is so hard to carry. When food is scarce he can live on whatever comes in his way, — a few berries, roots, bird-eggs, grasshoppers, black ants, fat wasp or bumblebee larvæ, without feeling that he is doing anything worth mention, so I have been told.

We passed a number of charming garden-like meadows lying on top of the divide or hanging like ribbons down its sides, imbedded in the glorious forest. Some are taken up chiefly with the tall white-flowered *Veratrum Californicum*, with boat-shaped leaves about a foot long, eight or ten inches wide, and veined like those of cypripedium, — a robust, hearty, liliaceous plant, fond of water and determined to be seen. Columbine and larkspur grow on the dryer edges of the meadows, with a tall handsome lupine standing waist-deep in long grasses and sedges. Castilleias, too, of several species make a bright show with beds of violets at their feet. But the glory of these forest meadows is a lily (*L. parvum*). The tallest is from seven to eight feet high with magnificent racemes of ten to twenty or more small orange-colored flowers, while it stands out free in open ground, with just enough grass and other companion plants about it to fringe its feet, and show it off to best advantage. This is a grand addition to my lily acquaintances, — a true mountaineer, reaching prime vigor and beauty at a height of seven thousand feet or thereabouts. It varies, I find, very much in size even in the same meadow, not only with the soil, but with age. I saw a specimen that had only one flower, and another within a stone's throw had twenty-five.

And to think that the sheep should be allowed in these lily-meadows! after how many centuries of Nature's care planting and watering them, tucking

the bulbs in snugly below winter frost, shading the tender shoots with clouds drawn above them like curtains, pouring refreshing rain, making them perfect in beauty, and keeping them safe by a thousand miracles; yet, strange to say, allowing the trampling of devastating sheep. One might reasonably look for a wall of fire to fence such gardens. So extravagant is Nature with her choicest treasures, spending plant-beauty as she spends sunshine, pouring it forth into land and sea, garden and desert. And so the beauty of lilies falls on angels and men, bears and squirrels, wolves and sheep, birds and bees, but so far as I have seen, man alone, and the animals he tames, destroy these gardens. Awkward, lumbering bears, the Don tells me, love to wallow in them in hot weather, and deer with their sharp feet cross them again and again, sauntering and feeding, yet never a lily have I seen spoiled by them. Rather, like gardeners, they seem to cultivate them, pressing and dibbling as required. Anyhow, not a leaf or a petal seems misplaced.

The trees round about them seem as perfect in beauty and form as the lilies, their boughs whorled like lily leaves in exact order. This evening, as usual, the glow of our camp-fire is working enchantment on everything within reach of its rays. Lying beneath the firs, it is glorious to see them dipping their spires in the starry sky, the sky like one vast lily meadow in bloom! How can I close my eyes on so precious a night!

Have greatly enjoyed all this huge day, sauntering and seeing, steeping in the mountain influences, sketching, noting, pressing flowers, drinking ozone and tamarac water. Found the white fragrant Washington lily, the finest of all the Sierra lilies. Its bulbs are buried in shaggy chaparral tangles, I suppose for safety from pawing bears; and its magnificent panicles sway and rock

over the top of the rough snow-pressed bushes, while big, bold, blunt-nosed bees drone and mumble in its pollemy bells. A lovely flower worth going hungry and footsore endless miles to see. The whole world seems richer now that I have found this plant in so noble a landscape.

A log house serves to mark a claim to the tamarac meadow, which may become valuable as a station in case travel to Yosemite should greatly increase. Belated parties occasionally stop here. A white man with an Indian woman is holding possession of the place.

Sauntered up the meadow about sundown, out of sight of camp and sheep and all human mark, into the deep peace of the solemn old woods, everything glowing with Heaven's unquenchable enthusiasm.

July 12. — The Don has returned, and again we go on pilgrimage. 'Looking over the Yosemite Creek country,' he said, 'from the tops of the hills you see nothing but rocks and patches of trees; but when you go down into the rocky desert you find no end of small grassy banks and meadows, and so the country is not half so lean as it looks.' There we'll go and stay until the snow is melted from the upper country.

I was glad to hear that the high snow made a stay in the Yosemite region necessary, for I am anxious to see as much of it as possible. What fine times I shall have sketching, studying plants and rocks, and scrambling about the brink of the great valley alone, out of sight and sound of camp!

We saw another party of Yosemite tourists to-day. Somehow most of these travelers seem to care but little for the glorious objects about them, though enough to spend time and money and endure long rides to see the famous valley. And when they are fairly

within the mighty walls of the temple and hear the psalms of the falls, they will forget themselves and become devout. Blessed indeed should be every pilgrim in these holy mountains.

The Mono Trail crosses the range by the Bloody Cañon Pass to gold-mines near the north end of Mono Lake. These mines were reported to be rich when first discovered, and a grand rush took place, making a trail necessary. A few small bridges were built over streams where fording was not practicable on account of the softness of the bottom, sections of fallen trees cut out, and lanes made through thickets wide enough to allow the passage of bulky packs; but over the greater part of the way scarce a stone or shovelful of earth has been moved.

The woods we passed through are composed almost wholly of *Abies magnifica*, the companion species, *concolor*, being mostly left behind on account of altitude, while the increasing elevation seems grateful to the charming *magnifica*. No words can do anything like justice to this noble tree. At one place many had fallen during some heavy windstorm, owing to the loose sandy character of the soil, which offered no secure anchorage. The soil is mostly decomposed and disintegrated moraine material.

July 14. — How deathlike is sleep in this mountain air, and quick the awakening into newness of life! A calm dawn, yellow and purple, then floods of sun-gold, making everything tingle and glow.

In an hour or two we came to Yosemite Creek, the stream that makes the greatest of all the Yosemite falls. It is about forty feet wide at the Mono Trail crossing, and now about four feet in average depth, flowing about three miles an hour. The distance to the verge of the Yosemite wall, where it makes

its tremendous plunge, is only about two miles. Calm, beautiful, and nearly silent, it glides with stately gestures, a dense growth of the slender two-leaved pine along its banks, and a fringe of willow, purple spirea, sedges, daisies, lilies, and columbines. Some of the sedges and willow boughs dip into the current, and just outside of the close ranks of trees there is a sunny flat of washed gravelly sand which seems to have been deposited by some ancient flood. It is covered with millions of erethrea, eriogonum, and oxytheca, with more flowers than leaves, forming an even growth slightly dimpled and ruffled here and there by rosettes of spraguea umbellata.

Back of this flowery strip is a wavy up-sloping plain of solid granite, so smoothly ice-polished in many places that it glistens in the sun like glass. In shallow hollows there are patches of trees, mostly the rough form of the two-leaved pine, rather scrawny-looking where there is little or no soil. Also a few junipers (*J. occidentalis*), short and stout, with bright cinnamon-colored bark and gray foliage, standing alone mostly, on the sun-beaten pavement, safe from fire, clinging by slight joints—a sturdy storm-enduring mountaineer of a tree, living on sunshine and snow, maintaining tough health on this diet for perhaps more than a thousand years.

Up toward the head of the basin I see groups of domes rising above the wave-like ridges, and some picturesque castellated masses, and dark strips and patches of silver fir, indicating deposits of fertile soil. Would that I could command the time to study them. What rich excursions one could make in this well-defined basin. Its glacial inscriptions and sculptures, how marvelous they seem, how noble the studies they offer! I tremble with excitement in the dawn of these glorious mountain

sublimities, but I can only gaze and wonder, and, like a child, gather here and there a lily, half-hoping I may be able to study and learn in years to come.

The drivers and dogs had a lively, laborious time getting the sheep over the creek, the second large stream thus far that they have been compelled to cross without a bridge; the first being the North Fork of the Merced near Bower Cave. Men and dogs shouting and barking drove the timid, water-fearing creatures in a close crowd against the bank, but not one of the flock would launch away. While thus jammed, the Don and the shepherd rushed through the frightened crowd to stampede those in front, but this would only cause a break backward, and away they would scamper through the stream-bank trees and scatter over the rocky pavement. Then with the aid of the dogs the run-aways would again be gathered and made to face the stream, and again the compacted mass would break away, amid wild shouting and barking that might well have disturbed the stream itself and marred the music of its falls, to which visitors no doubt from all quarters of the globe were listening.

‘Hold them there! Now hold them there!’ shouted the Don; ‘the front ranks will soon tire of the pressure, and be glad to take to the water, then all will jump in and cross in a hurry.’ But they did nothing of the kind; they only avoided the pressure by breaking back in scores and hundreds leaving the beauty of the banks sadly trampled.

If only one could be got to cross over, all would make haste to follow; but that one could not be found. A lamb was caught, carried across, and tied to a bush on the opposite bank, where it cried piteously for its mother. But though greatly concerned, the mother only called it back. That play on maternal affection failed, and we began to

fear that we should be forced to make a long roundabout drive and cross the widespread tributaries of the creek in succession. This would require several days, but it had its advantages, for I was eager to see the sources of so famous a stream. Don Quixote, however, determined that they must ford just here, and immediately began a sort of siege by cutting down slender pines on the bank and building a corral barely large enough to hold the flock when well pressed together. And as the stream would form one side of the corral he believed that they could easily be forced into the water.

In a few hours the inclosure was completed, and the silly animals were driven in and rammed hard against the brink of the ford. Then the Don, forcing a way through the compacted mass, pitched a few of the terrified unfortunates into the stream by main strength; but instead of crossing over, they swam about close to the bank, making desperate attempts to get back into the flock. Then a dozen or more were shoved off, and the Don, tall like a crane and a good natural wader, jumped in after them, seized a struggling wether, and dragged it to the opposite shore. But no sooner did he let it go than it jumped into the stream and swam back to its frightened companions in the corral, thus manifesting sheep-nature as unchangeable as gravitation.

Pan with his pipes would have had no better luck, I fear. We were now pretty well baffled. The silly creatures would suffer any sort of death rather than cross that stream. Calling a council, the dripping Don declared that starvation was now the only likely scheme to try, and that we might as well camp here in comfort and let the

besieged flock grow hungry and cool, and come to their senses, if they had any.

In a few minutes after being thus let alone, an adventurer in the foremost rank plunged in and swam bravely to the farther shore. Then suddenly all rushed in pell-mell together, trampling one another under water, while we vainly tried to hold them back. The Don jumped into the thickest of the gasping, gurgling, drowning mass, and shoved them right and left as if each sheep was a piece of floating timber. The current also served to drift them apart; a long bent column was soon formed, and in a few minutes all were over and began baaing and feeding as if nothing out of the common had happened. That none were drowned seems wonderful. I fully expected that hundreds would gain the romantic fate of being swept into Yosemite over the highest waterfall in the world.

As the day was far spent, we camped a little way back from the ford, and let the dripping flock scatter and feed until sundown. The wool is dry now, and calm, cud-chewing peace has fallen on all the comfortable band, leaving no trace of the watery battle. I have seen fish driven out of the water with less ado than was made in driving these animals into it. Sheep brain must surely be poor stuff. Compare to-day's exhibition with the performances of deer swimming quietly across broad and rapid rivers, and from island to island in seas and lakes; or with dogs, or even with the squirrels that, as the story goes, cross the Mississippi River on selected chips, with tails for sails comfortably trimmed to the breeze. A sheep can hardly be called an animal; an entire flock is required to make one foolish individual.

(To be continued.)

THE FIELD OF SCARLET TREASURE

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

It is Tilly Clapsaddle who always finds out first.

She, on a certain day in early June, appears at our front gate. She presses against the pickets a dark-skinned, wide-mouthed, slightly cross-eyed face.

We cordially greet her.

'Hullo, Tilly.'

'Got any sassafras root, Tilly?'

'Can't you come in and help us play Indians?'

For answer, Tilly's rough hand reaches over the pickets. It holds a small cluster of something scarlet and green and white, something that shakes with little trembling balls. It is a bunch of wild strawberries.

'Fer yer ma,' explains Tilly. 'Ast her, kin yer come wid me up back er my house a-berryin'. The fields is red with 'em.'

Down drops Blue Overalls from the apple tree. Up springs Red Hat from the sand-heap. Sunbonnet leaps sharply as an arrow from the swing.

These three individuals, with no word to Tilly Clapsaddle, make a bee-line around the house to the breakfast-room door.

'Tilly's here—she wants to know—'

'Tilly Clapsaddle says, can we —'

'Tilly Clapsaddle —'

But the bunch of scarlet and white and green pendants, handed up to the Highest Authority, is better than kingly seal or papal *bull*. It is better even than the mighty name of Tilly Clapsaddle. The Highest Authority accepts it. She holds it a minute to her smiling face, then in exquisite homage tucks it

in her belt. She smiles on us, tying the necktie of one, smoothing from his hot forehead the hair of another, settling the sunbonnet of a third. At last she says, —

'I see no objection.'

We catch up three little baskets. We hasten back to Tilly. We find her leisurely waiting, twisting knobs of amber-colored gum from the trunks of our cherry trees.

'She says we can go if you'll take care of us, Tilly.'

'She says — don't let us get our feet wet.'

'She says we can stay until dinner-time, or until your mother calls you in.'

'My mother won't never call me in,' swaggers Tilly Clapsaddle. 'She leaves me come when I like, she leaves me do all what I like — except who I play with; she won't leave me play with nobody that ain't reefined.'

We stand proudly and confidently before our visitor, suggesting, 'We are reefined, Tilly.'

'I bet yer,' responds Tilly Clapsaddle. She claws off a last globule of resin-colored gum, adding, 'My maw says yer are. She says you'm the ree-finedest, and the high-toned'st and the greatest-hands-for-queer-talk-young-ones she ever see.'

We are reassured, complimented, awaiting Tilly's pleasure. This flattering person, having stowed in her apron pocket quite a lavish store of gum, now opens the gate, marshals us through it, and locking us together by a perfected

system of hand-holding, — in which the weaker and more uncertain of step is placed in the centre, and the valiant and more experienced on the two ends, — off we start down the shady sidewalk.

As we clatter along, Sunbonnet, for some occult reason known only to herself, objects to walking on the outside, near the gutter. Sunbonnet makes outcry of dissatisfaction.

We all stop. Sunbonnet explains. Tilly, reviewing the situation, casts about for a remedy. She tries mental healing, giving forth this adage, —

‘Walk outside

Ye’ll come home a bride.’

It is enough. We are, male and female, henceforth eager to walk on the outside and come home brides; but Sunbonnet, with calm superiority, now holds tenaciously to the position near the gutter. Tilly’s ruse succeeds.

Another time the flying wedge of walkers comes to a halt because of the protests of Sunbonnet and Blue Overalls against Red Hat, who, as he proceeds, tries to step on every crack where the pavements join. This irregularity of the unit results in the halting and undecided march of the aggregate. There is mutual criticism. Again Tilly makes investigation. Finally she remarks, —

‘Step on a crack

Yer break yer mother’s back.’

Once more, peace. Red Hat, not wishing to be weighted down with this crime, desists. We proceed in more orderly fashion.

Soon we get away from village pavements. We go adventuring up a side street, turn into a lane, and skip across a field. We come to a little gladed hollow. Here we scramble down a red clay bank, cross, by a single risky plank, a brown brook, and are beginning to toil up the clay bank on the other side, when Red Hat pauses.

‘Gee!’ breathes Red Hat ecstatically; ‘gee!’ He looks longingly at the water. He casts an appreciative eye at a hollow tree, at patches of eddy foam, the green walls of birch, maple, and alder, the curious netted effect of the sun on gravelly ripples. Red Hat sniffs the air, he pricks up his ears, he plants his feet.

‘Come on!’ orders Tilly Clapsaddle.

‘I won’t,’ says Red Hat decidedly. ‘You can go on without me. I — I’m going to stay here. I like it. I’m going to build a tent out of branches and be Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. It’s like pirates here, there’s a hollow tree and everythin’ — Oooh! look at those smarty skippers walking up hill on the water. I’m going to see if I can’t drown ’em. Say, Tilly, I bet there’s all sorts of queer things round here.’

We gaze at Red Hat in dismay. Tilly Clapsaddle is stern; she deals firmly with the deserter.

‘Guy!’ ejaculates Tilly Clapsaddle.

We have been instructed to the effect that it is a pity such a nice, bright girl as Tilly should say ‘Guy,’ which is not a word used by ladies. Yet we are thrilled when she says it now. She jerks off a small birch twig, strips it of its leaves, and chews sagely on its bark, remarking, ‘Guy! I would n’t stay here — not if I wuz to git a dimond ring and a silk dress for it.’

What? *She* would n’t? We stare at her in wide-eyed wonder. Tilly Clapsaddle, daughter of valorous Clapsaddles, who would, no doubt, be extremely fascinating in a silk dress and a diamond ring, — Tilly would n’t stay here? — why not?

We gaze vaguely into the shadows around us. We peer up and down the bosky brook. We start at the sight of old blackened stumps, at the haughty flare of skunk-cabbages, at objects that take on menacing shapes, at mysterious signs and wavings over our heads.

We become suddenly afraid of the water voices, of the cynical teasing buzz of brook midges. When, for a moment, the sun goes behind a cloud and the hollow darkens, our hearts beat wildly, and we move closer together.

'Why would n't you — Tilly?' we inquire.

'On 'count *snakes*,' explains the succinct Tilly. She points to walls of crumbling rock, to nooks and crannies, suggesting the cool sunless apartments of reptiles, continuing, 'Copperheads. They'm thick as frogs, here. My paw, he's killed more snakes 'an he ever seen dollars, but he ain't never killed no copperheads. Nobody can't kill none, that's why there's so many. There's more this side the brook,' indicating where we stand, 'than there is yander, acrost the brook, bekuz copperheads ain't like black snakes, they won't go acrost water. Black snakes will swim acrost the 'Lantic Ocean, once they set their minds to it.'

Though impressed with this idea of the mental control of black snakes, we revert to the more conservative copperheads. 'Why can't your father kill them?' inquires Red Hat.

'Guy!' says the explosive Tilly, 'they got gold dollars on their heads. That gives 'em a charm like. If yer could once git near enough to knock the gold dollars off, yer could git 'em easy enough. They'd be tame as jumpin'-ropes. But a good many has tried it. My paw, he's — now — pegged rocks at 'em, rocks enough to sink a ship, but he ain't never dared git near enough one to knock its gold dollar off.'

We are awed; speechless. In view of the failure of Mr. Clapsaddle to decimate the copperheads, we feel that the ravine is for us spoiled. Even for Red Hat. Red Hat feels that snake propinquity would destroy the perfect peace of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. He, like us, is ready to move on. We wait

only for Tilly Clapsaddle, now flat on her stomach, sucking up between her closed teeth long horse-like drinks of brook water. She rises, snub-nose dripping.

'I wuz that dry,' she excuses herself impressively. 'Did yer see how I done it? I allus shuts my teeth like that, to keep from swallerin' pond-eggs. I dast drink brook water, bekuz I'm thirteen, but you nee'nter.'

'Why not, Tilly?' we demur.

We are immediately seized with a thirst that beggars description. We devise original means of getting at the water. We would enjoy drawing it to our eager mouths through hollow stalks, dipping it up in leaf-cups and empty tin cans. We tell our guide this.

'Well, did I say yer could n't?' remarks Tilly Clapsaddle with cold reserve. 'I don't say yer *kin't* — I only say yer *nee'nter*. Yer got as good right as I have, only yer liable to swallow baby snakes. A good many has swallowed their first snakes with drinkin' brook water. Lizards, too. My mother's cousin — she — now —'

As we toil up the clay hill, and out of the shadowy hollow, we hear all there is to hear about Tilly Clapsaddle's mother's cousin. And it is a poignant tale, reeking with mortification and despair. Every dusty chicken we pass, pausing in its nervous search for the Ultimate Bug, bows its head and gives a low, confirming cluck; every cow, glaring, sighs heavy acknowledgment of its truth.

Oh, Tilly Clapsaddle's mother's cousin — what a noble, free, confident character! Unconsciously, in a moment of glad abandon and natural thirst, drinking what was apparently innocuous brook-water, swallowing, all unknowingly, one or two baby snakes — or was it pond-eggs, cousin? — and thereafter suffering incredible torment. Oh, Tilly Clapsaddle's mother's cousin,

thou art all heroine, martyr, and we drink to thy memory — but not — forgive the painful precaution — not in brook water!

By this time we feel that we are far away from home, really embarked on the sunny ways that lead to the Field of Scarlet Treasure. The mystery of novel things comes to our sense, hints of the foreign, the unexplained. We walk away from the familiar. We walk toward the unfamiliar. We, with our little baskets and our eager chatter, had, before, barely realized this, but now it is revealed to us by our approach to what Tilly calls the 'woods,' — a bit of timber, dusking both sides of the country highway.

To us, as we pass down the cool bit of road, where the shadows steal from either side, and sniff the pungent smell of wild growths, the 'woods' mean the best times we have ever had or are likely to have. They are the nadir of our dreams. They are the possible that holds our impossible. But, though they are potentially the picnic and frolic of our lives, they are also potentially its shadow and nemesis. Though they hold Golden Hair's house, so do they also the Three Bears. They shelter the fairies, but they also shelter goblins. They harbor Red Riding Hood, but — alack — they also harbor the Wolf!

Now, in the cool bit of road, passing between the two dark walls of woodland, we gaze into the shifting gleam and dimness, speak in low voices, and are sobered.

Red Hat: It — it looks dark — in there!

Blue Overalls: It looks like old men with beards.

Sunbonnet: It looks like camels, and elephants, and things growling!

Tilly Clapsaddle: It looks like — now — like the cemet'ry — 'n them rocks is dead people.

Tilly, it appears, is sensitive. Something has got on her nerves. She is gloomy. She has moments of thrilling indecision. Sometimes she starts, snorts, and looks vaguely around. Once she jumps and squawks, 'What's that?' We stare at her open-mouthed. The goose-flesh pops out on our skins.

Tilly has long since completed her ballad of the mother's cousin. She has been having her lyric moments over water-cresses and artichokes, and the shiny leaves she calls 'bread and butter.' Now, the effect of the 'woods' upon her, she grows epic. Suddenly she stops short, gives a gasp, chortles, '*Cheese it!*' seizes our hands, links us anew, and orders hoarsely, '*Run, — run like the doosed!*'

We obey. Perhaps no one ever knows what running is, unless he has run as we do now, from an absolutely unnamed, unformed, unseen fear. The highway dust rises in snarls that seem to trip our flying feet. The daisies, their wide eyes staring in horror, flash by. Grasses, birds, stand helpless, looking on, and Tilly Clapsaddle with arm-bruising clutch, gasps, 'He's a-chasin' us! He's a-chasin' us! Run, — run like the doosed!'

After what seems years of stumbling flight, we reach a turn in the road, the turn that takes us out of the wooded belt. The safe blue sky, the mild maternal fields, cheer us. We all stop, while Tilly, with expressions of doubt and fear, looks over her shoulder. We dare now question her.

'What was it, Tilly?' we implore.

'*Guy!*' snorts Tilly Clapsaddle. She plucks a feathery grass, conveys it to her mouth, and chews recklessly. We all do likewise. '*Guy!*' says theatric Tilly. 'Did yer see that ole tramp, settin' there in the woods, hollerin' at us?'

No, Tilly. No, resourceful one, we had not seen. Tell us, pray, more of this old tramp.

'Here he was, down behind a rock, lookin' at us, like this,' — Miss Clapsaddle, crouching, her sunbonnet on one ear, gives us swift portrayal of the 'old tramp's' fiendish leer. She also illustrates his slightly lame gait as he emerges from the wood, and, as she says, 'chases' us.

'Did n't yer see him, behind that big rock?'

Red Hat rises to the challenge. He also accepts the vernacular.

'I seen him,' says Red Hat.

We others are not to be outdone. 'We seen him,' we say. In joyful acceptance of Tilly's suggestion, we insist upon it. 'We seen him — we seen his white vest, in the bushes.'

'Huh,' corrects Tilly Clapsaddle. 'Huh, tramps don't wear no white vests.' She goes on to explain how a tramp never dresses like a dude. She hints that it may have been a white chicken we 'seen,' a white chicken that the tramp had stolen.

We stand, looking back, conjecturing. Our hearts are pounding. We are nearly suffocated with the sense of danger. And yet, curiously enough, each one of us is perfectly aware of the truth. In spite of the Homeric Tilly's very evident excitement, we know that she saw no tramp. She knows we know it. We all know — and yet — that strange foreboding look of the 'woods'; the 'dead' rocks! the unsolved tangle and confusion and hidden motives of vines, the apparent movelessness of things that one distinctly saw move. — Ahem — well — if a tramp had not chased us, something had, and so we congratulate each other, we have done well to run!

By this time we reach the lonely notch, where, in a rock-strewn clearing, stands Tilly's house, gray, ramshackle. We, of all things interested in the dwelling that shelters our comrade, are agog. Tilly, however, shows no

pride, until, as we approach nearer, and hear proceeding from a dilapidated lean-to, a curious syncopation of grunts, she remarks, —

'Them's the pigs.'

We are alert with interest. We concentrate on the dilapidated lean-to. We can see, inserted in a broad crack of the pen, four odd-looking things, sliding back and forth. Nearer examinations prove them to be restless pink snouts.

We shout with joy. We run forward delightedly. At the same moment something comes strongly, repellently, to our own sophisticated noses, and we pause.

'Ugh, Tilly, — what a horrid smell!'

'Pooh!' says the experienced Tilly, 'that ain't nothing. You can't have pigs without that.'

Red Hat contradicts. 'I could,' he asserts. 'I would have nice, clean pigs. Ugh — ugh! that awful smell makes me sick!'

'Ah!' says Tilly — 'that's you. Them's pigs. Anything that *don't* smell bad makes a pig sick.'

Red Hat is silenced. We ponder. Oh, strange world — where an odor so painful to us should make four pigs so happy!

In the centre of Tilly's 'yard' is a thorn-bush. The thorn-bush is bare of leaves, it boasts no flowers of its own. But it has, instead, a mock efflorescence, a burgeoning of inverted eggshells, stuck here and there, blooming palely upon the arid branches. We three behold it with approval, we are deeply impressed. Heavens! This egg tree is wonderful! We commend the ethereal conception, the divine afflatus of Clapsaddle temperament, that should conceive and portray a tree blossoming eggs. We lean against the broken fence, where the component parts of the Clapsaddle wash are hung, to look through the knot-holes and ex-

patiate. We compliment Tilly upon the egg tree. But our friend, for some reason, scorns this praise. She appears anxious, restive, intent upon getting by her residence without being observed from within.

Suddenly the door of the ramshackle house swings open. A gaunt woman appears. It is Mrs. Clapsaddle. We, who never before have seen Mrs. Clapsaddle without her bonnet and shawl, apply stealthy eyes to our respective knot-holes, interested to study her in this new phase. She is at present wearing a greasy black-and-white wrapper, her hair is in a rough braid, and she has a piece of red flannel around her throat. We find her enchanting.

Mrs. Clapsaddle does not at first see us, who are not tall enough to do more than reach to the knot-holes. But she has spied the admirable Tilly, who, with the swiftness characteristic of her, immediately ducks. Tilly flings herself down by the base-board of the fence. She concentrates a defiant eye on a knot-hole. 'Lay low,' she mutters to us. 'Lay low!'

'I seen you, you young goat,' calls Mrs. Clapsaddle feelingly. 'Where you bin, you pig-nut? Come in here and I'll skin you alive.'

Tilly ignores the maternal invitation. She presses her face in dock and plantain leaves. 'Lay low—lay low,' she thrillingly adjures us.

But we three do not 'lay low.' How can we, when we are consumed with interest and curiosity at beholding Mrs. Clapsaddle for the first time, as it were, unveiled? She, according to our traditions, is a person of enormous sagacity and cleverness. She, mysterious woman, is of the train of circumstance conjoining the stork, the doctor, the new baby, and a visit to grandmother's. She, sublime artist, puts up currant-jelly, makes crullers. She evolves from the fruit of gayly wound

rag-balls, the brilliant distillation known as rag-carpet. And now we know her, modest female, for the designer, the achiever, the owner, of the succulent egg tree. We have no thought but joyously to greet her.

'How do you do, Mrs. Clapsaddle!'

'Good-morning, Mrs. Clapsaddle!'

'How is the baby calf, Mrs. Clapsaddle?'

The courtesy, the cordial unrestraint of these salutations, seem for the moment to jar upon the lady's ear. She has in her hand a small switch. At the sound of our voices she drops it. She calls up a twist of countenance intended for benevolence, and advances toward the fence. We clamber up to smile and bow.

'Lord save us — if it ain't the little Martins! How's yer maw, children? So yer going strawberryin'? Takkare yer don't git a sunstroke. My! Sissy, yer growin', ain't yer? Land of Goshen, bub, where'd yer git them eyes? Ain't yer got no tongue, sonny?'

Oh, Mrs. Clapsaddle! *Et tu*, Clapsaddle! 'Diamond, Diamond, you little know' — etc. What is the matter with grown-ups, anyway? QUI FIT? In that one short speech, this lady, otherwise admirable, breaks every rule known to our etiquette. To call the Highest Authority our 'maw' is to us hideous. 'Sissy' — vile familiarity of commoners. 'Bub' — low patronage not to be defined. But hold! A truce! Mrs. Clapsaddle, we will bear this! You own the egg bush, you are the mother of Tilly!

This latter fact Our Lady of the Wrapper appears to remember. She peers over the fence at her offspring, lying recumbent on the ground, still obstinately 'laying low.' Tilly's black eyes meet her mother's in sour undiscipline; she appears, by her silent bracing, to anticipate retribution. But Mrs. Clapsaddle, mindful of our observa-

tion, vouchsafes only languid and 'ree-fined' reproof.

'Well, Tully deer,' with indulgent tolerance, 'ain't yer got no manners? Sugar, — don't yer want to give 'em all a piece?'

The erstwhile apprehensive 'goat' and 'pig-nut,' but now enormously relieved 'sugar,' scrambles to her feet and over the fence. She gives a wild whoop and runs into the ramshackle house. When, later, she emerges, she bears triumphantly three 'pieces.' She hands us each one, her mother nodding approval.

Ye gods! These things are all on the scale of the egg bush. We are struck speechless with the luxury of the entertainment. At home, we, born of the simple life, are permitted only butter on our bread. Tilly, Princess of the Egg Bush, is accustomed, so we know by what we now devour, to bread and butter, and *sugar*!

As we take leave of Mrs. Clapsaddle and climb up the stony lane leading to the Field of Scarlet Treasure, we meditate on these things. We meditate so hard that when we reach the hilltop, and prepare to crawl under the lane-bars into the field itself, it is without a thrill. It is the entrance to Paradise. We are casually aware that we are at last where we would be, — but we are calm about it. There is a moment's pause, the call of a crow, the bumble of a bee in a buttercup, the sight of daisies and grasses blowing in the wind. Calm, aqueous flood of sky and air, the sweet friendly presence of gentle trees, nothing else — until — all of a sudden — *we see red* — !

It is a teasing thing now, trying to catch and hold the spell, the old charm of the Field of Scarlet Treasure. One wonders as one stands at the bars today, what was so free and adventurous about it. One's heart aches to get the old feel of it as it was, a place for-

eign, bewitched, pregnant with meaning and opportunity. One cannot help letting one's eye rove wistfully over it as one murmurs, 'Is this really all there was? An old field, an old, unused field, with an oak tree and a few maples and some rocks and grasses and flowers?'

Not that it has lost a bit of its beauty. The birds still flash through the oak tree branched like the seven-branched candlestick. The blue bal-dacchino of the sky still spreads over the high altars of rock, and the scarlet berries hang like rosaries in the chapels of tall grass. Only — something has gone. Red Hat says so; Red Hat owns a hundred strawberry fields now. Blue Overalls agrees with me; Blue Overalls is quite a personage these days. And these gentlemen explain that it is not because one's mind has grown so very far away from the old things, nor that the place itself has become so familiar; they hold that it is simply because we now view the whole world as through a glass, darkly. We have no longer Tilly Clapsaddle to interpret things for us.

Tilly Clapsaddle! One of us sits at tables where the salt, above or below, as the case may be, has lost its savor. Tilly Clapsaddle! One of us smokes his cigar with the magnates and presidents of the material world, and says it profiteth him nothing. Tilly Clapsaddle! One of us has voyaged and adventured, and found nothing so strange and free and wild and splendid as you. Wherever you are, Tilly Clapsaddle, whatever you do, take it from us: there never was, there never will be, a comrade like unto you.

— Our ardent leader, standing hatless, her unbraided hair blowing in her eyes, now points out ecstatically the far-off corner of the field where the berries grow thickest. She prepares for the charge. She stoops, drags up the garters over her brown knees. She throws her old hat recklessly by, she grabs her

basket in firm hold, darting off on the morning wind, crying the challenge: —

'Last one down the hill knows what he is!'

'Last one down the hill knows what he is.' Keats's band of revelers, coming over the pale blue hills, were but shadows of it.

'Last one down the hill knows what he is.' Comus and his rollicking crew were a mere Sunday-school class in their appreciation of it.

'Last one down the hill knows what he is.' Bacchus and his followers — well, they, perhaps, had dim glimmerings. They knew the feeling.

Galumphing drunkenly over stock and stone, tripping over blackberry vines, dashing over hummock and tufty ant-hill, until — oh, Tilly! — oh, Heaven! — the strawberries! We fall on our knees. We grunt and sigh for joy. We are, as our guide, philosopher, and friend says, surrounded by 'crowds and crowds of 'em.'

Now Tilly, the regent, allots us our little strawberry fiefs, where we may pick without infringing upon her strawberry marches. Now she advises us to line our baskets with grapevine leaves, to fasten other leaves upon our hatless heads. From time to time she calls warnings: —

'Look out fer poison ivy!'

'Handle that hop-toad and you'll git warts!'

'Don't look at a crow too long, he'll pick yer eyes out!'

'Cheese it! — that's a stingin' spider!'

'Don't eat none of them blue berries, they'm deadly night-shade!'

One can hear those warnings now. One can hear, following close upon them, the bloodcurdling histories of different members of the House of Clapsaddle, who, failing to heed like warnings, thereby, man and woman, suffered lingering tortures, which invariably ended in death and affecting last words.

'So then, my pa's brother, my Uncle Dave — he, now — he gives three grunts and he says to my Aunt Maidy — he says, now — he says — "Where's the rest of them night-shade berries I had for me supper?" He says, "Don't leave the young ones eat none," he says — and then, he — now — gives three more grunts, and then he dies!'

Glad calls float up and down the sunny strawberry slope.

'How many you got?'

'I only got my basket half-full. How many've you got?'

'I have n't many yet. I've only been finding teeny-weeny ones, that are n't any good except to eat right away.'

So we, enjoying the social side of berrying, exchanging our wonderful experiences, digress. Tilly, on the other hand, picks fast and furiously. When at last her basket is full of berries, she withdraws. She wanders to where a young maple tree, green, and shaped like a canopy, is set like a tent in the broad sunny field. Sitting in its shade, she begins swiftly and technically to hull her berries. We appreciate the charm of thus withdrawing from the heat to this convent of the maple tree. We envy her her air of privacy. We ourselves have not many berries, but such as they are, we feel they should be hulled at once. We join Tilly under the little green tent-tree. With expressions of fatigue we drop down on the grass beside her. She eyes our baskets.

'Huh!' says Tilly pityingly. 'Huh, yer ain't got many. I tell yer what, say you don't pick no more? It makes yer sweat so. What say we play house with your'n, and we take mine home to yer maw so she won't jaw?'

It is only for a moment that we are confused by Tilly's allusion to the Highest Authority as a person who could or would 'jaw.' Next minute we are exulting over the idea of 'playing house.' The full basket, with its cover-

ing of fresh grapevine leaves is set carefully aside in the shade; we gleefully enter upon the most rapturous of pastimes — playing house.

Playing house! — who has n't played it? Will the children of the next generation play it? If they have the instinct, will they have the fields? Oh, children of the next generation, if you do have a field or two, will you care to go and find it with its hidden Scarlet Treasure? Will you know the joy of picking out a flat rock, topped like a table, and spreading it over with rich patterns of tulip-tree leaves and bits of fuzzy moss? Will you search the woods for little acorn cups and saucers, and birch-bark plates and dishes? Will you add, for the sake of the general scheme of decoration, your hoarded bits of blue and red glass, your much-prized 'lucky stones,' your tinfoil and mica and quartz? Oh, children of the future, God help you! God see to it, that some time in your lives you get the chance to play 'house,' in the fields, under the open sky!

At last the berries from our three baskets, rather smashed, few in number, but very red and of tempting perfume, are counted out in equal division on four green leaves. These preparations made, and the feast spread before us in the wilderness, we stand aside to view it. Our table looks to us barbaric in splendor, the entertainment luxurious. Like the Romans of old, we recline around our board on grassy beds of pleasance and ease. We eat. We converse. We sing. And while, afar off, we see spread of cloud and tree, the miraculous marquetry of light and shadow, the melting picture of green field and gray boulder and golden country road, we give ear to the unwearying minstrelsy, the thrilling harp of Tilly Clapsaddle.

The morning, like a bright skein, rolls up on the ball of Time. We, like

happy little animals, lie close to the earth, dreaming, kicking up our short legs, and licking our scarlet fingers. It, therefore, is with the most avid surprise, the keenest regret, that we at last hear a voice, a very boomerang of echo, swinging up the pasture.

'Tulleeee — Tulleeeee!'

We turn inquiring eyes upon our leader.

'Dinner-time,' says Tilly curtly.

'Tulleeeee!'

'Yeeeeee-s'm,' responds Tilly. She answers in apparent willingness, but in undertones she disrespectfully mocks the voice, muttering naughtily, 'Yer red-headed sinner, come down to yer dinner!' a snatch whose vulgarity we vaguely feel but which we cannot help regarding as spicy repartee.

Tilly reluctantly rises. She drags futilely at her stockings. 'Come on,' she says shortly.

We admiringly follow her.

It is a quicker, less exuberant party that comes out on the highroad in front of Tilly's house. We are all tired. We have pains in our stomachs. We do not guess that these pains are merely hunger, we feel that they may be some fatal, mortal qualm, such as those experienced by defunct Clapsaddles. As we somewhat forlornly clamber over the stone wall and stumble into the dusty road by Tilly's house, she faces us. Some thought seems hidden in her mind; she fixes us with a look somewhat colder than her former patronizing gaze, and she ruthlessly inquires, —

'Is youse scared of goin' home alone?'

'Scared' of it? Scared of going home alone?' We pause, considerably taken aback. Oh, Tilly, — oh faithless one, — to foregather with us all morning long, on unwritten terms of fidelity, then thus to desert, to plant the knife in our bosoms!

We halt, undecided. We read each others' faces. We *are* scared of going

home alone. We admit it. Blue Overalls is so scared that the tears come into his eyes and he kicks doggedly at the dust, saying nothing. Sunbonnet, sitting dejectedly by the wayside, looks at the sun through her empty basket, and is speechlessly scared. Red Hat, however, chokes down the lump in his throat and bravely answers, —

‘Naw, — we ain’t afraid. I ain’t afraid. Gee — I’m going on eight. I go everywhere alone, to New York and the post-office and — and church, and everything. If — if I saw a lion, or a tramp, coming, I’d just — I’d just —’ Red Hat’s voice trails away into uncertainty.

But Tilly, Machiavellian, seizes on the principal statement.

‘All right,’ she says nonchalantly. ‘I’ll leave youse go alone, then. Youse hurry, and git home in time for dinner, or yer ma’ll blame me.’ She then seizes on the only basket of berries. ‘What say,’ says the unfathomable Tilly, ‘what say I keep this ’ere basket of berries, so yer maw won’t be pestered with ’em? They’d be so much trash to her.’

We look desperately at one another, we who are not versed in the ways of the world. We cannot grasp the situation. We had gleefully supposed this basket, brimming with red fruit, to be our trove of the Field of Scarlet Treasure. We are about to burst into lamentation, when Red Hat speaks again, —

‘All right,’ says Red Hat carelessly. ‘They are trash, ain’t they? They’re all melted with the sun. They look nasty as *anything*. We don’t want ’em. We’ — Red Hat draws himself up — ‘*we get candy and cake and lemonade at every meal* — we would n’t have room for strawberries!’

We part from Tilly. Need I say, in

silent, inarticulate sorrow? Our guide, bearing the full basket, — which we now believe she retained solely as propitiation to her uncertain parent, — disappears in the ramshackle house. We three, defenseless and alone, our empty baskets cumbering us, start fearfully down the road.

We keep up a semblance of cheer, though our throats are dry with apprehension. We keep frightened eyes on the lookout for those two walls of ‘woods,’ wherein lives and moves and has its being — nameless dread. We scuttle rapidly along, shoes white with dust, hearts wildly beating.

Oh, who is this we see afar off, coming slowly toward us, waving a handkerchief, with clear voice calling?

‘It’s — it’s a *gypsy*!’ gasps Blue Overalls. ‘It’s an *Indian*, I see his tomahawk — it’s a — a *tiger*, I see his tail.’ Blue Overalls stops short in the road, grasping his little stained basket, ready to fly.

‘May — maybe, it’s Pocohontas,’ suggests Red Hat hopefully; ‘she — she was a *good* Indian, you know.’ He hesitates, shading his eyes with berry-red fingers, almost sobbing with distorted fears. — ‘She’s calling to us.’

We all stop, petrified.

‘It’s — it’s a lady — she’s got a parasol — she looks as if she was laughing — she called my name! — why — it’s — it’s —’

There is a prolonged and delighted screech. Three figures break into a run. Three pairs of arms wave, three voices shout acclamation. And when at last the Highest Authority turns back with us for home, she is listening to the Chant of the Field of Scarlet Treasure, of bread and butter and sugar, of the — yes — the incomparable virtues of Tilly Clapsaddle!

LEE AND THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

VIRGINIA seceded on the seventeenth of April, 1861, one day previous to Lee's critical interviews with Blair and Scott. On the twenty-third of April, Lee was invited to appear before the state convention and was offered the position of commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces. He accepted in a simple and dignified speech, saying, with a sincerity which is beyond question, 'I would have much preferred that your choice had fallen upon an abler man.'

The newly-appointed general at once made ready to organize the state troops and prepare for a vigorous defense against invasion. But things moved rapidly, and on the twenty-fifth of April Virginia joined the Confederacy. What Lee thought of this step, and what his opinions at this time were in regard to the organization and future policy of the Confederate Government, is in no way revealed to us. But Alexander H. Stephens, the Confederate Vice-President and commissioner to secure Virginia's adhesion, has given a most striking picture of Lee's perfect willingness to sacrifice his own position and prospects to the best interests of his state.

Stephens had an interview with Lee. 'General Lee heard me quietly, understood the situation at once, and saw that he alone stood between the Confederacy and his State. The members of the convention had seen at once that Lee was left out of the proposed compact that was to make Virginia one of the Confederate States, and I knew

that one word, or even a look of dissatisfaction, from him would terminate the negotiations with which I was intrusted. . . . General Lee did not hesitate for one moment . . . he declared that no personal ambition or emolument should be considered or stand in the way. . . . Nominally General Lee lost nothing; but practically, for the time being, he lost everything. The Government moved to Richmond, and Mr. Davis directed General Lee to retain his command of the Virginia troops, which was really to make him recruiting and drill inspector.' In this way Lee worked in more or less subordinate or inconspicuous positions during the whole first year of the war; and it was not till the spring of 1862, by the wounding of Johnston, that he was given a fair chance to display his military ability.

We have seen that one of the most striking elements in Lee's attitude toward Davis was the instinct of subordination, of subjection of military to civil authority. The same thing appears everywhere in the general's broader relation to the Confederate Government as a whole. Politics were not his business. Even policy was not his business. Let others plan and order, he would execute.

Wellington said to Greville that while 'unquestionably Napoleon was the greatest military genius that ever existed, . . . he had advantages which no other man ever possessed in the unlimited means at his command and his absolute power and irresponsibility.'

Turning from Napoleon's dispatches to Lee's, one is instantly struck with the difference in this regard. Napoleon says, Go here, do this, let these troops be on this spot at that date. They are there. It is done. Lee suggests cautiously, insinuates courteously. But his greatest art is to keep still. It is very rare that he goes so far as the reported humorous saying, 'that he had a crick in his neck from looking over his shoulder toward Richmond.' Such military command as is delegated to him he will exercise absolutely, but he draws with watchful care the line between his responsibility and that of others, and is at all times reluctant to overstep it.

An interesting instance of this tendency to disclaim all interference with the civil authority is Lee's position in regard to prisoners of war. While they are on the field, they are in his charge. 'He told me that on several occasions his commissary-general had come to him after a battle and reported that he had not rations enough both for prisoners and the army . . . and that he had always given orders that the wants of the prisoners should be first attended to.' Yet even here mark the reservation when the question becomes more general. '*While I have no authority in the case*, my desire is that the prisoners shall have equal rations with my men.'

Once in the military prisons, the captives were the care of the War Department, not Lee's. When he testified before the Reconstruction Committee, he was asked, 'Were you not aware that those prisoners were dying from cold and starvation?' He answered, 'I was not. . . . As regards myself, I never had any control over the prisoners except those that were captured on the field of battle. Those it was my business to send to Richmond to the provost-marshal. In regard to their disposition afterwards I

had no control. I never gave an order about it.'

The most curious point in this matter of prisoners of war is Lee's correspondence with Grant in October, 1863, as to recaptured slaves. It is curious as a piece of argument in which, given the premises, both sides were logically right. It is still more curious when we find that Lee, while appearing to speak his own mind, is in reality only a mouthpiece, a department clerk, writing at the dictation of Seddon, — that is, probably, of Davis.

But no matter how submissive a man may be, no matter how rigorously trained in military discipline, he cannot command a great army through a great disastrous war in a republic and not meddle with things that do not concern him. What does concern him, and what does not? It is thus that we see Lee forced to advise and even to dictate sharply to his superiors, more and more as the struggle goes on. In matters semi-military or affecting other military departments, not Lee's own, this was inevitable. As at the North, the newspapers were troublesome in telling what they should not, and Lee begs the Secretary of War to control them. 'I am particularly anxious that the newspapers should not give the enemy notice of our intention.' 'I beg you will take the necessary steps to prevent in future the giving publicity in this way to our strength and position.'

A commander in the field may do his best to preserve discipline, but he is terribly hampered when the War Department permits all sorts of details, furloughs, and transfers, and is lenient to desertion. Again and again Lee is forced to protest vigorously against abuses of this nature.

A general may wish to confine himself to his own sphere of responsibility; but movements in the north-

east are dependent on movements in the southwest, and strengthening one command means weakening another. Therefore Lee is brought, as it were against his will, to make suggestions and requests as to Bragg in Tennessee and Johnston in Georgia. 'I think that every effort should be made to concentrate as large a force as possible under the best commander to insure the discomfiture of Grant's army' [in the West]. He writes to Bragg for more men: 'unless they are sent to me rapidly, it may be too late.' He urges upon Seddon the utmost activity in general measures of defense: 'Whatever inconvenience and even hardship may result from a vigorous and thorough preparation for the most complete defense we can make, will be speedily forgotten in the event of success, or amply repaid by the benefit such a course will confer upon us in case of misfortune.'

The best general can do nothing with the best army, unless it is fed and clothed; and food and clothing — the accumulation, the transportation, the distribution — depend upon the energy and capacity of the government. Lee loved his army as if they were his children. He knew they were neither clothed nor fed. He was by no means satisfied that the people at Richmond were either energetic or capable. 'As far as I can judge, the proper authorities in Richmond take the necessities of this army very easily,' he writes in February, 1863. How could a commander give his best thought to fighting, when he saw but one day's food before him? 'We have rations for the troops to-day and to-morrow. I hope a new supply arrived last night, but I have not yet had a report. Every exertion should be made to supply the depots at Richmond and at other points. All pleasure travel should cease and everything be devoted to

necessary wants.' Sometimes he feels that other armies are preferred to his, and protests vigorously. 'I have understood, I do not know with what truth, that the armies of the West and that in the Department of South Carolina and Georgia are more bountifully supplied with provisions. . . . I think that this army deserves as much consideration as either of those named, and, if it can be supplied, respectfully ask that it be similarly provided.' He is convinced that supplies are to be had and does not pick — or rather does pick — his words in saying so. 'I know that there are great difficulties in procuring supplies, but I cannot help thinking that with proper energy, intelligence, and experience on the part of the Commissary Department, a great deal more could be accomplished. There is enough in the country, I believe, if it was properly sought for.' And finally, in January, 1865, he takes the matter into his own hands and issues a personal appeal to the farmers of Virginia, which, for the time, affords considerable relief.

From the supplying of armies to other things, equally vital, but quite as much civil as military, the steps are imperceptible, but taken with an almost logical necessity. Lee finds his soldiers refused passage on the railways, and insists on their claims being recognized. Passports are given indiscriminately to persons who convey information to the enemy. Lee exerts his authority to control the practice. The illegal traffic in cotton and tobacco is tolerated by the government for its own purposes. Lee gives assistance and advice as to the regulation of such traffic. The greatest difficulty, of all the many difficulties of the Confederacy, was perhaps that of properly managing its finances. Lee has a word about this also, writing to urge the authorities to make treasury notes a

legal tender; and elsewhere, in connection with the much-desired reduction of the currency, suggesting payment for certain consignments of wood in Confederate bonds.

Political even more than military was the nice question of retaliation, which was made the subject of hot dispute by persons in authority and out of it. Critics of the administration attacked its lenient policy, to the point of suggesting that Davis opposed violent measures because he wished to keep well with the North in view of possible defeat. In extreme cases Lee does not hesitate to order prompt retaliatory action. 'I have directed Colonel Mosby, through his adjutants, to hang an equal number of Custer's men in retaliation for those executed by him.' But as to the general principle he is thoroughly in sympathy with Davis, both on grounds of humanity and on grounds of policy. 'I differ in my ideas from most of our people on the subject of retaliation. Sometimes I know it to be necessary, but it should not be resorted to at all times, and in our case policy dictates that it should be avoided whenever possible.'

Lee here frankly and naturally admits that his invasion proclamations, so lauded by Southern writers, were founded as much on common sense as on lofty principle. One can admire the noble tone, and still more the rigid enforcement, of those proclamations, without forgetting that Napoleon also said to his soldiers in Vienna, 'Let us treat the poor peasants with kindness, and be generous to this loyal people who have so many claims to our esteem; let us not be puffed up by our success, but see in it another proof of the divine justice which punishes ingratitude and treachery.'

Although Lee does not hesitate to go outside of his own peculiar province

in many of these special instances, it is very rare indeed to find him making any general criticism of the civil authorities. The following remarks as to the Confederate Congress have, therefore, an exceptional interest and significance: 'What has our Congress done to meet the exigency, I may say extremity, in which we are placed? As far as I know, concocted bills to exempt a certain class of men from service, and to transfer another class in service, out of active service, where they hope never to do service. Among the thousand applications of Kentuckians, Marylanders, Alabamians, and Georgians, etc., to join native regiments out of this army, who ever heard of their applying to enter regiments in it, when in face of the enemy? I hope Congress will define what makes a man a citizen of a state.'

The most striking of all Lee's incursions into the realm of civil government was his effort, toward the very end of the war, to have the Negroes enlisted as soldiers. The measure was, of course, in one sense purely military; but it affected so intimately the social organization and the ethical theories on which the whole Confederacy was founded, that the military significance of it was almost dwarfed by the political. As Pollard justly points out, it seemed to imply an equality between the two races which was utterly repugnant to all Southern feeling on the subject, and nothing shows more clearly Lee's immense influence than the fact that he was able to persuade his countrymen to accept his view. All his arguments are summed up in a clear and forcible letter to Hunter, — otherwise extremely important as showing Lee's whole position as to slavery, — and in response to this Congress voted briefly, 'that the General-in-chief be and hereby is invested with the full power to call into the service of the

Confederate government, to perform any duty to which he may assign them, so many of the able-bodied slaves within the Confederate government as, in his judgment, the exigencies of the public service require.'

The comment of the *Examiner* on this is intensely interesting as probably summing up the opinion of hundreds of thousands of Lee's fellow citizens. After expressing frankly grave doubts as to the expediency of the measure, the editorial concludes, in words of almost startling solemnity: 'This clothes him with great power, and loads him with heavy responsibility. If he is willing to wield that power and shoulder that responsibility, in the name of God, let him have them.'

In the name of God, let Lee save us, if he will: no one else can. There is no doubt that this was the spirit of a majority of Southerners in February, 1865. There is no doubt that this was the spirit which led to his being practically offered the military dictatorship by Congress. 'The ablest officers of the Confederate States,' says the *Examiner*, 'would, we feel assured, gladly see the supreme direction of their conduct placed in the hands of General Lee, and would receive his orders with pleasure. All citizens, and more emphatically, all soldiers, now know . . . that the one thing needful to fill the army with enthusiasm, and to inspire the people for new effort, is to feel that our military force is to be wielded by one capable hand and directed by one calm, clear intelligence.'

Lee, however, absolutely refused to violate his subordination to the President in any way, and according to Pollard 'went so far as to declare to several members of the Richmond Congress that whatever might be Davis's errors, he was yet constitutionally the President, and that nothing could tempt himself to encroach upon pre-

rogatives which the Constitution had bestowed upon its designated head.'

What could an ambitious, unscrupulous man have accomplished in that emergency, — or even a patriot who would have been willing to over-ride scruple for the good of his country? Would Napoleon or Cromwell have said to Davis, 'You may do what I want or go'? have gone direct to Congress and enforced his will? have swept fraud and incompetence out of the executive departments? have handled the whole military force like one great machine, and so concentrated it as to accomplish results which seemed at that late hour impossible? 'Of one thing I am certain,' wrote in January, 1865, the diarist Jones, who had the very best opportunities of forming an opinion, 'that the people are capable of achieving independence, if they only had capable men in all departments of the government.' In any case Lee preferred to remain the loyal servant of the civil authority, which was left to work out its political problems as best it could.

What interests us in our study of Lee's character is the motive which led him not only to this final refusal, but to his general attitude of non-interference with the Confederate government. It has often been suggested — and Grant was of this opinion — that he was consistent in his state loyalty and cared for Virginia only, not for the Confederacy as a whole, preferring to do his fighting to the end upon his native soil. The writer of the excellent *Nation* review of Long's *Life of Lee* (Cox?), basing his conclusions on the Townsend anecdote which I have quoted in 'A Hero's Conscience,' holds that Lee had little faith in the Confederate cause from beginning to end. Some suspicion of the kind was undoubtedly at the bottom of Pollard's harsh charges. 'The

fact was that, although many of General Lee's views were sound, yet, outside of the Army of Northern Virginia, and with reference to the general affairs of the Confederacy, his influence was negative and accomplished absolutely nothing.' Again: 'His most notable defect was that he never had or conveyed any inspiration in the war.' And Pollard quotes from a Richmond paper after the Wilderness: 'When will he [Lee] speak? Has he nothing to say? What does he think of our affairs? Should he speak, how the country would hang upon every word that fell from him!'

I believe that this theory of Lee's lack of interest in the Confederacy is utterly false, and that from the very first he merged Virginia in the larger loyalty. 'They do injustice to Lee who believe he fought only for Virginia,' said Davis. 'He was ready to go anywhere for the good of his country.' The cheerful energy which the general showed when sent to South Carolina in the early part of the war confirms this, as does passage after passage of his correspondence. 'Let it be distinctly understood by every one that Charleston and Savannah are to be defended to the last extremity. If the harbors are taken, the cities are to be fought street by street, house by house, so long as we have a foot of ground to stand upon.' A writer in the *Southern Historical Papers* asserts that 'those whose privilege it was to hear the great chieftain talk most freely of the cause for which he fought, bear the most emphatic witness that it was "the independence of the South," "the triumph of constitutional freedom," for which he struggled so nobly.'

But by far the most striking and interesting testimony to Lee's thorough espousal of Confederate nationality and sober, earnest grasp of the whole problem before him, is his conversation

with Imboden near the beginning of the struggle. General Imboden declares that his report is 'almost literal,' but for our purpose its substantial correctness is all-sufficient. 'Our people are brave and enthusiastic, and are united in defense of a just cause. I believe we can succeed in establishing our independence, if the people can be made to comprehend at the outset that they must endure a longer war and far greater privations than our forefathers did in the Revolution of 1776. We will not succeed until the financial power of the North [the political insight of this is noteworthy] is completely broken. . . . The conflict will be mainly in Virginia. She will be the Flanders of America before this war is over, and her people must be prepared for this. If they resolve at once to dedicate their lives and all they possess to the cause of constitutional government and Southern independence and to suffer without yielding as no other people have been called upon to suffer in modern times, we shall, with the blessing of God, succeed in the end; but when it will be, no man can foretell. I wish I could talk to every man, woman, and child in the South now and impress them with these views.'

No; if Lee was modest, it was from genuine modesty. If he shunned burdens and responsibilities, it was because he truly felt himself unable to undertake them. It is a most curious point in the man's character, this nice avoidance of duties that did not belong to him. 'Be content to do what you can for the well-being of what properly belongs to you,' he writes to Mrs. Lee. 'Commit the rest to those who are responsible.' It is in this spirit that he is eager to make clear to the Reconstruction Committee that the government's foreign policy was no concern of his. 'I know nothing of the policy

of the government; I had no hand or part in it; I merely express my own opinion.' Even in military matters he is careful to draw the sharpest line between his own task and that of his subordinates: 'I think and I act with all my might to bring up my troops to the right place at the right moment; after that I have done my duty.' He is so careful that at times one feels a certain sympathy with the otherwise negligible Northrop when he complains of Lee's reservations, 'There is, in my judgment, no isolation of the responsibility in any of the machinery of war.'

One wonders that a man could be so sensitive about the limits of responsibility and yet command absolutely for three years an army of from fifty to a hundred thousand men, lead them again and again to victory, make such terrible decisions as that of Jackson's movement at Chancellorsville and the attack at Gettysburg. And then one reflects that it was probably just this clear sense of what others ought to do and should be left to do that made his power. Smaller men fret over executive details or rush readily into what they do not understand. He knew his own training, his own character, knew his own work and did it, letting others do theirs, if they could. It is with this explanation in view that we should read his remarkable colloquy with B. H. Hill, toward the close of the war.

"General, I wish you would give us your opinion as to the propriety of changing the seat of government and going farther south."

"That is a political question, Mr. Hill, and you politicians must determine it. I shall endeavor to take care of the army, and you politicians must make the laws and control the government."

"Ah, General," said Mr. Hill, "but you will have to change that rule and

form and express political opinions; for if we establish our independence, the people will make you Mr. Davis's successor."

"Never, sir," he replied, with a firm dignity that belonged only to Lee; "that I will never permit. Whatever talents I may possess (and they are but limited) are military talents, my education and training are military. I think the military and civil talents are distinct, if not different, and full duty in either sphere is about as much as one man can qualify himself to perform. I shall not do the people the injustice to accept high civil office, with whose questions it has not been my business to become familiar."

"Well, but, General, history does not sustain your view. Cæsar and Frederick of Prussia and Bonaparte were great statesmen as well as great generals."

"And great tyrants," he promptly replied. "I speak of the proper rule in republics, where I think we should have neither military statesmen nor political generals."

"But Washington was both and yet not a tyrant."

'With a beautiful smile he responded, "Washington was an exception to all rules and there was none like him."

Probably Lee underestimated his aptitude for civil government—at any rate in comparison with that of others. The patience, the foresight, above all the tact in handling men, which made him a great general, would have made him a great president also. But taking all things into account, I doubt whether he could have done more for the Confederacy than he did, or whether even Washington would have attempted to do more.

Granted, however, that Lee's modesty was the chief cause of his not interfering further in political action,

I think another consideration must have influenced him to some extent. What possible future had the Confederate government? It is really remarkable that in all the mass of Southern — or for that matter Northern — historical writing, so little notice is taken of this vital question. Supposing that the North had given in and let the South go, what would have happened? Few soldiers or statesmen seem to have troubled themselves much about the matter, so far as I can find out. It may be said that neither did the patriots of the Revolution trouble themselves about their future. But the case was different. It was a logical necessity, a natural development, for America to separate from England. Some adjustment between the colonies was sure to be found; but even with none they would be better free.

For the Confederacy there would seem to have been but two possibilities. A great slave empire might have been formed, centralized for necessary strength, supporting a standing army of half a million men, not one man more than would have been required at any moment to face the military power of the United States in disputes that would have arisen daily over territory, emigration, tariff, and especially over slavery complications. Or the absurd incompatibility of this with all the ideas for which the South originally went to war would have made itself felt. State rights would have asserted themselves everywhere. The Confederate group would have broken into smaller groups, these again would have dissolved into the original states, and these, after a probably brief period of dissension and strife, would have been reabsorbed, with humiliation and disgust, into the Union from which they had been rent away. Is it easy to paint any more satisfactory picture of the possible

future of the Confederate States of America?

Such speculation is useless now. It would seem to have been eminently practical and necessary for the men who were leading millions of their fellows into such an abyss of uncertainty. What did Lee think about it? The answer is not easy, for his words on the subject are few and non-committal. Pollard's accusation that 'never, at any time of the war, and not even in the companionship of the most intimate friends, on whom he might have bestowed his confidence without imprudence, did he ever express the least opinion as to the chances of the war,' is absurdly exaggerated; but it is true that Lee had little to say that has come down to us about the future of the Confederacy. Before the war, before the issue was squarely presented, we know that he took much the view that I have indicated above. 'Secession is anarchy.' 'I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice anything but honor for its preservation.'

Then it came to the point where either honor or the Union must be sacrificed, and he did not hesitate. But anarchy, but the accumulation of all evils must have been clearly before him. Apparently he shut his eyes to them. Do the immediate duty of the day. Get independence. 'The Confederate States have but one great object in view, the successful issue of their war of independence. Everything worth their possessing depends on that. Everything should yield to its accomplishment.' Independence once achieved, the rest would take care of itself. Or those who, unlike Lee, had the responsibility of civil affairs, would take care of it. Or God would

take care of it. Here is the key to what in much of Lee's action seems strangely puzzling to those whose standpoint is somewhat different from his. Do the plain duty. Let the rest go. God will take care of it. In this connection a conversation of Lee's with Bishop Wilmer is immensely significant.

"In what temper of mind he entered this contest, I can speak with some confidence, from personal interviews with him soon after the commencement of hostilities.

"Is it your expectation," I asked, "that the issue of this war will be to perpetuate the institution of slavery?"

"The future is in the hands of Providence," he replied. "If the slaves of the South were mine, I would surrender them all without a struggle to avert this war."

"I asked him next upon what his calculations were based in so unequal a contest, and how he expected to win success; was he looking to divided counsels in the North, or to foreign interposition?

"His answer showed how little he was affected by the hopes and fears which agitated ordinary minds. "My reliance is in the help of God."

"Are you sanguine of the result?" I ventured to inquire.

"At present I am not concerned with results. God's will ought to be our aim, and I am contented that his designs should be accomplished and not mine."

Naturally the good bishop was charmed; but an ordinary mind is tempted to hope that it is not incompatible with the deepest love and admiration for Lee to recall the candor and profoundly human truth of Barbe Bleue's confession: *'C'est en ne sachant jamais où j'allais moi-même que je suis arrivé à conduire les autres.'*

The object of all war is peace, and with the thousand doubts and dif-

ficulties that were pressing upon him, Lee must have been anxious from the beginning to arrive at almost any reasonably satisfactory conclusion of hostilities. Here again was a political question, yet one that it was almost impossible for a commanding general to avoid. In the earlier part of the war Lee urged a peace attitude upon Davis, with some apology 'in view of its connection with the situation of military affairs.' The general thought the Northern peace party should be encouraged, without fear of that encouragement resulting in a reestablishment of the Union. 'We entertain no such apprehensions, nor doubt that the determination of our people for a distinct and independent national existence will prove as steadfast under the influence of peaceful measures as it has shown itself in the midst of war.'

In this, as in a score of other passages, Lee makes it perfectly evident that his idea of peace was an ample acknowledgment of Confederate independence. Yet it has been maintained, and with reliable testimony, that toward the close of the struggle he grew ready to accept some less radical basis of agreement. The apparent contradiction is perfectly explicable. Lee believed from first to last that the people of the South could get free, if they really wished to. They had the men, they had the resources, if they would endure and suffer and sacrifice. As late as February, 1865, he addressed to Governor Brown of Georgia this most remarkable appeal, remarkable for its earnestness and enthusiasm of conviction in the midst of despair: 'So far as the despondency of the people occasions this sad condition of affairs, I know of no other means of removing it than by the counsel and exhortations of prominent citizens. If they would explain to the people that the cause is not hopeless; that the

situation of affairs, though critical, is critical to the enemy as well as to ourselves; that he has drawn his troops from every other quarter to accomplish his designs against Richmond, and that his defeat now would result in leaving nearly our whole territory open to us; that this great result can be accomplished if all will work diligently and zealously; and that his successes are far less valuable in fact than in appearance, I think our sorely tried people would be induced to bear their sufferings a little longer and regain some of the spirit that marked the first two years of the war. If they will, I feel confident that, with the blessing of God, our greatest danger will prove the means of deliverance and safety.'

But, alas, the spirit was crushed, the courage was broken, never to be re-animated again. Lee knew it, however much he fought the conviction. If the people were no longer behind him, what could he do? 'General Lee says to the men who shirk duty,' writes Mrs. Chesnut, "'This is the people's war: when they tire, I stop.'" Or, as he himself writes, more solemnly, 'Our people have not been earnest enough, have thought too much of themselves and their ease, and instead of turning out to a man, have been content to nurse themselves and their dimes, and leave the protection of themselves and families to others.' It was this that made him so hopeless about obtaining supplies that in December, 1864, he told a committee of Congress that 'he could devise no means of carrying on the war.' It was this that made him so despondent in his talk with Hunter, about the same time that the above letter was written to Brown. 'In the whole of this conversation he never said to me that he thought the chances were over; but the tone and tenor of his remarks made that impression on my mind.' It was this, finally, that

made him say what he is reported to have said shortly after the war was over: 'In my earnest belief peace was practicable two years ago and has been since that time, whenever the general government should see fit to give any reasonable chance for the country to escape the consequences which the exasperated North seemed ready to visit upon it.'

Yet here again, Lee was the soldier, not the president. So long as the civil government said fight, he fought, till fighting had become, in any reasonable sense, impossible. The distress of mind involved in this attitude is nowhere more clearly indicated than in the words reported by General Gordon. 'General Gordon, I am a soldier. It is my duty to obey orders. It is enough to turn one's hair gray to spend one day in that Congress. The members are patient and earnest, but they will neither take the responsibility of action nor will they clothe me with authority to act for them. As for Mr. Davis, he is unwilling to do anything short of independence, and feels that it is useless to try to treat on that basis.'

But when at last Davis had left the capital and practically the control of affairs, the commander of the Army of Northern Virginia acted his final scene with the dignity, the sacrifice, the true patriotism which Mr. Adams has so nobly commemorated. Instead of scattering the desperate remnant of his forces to carry on a murderous guerilla warfare, Lee recognized the inevitable verdict of necessity, and surrendered his army on conditions certainly in no way hurtful to its lasting glory. With that surrender the government of the Confederate States in reality ceased to exist.

These studies of Lee in his relation to the civil government do not perhaps show him at his best or in the most splendid manifestation of his genius.

Yet hardly anything in the man's character is grander than the way in which he instantly adapted himself to new circumstances and began to work as a loyal and devoted citizen, even when the United States still refused him the rights and privileges of citizenship. The importance of his influence in this regard, over his friends and family, over his old soldiers, over every Southern man and woman, can hardly be exaggerated. 'When he said that the career of the Confederacy was ended, that the hope of an independent government must be abandoned, and that the duty of the future was to abandon the dream of a Confederacy and to render a new and cheerful allegiance to a reunited government — his utterances were accepted as true as holy writ. No other human being upon earth, no other earthly power, could have produced such acquiescence or could have compelled such prompt acceptance of the final and irreversible judgment.' There was no grudging, no holding back, no hiding of despair in dark corners, but an instant effort to do, and to urge others to do, everything possible to rebuild the fair edifice that had been overthrown.

'When I had the privilege, after his death, of examining his private letter-book, I found it literally crowded with letters advising old soldiers and others to submit to all authorities and become law-abiding citizens,' writes his biographer. 'I am sorry,' writes Lee himself, 'to hear that our returned soldiers cannot obtain employment. Tell them

they must all set to work, and if they cannot do what they prefer, do what they can. Virginia wants all their aid, all their support, and the presence of all her sons to sustain and recuperate her.' 'To one who inquired what fate was in store for us poor Virginians, he replied, "You can work for Virginia, to build her up again, to make her great again. You can teach your children to love and cherish her."' And if any one urges that this is still the old leaven, after all, Virginia, always Virginia, we answer, No; this man was great enough to forget, and forget at once; to blend Virginia even then with a larger nationality. As a matter of policy he expresses this with clear insight: 'The interests of the state are, therefore, the same as those of the United States. Its prosperity will rise or fall with the welfare of the country.' As a matter of feeling, he expresses it with profound and noble emotion, saying to a lady who cherished more bitterness than he, 'Madam, don't bring up your sons to detest the United States government. Recollect that we form one country now. Abandon all these local animosities and make your sons Americans.'

Abandon all these local animosities and make your sons Americans. What finer sentence could be inscribed on the pedestal of Lee's statue than that? Americans! All the local animosities forgiven and forgotten, can we not say that he too, though dying only five years after the terrible struggle, died a loyal, a confident, a hopeful American, and one of the very greatest?

MISERERE, DOMINE !

BY JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER .

UNFATHOMABLE One,
Maker of all things, breath
Of all breath, spirit-spun
Thread inwoven in birth and life and death, —
 Whence came for thee the mood
To make? What vision, seen by thee alone,
Urged thee from solitude
To an uneasy throne,
Where sounds forever the sad monotone
Of souls in worlds unnumbered, from the dust
Crying for justice against thee, the Just?
 Did darker thoughts harass,
And drive thee to these noises, —
Lulled, as on storms thy sea-bird, brooding, poises?
Or hast thou mirrored thee, unveiled, in man,
As for mere vanity
A girl dotes on her image in a glass;
And so thy sorry plan
Is but a shadow-show to flatter thee?
 Or, restless evermore,
Hast shaped this jarring scheme because thy peace
Is not of strife surcease,
But instant victory in constant war?
Or was thy making blind
Willfulness, which has brought
Life out of life, moved by no further thought;
Wherefore, unlit by mind,
Thy world is groping out of naught to naught?
 Master, what is thy will
For us! *Peace? Love?* Thou seest, Lord, our life:
Does it thine ends fulfill?
— Yea, they have peace, the strong, the conquerors;
While whipped men nurse their sores.

MISERERE, DOMINE!

Yet though cowed rage awhile may sheathe the knife,
 Hate hides behind; and strife
 But waits upon occasion, — till old scores
 Blood shall have blotted: leagued, the wolf-pack preys
 But should a leader limp or lag, it slays.

Thou seest blind love enmesh
 The wills of men: how in the baser crew
 Flesh hungers after flesh,
 And feeds; hungers afresh,
 And dies; and how the few
 Grasp at an iris-bow
 Of many-colored hopes that come — to go.

Where is that love supreme
 In which souls meet, — where is it satisfied?
 Unless the bridegroom conjure his pale bride
 From insubstantial dream;
 Or, when a maid has died,
 Some brooding poet quicken vain desire
 With his own spirit's fire,
 And nursing in his soul the dear device,
 He make — and be — his own still paradise.

Enisled on heaving sands
 Of lone desire, spirit to spirit cries;
 While float across the skies
 Bright phantoms of fair lands
 Where fancies fade not, and where dreams abide.
 Then on a day the dear illusions lift:
 Sundered, upon a shoreless sea adrift,
 With eyes that yearn to eyes,
 Mute, with imploring hands,
 The twain go driven whither no land lies;
 And whether side by side,
 Or swept apart by some swift passionate tide,
 Each in the bark of each
 Lies bound; nor ever soul to soul shall reach.

Time was indeed when some,
 Gaunt, with averted eyes and voices dumb
 For all save thee, on rocky fastnesses,
 In woods, or by waste sands,
 Sought by self-scourging and bead-mumbled spell
 Guerdon of heaven: ah, why in silences

Fulfilled with thee, sighed they for vague dream-lands
 Of mystic asphodel,
 Who, long self-cloistered in disgust of men,
 Must greet on yonder multitudinous shore
 Those they but scorned before,
 Still in the spirit human — even as then?

Ancient of days, bemoan'st thou the rent bars
 Of sleep? — thine ere the inexplicable pang
 Stirred in their sockets thy fixed balls of sight,
 And thy lids loosened, and the vital light
 Flamed on the dust of uncompacted stars,
 Until these joined and sang;
 And on the four winds rang
 The long thin shrill wild wail of a world's woe.
 Lord, with unshaken soul,
 Shalt thou forever, hearing, will it so?
 Not halt these spheres that roll
 Infect? Not with submissive knowledge own
 Good was for thee alone?
 Not then, withdrawing thee in thee, atone?

LIFE BEYOND LIFE

BY BEULAH B. AMRAM

'That seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books . . . an immortality rather than a life.' — MILTON's *Areopagitica*.

'To the mortal, birth is a sort of eternity and immortality.' — *Diotima*, in *The Symposium*.

A WOMAN sat in the shade of an old wild-cherry tree. She had passed her first youth, — she had never been beautiful, but the glance that she cast at the child lying on the grass at her feet made her thoughtful face very pleasing. The little niece smiled lazily at the children playing at a distance behind the hedge.

The drowsy summer-world seemed full of little girls. But the woman's mind was less placid than her unruffled brow. She entertained no doubt as to her answer to the letter in her hand, but with a sentiment that she had thought could belong only to extreme youth, she felt unwilling to enter into so beautiful and momentous a relationship with any obscure corner of her heart harboring reluctance. It seemed to her a sort of *lèse majesté* even to question the desirability of marriage after those

rare, sweet, companionable months. Yet it seemed to her no less a treason to put her personal happiness before a task that she felt called to do, in the old, high, beautiful sense that a cynical modernity has relegated to the lumber-room of 'hopelessly old-fashioned' things. She found it difficult to reconcile herself to the obliteration of so rare and significant a figure as her father had been; and her chief desire, now, was to secure for him, through the irrevocable processes of the press, the life after death that her theology did not include among its consolations; thus, by a curious inversion, re-creating the life through which her own had come.

As a girl, she had, like most girls of her type, enjoyed the exhilaration of situations, even painful ones. Young emotions, like young muscles, crave activity. It is inertia that wears; it is when heroism takes the form of passive endurance, that eager emotions become acrid from disuse. One of her earliest memories was of reading, surreptitiously, an account of the unrepentant, an account of the unrepentant if not voluntary sacrifice of the Hindu suttee, and she had carried with her for days the desire to be placed in some difficult position that should test her powers. It was the same sentiment as that aroused in the diarist who records the terrible military degradation of Emerald Uthwart, 'a sort of desire to share his lot, — to be actually in his place for a moment,' — the appreciation of a difficult part nobly played under the stress of thrilling and heroic emotions. But she had passed that point, and no longer saw herself the protagonist in a drama, where, even in troublous moments, the interest was no less interesting than the tragedy was tragic; and her feeling now was one almost of annoyance at this interruption of the quiet stream of their well-ordered lives. Undoubtedly it was

Given unto the eagle's eye
To face the midday sky;

but now 'the heights the soul is competent to gain,' with their fierce wide view, drew her less than the mossy depths of the quiet valley, with a placid strip of detached sky above.

One predominant trait she had retained, however — the habit of seeing difficulties of solution in personal problems go down only before some great and overwhelming principle, to which opposition might fitly yield, — which should make submission easy, or at least afford the satisfaction of a moral victory.

On one strange August afternoon, a sudden veil of clouds, black with wind, cold with sleet, had rushed out of the north and east and south at once, covering all the sky, except for a narrow band in the west. The level rays lay over the darkened earth, touching here and there a low-hung branch, but diffusing no light, no warmth, strangely unreal — merely yellow fingers on the grass of a weird, gray world; like the unearthly light when an eclipse darkens the sun, and the stars come out and the cocks crow and people look a little fearfully in each other's faces. Such a half-light in human affairs chilled her. Her habitual need of the irradiation of some large and reconciling purpose in every conflict had become almost the equivalent of the old mystic article of faith that solved its problems by the arbitrary selection of Biblical texts, feeling that thus somehow the problem was taken out of human hands, away from human judgment. Could she then marry with a mind that looked back upon her filial duty as perhaps the strongest element in her nature?

She was not a child when her father had died, but so irreconcilable with mortality was his rare spiritual quality that she had felt an unusual shock at his loss, such as comes to the student at

the verge of doubt when he gives over his religion to the hand of the philologists and tries to agree with them that his God is dead. His memory was not to be effaced from the minds of those who knew him, but it must certainly die with them, 'for the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity.' What that influence had been she neither magnified nor minimized, and she was irresistibly impelled to attempt to preserve the memory of a soul instinct with idealism, which saw only unerring and lofty purpose, which was blind and deaf to the basic vices of our complex civilization.

Unfortunately, she thought, she herself belonged to the order of hopelessly old-fashioned things, and so was not at all helped in her problem by the doctrine of the modern individualist, for whose cant about considerations of the 'individual soul' as a thing 'entirely one's own' 'to do with as one pleases,' she had nothing but amused contempt. She was not at all sure that in the long run, that had begun so long ago and should run so far hence, the happiness of that soul troubled at all the peace of the high gods. She was not at all sure that the ratio of human happiness was so much higher in these days of theoretical liberty. She was not at all sure that women were not as much ridden to-day by the aggressive fear of mastery as once they had been by its actuality. Men and women seemed to her interesting and significant, not as separate and separable units, but as humble elements in one great and harmonious whole. And the only serene happiness seemed to her to lie in the attempt of each to preserve that harmony that linked individual to individual, people to people, age to age.

With all the resources of intellect, and armed with the best that educa-

tion can give, her father had chosen to care less about what might be in the problematical future than what had been in the known past. He had been one of those who argue that faith might easily and satisfactorily be taken whole, and human energies turned to more immediate and useful things. For surely, he had said, it was not faith that was at fault; even though it had been, for so many centuries, faith in the wrong thing. It had been the conjunction of worldly power with faith that had made of what should have been the greatest of blessings the most abhorred of weapons in the hands of Satan.

Quando si porge la mano Cesare à Piero
Da quella stretta sangue umano stilla;
Quando il bacio si dan Chiesa ed Impero
Un astro di martirio in ciel sfavilla,

wrote a poet who touched the opposite pole of religious thought, looking backward, not to Religion, but to Nationality with its immortal traditions, forward to Science, in that rare combination of power that inspires the modern Italian. But that fight was happily over, and Cæsar no longer stretched the hand to Peter. Enough had been gained thereby. Beyond that, how far should human reason reach to the heart of 'the world that took but six days to make, and is like to take six thousand to make out'? His doubts he had salved with the Psalmist, 'The Heavens are the Heavens of the Lord, but the earth hath he given to the children of men'—echoed by Euripides's chorus, 'This is the life that saves all pain, if a man confine his thoughts to human themes as is his mortal nature, making no pretense where heaven is concerned. . . . Sophistry is not wisdom, and to indulge in thoughts beyond man's ken is to shorten life.'

Different as were her views on matters of theology, she was too sympathetic not to see that such orthodoxy—

the conservatism of a man who could take religion out of the constraining barriers of dogmatism, and show it as undeniably related to as much of the eternal verities as humanity can grasp — cannot be contemptuously disposed of in Oscar Wilde's phrase, as being a mere 'facile unintelligent acquiescence.' Facile it certainly was not. Surely it was infinitely easier, as in Micah's day, to care for only 'the willful pleasure of the soul.' Still less was it unintelligent, for, as George Eliot says of Dinah Morris's rather primitive Methodism, every faith is a sort of 'rudimentary culture,' suffusing the imagination and taking the mind back through the past. Individualism bases itself on emotion; it is conservatism that is intellectual in its essence — not the conservatism of the multitude who follow merely the unalterable rule of prescribed duties, but of those who feel that nothing that is human, that has ever been thought beautiful and worthy to be expressed, and lived for, and sacrificed for, should be lost in the onward movement of things earthly and spiritual. So that even he who has irrevocably denied divine prescience in the plan may still wish to be linked to all that has gone before, and may call it humanism, perhaps, or the historic consciousness.

Strange and paradoxical that in such men humanism should become almost identical with the conservatism that was so long its persistent enemy. It was with him acquiescence in something that seemed of too lofty essence to be touched with uncovered hands, something that had revealed itself to great souls meditating in the midst of vast distances, beneath infinite spaces of sky. Lesser souls might easily reverence their loftiness, though they might doubt their inspiration.

Such orthodoxy, stripped of theology, might still hold the thoughtful and independent mind that confesses

to a lurking poetic sense. For through their inheritance of traditional beliefs and habits, men may bridge the abyss of the years, looking back through the near and clearly remembered and understood, reaching by easy gradations the visionary beginnings of things. In the synagogue, at the central point of the immemorial service, the officiant lifts the unrolled scroll in both hands and, turning to all sides, shows it to the congregation. And the layman says with him, 'This is the law that Moses set before the children of Israel by the mouth of the Lord'; recognizing that, in spite of his Biblical exegesis and his comparative jurisprudence, it is the law, inasmuch as millions of living men, who admitted no doubt, have so proclaimed it. Such customs find their sanction in something deeper than reason. When Reason shall have held sway over men as long as Authority has reigned, the gradual deposit of the new method may effectually rout the throng of associations that cling to customs but yesterday cast off, customs that found their origins in alien lands, among alien peoples, founded perhaps in unreason, perhaps in what we have learned to call superstition, but that bear with them the accretion of ages of human hopes.

He had never failed to recognize that it may — indeed, almost always had — become 'a terrible and paralyzing tyranny.' Side by side with the orderly festivals, the beautiful pagan seemingly things, were the living torches of Nero, the cruelty and the slavery; behind the gorgeous, gold-decked processions in glorious churches, hid incredible inquisitorial terrors. Nevertheless he had doubted whether there was more danger of conservatism ossifying into the motionless rock than of individualism disintegrating into chaos. Shortly before his death, he had read with much pleasure Maeterlinck's charming fancy

that the dead live again whenever we think of them, and he had asked her whether they did not live forever, their acts, their memories, when successive generations willingly preserved the things they revered. Truly, a strange figure amidst the 'heads that are disposed unto schism and complexionally propense to innovation' that surrounded him in the modern world.

She had no delusions as to the ultimate value of his or any other man's work. Neither had she any of the deadening neurotic vanity that, seeing itself always in relation to the universe, despises all accomplishment. Happily many things, above all, the completion of this work, seemed to her to be eminently worth doing. The door to doubt that had persistently flown open in her almost morbid girlhood, she now kept firmly closed behind the barriers of common sense, — in its literal interpretation, meaning that those things that the sensations and sensibilities of all men at all times have agreed on, become, in themselves, true expressions of that 'law of nature,' dear to philosophers, 'inherent in nature and the human heart.' Philosophies that deny the credibility of men's senses, seeking for absolute standards, reach at last the pitiful position taken by Tolstoi, who would deny and destroy all that the intellect has so laboriously built up, so painfully struggled for, because, in his view, our impressions of the universe may be as far from the truth as are the impressions that the senses of tiny animals give of us. She felt, however, that human terms accord with human sensations, and that the agreement of men to call the grass green gives that color a definite existence, even though Rembrandt's green may have been what we now call brown.

The idealism that, denying reality, conceives the universe as merely a dream in the eternal mind, that shall

vanish some day when the dreamer wakes, had always seemed to her fantastic and merely literary, until she had come to understand it through two strange experiences. Once, at a time of profound mental exhaustion, objects around her had suddenly lost their objectivity and had seemed merely projections of her mind against space. Once, on her return from the far land of Anæsthesia, the familiar world on which her eyes opened seemed to her but a feeble reflection of the real world she had just left, and a vague sense almost of amusement at the ignorance and self-delusion that the surgeon shared with those around her, mingled with the remembered sense of awe at his great knowledge and daring skill. With the clearing of that state, she realized that that far land had existed only in her own mind, and she concluded that, if conceptions of absolute truth, independent of experience, had to be reached through such flashes of possible insight but at the cost of such really terrifying mental conflict, it was better for mankind to remain blind, unconscious of its blindness.

So, wise or foolish, men had agreed that death was disagreeable, annihilation undesirable, remembrance sweet. Religion, out of its hope that this fleeting world might not be all, evolved a doctrine of unending life in another world. The Greek, the Brahmin, gave the soul another habitat, and called their doctrine metempsychosis. The artist sought immortality in art, in self-expression — a form of creative impulse as irresistibly strong as that by which the world is peopled — the *caecothes scribendi*, strong wherever life is strong, pouring out the countless memoirs of Erasmus, the hundred volumes of George Sand. Of all that formed the audiences of the ancient world, those live to-day who expressed themselves, those who thought in marble, who con-

ceived in bronze. With all men, since grateful Homer at Chios put his benefactor's name among the companions of Ulysses in the *Odyssey*, since Milton died happy that posterity would not willingly let his memory die, — it is mortality's protest against dissolution, the recoil from oblivion.

But there was another kind of immortality. With all her sympathetic understanding of her father's intellectual type, what he had deliberately taught, what he had taught by simply being what he was, with all her gift of expression, she knew that she never could show him as she felt him. He could never live in her pages as he lived in her. Even in the many matters in which, a child of her century, she differed from him, she still could understand completely his strong convictions and deepest incommunicable pre-occupations.

The child at her feet stirred in soft sleep, opened her eyes, and turned again to deeper sleep.

That morning, lured by a flash of color blazing unexpectedly through an open space, she had pushed past the detaining arms of her neighbor's barberry hedge and had come upon a formal old-fashioned garden, inclosed on three sides by tall, slim young Normandy poplars, broken only where through a low, stone, ivy-covered gate, a little girl was bending over a glow of scarlet geranium. She could see yet the riot of color in the formal beds, the pink and white and vermilion of the verbenas, the scarlet of the poppies, the countless blends of color on the sweet peas, and the dainty larkspurs flaunting their blue cups to a bluer sky, the purple sheet where the columbines hung their lovely bells between modest borders of pansies and alyssum. She could smell yet the odors in the warm air, of beds of heliotrope and lavender, mixed so subtly with the de-

licious fragrance of the roses. The unexpected vision had startled her, so near to her all summer as she had sat under the paternal arm of the old wild-cherry tree that hung so low in the corner of her garden.

And here this child, his grandchild, lay sleeping in the lulling summer quiet, and it was the face of her father that she saw as she had never seen it before — with the soft white hair, that hung so gently, changed to brown, but with the same pure outline, the same clear skin, the same placid mouth, the same deep brown eyes. She felt the branches spreading out behind that child, gathering from the ends of the earth the material that had gone to make her, concentrating in her, only to spread out again infinitely in the lives that should come after. In the likeness of so much of her own self to her father, she was reminded of a quaint fancy she had read of a metempsychosis of ideas as well as of souls, of opinions finding 'after certain revolutions men and minds like those that first begat them.' In the unconscious child, as in herself, she saw the indissoluble links between the countless armies 'who have passed through the body and gone,' who should bear on their lives, his life, forever to the countless armies 'fresh from the Protoplast, furnished for ages to come.' Thus might the heavy, earth-worn human mass be leavened!

The chilling half-light was gone as she came back from her abstraction. She looked around her at the lovely blooming world and there passed into her face 'beauty born of murmuring sound' — the murmuring as of running water in the leaves of the full-blown ash tree, the twittering of the young thrushes in the well-filled nests. A shadow fell on the grass beside her, and the deep eyes and the grave mouth smiled as she gave him both her hands.

ARCHÆOLOGY

BY ORIC BATES

I

FOR those whose work is the recovery, by researches carried on in the field, of such monuments of antiquity as time has spared to us, the public has always an inevitable question: 'What is archæology, and what is the good of it?' By this query, in one form or another, the archæologist is confronted at every turn. His profession, still so young as to be in a state of rapid evolution, is hardly yet an accepted fact, as is that of the lawyer or physician. The many laymen superficially interested in 'digging' and 'finds' are in most cases stimulated and appealed to by wholly secondary phases of this science of antiquities; by the fact, for example, that through archæological research many beautiful monuments of ancient art are being restored to us; by the recovery of material throwing light upon history; by the element of chance in all excavations; or even, in individual cases, by particulars such as new illustrations of ancient costume, ship-building, or athletics. Already manifold in its aspects, archæology interests for the most varied and often extraordinary reasons; but very rarely does it make its appeal through the vital and undying principle by which all its branches are — or should be — inspired, or the great and important ends which, at its best, it achieves.

To understand the principle which has slowly come to animate the best archæological work of the present day, one should first glance at the stages

through which the science has passed. The spirit in which the most advanced workers have, for the last ten years, undertaken the solution of the problems by which they have been confronted will be the more easily understood when contrasted with the narrower or more facile ideals which contented the earlier schools. The history of archæology, it will be seen, presents one strong analogy to the history of other sciences, such as chemistry or astronomy: from stages secondary and dependent, it develops by phases to the condition of a pure science worthy of pursuit for its own sake.

From its origin in the fifteenth century down to the middle of the nineteenth, archæology, generally speaking, concerned itself largely with the remains of Greece and Rome. It may be said to have begun in the eager search for gems, medals, and marbles which arose out of the passionate classicism of the Renaissance. The enthusiasm, uncritical and all-devouring, which followed the rediscovery of long-neglected Greek and Latin authors, manifested itself not only in the intense and even fanatical study of ancient literature, but in secondary phases of many sorts. *Inter alia*, the observation of classic Greece and Rome inaugurated, in the fifteenth century, a keen search for antiquities, especially for such as were portable and of a nature which made them desirable objects for the collections of the Italian *optimates* of the day. As typical of this epoch, we see such men as Ciriaco

d'Ancona. Breaking away from the trammelled merchant-life for which he was designed, he utters his splendid cry, 'I go to awaken the dead!' and begins a career of adventurous travel in Europe and the Levant, seeking for coins, gems, inscriptions, and sculptures, — for any link, in fine, with the brave, departed glory which had fired his imagination. He spends years in tireless search, renewing his energy at each discovery he makes. And in the end he dies, leaving a fascinating though rather untrustworthy record of his work, and having enriched the collections of his prince-patrons with things beautiful and precious. It is this last point which deserves, perhaps, most stress: the archæologist of the first period was for the greater part a mere collector, stimulated by the reigning passion of the day. Such archæological writing as was undertaken was in the nature rather of enthusiastic comment and fanciful explanation, than of conscientious and accurate description and logical deduction.¹

With the downfall of Humanism in the sixteenth century and the rise of that textual criticism which found its chief expression in the Dutch Renaissance, archæology entered upon its second stage. From the collecting of objects because they were beautiful, or Greek, or Roman, archæology passed into the service of classical scholarship. Men of learning, whose chief interest lay in the classic texts, now saw in the ancient monuments material valuable for illustrative purposes. Coins, for example, were used to elucidate passages in ancient writers; and the study of numismatics, a sound beginning for which had been made by the great French scholar Budæus, was steadily

advanced by the reproductions and discussions of ancient moneys in the variorum editions of classic authors.

In the seventeenth century the demand for archæological material to which the commentator might appeal was so great as to produce many writers on antiquities. Such, for instance, was the Italian Raffaele Fabretti, a careful and scholarly observer, who acquired his data at first hand, and made excellently good use of his facts once he had them. We see him poking about the Campagna on his wise old horse 'Marco Polo,' who, if his master is to be believed, came himself to have so much archæological sense that he was wont to 'point' antiquities as a dog will a partridge. This rider dismounts, measures, and sketches. He writes works on the topography of the Campagna Romana, on the Roman aqueducts, on the Column of Trajan. His is the work from which the contemporary editor of Livy or Horace may now and again extract material for a crabbed and lengthy footnote. For, as has been intimated, the second stage in the history of archæology is marked by the fact that ancient monuments were regarded primarily as material for the elucidation of classical writers.²

The eighteenth century saw the decline — one might perhaps say the petrification — of the commentator-archæologist. Lack of fresh material had led to stagnation. It should be borne in mind that, although there had been some hodge-podge excavation during the Renaissance, and even after the Catholic Reaction, it was of a very desultory sort, and most of the important

¹ I should not wish to be thought ignorant of the striking exceptions. Here, as in touching upon the succeeding periods, I am merely trying broadly to characterize. — THE AUTHOR.

² If one is curious to see the nature of the archæological writing of the seventeenth century, and to see to what extent it is subsidiary to the texts, the *Thesaurus Antiquitatum Romanorum*, 12 vols. folio, may be seen in most large libraries. Many of the articles therein are of an earlier period, but the bulk of the work is of the seventeenth century. — THE AUTHOR.

finds had been made accidentally. As a result of the rareness of field-work, the time came when every use to which the scholars of the day could put the material at their disposal had been made; and the archæology of the mid-eighteenth century was a dilettanti antiquarianism, rightly stigmatized, by the man who put an end to it, as 'pettifogging.'

The change, the greatest in the history of the science, was made by Johann Joachim Winkelmann. It would be out of place to dwell here on the good services of other men, such as Havercamp, Spanheim, or Lessing; it must suffice us to grasp the essential nature of the revolution which followed Winkelmann, and of which he was the chief inaugurator.

Winkelmann's life, from his pathetic boyhood until the day of his assassination, was centred in love of, and reverence for, beauty. By an accident of temperament, the artistic expression of beauty which appealed to him most deeply was that which he found embodied in ancient sculpture. It is of no consequence that since his day the canons of taste have so altered that we now regard many of his opinions as worthless; the cases are like mistakes of fact, and despite them one may with truth still say, as did Goethe, that 'one might not learn much by reading Winkelmann, but one became something.'

The essence of Winkelmann's service to archæology is twofold: by his desire as a critic to illustrate the principles of ancient fine art, he turned the tables on the moribund school of commentators by *bringing the texts to illuminate the antiquities*; and he first clearly displayed to scholars and laymen the laws of the rise, culmination, and decay in art; that is, he presented to the world the analogy existing between art and any other organic entity — the

analogy which must, in some form or other, underlie all æsthetic theory. It was this change of attitude in regard to the relation of ancient texts to ancient monuments, and his clear and outspoken ideas of the *life* of sculpture and painting which, coupled with an unconcealed contempt for the 'antiquarians' of the day, brought Winkelmann into conflict with so many of his colleagues. His opponents were borne down by the fresh vigor of his views — views which, with modifications, endured through the century which they ushered in and the half-century after. For archæology in its third stage, from the publication of Winkelmann's *History of Ancient Art* until the end of the nineteenth century, has subordinated ancient literature to the study of ancient monuments. The philologist — in the narrower sense of the word — still avails himself of the results of the archæologist; but the needs of the former are no longer considered the chief excuse for the existence of the latter.

Winkelmann's influence upon archæology was in only one respect regrettable: the concentration of his energies upon ancient æsthetics so linked together the study of archæology and of classic art that, popularly, the view that they are inseparable still obtains.¹ In fact, there was a danger that archæology, once the servant of the philologist, would become a mere tool of the

¹ It pleased the late Mr. Pater, in his *Renaissance Studies*, to include an essay on Winkelmann on the plea that Winkelmann was a belated Humanist of the Renaissance type. Nothing could, I think, be unintentionally more unjust. Winkelmann's enthusiasm, though different from Lessing's, was yet like it in this, that it belonged rather to the Romantic Movement which followed it than to the Renaissance which had preceded it. He was not a follower of any older school so much as a precursor of later ones, and the sympathy and enthusiasm which he imparted, half a century after his death, to men of such a Romantic stamp as Baron Haller von Hallerstein, bear this out. — THE AUTHOR.

æsthetician; and it is only at the present day that it is taking its place as an independent and highly specialized science, of use to so many other branches of knowledge as to be under the shadow of no one of them.

Yet it is perhaps unfair to complain of the subordination of archæology, throughout the nineteenth century, to æsthetic interests. For although, through the indifference that was felt for material which, however valuable scientifically, made no appeal to the artistic sense, much was lost or overlooked, still this indifference has proved to be only temporary; and by recruiting its supporters from the ranks of those concerned with art, archæology became a matter of general interest. It was, indeed, by this recruiting that support was found for extensive excavation, and that, by slow stages now undergoing change, systematic field-methods were developed. The gulf between the methods employed — if the word 'methods' may be used — by the first excavators at Ægina, or by honest Colonel Vyse at the Pyramids of Ghizeh,¹ and the painful modern researches of Winkler at Boghaz-Keui, of Reisner in Egypt, is vastly wide. But it is largely due to the experience gained in work carried on by the means of men interested chiefly in ancient art that the advance has been brought about. The work of Winkermann, the Philhellenism of the Romantic Movement, the independence of Greece, — these elements, among others, each contributed to make the nineteenth century notably an epoch of excavation; and it is very largely, although not directly, through excavation that

archæology has reached its latest development, — its 'independent' phase.

The main aspects of the science since its origin have been already pointed out: its passage from '*antica*'-hunting actuated by the enthusiasm for the classical world in the Renaissance, to the more useful business of garnering material for the textual critic; the revolution brought about by Winkermann, which applied the written word to the explanation of ancient works of art; and Winkermann's great thesis of æsthetic growth and decline. It has just been noted that the nineteenth century was a period of active field-work; we are now ready to consider the archæology of the present, and to see in what way it differs from that of five-and-twenty years ago.

To begin with; it is thoroughly scientific in spirit. The change to this position from the older one, of which comparative æsthetics was, theoretically, the basis, — in reality the basis was often individual taste, — could not have been effected without passing beyond classical horizons. The early researches in Egypt which followed the publication of the Napoleonic *Déscription*, threw open a new field, a field toward which an immense impulse was given by the satisfactory decipherment of hieroglyphics. About the middle of the nineteenth century, Botta and Layard brought the western world face to face with the great Semitic civilizations of the Euphrates valley. At the same time, owing to the discovery of palæolithic implements in France, the antiquity of man became a subject of violent discussion throughout Europe. Anthropology, a science some aspects of which are coincident with archæology, developed with spectacular rapidity. The feeling that archæology was the study of Greek and Roman antiquities was shaken. Excavation in Egypt, Denmark, Karthage, Assyria, and

¹ It is due to the memory of Colonel Vyse to say that his book contains descriptions of the Pyramids so accurate as to be still of value. Yet one flinches at accounts of operations one of the principal factors of which was blasting-powder — in generous charges! — THE AUTHOR.

northwestern India, broke down the old narrow tradition from without; the claims of classicism received, however, a greater damage from within; and that at the hands of a Philhellene of the stanchest type, — Schliemann, the excavator of Troy and Mykenae.

This came about curiously. Schliemann, a noble fanatic whose critical powers were in inverse ratio to his enthusiasm for Homeric antiquity, met during his excavations with immense and startling success. But the rational and skeptical spirit of the age, especially among his own countrymen, could not, in many cases, accept his conjectural connection of many of his finds with Homeric story. Lesser men, who lacked his enthusiasm, had yet the advantage of a critical faculty which would not let them believe that Schliemann's 'cup of Nestor' had ever touched the lips of the old man from sandy Pylos. Great discussion arose between those who saw in the new discoveries relics of the Homeric heroes, and those who considered them more impersonally. It was this discussion, and the subsequent excavations of 'Mykenæan' sites, which ultimately freed archæology completely from being considered as primarily concerned with classical antiquity; for it soon became clear, as the older Ægean culture-strata were exposed, that we were confronted, though on Greek soil, with a civilization which was not, strictly speaking, 'Greek' at all. At the same time, prehistoric Italy became revealed to us.

It was at this point that, very reluctantly, the services of the anthropologist were requisitioned by the student of classical antiquity; and the spirit infused by the science dealing primarily with man as an animal into the laxer science dealing primarily with his works, has from that day on had an increasingly valuable influence. The reaction between these two branches of know-

ledge is still going on, but already there is little difference in temper between the geologically or anatomically-grounded anthropologist and the modern archæologist, save that the latter must always have in his mental equipment a sense of 'style,' which cannot be wholly acquired by study.

The scientific advance, especially in countries such as India,¹ Finland, or Egypt, where there was no very strong earlier tradition to be overcome, can be clearly seen in the progress of the mere mechanics of excavation. In the beginning, one simply chose a promising site and looted it. The 'excavator' appeared on the scene when exciting finds were being made. If there were no exciting finds, he usually tried his luck elsewhere. After the work, he generally made a map — of sorts! At times, leaving a native foreman in charge, he went shooting or exploring the country. He kept a camp which, as a rule, was merely a glorified example of the local native habitation. His ideas of recording seldom went beyond keeping a 'journal,' making occasional maps and plans of a sort now-a-days considered unsatisfactory, and, from time to time, sketches. His publications were frequently burdened with personal digressions, with illogical hazards as to the meaning of his own discoveries, and with little or no regard for contemporary work in his own field.

To-day this type of man still exists, but he is an anachronism and a sloven. He is not regarded as being so objectionable as the *antica*-purchaser, the archæologist who habitually buys antiquities, — and who may be regarded as a survival of the Renaissance col-

¹ Lest I be suspected, as was once Apollonios of Tyana, of extolling the wisdom of the Indians because they are so remote, let me here refer to the brilliant work of Dr. Stein, Dr. Grünwedel, and my friend Dr. von Le Coq in Chinese Turkestan, and to the splendid *Archæological Survey of India*. — THE AUTHOR.

lector, — but his capacity for harm, give him loose rein, is really greater; it is the old story of the fool's being more objectionable than the knave.

Modern field-work of the best sort is a very different matter from that at which we have just glanced. A site is generally chosen for a more definite reason than that it 'looks good.' The work is planned as much as possible in advance, frequently with the help of carefully-made maps, and is not abandoned until the site is thoroughly explored. Before a spade goes into the ground, the excavator has evolved a provisional campaign for his season: a plan which, while lax enough to accommodate itself readily to new conditions which cannot be foreseen but which are sure to arise, is yet well enough thought out to avoid any possibility of the haphazard 'try-here, try-there' nonsense of, for example, the excavations in Kyrenaïka under Vattier de Bourville or Smith and Porcher. The men who do the digging are grouped into small companies, and are carefully given simple and definite instructions, to carry out which they are encouraged by a system of generous 'bakshish' and severe penalties.

During the progress of the work some member of the staff is actually on the spot most of the time, and the camp is never left by all of the staff at once. The camp itself is, if circumstances will possibly admit it, a house, a safe store, and an engineer's office. When an object is found, it is first cleared and then photographed. It is left *in situ* until the development of the photographic plate shows a satisfactory result. The map-making is done with an 'admissible error' of 1:1500 for the smaller plans, and 1:1000 for the larger. The record consists of these photographs and maps, which are cross-referenced; of a written daily record; and of special 'de-

tails' to scales of 1:100 up to 1:5. The publication is a concise, clear presentation of material. All theories which are not directly pertinent are omitted, or consigned to appendices or notes; and the illustrations consist of a selection of *significant* photographs, plans, and maps.

From the perfect modern record it would be possible, in theory, to replace every object as it was found, and to reconstruct the whole site to the state in which it was on the day when first attacked. Thus the excavator, who, owing to the fatigue and distraction inseparable from carrying the work forward, is practically unable, no matter what his scholarly equipment, to theorize advantageously upon his own material or to see it in proper perspective, places his results before the world in such form that the scholarly reader may have before him a complete exposition of the site explored.

Much more might be remarked on this topic; the difficulty is to stop here! But enough has, it is hoped, been said to show, by illustration, the scientific advance of modern archæological research.

II

Our question, 'What is archæology, and what is the good of it?' yet waits an answer. Having gone into the progress of the science thus far, we are able to make this now, and to make it concisely.

If any knowledge be worth while, none can be more valuable than that which, by enabling us to understand man in the past, helps us to understand him to-day. Archæology, through the objects by which ancient man expressed his conceptions of God, of beauty, and of life, vivifies the past. It makes or reshapes history; our meagre literary notices, for example, of the Greek dynasts of Central Asia have a double

value since supplemented by the Baktrian coins, and we are helped to a new estimate of the extent and power of Hellenic culture on the Oxus and the flanks of the Hindu-Kūsh by discoveries in Ghandhara and Khotan. The knowledge of the Egyptian Empire to which our grandfathers could attain, even by the closest study, shrinks to a point in comparison with the history which we are to-day able to reconstruct from the monuments.

Religion and art, the two highest forms of racial expression, have through the services of archæology become phenomena more and more comprehensible. New and vast fields have been opened up by the spade. The Pantheon of Winkelmann, cold, perfect, and august, dwelling in Olympian serenity, has had to yield to a complex company in which daimon, hero, god, and man are all organically related, and only with difficulty separated one from another. All that had come down to us in literary form in regard to the religion of Babylon or Sabea Arabia appears a tissue of fable and error in the light of the surer knowledge won by archæology.

The progress of archæological discovery is marked by the collection of new truths, and the routing out of old errors. Herein lies its importance. This is the reason why the modern excavator, to be worthy of his trust, must do his work with a scrupulousness which, to the practitioners of the older and laxer tradition, must seem Levitical.

The mechanical part of his work, from its very nature, can be done only once, and it is in the field as in the British navy, — ‘there may be mistakes, but never excuses for them.’ Nor is one justified in supposing that he will not be called to account for his labors. The general public of to-day is largely dependent for its knowledge about technical subjects on information which it has taken twenty years to popularize. Intelligent people still miscall the masterpieces of the Greek potter ‘Etruscan vases.’ But the facts being painfully collected to-day will find their way in some form to the public of the future, as surely and as naturally as water flows down hill. The archæologist is contributing to the race-consciousness his quota, as do poet, philosopher, and historian. Multitudes die before the accumulated knowledge reaches them, but in some form, positive or negative, direct or indirect, it comes home to the survivors; it belongs to them; they receive an impression from it, and this impression is that of Truth.

Modern archæology, to answer the question with which we began, is ‘the science of antiquities.’ But this science is not merely the elucidation of ancient authors, or of classical art; its aim is higher than this, and its scope broader. It is the elucidation of the ancient world to the world of to-day and of the future. It is, together with philosophy, history, and anthropology, the elucidation of mankind.

JOURNALISM AS A CAREER

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

IN a recent discussion with a successful business man concerning an occupation for the business man's son, a college graduate, some one suggested: 'Set him up with a newspaper. He likes the work and is capable of success.'

'Nothing in it,' was the prompt reply. 'He can make more money with a clothing store, have less worry and annoyance, and possess the respect of more persons.'

This response typifies the opinion of many fathers regarding a newspaper career. It is especially common to the business man in the rural and semi-rural sections. The dry-goods merchant who has a stock worth twenty thousand dollars, and makes a profit of from three thousand dollars to five thousand dollars a year, realizes that the editor's possessions are meagre, and believes his income limited. He likewise hears complaints and criticisms of the paper. Comparing his own placid money-making course with what he assumes to be the stormy and unprofitable struggle of the publisher, he considers the printing business an inferior occupation.

For this view the old-time editor is largely responsible. For decades it was his pride to make constant reference to his poverty-stricken condition, to beg subscribers to bring cord-wood and potatoes on subscription, to glorify as a philanthropist the farmer who 'called to-day and dropped a dollar in the till.' The poor-editor joke is as well established as the mother-in-law joke or the lover-and-angry-father joke, and

about as unwarranted; yet it has built up a sentiment, false in fact and suggestion,* often accepted as truth.

To the younger generation, journalism presents another aspect. The fascination of doing things, of being in the forefront of the world's activities, appeals to young men and young women of spirit. Few are they who do not consider themselves qualified to succeed should they choose this profession. To the layman it seems so easy and so pleasant to write the news and comment of the day, to occupy a seat on the stage at public meetings, to pass the fire-lines unquestioned.

Not until the first piece of copy is handed in does the beginner comprehend the magnitude of his task or the demand made upon him for technical skill. When he sees the editor slash, blue-pencil, and rearrange his story, he appreciates how much he has yet to learn. Of this he was ignorant in his high school and his college days, and he was confident of his ability. An expression of choice of a life-work by the freshman class of a college or university will give a large showing for journalism; in the senior year it will fall to a minor figure, not more than from three to seven per cent of the whole. By that period the students have learned some things concerning life, and have decided, either because of temperament, or as did the business man for his son, for some other profession.

To those who choose it deliberately as a life-work, obtaining a position presents as many difficulties as it does

in any other profession. The old-time plan by which the beginner began as 'devil,' sweeping out the office, cleaning the presses, and finally rising to be compositor and writer, is in these days of specialization out of date. The newspaper business has as distinct departments as a department store. While a full knowledge of every part of the workings of the office is unquestionably valuable, the eager aspirant finds time too limited to serve a long apprenticeship at the mechanical end in order to prepare himself for the writing-room.

Hence we find the newspaper worker seeking a new preparation. He strives for a broad knowledge, rather than mechanical training, and it is from such preparation that he enters the newspaper office with the best chances of success. Once the college man in the newspaper office was a joke. His sophomore style was the object of sneers and jeers from the men who had been trained in the school of actual practice at the desk. To-day few editors hold to the idea that there can be no special preparation worth while outside the office, just as you find few farmers sneering at the work of agricultural colleges. It is not uncommon to find the staff of a great newspaper composed largely of college men, and when a new man is sought for the writing force it is usually one with a college degree who obtains the place. It is recognized that the ability to think clearly, to write understandable English, and to know the big facts of the world and its doings, are essential, and that college training fits the young man of brains for this. Such faults as may have been acquired can be easily corrected.

Along with the tendency toward specialization in other directions, colleges and universities have established schools or departments of journalism in which they seek to assist those stud-

ents who desire to follow that career. It is not a just criticism of such efforts to say, as some editors have said, that it is impossible to give practical experience outside a newspaper office. Such an opinion implies that news and comment can be written only within sound of a printing-press; yet a vast deal of actual everyday work on the papers themselves is done by persons outside the office.

About twenty colleges and universities, chiefly in the Middle West and Northwest, have established such schools. They range in their curriculum from courses of lectures by newspaper men continued through a part of the four-years' course, to complete schools with a systematic course of study comprehending general culture, history, and science, with actual work on a daily paper published by the students themselves, and on which, under the guidance of an experienced newspaper man, they fill creditably every department and assist in the final make-up of the publication. They even gain a fair comprehension of the workings of linotypes, presses, and the details of composition, without attempting to attain such hand-skill as to make them eligible to positions in the mechanical department.

These students, in addition to possessing the broad culture that comes with a college degree, know how to write a 'story,' how to frame a headline, how to construct editorial comment, and they certainly enter the newspaper office lacking the crudeness manifested by those who have all the details of newspaper style to learn. This sort of schooling does not make newspaper men of the unfit, but to the fit it gives a preparation that saves them much time in attaining positions of value. That a course of this kind will become an integral part of many more colleges is probable. When the million-

dollar bequest which Joseph Pulitzer of the New York *World* has promised Columbia University becomes available, a newspaper school of much greater proportions will be established, and this will give an impetus to the already well-marked tendency.

In these schools some of the most capable students enroll. They are the young men and young women of literary tastes and keen ambitions. They are as able as the students who elect law, or science, or engineering. From months of daily work in a class-room fitted up like the city room of a great newspaper, with definite news-assignments and tasks that cover the whole field of writing for the press, they can scarcely fail to absorb some of the newspaper spirit, and graduate with a fairly definite idea of what is to be required of them.

Then there comes the question, where shall the start be made? Is it best to begin on the small paper and work toward metropolitan journalism? or to seek a reporter's place on the city daily and work for advancement?

Something is to be said for the latter course. The editor of one of the leading New York dailies remarked the other day, 'The man who begins in New York, and stays with it, rises if he be capable. Changes in the staffs are frequent, and in a half-dozen years he finds himself well up the ladder. It takes him about that long to gain a good place in a country town, and then if he goes to the city he must begin at the bottom with much time wasted.' This is, however, not the essential argument.

Who is the provincial newspaper man? Where is found the broadest development, the largest conception of journalism? To the beginner the vision is not clear. If he asks the busy reporter, the nervous special writer on a metropolitan journal, he gets this

reply: 'If I could only own a good country paper and be my own master!' Then, turning to the country editor, he is told: 'It is dull in the country town — if I could get a place on a city journal where things are happening!' Each can give reasons for his ambition, and each has from his experience and observation formed an *ex parte* opinion. Curiously, in view of the glamour that surrounds the city worker, and the presumption that he has attained the fullest possible equipment for the newspaper field, he is less likely to succeed with satisfaction to himself on a country paper than is the country editor who finds a place in the city.

The really provincial journalist, the worker whose scope and ideals are most limited, is often he who has spent years as a part of a great newspaper-making machine. Frequently, when transplanted to what he considers a narrower field, which is actually one of wider demands, he fails in complete efficiency. The province of the city paper is one of news-selection. Out of the vast skein of the day's happenings what shall it select? More 'copy' is thrown away than is used. The New York *Sun* is written as definitely for a given constituency as is a technical journal. Out of the day's news it gives prominence to that which fits into its scheme of treatment, and there is so much news that it can fill its columns with interesting material, yet leave untouched a myriad of events. The New York *Evening Post* appeals to another constituency, and is made accordingly. The *World* and *Journal* have a far different plan, and 'play up' stories that are mentioned briefly or ignored by some of their contemporaries. So the writer on the metropolitan paper is trained to sift news, to choose from his wealth of material that which the paper's traditions demand shall receive

attention; and so abundant is the supply that he can easily set a feast without exhausting the market's offering. Unconsciously he becomes an epicure, and knows no day will dawn without bringing him his opportunity.

What happens when a city newspaper man goes to the country? Though he may have all the graces of literary skill and know well the art of featuring his material, he comes to a new journalistic world. Thus did the manager of a flourishing evening daily in a city of fifty thousand put it: 'I went to a leading metropolitan daily to secure a city editor, and took a man recommended as its most capable reporter, one with years of experience in the city field. Brought to the new atmosphere, he was speedily aware of the changed conditions. In the run of the day's news rarely was there a murder, with horrible details as sidelights; no heiress eloped with a chauffeur; no fire destroyed tenements and lives; no family was broken up by scandal. He was at a loss to find material with which to make local pages attractive. He was compelled to give attention to a wide range of minor occurrences, most of which he had been taught to ignore. In the end he resigned. I found it more satisfactory to put in his place a young man who had worked on a small-town daily and was in sympathy with the things that come close to the whole community, who realized that all classes of readers must be interested in the paper, all kinds of happenings reported, and the paper be made each evening a picture of the total sum of the day's events, rather than of a few selected happenings. The news-supply is limited, and all must be used and arranged to interest readers — and we reach all classes of readers, not a selected constituency.'

The small-town paper must do this, and because its writers are forced so to

look upon their field they obtain a broader comprehension of the community life than do those who are restricted to special ideas and special conceptions of the paper's plans. The beginner who finds his first occupation on a country paper, by which is meant a paper in one of the smaller cities, is likely to obtain a better all-round knowledge of everything that must be done in a newspaper office than the man who goes directly to a position on a thoroughly organized metropolitan journal. He does not secure, however, such helpful training in style or such expert drill in newspaper methods. He is left to work out his own salvation, sometimes becoming an adept, but frequently dragging along in mediocrity. When he goes from the small paper to the larger one he has a chance to acquire efficiency rapidly. The editor of one of the country's greatest papers says that he prefers to take young men of such training, and finds that they have a broader vision than when educated in newspaper-making from the bottom in his own office.

It is easy to say, as did the merchant concerning his son, that there are few chances for financial success in journalism. Yet it is probable that for the man of distinction in journalism the rewards are not less than they are in other professions. The salaries on the metropolitan papers are liberal, and are becoming greater each year as the business of news-purveying becomes better systematized and more profitable. The newspaper man earns vastly more than the minister. The editor in the city gets as much out of life as do the attorneys. The country editor, with his plant worth five thousand dollars or ten thousand dollars, frequently earns for his labors as satisfactory an income as the banker, while the number of editors of country weeklies who have a profit of three thousand dol-

lars or more from their papers, is astonishing.

It is, of course, not always so, any more than it is true that the lawyer, preacher, or physician always possesses a liberal income. When the city editor makes sport of the ill-printed country paper, he forgets under what conditions the country editor at times works. A prosperous publisher with sympathy in his heart put it this way: —

'The other day we picked up a dinky weekly paper that comes to our desk every week. As usual we found something in it that made us somewhat tired, and we threw it down in disgust. For some reason we picked it up again and looked at it more closely. Our feelings, somehow or other, began to change. We noted the advertisements. They were few in number, and we knew that the wolf was standing outside the door of that little print-shop and howling. The ads were poorly gotten up, but we knew why. The poor fellow did n't have enough material in his shop to get up a good ad. It was poorly printed — almost unreadable in spots. We knew again what was the matter. He needed new rollers and some decent ink, but probably he did n't have the money to buy them. One of the few locals spoke about "the editor and family." So he had other mouths to feed. He was burning midnight oil in order to save hiring a printer. He could n't afford it. True, he is n't getting out a very good paper, but at that, he is giving a whole lot more than he is receiving. It is easy to poke fun at the dinky papers when the waves of prosperity are breaking in over your own doorstep. Likely, if we were in that fellow's place we could n't do as well as he does.'

The profession of the publicist naturally leads to politics, and the editor is directly in the path to political preferment. The growth of the primary

system adds greatly to the chance in this direction. One of the essentials of success at a primary is that the candidate have a wide acquaintance with the public, that his name shall have been before the voters sufficiently often for them to become familiar with it. The editor who has made his paper known acquires this acquaintance. He goes into the campaign with a positive asset. One western state, for instance, has newspaper men for one third of its state officers and forty per cent of its delegation in Congress. This is not exceptional. It is merely the result of the special conditions, both of fitness and prominence, in the editor's relation to the public.

This very facility for entering politics is perhaps an objection rather than a benefit. The editor who is a seeker after office finds himself hampered by his ambitions and he is robbed of much of the independence that goes to make his columns of worth. The ideal position is when the editor owns, clear of debt, a profit-making plant and is not a candidate for any office. Just so far as he departs from this condition does he find himself restricted in the free play of his activities. If debt hovers, there is temptation to seek business at the expense of editorial utterance; if he desires votes, he must temporize often in order to win friendships or to avoid enmities. Freedom from entangling alliances, absolutely an open way, should be the ambition of the successful newspaper worker. Fortunately is the subordinate who has an employer so situated, for in such an office can be done the best thinking and the clearest writing. Though he may succeed in other paths, financially, socially, and politically, he will lack in his career some of the finer enjoyments that can come only with unobstructed vision.

It is not agreed that everyday news-

paper work gives especial fitness for progress in literature. The habit of rapid writing, of getting a story to press to catch the first edition, has the effect for many of creating a style unfitted for more serious effort. Yet when temperament and taste are present, there is no position in which the aspirant for a place in the literary field has greater opportunity. To be in touch with the thought and the happenings of the world gives opportunity for interpretation of life to the broader public of the magazine and the published volume. Newspaper work does not make writers of books, but experience therein obtained does open the way; and the successes, both in fiction and economics, that have come in the past decade from the pens of newspaper workers is ample evidence of the truth of this statement.

It is one of the criticisms of the press that it corrupts beginners and not only gives them a false view of life, but compels them to do things abhorrent to those possessed of the finer feelings of good taste and courtesy. The fact is that journalism is, to a larger degree than almost all other businesses or professions, individualistic. It is to each worker what he makes it. The minister has his way well defined; he must keep in it or leave the profession. The teacher is restrained within limits; the lawyer and physician, if they would retain standing, must follow certain codes. The newspaper worker is a free lance compared with any of these.

The instances in which a reporter is asked to do things in opposition to the best standards of ethics and courtesy are rare, — and becoming rarer. The paper of to-day, though a business enterprise as well as a medium of publicity and comment, has a higher ideal than that of two decades ago. The rivalry is greater, the light of competition is stronger, the relation to the pub-

lic is closer. Little mystery surrounds the press. Seldom does the visitor stand open-eyed in wonder before the 'sanctum.' The average man and woman know how 'copy' is prepared, how type is set, how the presses operate. The newspaper office is an 'open shop' compared with the early printing-offices, of which the readers of papers stood somewhat in awe. Because of this there is less temptation and less opportunity for obscure methods. The profession offers to the young man and young woman an opportunity for intelligent and untainted occupation. Should there be a demand that seems unreasonable or in bad taste, plenty of places are open on papers that have a higher standard of morals and are conducted with a decent respect for the opinions and rights of the public.

Nor is it necessary that the worker indulge in any pyrotechnics in maintaining his self-respect. The editor of one of the leading papers of western New York quietly resigned his position because he could not with a clear conscience support the nominee favored by the owner of the paper. He did nothing more than many men have done in other positions. His action was not proof that his employer was dishonest, but that there were two points of view and he could not accept the one favored by the publisher. Such a course is always open, and so wide is the publishing world that there is no need for any one to suffer. Nor can a paper or an editor fence in the earth. With enough capital to buy a press, some paper, and to hire a staff, any one can have his say — and frequently the most unpromising field proves a bonanza for the man with courage and initiative.

In a long and varied experience as editor, I have rarely found an advertiser who was concerned regarding the editorial policy of the paper. The ad-

vertiser wants publicity, he is interested in circulation — when he obtains that he is satisfied. Instances there are where the advertiser has a personal interest in some local enterprise and naturally resents criticism of its management, but such situations can be dealt with directly and without loss of self-respect to the publisher. Not from the advertiser comes the most interference with the press. If there were as little from men with political schemes, men with pet projects to promote, men (and women) desiring to use the newspaper's columns to boost themselves into higher positions or to acquire some coveted honor, an independent and self-respecting editorial policy could be maintained without material hindrance. With the right sort of good sense and adherence to conviction on the part of the publisher it can be maintained under present conditions — and the problem becomes simpler every year. More papers that cannot be cajoled, bought, or bulldozed are published to-day than ever before in the world's history. The 'organ' is becoming extinct as the promotion of newspaper publicity becomes more a business and less a means of gratifying ambition.

Publishers have learned that fairness is the best policy, that it does not pay to betray the trust of the public, and journalism becomes a more attractive profession exactly in proportion as it offers a field where self-respect is at a premium and bosses are unconsidered. The new journalism demands men of high character and good habits. The old story of the special writer who, when asked what he needed to turn out a good story for the next day's paper, replied, 'a desk, some paper, and a quart of whiskey,' does not apply. One of the specifications of every re-

quest for writers is that the applicant shall not drink. Cleanliness of life, a well-groomed appearance, a pleasing personality, are essentials for the journalist of to-day. The pace is swift, and he must keep his physical and mental health in perfect condition.

That there is a new journalism, with principles and methods in harmony with new political and social conditions and new developments in news-transmission and the printing art, is evident. The modern newspaper is far more a business enterprise than was the one of three decades ago. To some observers this means the subordination of the writer to the power of the publisher. If this be so in some instances, the correction lies with the public. The abuse of control should bring its own punishment in loss of patronage or of influence, or of both. The newspaper, be it published in a country village or in the largest city, seeks first the confidence of its readers. Without this it cannot secure either business for its advertising pages, or influence for its ambitions. Publicity alone may once have sufficed, but rivalry is too keen to-day. Competition brings a realizing sense of fairness. Hence it is that there is a demand for well-equipped young men and clever young women who can instill into the pages of the press frankness, virility, and a touch of what newspaper men call 'human interest.'

The field is broad; it has place for writers of varied accomplishments; it promises a profession filled with interesting experiences and close contact with the world's pulse. It is not for the sloth nor for the sloven, not for the conscienceless nor for the unprepared. Without real qualifications for it, the ambitious young person would better seek some other life-work.

A JAPANESE WOOD-CARVING

BY AMY LOWELL

HIGH up above the open, welcoming door
It hangs, a piece of wood with colors dim.
Once, long ago, it was a waving tree,
And knew the sun and shadow through the leaves
Of forest trees, in a thick eastern wood.
The winter snows had bent its branches down,
The spring had swelled its buds with coming flowers,
Summer had run like fire through its veins,
While autumn pelted it with chestnut burrs
And strewed the leafy ground with acorn cups.
Dark midnight storms had roared and crashed among
Its branches, breaking here and there a limb;
But every now and then broad sunlit days
Lovingly lingered, caught among the leaves.
Yes, it had known all this, and yet to us
It does not speak of mossy forest ways,
Of whispering pine trees or the shimmering birch;
But of quick winds, and the salt, stinging sea!
An artist once, with patient, careful knife,
Had fashioned it like to the untamed sea.
Here waves uprear themselves, their tops blown back
By the gay, sunny wind, which whips the blue
And breaks it into gleams and sparks of light.
Among the flashing waves are two white birds
Which swoop, and soar, and scream for very joy
At the wild sport. Now diving quickly in,
Questing some glistening fish; now flying up,
Their dripping feathers shining in the sun,
While the wet drops like little glints of light,
Fall pattering backward to the parent sea;
Gliding along the green and foam-flecked hollows
Or skimming some white crest about to break, —
The spirits of the sky deigning to stoop
And play with ocean in a summer mood.

WILD LIFE IN A CITY GARDEN

Hanging above the high, wide-open door,
 It brings to us in quiet, firelit room,
 The freedom of the earth's vast solitudes
 Where heaping, sunny waves tumble and roll,
 And seabirds scream in wanton happiness.

WILD LIFE IN A CITY GARDEN

BY HERBERT RAVENAL SASS

LYING in bed early one cool March morning, before the hush that hung over the sleeping city had been broken by the first of those multitudinous noises that the young day would bring, I saw a compact black body shoot with the speed of a comet across the square of blue sky framed like a picture in the open window. In an instant I was on my feet; and in another instant, freed from the coverlet that wrapped itself around me and almost threw me to the floor, I was leaning far out across the sill. Yonder it was, a hundred-feet above the wet, glistening roofs to the northwest, cleaving the still, fresh air like some aerial torpedo. I gazed at it until it was gone, and doubtless my disappointment was writ large upon my sleepy face. After all, it was only a loon — and I had hoped to see a wild goose!

Only a loon, bound, perhaps, for some cold glassy lake within the Arctic Circle — only a great Northern diver, obeying the call of the North. What was a loon that it should lure a sane man from his warm bed two hours too soon on a chilly morning in March? I asked myself the question as I stood by the window, looking across my

neighbor's lot at the houses beyond, and at the broad steel-blue river to the south. A cardinal, half-hidden in the vivid new foliage of a sugarberry tree, glowed in the sunlight like a great drop of blood; and on a tall chimney farther away a slim gray mocking-bird sang of the joys that April never failed to bring. Overhead, nineteen black vultures passed in procession, coming into town from their sleeping-place across the river, to spend the day feasting with their fellows at the butcher-stalls and slaughter-pens. A large flock of satiny waxwings, lisping monotonously and all at once, settled among the branches of the sugarberry where the cardinal perched; and in the brown grasses beneath the window half a dozen white-throated sparrows, too busy or too hungry for song, searched industriously for the breakfast that is unlikely to reward the sluggard.

My gaze roved from cardinal to mocking-bird, from waxwing to sparrow; and my thoughts rushed northward with the vanished loon, over house-tops and fields and woods and marshes, on a journey that would not end until he slanted down at last to a lake that he remembered — a lake perhaps two thou-

sand miles away. And then, of a sudden, the old wonder swept over me, the exultation that had thrilled me so often as I stood by that west window or under the garden elms. What if the loon were a common bird on the river in winter? It was, nevertheless, one of the wildest of the wild things; and from my bed in the midst of a busy city I had seen it! Strangely it may seem at first, but in reality naturally enough, I thought of an old friend who had died one hundred and fifteen years before — Reverend Gilbert White of Selborne Parish, Hampshire, England.

Gilbert White is my precedent — my apology for these pages — my excuse for many attacks of what my neighbors probably regard as harmless insanity; and I am bold enough to believe that if he could revisit the earth for a little while he would take back with him on his return a copy of this issue of the *Atlantic* to show to his friends Thomas Pennant and Daines Barrington. Gilbert White loved his home with a love that never weakened. He would have reveled in the forests of wild America, for there he would have found many strange beasts and birds to watch and study; but he preferred to spend his time, when he was not engaged with his clerical duties, studying the familiar creatures of his native parish. The birds of Selborne interested him more than those of any other place, because Selborne was his home; and before he died he wrote a simple little book about these birds and beasts of his home — a book that is now a classic.

So, in part, it has been with me. It will not be my fortune to write a book that will live, nor, probably, a book of any kind; but, nevertheless, I have followed the example of Gilbert White. As he studied the wild life of his parish, so I have studied the wild life of my garden; and as he learned in his circum-

scribed field many a bit of bird-lore unknown to more sophisticated naturalists who had traveled far and wide, so I have seen in and above my garden — which is not in the open country where birds abound, but in one of the oldest parts of the old city of Charleston — a larger number of different species of the wild feathered kindred than any other man has seen in any other city garden in the world.

He boasts, says some one; but no, it is not boasting; it is a simple statement of what I believe to be a fact. 'Wild Life in a City Garden' — some will smile when they read the title; for is it not common knowledge that wild life does not exist in city gardens — that because the city is the stronghold of man, it is avoided by those timorous creatures of the woods and marshes who fear man as they fear no other enemy? There was never a greater mistake, nor a more popular fallacy; and as evidence I will submit the record of my garden.

It is not a large place: a plot of ground two hundred feet square would contain it. Houses surround it on three sides, while to the southwest, beyond the open lot of a neighbor, is the Ashley River. To reach the nearest woodland I must either traverse some two or three miles of city blocks, or else cross the river, which is here more than a mile wide. Actually in, and directly above, this garden I have seen one hundred and fourteen different species of birds. If, as is perfectly fair, I include those that I have seen from the windows of the house, the number of species is one hundred and thirty-two — more than one third of the total number to be found in the entire state of South Carolina. This fact, I think, would interest the parson-naturalist of Selborne. 'All nature is so full,' he wrote in his imperishable book, 'that that district produces the

greatest variety which is the most examined.' What better proof of the truth of his statement could he ask than the record of this little plot of much-examined city land, where, in a period of ten years, more than five-score different kinds of birds have been seen by one observer?

I have studied the birds of my garden at odd moments in the short intervals between working hours, yet I have data enough to enable me to write a book about them. I know when to expect each of those species that come regularly each spring or fall, where those that breed in my bushes and trees are likely to build their nests, when each songster is apt to begin singing, how they feed and what they eat, and a thousand and one other details that would suffice to fill this magazine from cover to cover. Nevertheless I have not learned all that there is to learn about the wild life of this small city lot. Scarcely a month passes that does not teach something new, and now and again there comes some great surprise. Not long ago, I looked out of the window one morning and saw in one of the sugarberry trees behind the kitchen a bird that no one, so far as is known, had ever seen in Charleston before. It was a yellow-crowned night heron, in the dark-brown, white-spotted plumage that every bird of that species wears during the first year or so of its life — a yellow-crowned night heron within fifty feet of my bedroom window!

That was a red-letter day; for although the yellow-crowned heron breeds along this coast, it is one of the shyest of its tribe, and you must go to the deep swamps or lonely marshes far from the homes of men if you would see it — unless you come to my garden. Since that memorable morning, this heron and I have become well acquainted with each other. This afternoon, as I

write, he — in reality I do not know whether *he* is a gentleman or a lady — is standing on one long leg on a mulberry branch ten feet from my north-window. I can stare at him as rudely and as boldly as I please, and he will not trouble to untwist his snaky neck or even open wide his half-closed yellow eyes. He knows the sweetness of idleness, and apparently he delights in the warm languorous September sunshine. He will stand on one thin, greenish leg on that mulberry limb, dozing placidly or preening his feathers with his long, stout bill, until the light begins to fade. Then he will sweep on his wide wings down to the lower end of my neighbor's lot, where the soil is wet and salty and where many little fiddler-crabs dwell; and there, in the dusk and darkness, he will eat his supper.

Yesterday I had some fun with this solemn recluse of the swamps who has violated all the traditions of his kind by taking up his abode in town. For hours the rain had been falling steadily, and when the clouds broke in mid-afternoon, the ground was soggy and covered in low places with shallow pools. On the fence of the duck-yard, utterly oblivious to the perturbation with which the wondering ducks viewed his fantastic, melancholy figure, stood my long-legged friend, his narrow shoulders humped most unbecomingly, his thin neck looped like a moccasin hanging from a bush. Presently his neck lengthened, and spreading his wings, he skimmed along the ground past the wood-shed to a shady alley underneath some elms. Here, in a large puddle some twenty feet long and half as wide, he began to stride slowly up and down as complacently as though he were in the heart of a cypress swamp where the foot of man never trod.

For fifteen minutes I leaned against the corner of the wood-shed and watched him, wondering now and then whether

any other city man had ever seen a wild yellow-crowned heron fishing in a pool of rain-water in his back yard. The heron saw me, but he ignored me in a manner that was almost humiliating. He did not hesitate to approach within a dozen feet of where I stood in plain view; while a pair of Grinnell's water-thrushes, who were reaping a plentiful harvest of tiny insects among the dead leaves in the shallow water, were even bolder. They walked swiftly back and forth — for the water-thrush is a walker, not a hopper — so close to me that I could have put my foot upon one of them, apparently ignorant of the fact that in the books they are called shy and timorous. Their food was so minute that I could not distinguish what it was, but the heron was after larger game. He was angling for angle-worms — surely a strange proceeding, since normally an angler angles not at all until he has his angle-worms with which to tempt the victim for which he angles. But my heron was angling after a fashion of his own, and he knew how to go about it. Now and again, as he stalked noiselessly through the water, his long beak flashed down to right or left; and each time death, as sudden as thought, claimed one of the little brown burrowers in the mould. I left him at last, walking about under the fig trees near the piazza, with all the nonchalance of a rooster hatched and reared in the yard, while the colored cook stood by the kitchen door and protested 'befo' de Lawd' that she had never seen so strange a sight 'sence de day she was bawn.'

It is pleasant to recall some of the other great surprises — some of the other red-letter days in the history of the garden, each one of them rendered unforgettable by the coming of some unlooked-for feathered stranger. Such a day was that third of May four years and a half ago, when I looked up from

my book to find a gorgeous male scarlet tanager in the elm sapling beside the piazza. So rare is this bird in the lowlands of South Carolina that, in spite of the careful studies of Audubon, Bachman, and Wayne, there are but four authentic records of its occurrence in this region; and of these four two were made in my city garden — surely a matter of curious interest, to say the least.

Another day that will not soon be forgotten was February 14, 1899, when a woodcock — perhaps the very shyest of all American game birds — stood on the flat top of a tall stump not twenty feet from the piazza, driven into the city by the great blizzard that swept the South on that date, freezing to death thousands of birds of many kinds and almost wiping out of existence the bluebird and the beautiful ground dove. On January 1, 1910, a bitterly cold day, a live woodcock was picked up in the garden. The bird died after two days. So also October 29, 1906, was made memorable by the arrival of two visitors from the North, of a species that few observers have ever seen on this coast — a pair of red-breasted nuthatches; while April 18, 1909, will stand always among the greatest of the great days of the garden, because on that morning I found in my elms a band of eight or ten pine siskins — a bird almost if not quite as rare in this part of the world as the scarlet tanager. I have seen the black-and-white warbler in the garden on December 1 — at least a month later than the latest record made in this state by any other man; and the cedar waxwing has feasted on my mulberries on May 21, long after the last waxwing should have passed from the flat coast country, where the great flocks gather in winter and early spring, to the hills and mountains of the interior, where they disperse and build their nests.

After all, however, it is not in the chance visit of some rare member of the feathered tribes, nor in the occurrence at an unwonted time of a species common enough in its appointed season, that the charm of garden ornithology chiefly lies. I mention these matters merely to show that in a few instances, of interest to the professional naturalist rather than to the dilettante bird-gazer, this tiny area of city real estate is able to contribute its mite to the sum of what is known about the seasonal distribution and migrational movements of the birds of a great continent. For me, the fascination of the study — or diversion, as I should more modestly call it — is found, first, in the wonderful fact that even here amid the streets and houses of a modern city I see from time to time — in some cases, regularly each year — some of the feathered kindred that are thought to be most fearful of man and most characteristic of the wilderness; and secondly, in the continued presence, throughout the year, or during certain periods, of other birds, common and familiar, perhaps, and known by name to every country boy, yet possessing and sometimes betraying secrets that cannot be learned from the books of the wisest of those who have gone before us.

There is a sequestered corner of the garden where a few tall elms and bushy privet trees cast so dark a shade that even in midsummer the moist black soil is bare of weeds and grass. Here, in April, August, and September, I see the hooded warbler, resplendent in yellow and sable, gleaning the good things to be found in the thick foliage to the right, and in the trumpet-vines that clamber up the wooden fence to the left. Hither in April and August comes sometimes the gorgeous prothonotary, whose flame-colored breast is like a fragment of glowing

cloud stolen from an autumn sunset and whose simple song rings just as clear and bold here amid the houses as in the sombre swamps that I must penetrate to find him when I go bird-hunting elsewhere than in the garden. The damp ground under the elms feels each autumn the dainty tread of the water-thrush, and more rarely of the oven-bird — members, although there is nothing in their English names to indicate the relationship, of that same numerous family, the Warblers or *Mniotiltidae*, to which the prothonotary and the hooded warbler belong.

The clump of fig-bushes hiding the angle formed by the fence and the back of a neighbor's cow-shed seems to possess a strange attraction for the sedate black-and-white warblers that visit it in spring and autumn; and it was in these same bushes that I saw the only black-and-white warbler ever seen by any man — so far as is known to science — in South Carolina in the month of December. When the first cool wave of autumn freshens the sultry air of September, many red-starts — with most of the 'red' washed out of them — wage war on the slender pale-green larvæ that hide, all in vain, under the small saw-edged leaves of the terminal twiglets of the elms. In April, September, and October I sometimes see the handsome black-throated blue warbler, solemn with a most unwarblerlike solemnity, moving in silence from branch to branch where the shadow is darkest; while the parula, the prairie, the summer yellow-bird, and, in the depth of winter, the hardy little yellow-rump, are among the other warblers that are more or less familiar visitors to the spot. It is a wonderful place, this 'warbler corner,' as I call it, with its ugly fence, its funereal gloom, and its bare black soil where hundreds of earthworms work in their humble way the miracle of which the

world knew nothing until a man named Darwin wrote a matter-of-fact book on the unromantic subject of vegetable mould. I wonder what Gilbert White would say if he knew that of the thirty-two species of *Mniotiltidae* known to occur in this state—and some of them have been recorded only once or twice—I have seen fourteen species in a single tiny nook of my little garden in Charleston.

Yet it is not the fragile warbler, child of the forest and swamp though he be, that brings the wilderness to me here in the city. Rather it is the lordly eagle that I sometimes see looking down at me, scornfully it seems, as he sweeps over, his snowy head glancing in the sun. It is the phalanx of wild geese rushing northward in a long wedge across the clear April sky. It is the wide-winged black-and-white wood-ibis, sailing 'in those blue tracts above the thunder,' with outstretched neck, trailing legs, and stiff-spread, motionless pinions. It is the sharp-shinned hawk that smashes, like a miniature thunderbolt, into the rose-tangle where the English sparrows hold noisy conclave, and in an instant is up and away with his limp prize. It is the hurrying loon bound for the far boreal lake whose lonely shores will ring ere long with his weird laughter. And most of all, it is the noise of invisible myriads passing in the night.

Sitting on the piazza on cool evenings in late September, I hear the voices of feathered hosts that I cannot see. In hundreds and thousands and, it may be, in hundreds of thousands, they are streaming over my head, up yonder in the black infinity that lies between earth and stars. The whole vast air is full of them; now here, now there, now elsewhere, their various voices call to me out of the darkness. Some of the sounds I know well—the guttural 'quok' of the black-crowned night

heron, the high pitched 'skeow' of the green heron, the metallic chirp of the ricebird that travels in company with the larger wayfarers in the gloom. Others are sounds that I have never heard at any other time—that probably I shall never hear except on these autumnal nights when the far-called armies of the migrating birds are fleeing southward before the intangible, irresistible might of approaching winter.

Whence come these myriads and whither are they bound? By what strange sense do they guide their certain flight through the uncharted spaces of the air? Where were they yesterday, and where will they hide themselves when daylight comes to-morrow? How many out of all that host will live to complete the long journey, escaping the innumerable perils that threaten them by land and sea? A month from now, perhaps, the small voice that spoke so plaintively a moment ago out of the dark void above my neighbor's stable may be heard by some huge jaguar gliding like a ghost through the dim aisles of the Amazonian forest. A month from now, for aught I know, the little wings that fan the breeze above my garden to-night may be battling bravely but in vain in one of the furious hurricanes that sweep the Caribbean. Out of the unknown they come, and into the unknown they depart—these unseen aerial regiments, pressing on blindly yet unerringly through the black waste of air, toward strange, far lands where winter is but a name.

From the vague dome-like mass of a fig tree near the piazza—a darker shadow among dark shadows—comes a clear flute-like whistle repeated again and again. It is a cardinal singing in the gloom—singing perhaps to the yellow moon that peeps now and then from behind the scurrying drifts of cloud. I am ashamed. I have written page after page about the birds of my

garden, and scarcely a word have I written about those that should occupy the most exalted place. Tempted by the unusual, I have ignored the ordinary, which in all our affairs is generally the most important. I have sought to imprison in a few paragraphs some idea of the wild life that exists in my city garden; and because they are somewhat less wild than the others, I have passed over those more familiar birds that are most characteristic of the place. I do not know what the garden would be like if its cardinals and its mocking-birds were taken away. In sunshine and in rain, in the dream-like calm of breathless summer noons, and in the gray desolation of bleak December dawns, they are my comrades, these two. Better than the weather god himself, the red-coated cardinal knows when spring is coming; and the bold, free song that he sings outside the window on the first sunny morning in January is the sweetest sound that I hear in all the year. He is the guardian spirit of the garden, my honest, stout-hearted Redcoat; and for him and his fair dove-colored wife a goodly portion of cracked corn is placed each day on the feeding-stump under the graceful elm in which, years ago when it was a slender sapling, I saw the scarlet tanager.

Redcoat's life is an open book that he who runs may read. In the North he is called shy, secretive, skulking; but if the charge be true, this Yankee cardinal is not akin to the gallant feathered gentleman that I know. I have yet to see him do anything of which I might disapprove. True, he does not help in the making of the three nests that his mate builds each year in the garden; but is it not possible that the lady prefers to fashion the cradle of her prospective brood according to her own whims and with her own capable bill? Certainly, in all other

respects, his treatment of his spouse is beautiful to behold, and in all nature you will not find a father more loving or less lazy. Morally — if there be such a thing as morality or its opposite among the wild creatures — he is the superior of 'the Mocking-bird, Dawn's gay and jocund Priest,' though he lacks the genius of that slim Shakespeare, as Lanier called the mocker, and the marvelous vocal technique to which the latter owes his fame.

The mocking-bird's character is not without its defects. As his supremely beautiful song is marred at times by strange discordant notes, so in the commonplace, prosaic affairs of everyday life he strays now and then from the strait path of rectitude that Redcoat follows faithfully to the end of his days. The mocking-bird is one of the bravest creatures that breathe the air. He will lay down his life in defense of his nest, and I have seen him actually put a fair-sized dog to flight; but at the same time he is as shameless and incorrigible a bully as the kingbird or the crested flycatcher. Often have I heaped abuse upon his head because in utterly causeless fury he has smitten hip and thigh some unusual visitor to the garden; and as often have I granted him forgiveness of his sin when, after routing the inoffensive object of his wrath and pursuing it far beyond the confines of his domain, he has mounted light as air to the topmost twig of the tallest elm and poured forth to the calm sky above such music as no other bird can make.

Contralto cadences of grave desire

Tissues of moonlight, shot with songs of fire;
Bright drops of tune from oceans infinite
Of melody, sipped off the thin-edged wave
And trickling down the beak,—discourses brave
Of serious matter that no man may guess,—
Good-fellow greetings, cries of light distress.

In the drawer of my desk is the unfinished manuscript of a history of the

garden's birds — dry, concise (I hope), and matter-of-fact, treating each species separately and in order. Perhaps it would interest Gilbert White more than this rambling story; but of the people that I know many would judge its author a fool for burning the midnight oil in work so bizarre and so barren of material profit. Yet in this little garden there is matter for a century of study; and for him whose spirit is attuned to the simpler notes of life's music, there is enjoyment and something that approaches happiness — something that no one can take away save him whom the old Arabians were wont to call the Destroyer of Delights and the Sunderer of Companies. Outside, in the world of fiercer passions and graver problems, there may be perplexity and defeat; but in the privet hedge under the elms Redcoat still sings his

song, while his mate still eats my corn — and, I believe, gives me thanks.

Within the boundary of these fences I have learned a few things that have been worth learning, and I have found much to wonder at. I am a hobbyist, I suppose, but surely my hobby has features that commend it. I have discovered that my garden is a whole country in itself — a country possessing an astonishingly large and varied avifauna: and it is pleasant to me to reflect that I have rendered my garden unique; for I doubt if there is, anywhere on this planet, another plot of ground of the same size where so many different species of birds have been recorded. A poor achievement this, perhaps, and small cause for pride; yet the sage of Selborne would forgive me, I think, if he should find a certain conceit between these lines.

THE BIRTHPLACE

BY MARGARET ASHMUN

MISS LAYLOR descended slowly from the train, and looked around her at the commonplace little station. The platform was strewn thick with cinders; the yellow-painted railway offices were dingy and weather-stained; a group of loafers were shouting coarse jests at one another, and laughing boisterously. They glanced curiously at her as she passed them, and one said something to the rest in a low tone; a loud burst of vacant laughter rose at this sally, and trailed after her as she went on down the platform. Miss Laylor looked distinctly annoyed. All the morning, as the train had brought her

nearer and nearer to the little town that she had so often pictured in her mind with affectionate imagery, she had kept telling herself that Ballard would be exactly like other villages of its size. There would be nothing startling about it. It would gather no peculiar grace from the fact that a certain sprawling freckled-faced boy had grown to adolescence there, and that the man who had been that boy still looked back to it from his busy Eastern office, and called the village home. Although she had schooled herself to be satisfied with the ordinary, unpromising country hamlet, a vague sense of disappoint-

ment clouded her brain for a moment, as she paused irresolute on the high steps that led to the sidewalk.

Of course, she had not expected that the inhabitants would be standing around in picturesque garb and respectful postures, saying to one another in subdued voices, 'Harden Carroll was born here'; but, after all, she was conscious that there had been in her soul a lurking hope of things being 'different.' As she had lain awake the night before, throbbing with the lurch and jolt of the sleeping-car, she had tried to make some mental organization of what Carroll had told her of the place. It was all so disjointed, thrown out under such varied suggestions and in such dissimilar moods, that she could piece together nothing less confused than the glimpse of the landscape which she had seen from the car-window during the day. Her midnight recollections had refused to be reduced to anything like order and definiteness. To-day she saw that, however clear her reminiscences might have been, they could have availed but little to keep her from disappointment. Carroll had told her of the maple wood, just outside the town, where he had hunted partridges in a forest of pure gold; he had described the tangle of lilacs and syringas and weigelia that bordered the pond behind his father's house; he had talked to her of these things, and a thousand others; but it had never occurred to him to speak of the dusty streets, the dingy station, and the vulgar crowd of idlers at its door. They were not what had counted for him, — why should she give them a thought? They were not what she had come five hundred miles to see. Ballard should be to her to-day only what Ballard had been to Harden Carroll a score of years ago, when he had walked its streets, a youth, and seen no blemish in it. Her brow cleared as she

stepped down to the dirty board-walk.

The railroad buildings, and two dun-colored warehouses, with their signs blurred and hanging loose, formed a grimy nucleus for a few scattered dwellings whose white paint the soot from passing trains had turned gray. Close up to these crept cultivated fields — long stretches of short, silvery-tipped wheat-blades, glittering in the June sun, and bare-looking brown squares where potatoes were beginning to sprout. Could it be that there was no more of the village? Miss Laylor had supposed that it would be small, but she was not prepared for such an atom as this. She looked about her again, more uncertain than before.

A man approached her, and said, with a kind of respectful familiarity, 'There's a 'bus, lady, that'll take you over town. Guess you won't want to walk it to-day.'

It came to her then in a flash that Carroll had told her once that the town itself was a mile from the station.

'It must be over that hill, there,' she said to herself. 'Thank you,' she added aloud; 'I think I'll try walking. It is n't very far.'

The man turned abruptly, not to say contemptuously, and left her. Miss Laylor put up her parasol, grasped her small hand-bag more firmly, and followed the sidewalk till it ended suddenly, on a line with the last of the gray houses. She found herself on a straight, worn foot-path that led away over the hill. The omnibus passed her at a swinging pace, stirring up a cloud of dust, through which the driver gave her one more scornful glance as he rattled by. She remembered now, surprised at her former stupidity, that Carroll had told her of this very path, and his walking over after school to see the trains come in. He had even related for her diversion the details of two or three incidents that had oc-

curred along the way. Turning one of them over in her mind as she went, Miss Laylor soon discovered the corroboration that she sought. Here was the precise oyster-shaped rock on which he had lain that day when the borrowed revolver went off in his coat pocket, and ploughed a burning furrow down his leg. He had fainted from pain and terror, and his mother had found him here, surrounded by his scared companions, as she was returning from a day's visit in the next town.

Miss Laylor sat down on the rock. The fair, damp head was in her lap, and she had her arms around the angular, boyish shoulders. A throb of mother-anguish started in her breast. Then she laughed and rose from the rock, shaking herself, a little impatiently. 'It won't do at all,' she said half aloud, 'to begin like this. I did n't think I was going to be really silly!'

Over the hill in front of her rose a group of Lombardy poplars. The village was at hand. She passed several neat cottages with vines climbing sparsely over the picket fences, and white and purple iris about the front doors. The sidewalk began again. Elm trees mixed with poplars formed intermittent rows on both sides of the highway. She came at last into a quiet street, cool and pleasant after the intolerable heat of the long, treeless path. This certainly was like the Arcadian village of her dream. From one to another of the shaded streets she passed, noting a white-pillared porch here, a pansy-bordered gravel walk there, and wondering vaguely, as she recalled the meagre hints she had of its appearance, if she should know 'the house' when she saw it. Every old man that she met, she studied intently for resemblances, saying to herself, 'That may be his father.' Every gray-haired woman, seated calmly with book or knitting in the flickering noon light, was

possibly Doctor Carroll's widowed cousin, who had come to take the dead wife's place in the household.

Once or twice Miss Laylor's unguided footsteps took her through the straggling main street of the town. Over the barrels of vegetables, and crates of strawberries surrounding some shadowy doorway, or above windows heaped with the country storekeeper's jumbled array of goods, she beheld names familiar to her in anecdote and chronicle and tale of boyish prank. It was as if she had stepped into the setting of one of her favorite books. The hunch-backed figure at the window of the harness-shop gave her a start of remembrance. The sharp-nosed little man shaking a grotesque, yellow-wigged head as he bartered for a basket of green peas, brought a swift smile to her lips; she knew his story, too.

Little by little her knowledge of Ballard and its people came back, as the suggestions all around her recalled half-forgotten bits of Carroll's conversation. During the three years that she had known him, he had spoken often of his birthplace, but especially in this last twelvemonth, so hard for them both, had he delighted in recounting to her the annals of the sober Illinois town. It rested him, he said, when his mind was a *pot pourri* of proof-sheets, editorials, and bank-robberies, to weave yarns about that dozy little hole in the ground that could n't even be found on the map. The ache in her own heart was easier, too, when his homely tales transported her with him to a different scene and time. While he was a boy in Ballard he had belonged, if not to her, at least to no one else. So he was an eager talker, and she a willing listener; and although the demands of the newspaper office had left them but scanty opportunity for conversation of any kind, she had gleaned a surprising number of frag-

ments relating to the village that he loved. Now Miss Laylor found herself straining every power of association in her effort to fit to her present environment the things Carroll had told her. She was fascinated with the attempt, as by an exciting new game. Though a wheezing whistle had long since announced the hour of noon, she felt no desire for food. Her head ached sharply, and her face was hot. In spite of her hope that for this one day the heart-ache would be gone, it was returning insistently. Still she followed with absorbed interest, and increasing bitterness, the footsteps of a boy, who, twenty years before, had walked the same ways in the heedless ecstasy of youth.

The streets had a trick of ending unexpectedly, and merging into shrub-edged footpaths that led across undulating green and brown billows of tilth; or they took the form of ashen roads that curved their dusty length away into the country. Just where a particularly deep-shaded street was undergoing this process of transformation, Miss Laylor ran upon the old Ballard Academy. Here Carroll had spent the greater part of his early school-life, preparing himself laboriously, and with no great relish, for college; his academy experiences had been among the most amusing of his recollections. She imagined him, short-trousered, long-legged, book-strap in hand, taking the high steps two at a time as he elbowed his way through a crowd of boys let loose from school; or sliding down the smooth gray balusters, when the teachers' backs were turned. The school year was over now, and the plain brick building, with its green blinds and small white-paneled cupola, had a reserved and distant air. The glassy stare of the vacant windows offered no invitation to enter. Miss Laylor walked twice around the building, and withdrew, baffled by its lack of cordiality.

As she turned away she caught a gleam of water through the trees. The pond! Now she should find the house. Though she had been looking for it all the time, she had seen nothing that corresponded to her idea of what it was like. She knew it at once by the tall French windows opening upon the narrow veranda, and by the long back yard sloping to the water. This ample garden-space, however, was inclosed by a high brick wall crumbling at the top, and hung with hop and clematis vines that climbed up from the inside, and dangled inquisitive creepers over the edge. The round 'port-holes' in the walls were so curtained by vines and lush, thorny bushes that not even Miss Laylor's wistful eyes could see through them, except to catch tantalizing glimpses of still more bushes beyond.

The house and the garden were on a corner, and opposite them lay vacant lots with a slender second growth of trees half-covering them. There was no fear of any questioning gaze from that source. She followed the wall to a narrow iron gate not far from the edge of the pond; boldly peeping in, she found that a row of barberry bushes along the edge of a winding path shut off all but a tiny corner of the garden from her view,—a corner which, indeed, was only another patch of shrubbery. She could see the petals of the late syringas scattered on the ground. The lilacs were no longer in flower, but the weigelia held a few pink blossoms beginning to turn brown at the edges and loosen on the stem.

The young woman's eyes filled as she looked between the slender iron bars of the gate into that inaccessible garden. This spot was one of the two that, from the first planning of her pilgrimage, she had set her heart on seeing. Harden had spoken of it so often and with such affection that she felt it essential to know the place as he remembered

it. There was nothing to be done, however, and she made her way back calmly enough to the front of the house; she was used to making the best of discouraging situations. Harden's window she knew, because it overlooked the garden and had a little balcony around it, built over the bow windows below. The curtains were drawn in the front rooms. No sign of life appeared. A small girl in a pink gingham apron was coming up the street, carrying a blue-striped pitcher, full of sour milk, which dripped down the sides of the vessel at every step. She eyed Miss Laylor's neat gray traveling-suit and modish hat with friendly interest.

'Does Doctor Silas Carroll live here?' asked Miss Laylor, moved by a sudden determination to be sure.

The child stared frankly before she replied, 'Old Doctor Carroll? Yes, him and Mis' Wilton. Do you know 'em? Was you comin' to see 'em?'

'No,' said Miss Laylor hastily, 'I just wanted to know'; and thanking the little girl, she hurried on. It seemed all at once that even the child must know she had no right to enter the Carroll gate, and that she had no claim on the Carroll hospitality. Her interest in the son of the household would scarcely bear explanation. Weak and tired, she walked on rapidly in the waning afternoon, following a street that led toward the edge of the town. Her attention was attracted by a field bordered with box elders, between which showed the dark tops of small fir trees with a glint of white shining here and there against them. Miss Laylor's tense pace slackened. She had stumbled upon the graveyard, the place that, more perhaps even than the garden, she had longed to see.

The light wooden bars were open. A horse and a low uncovered buggy stood at the rough cedar post without the gate. A black figure moved among

the headstones. Entering the cemetery, Miss Laylor approached the woman, who was arranging some home-grown flowers in a tin basin on a bare, sandy mound. She felt a sick desire for company — for any kind of human conversation. The woman, sallow and middle-aged, looked up with startled, red eyes as the stranger came toward her through the grass. Miss Laylor felt awkward and *de trop*.

'Good-afternoon,' she stammered. 'Don't let me disturb you.' Then the self-control bred of her three years in the newspaper office with Harden Carroll on one hand, and suspicious, small-souled John Herfurth on the other, asserted itself again. 'I really beg your pardon,' she said. 'I was spending a few hours in town, and as I knew no one, I thought I'd walk around a little. This old cemetery looked interesting, and I stepped in for a moment. It has been a delightful day, has n't it?'

The older woman, after her first start of surprise, seemed rather grateful for the intrusion than otherwise. She replied politely to Miss Laylor's greeting, and smiled in an amiable way at the excuse.

'You won't disturb me a bit,' she said; 'I was feeling pretty lonesome, anyway, and just wishin' I had some one with me. Do sit down here in the shade. You look kind o' tired and white. A little rest 'll be good for you.'

Miss Laylor sat down, and took off her hat. It did seem good to rest, after her long tour of exploration.

'Won't you sit down, too?' she said to the woman standing beside her. 'It's hot work there in the sun.'

'I might, for a few minutes,' was the reply; 'but I must be goin' before long.'

Nevertheless, it was nearly half an hour that the two women sat there talking, — the one with the ready understanding that had helped to make

her modest literary career a success, the other with the half-diffident loquacity of the country woman, narrowly bred. The gulf that lay between them was not a wide one, however different their circumstances had been.

Miss Laylor found that her companion, though living on a farm three miles from Ballard, knew intimately the greater number of its inhabitants. She could not forbear a question.

'I ran across a man from here a few years ago,' she said carelessly, as she tore a crisp, wide grass-leaf into shreds; 'I wonder if you know him — Carroll his name was.'

'It must have been Harden Carroll,' the woman exclaimed delightedly. 'Yes indeed, I know him. I've always known Doctor Carroll and his family. Harden's mother is dead — she's lyin' here in this very graveyard, in fact; but she was always fond of my folks when she was alive, and we used to visit back 'n' forth. She was quiet 'n' plain, 'n' never put on airs, but she was a lady all through, just the same. She certainly was a fine woman. Harden takes after her a lot. Good lookin', was n't he, with a straightish nose, and lots of fair-colored hair? I thought so. Yes, it must have been Harden. He ain't been home this summer yet. He usually comes in August and brings his wife with him, — he's been married seven or eight years. His wife's a high-headed piece, an' don't take very well with the folks round here. I don't see, myself, how Harden happened to get her. She ain't like him a bit.'

Miss Laylor could endure no more. 'I think that must have been the man,' she said. 'I never knew his wife very well. I wonder how late it is?'

The other woman rose hurriedly. 'It is late,' she sighed. 'I've talked too long. But it's done me good. I always feel so used up when I come away from here that I don't get over it all the rest

of the day.' She had told Miss Laylor of her husband's sudden death in March. Her tears came again as she turned toward his grave. 'It seems as if I can't stand it,' she said.

'You must n't feel that way,' consoled Miss Laylor. 'You know death is not the worst.'

The triteness of her remark smote her, but the older woman accepted it without scorn.

'No,' she said slowly, 'it ain't the worst, to be sure, but it's bad enough.' Then, after a pause, 'I guess, on the whole, though, it's better to lose him this way than not to have been married to him at all.'

Miss Laylor leaned over the grave, and finished arranging the flowers. 'I'm sure it is,' she said simply.

'I must go home and get supper for my son,' the other explained, gathering up her things. 'He's a comfort to me, and I must n't neglect him.'

Miss Laylor, smiling into the eyes of her companion, took both her hands. 'Good-by,' she said. 'Surely you must n't neglect your son. I think you are a very fortunate woman.'

She watched the stooping black form as it made its way out, beyond the box elders. Then she looked about her, wearily. The next grave might be the one she sought. It was somewhere in this green and white God's-acre. Yet she stood still.

She knew that his mother had died the year before Carroll went away to college. Yet he seemed never for a moment to have forgotten her. 'I think of her in some connection, every hour in the day,' he had said once, almost shyly. No one else, perhaps, knew as well as Miss Laylor how much his mother's memory was to him. She herself had come to have something of his feeling. A thousand times in the last miserable year she had, in her passionate yearning for sympathy, imagined

herself sobbing out on his mother's grave the story of her love and Carroll's to the deaf ears of the only person who could ever have understood. Mary Carroll's grave had become, to her harassed fancy, the one place in the world where she could unburden herself of her grief. But now that it was within touch of her hand, she could not bring herself to look for it. The poignancy of her desire was gone. Some undefined reluctance held her back. This hesitation was as whimsical as the impulse that had brought her to Ballard in the first place. She would have had difficulty in putting it into speech; but it crystallized at last into a clear idea, — she would go away without finding Mary Carroll's grave and she would never come back till she could come joyfully with Mary Carroll's son. That meant, in all probability, never. Yet who was she, that she should break in upon a dead woman's peace with a wild tale of sorrow, and love misplaced? Carroll himself, if he knew, would frown at her folly.

She left the graveyard and made her way with lagging footsteps back to the town. Choosing the neater of the two small hotels, she turned her mind at last to the exhaustion of her body. There was still a half-hour left before the early country supper-time. With a dull sense of the futility of her day, she lay down on the clean, hard bed of her narrow inn-bedroom. She had seen neither of the spots that she wanted above all to see, — Carroll's garden, and his mother's grave. She had not even kept her resolution of the morning, to read the story of the little town, always in the language of Carroll's youth. She had, she realized now, translated it with a bitter accent of her own that had made it, after all, quite different from what it had been to him. In the early morning of the next day, she would leave Ballard, and set out

for the Southern city where she was to begin the new life that she had planned for herself in a field of wider opportunities. Would not the sharpness of her remembrance be augmented, rather than decreased, by this one day in Harden Carroll's birthplace?

With a brain overwheeled by emotion and long, useless questioning, she fell asleep, and forgot for half an hour the fullness of her grief.

After an almost untasted supper, she put on her hat once more and strolled idly about the neighboring streets. Insensibly, her footsteps drew her to the house beside the pond; almost before she knew what she had really intended, she had paused before the iron gate of the garden.

She leaned for a moment on the gate, like a child, longing yet fearing to go in, and as she stood there she saw the old man coming down the path, his bare white head appearing and disappearing among the untrimmed shrubs. Miss Laylor did not move. As he came nearer, he stopped and looked at her earnestly.

'I should have known the face anywhere,' she was thinking. 'The same nose and chin — but Harden's eyes must be like his mother's.'

'Good-evening,' said the old man kindly.

'May I come in and see your garden?' she cried impulsively. 'It looked so attractive that I had to stop.'

'Certainly,' he said, with a pleased gesture. 'It isn't much of a garden, but you're welcome to see it all.'

He opened the gate for her, and she went in. The long, gentle slope from the house to the pond had scarcely been touched by the twilight, yet it held a certain dimness of its own, emanating from its trailing vines and overhanging boughs. The grass, heavy and matted after the June rains, was unmown. Unexpected paths cut nar-

rowly through the verdure of the garden, and disappeared as unexpectedly behind the shrubs. Over against the wall a late tulip or two flamed out star-like from the dark. Here and there stood a thick clump of rose-bushes covered with small, old-fashioned, golden-hearted white blossoms, while at Miss Laylor's elbow a taller and more spreading bush held crowded sprays of round, sulphur-colored roses, abundant and good-smelling. She fingered their smooth petals as she looked about. Her heart swelled with a slow gush of thankfulness. She could not have borne it if the garden had been one whit less satisfying, if it had differed one iota from what it had been when Harden was a boy.

The old man was watching her almost anxiously.

'It is a perfect Garden of Delight,' she sighed happily.

The old man laughed. 'That's just what my son Harden calls it,' he said. 'It's queer that you should have hit on his very words.'

He led the way to a worn old bench under the branches of a pair of shaggy apple trees. His absolute courtesy required no explanations. 'Sit down,' he said simply, 'and look at the pond a few minutes. I always like it at this time, especially when there's a good sunset.'

The water gave back the fading colors of the sky, but the shadows around the edge were quiet and black. On the other bank trembled a group of birches, their white trunks gleaming like the slim, naked bodies of wood nymphs poised for a simultaneous leap into the water. A robin chirruped noisily from somewhere above.

The two people on the bench talked intermittently of the sunset and the delightful June weather, lapsing often into a silence as natural and unconstrained as their conversation.

'You have been in Ballard before?'

the old man queried at last, with no touch of curiosity, but with the quick interest of the aged in the young.

'No, I just came here for the day, — on an errand, — or rather on a pilgrimage.' Miss Laylor smiled, the tense look of despair already half-softened in her face.

'And has it been successfully accomplished?'

'A part of it — perhaps all.'

'Good!' The doctor's exclamation was such as he might have given at seeing a patient advancing toward recovery.

A silence fell upon them. The young woman breathed a little sigh and leaned back in her seat with a feeling of approaching comfort, from what source she hardly knew. Her tired thoughts wandered for a moment. She was recalled to herself by the voice of the old man, speaking of the garden.

'I'm glad you like it,' he said; 'it does n't appeal to some people at all. My son's wife wants it changed. She thinks it ought to be thoroughly cleared up, and then laid out properly with straight paths, and stone urns, and a fountain. She talks about it every time she comes here. She says it's "creepy" — the old man smiled — 'and that she can't bear to stay in it. And she never does, either,' he added. 'I don't think she ever came down to the edge of the pond.'

Miss Laylor was conscious of a flitting gladness that Harden's wife had never sat on the old bench under the apple trees, never walked among the roses, and watched the shadows deepen in the pond. But the flash of joy vanished at the sound of Harden's name.

'My son is a very busy man — he's the editor of a paper out East — and it always rests him, he says, to spend his vacations at home in Ballard — to loaf around in the garden, and sit here on this bench and dream.'

'Ah, yes, the garden is so good a place to rest.'

The old man eyed his companion thoughtfully, detecting the hidden weariness in her tone.

'Young people like you ought not to be tired,' he said. 'Life is so full of incident to you, so full of interest and exhilaration.'

'Oh, but it's so hard!' The woman choked a little as she spoke.

'I know. Young people find it so. It is, too, in a way; but it's so much easier, better, than you think. And there is so much that one can learn.'

'Yes — to endure the bitterness of loss.' She spoke sharply, with the sudden poignancy of a creature awakened to an habitual pain.

He answered gently, 'Not that. To find no bitterness, and feel no loss.'

She did not answer, but her tears fell.

He went on: 'One does not learn it all at once; but it comes little by little, if one will let it, when one realizes the fullness of life all around one, and feels the power under it all. And then, there are those we love —'

'Those we love — ah, they're what make life hard!'

'Not if we love rightly. To have had them is enough.'

'But when we can't have them any more?'

'But you always can; once having them is everything. Nothing can make them less than yours after that.'

'That's true,' Miss Laylor said humbly; 'yes, of course. I knew it before, but you make me feel it now.'

'To live, and see,' the old doctor went on slowly, 'and feel, and love, and have, — to work with one's hands and brain, and to aspire and develop with one's soul, — these are the great things, things worth living for, even though we can't always do and be what we should like.'

'Oh, if I could stay here in this garden, I could be sure of what you say. I could be rested, and have some happiness and peace.'

'But you can take the garden with you. If you shut your eyes now, you have it just as much as if you saw it. Why not so, when you are miles away? And why not happiness and peace?' His voice was insistent and persuasive.

Miss Laylor heard him with an eager gaze. Then she closed her eyes and leaned back once more against the bench. A light wind rustled the branches above her head; the smell of the flowers came to her through the damp evening air. Across her face moved a slow succession of emotions, until the last trace of hopeless wretchedness was gone. Watching her, the old man was quiet for a long time. Then he spoke:—

'We two are strangers — I shall never see you again; but I am old, and I have learned. Life is good, and it is peace to know its goodness — to love those that are dear to us, to feel that what has once been ours is ours forever. Believe me, for it is true.'

'I will believe it,' she murmured with a new note in her voice. 'I will believe it because you tell me; and perhaps some time you may know how much your words have meant.'

She put out her hand as if to touch his, then withdrew it hastily. The old man was looking out across the shadows of the pond, and did not notice the gesture. Silence fell again upon the two. A robin flew across the pond with an important flutter of wings. The last streak of crimson above the birches had disappeared. Miss Laylor knew that she must go. But still for a little season they sat there, the old man and the young woman, who loved Harden Carroll as the blood of their own hearts.

And so the evening fell, and peace came with it and brooded over the Garden of Delight.

THE PATRICIANS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

XX

It was about noon, when, accompanied by Courtier, she rode forth.

The sou'westerly spell — a matter of three days — had given way before radiant stillness; and merely to be alive was to feel emotion. At a little stream running by the moor-side under the wild stone man, the riders stopped their horses, just to listen and inhale the day. The far sweet chorus of life was tuned to a most delicate rhythm; not one of those small mingled pipings of streams and the lazy air, of beasts, men, birds, and bees, jarred out too harshly through the garment of sound enwrapping the earth. It was noon — the still moment — but this hymn to the sun, after his too long absence, never for a moment ceased to be murmured. And the earth wore an under-robe of scent, delicious, very finely woven of the young fern-sap, heather-buds, larch trees not yet odorless, gorse just going brown, drifted wood-smoke, and the breath of hawthorn. Above earth's twin vestments of sound and scent, the blue enwrapping scarf of air, that wistful wide champaign, was spanned only by the wings of Freedom.

After a long drink of the day, the riders mounted almost in silence to the very top of the moor. There again they sat quite still on their horses, examining the prospect. Far away to south and east lay the sea, plainly visible. Two small groups of wild-ponies were slowly grazing toward each other, on the hill-side below.

Courtier said in a low voice, "Thus will I sit and sing, with thee in my arms; watching our two herds mingle together, and below us the far, divine, cerulean sea." And, after another silence, looking steadily in Barbara's face, he added, 'Lady Barbara, I am afraid this is the last time we shall be alone together. While I have the chance, therefore, I must do homage. You will always be the fixed star for my worship. But your rays are too bright; I shall worship from afar. From your seventh heaven, therefore, look down on me with kindly eyes, and do not quite forget me.'

Under that speech, so strangely compounded of irony and fervor, Barbara sat very still, with glowing cheeks.

'Yes,' said Courtier, 'only an immortal must embrace a goddess. Outside the purlieu of Authority I shall sit cross-legged, and prostrate myself three times a day.'

But Barbara answered nothing.

'In the early morning,' went on Courtier, 'leaving the dark and dismal homes of Freedom, I shall look toward the Temples of the Great; there with the eye of faith I shall see you.'

He stopped, for Barbara's lips were moving.

'Don't hurt me, please.'

Courtier leaned over, took her hand, and put it to his lips. 'We will now ride on.'

That night at dinner, Lord Dennis, seated opposite his grand-niece, was struck by her appearance.

'A very beautiful child,' he thought; 'a most lovely young creature!'

She was placed between Courtier and Lord Harbinger. And the old man's still keen eyes carefully watched those two. Though attentive to their neighbors on the other side, they were both of them keeping the corner of an eye on Barbara, and on each other. The thing was transparent to Lord Dennis, and a smile settled in that nest of gravity between his white peaked beard and moustaches. But he waited, the instinct of a fisherman bidding him to neglect no piece of water, till he saw the child silent and in repose, and watched 'carefully to see what would rise. For all that she was calmly and healthily eating, her eyes stole round at Courtier. This quick look seemed to Lord Dennis perturbed, as though something were exciting her. Then Harbinger spoke, and she turned to answer him. Her face was calm enough now, faintly smiling, a little eager, provocative in its joy of life. It made Lord Dennis think of his own youth. What a splendid couple! If Babs married young Harbinger there would not be a finer pair in all England.

His eyes traveled back to Courtier. Manly enough! They called him dangerous! There *was* a look of effervescence, carefully corked down — might perhaps be attractive to a youngster! To his essentially practical and sober mind, a type like Courtier was puzzling. He liked the look of him, but distrusted his ironic expression, and that appearance of blood to the head. Fellow — no doubt — that would ride off on his ideas, humanitarian! To Lord Dennis there was something queer about humanitarians. They offended, perhaps, his dry and precise sense of form. They were always looking out for cruelty or injustice; seemed delighted when they found it; swelled up, as it were, when they scented it;

and as there was a good deal about, were never quite of normal size. Men who lived for ideas — to one for whom facts sufficed, a little worrying.

But the sight of Barbara again brought him back to actuality. Was the possessor of that crown of hair and those divine young shoulders the little Babs who had ridden with him in the Row? Time was the Devil! Her eyes were searching for something; and following the direction of her glance, Lord Dennis found himself observing Milton. What a difference between those two! Both, no doubt, deep in that great trouble of youth, which sometimes, as he knew too well, lasted on almost to old age. It was a curious look the child was giving her brother, as if asking him to help her.

Lord Dennis had seen in his day many young creatures leave the shelter of their freedom and enter the house of the great lottery; many who had drawn a prize and thereat lost forever the coldness of life; many, too, the light of whose eyes had faded behind the shutters of that house, having drawn a blank. The thought of 'little' Babs on the threshold of that inexorable saloon, filled him with an eager sadness; and the sight of the two men watching for her, waiting for her, like hunters, was to him distasteful.

With the prophetic certainty which comes sometimes to the old, he felt sure that one or other of these two she would take; and in his jealousy he did not want her to take either. But if she must, then, for Heaven's sake, let her not go running risks, and ranging as far as that red fellow of middle age, who might have ideas, but had no pedigree; let her stick to youth and her own order, and marry the young man, d——n him, who looked like a Greek god, of the wrong period, having grown a moustache.

You could n't eat your cake and

have it! She had said something the other evening about those two and the different lives they lived? Yes, some romantic notion or other was working in her! Adventure! Ah! but you must have it in your blood, like that glorious Anita of Garibaldi's!

Again he looked at Courtier. The sort that rode slap-bang at everything. All very well! But Babs! No, no! There was another side to little Babs. She would want more, or was it less, than just a life of sleeping under the stars for the man she loved, and the cause he fought for. She would want pleasure, and not too much effort, and presently a little power; not the uncomfortable after-fame of a woman who went through fire and water; but the fame and power of beauty and prestige. This fancy, if it were a fancy, was nothing but the romanticism of a young girl. For the sake of a passing shadow, to give up substance? It would n't do! And again Lord Dennis fixed his shrewd glance on his great-niece. Those eyes, that smile! Yes! She would grow out of this — and take the Greek god, the dying Gaul — whichever that young man was!

XXI

It was not till the very morning of polling day itself that Courtier left Monkland Court. He had already suffered for several days from a bad conscience; for his knee was practically cured, and he knew very well that it was Barbara, and Barbara alone, who kept him staying on. The atmosphere of the big house with its army of servants, the impossibility of doing anything for himself, and the feeling of hopeless insulation from the vivid and necessitous sides of life, galled him greatly. It inspired in him too a very genuine pity for these people, who seemed to him to lead an existence as it were smothered under their own so-

cial importance. It was not their fault. He recognized that they did their best. They were not soft or luxurious, they did not eat or drink or clothe themselves extravagantly, indeed they appeared to try and be simple, and this seemed to him to heighten the pathos of their situation. Fate had been too much for them. What human spirit could emerge untrammelled and unshrunken from that great encompassing host of material advantage? To a Bedouin like Courtier it was as if a subtle but very terrible tragedy was all the time being played before his eyes; and in the very centre of this tragedy was the girl who had for him such a great attraction. Every night, when he retired to that lofty room which smelt so good, and where without ostentation everything was so perfectly ordered for his comfort, he thought, 'My God, to-morrow I'll be off.'

But every morning when he met her at breakfast his thought was precisely the same, and there were moments when he caught himself wondering: 'Am I falling under the spell of this existence, — am I getting soft?' He recognized as never before that the peculiar artificial 'hardness' of the aristocrat was a brine or pickle in which, with the instinct of self-preservation, they deliberately soaked themselves, to prevent the decay of fibre, through too much protection. He perceived it even in Barbara, a sort of sentiment-proof overall. And every day he was tempted to lay rude hands on it, to see whether he could not make her catch fire, and flare up with some feeling or idea. In spite of her tantalizing youthful self-possession, he saw that she felt this longing in him, and now and then he caught a glimpse of a streak of recklessness in her which lured him on.

And yet at last, when he was saying good-bye on the night before polling

day, he could not flatter himself that he had really struck any spark from her. She gave him no chance, at that last interview, but stood amongst the other women, calm and smiling, as if determined that he should not again mock her with his ironical devotion.

He got up very early the next morning, intending to pass away unseen; and was in the car put at his disposal by half-past seven. He found it occupied by a little figure in a holland frock, leaning back against the cushions so that her small sandaled toes pointed up at the chauffeur's back. This was indeed little Ann, who in the course of business had discovered it before the door. Her sudden little voice under her sudden little nose, friendly but not too friendly, was comforting.

'Are you going? I can come as far as the gate.'

'That is lucky.'

'Yes. Is that all your luggage?'

'I'm afraid it is.'

'Oh! It's quite a lot, really, is n't it?'

'As much as I deserve.'

'Of course *you* don't have to take guinea-pigs about with you?'

'Not as a rule.'

'I always do. There's great-granny!'

It was indeed Lady Casterley, standing a little back from the drive, and directing a tall gardener how to deal with an old oak tree. Courtier, alighting, went towards her to say good-bye. The little old lady addressed him with grim cordiality.

'So you are going! I am glad of that, though I hope you quite understand that I like you personally.'

'Quite!'

Her eyes gleamed maliciously.

'Men who laugh like you are dangerous, as I've told you before!'

Then, with great gravity, she added, 'My granddaughter will marry Lord Harbinger. I mention that, Mr. Cour-

tier, for your peace of mind. You are a man of honor; it will go no further.'

Courtier, bowing over her hand, answered, 'He will be lucky.'

The little old lady regarded him unflinchingly.

'He will, sir. Good-bye!'

Courtier smilingly raised his hat. His cheeks were burning. Regaining the car, he looked round. Lady Casterley was busy once more exhorting the tall gardener. The voice of little Ann broke in on his thoughts:—

'I hope you'll come again. Because I expect I shall be here at Christmas; and my brothers will be here then, that is, Jock and Tiddy, not Christopher, because he's young. I must go now. Good-bye! Hallo, Susie!'

Courtier saw her glide away, and join the little pale adoring figure of the lodgekeeper's daughter.

The car passed out into the lane.

If Lady Casterley had planned this disclosure, which indeed she had not, for the impulse had only come over her at the sound of Courtier's laugh, she could not have devised one more effectual, for there was deep down in him all of a wanderer's very real distrust, amounting almost to contempt, of an aristocrat or bourgeois, and all a man of action's horror of what he called 'puking and muling.' The pursuit of Barbara with any other object but that of marriage had not occurred to one who had little sense of conventional morality, but much of self-respect; and a secret endeavor to cut out Harbinger, ending in a marriage whereat he would figure as a sort of pirate, was quite as little to the taste of a man not unaccustomed to think himself as good as other people.

He caused the car to deviate up the lane that led to Mrs. Noel's, hating to go away without a word of cheer to her.

She came out to him on the veranda. From the clasp of her hand, thin and

faintly browned, — the hand of a woman never quite idle, — he felt that she relied on him to understand and sympathize; and nothing so awakened the best in Courtier as such mute appeals to his protection.

He said gently, 'Don't let them think you're down'; then, squeezing her hand hard, 'Why should you be wasted like this? It's a sin and a shame.'

But he stopped at sight of her face, which without movement expressed so much more than his words. He had protested as a civilized man; her face was the protest of Nature, the soundless declaration of beauty wasted against its will, beauty that was life's invitation to the embrace which gave life birth.

'I'm clearing out myself,' he said. 'You and I, you know, are not good for these people. No birds of freedom allowed!'

Pressing his hand, she turned away into the house, leaving Courtier gazing at the patch of air where her white figure had stood. He had always had a special protective feeling for Audrey Noel, a feeling which with but little encouragement might have become something warmer. But since she had been placed in her anomalous position, he would not for the world have brushed the dew off her belief that she could trust him. And now that he had fixed his own gaze elsewhere, and she was in this bitter trouble, he felt on her account the rancor that a brother feels when Justice and Pity have conspired to flout his sister.

The voice of Frith the chauffeur roused him from gloomy reverie.

'Lady Barbara, sir!'

Following the man's eyes, Courtier saw against the skyline on the tower above Ashman's Folly, an equestrian statue. He stopped the car at once, and got out.

He reached her at the ruin, screened from the road, by that divine chance

which attends on men who take care that it shall. He could not tell whether she knew of his approach, and he would have given all he had, which was not much, to have seen through the stiff blue of her habit, and the soft cream of her body, into that mysterious cave, her heart; to have been for a moment, like Ashman, done for good and all with material things, and living the white life where are no barriers between man and woman. The smile on her lips so baffled him: puffed there by her spirit, as a first flower is puffed through the surface of earth to mock at the spring winds. How tell what it signified! Yet he rather prided himself on his knowledge of women, of whom he had seen something.

'I'm glad of this chance,' he said, 'to say good-bye as it should be said.'

Then, suddenly looking up, he saw her strangely pale and quivering.

'I shall see you in London!' she said; and touching her horse with her whip, without looking back, she rode away over the hill.

Courtier returned to the moor road, and getting into the car, muttered, 'Faster, please, Frith!'

XXII

Polling was already in brisk progress when Courtier arrived in Buckland-bury; and partly from a not unnatural interest in the result, partly from a half-unconscious clinging to the chance of catching another glimpse of Barbara, he took his bag to the hotel, determined to stay for the announcement of the poll. Strolling out into the high street, he began observing the humors of the day. The bloom of political belief had long been brushed off the wings of one who had so flown the world's winds. He had seen too much of more vivid colors to be capable now of venerating greatly the dull and dubious

tints of blue and yellow. They left him feeling extremely philosophic. Yet it was impossible to get away from them, for the very world that day seemed blue and yellow, nor did the third color, red, adopted by both sides afford any clear assurance that either could see virtue in the other; rather, it seemed to symbolize the desire of each to have his enemy's blood. But Courtier soon observed by the looks cast at his own detached, and perhaps sarcastic, face, that even more hateful to either soul than its antagonist, was the philosophic eye. Unanimous was the longing to heave half a brick at it whenever it showed itself. With its d——d impartiality, its habit of looking through the integument of things, to see if there was anything inside, he felt that they regarded it as the real adversary, the eternal foe to all the little fat 'facts' who, dressed in blue and yellow, were swaggering and staggering, calling each other names, wiping each other's eyes, bleeding each other's noses.

To these little solemn delicious creatures, all front and no behind, the philosophic eye, with its habit of looking round the corner, was clearly detestable. The very yellow and very blue bodies of these roistering small warriors, with their hands on their tin swords and their lips on their tin trumpets, started up in every window and on every wall, confronting each citizen in turn, persuading him that they and they alone were taking him to Westminster. Nor had they apparently for the most part much trouble with citizens, who, finding uncertainty distasteful, passionately desired to be assured that the country could at once be saved by little yellow facts or little blue facts, as the case might be; who had, no doubt, a dozen other good reasons for being on the one side or the other; as, for instance, that their father had been so before them; that their

bread was buttered yellow or buttered blue; that they had been on the other side last time; that they had thought it over and made up their minds; that they had innocent blue or naïve yellow beer within; that his lordship was the man; or that the words proper to their mouths were 'Chilcox for Bucklandbury'; and, above all, the one really creditable reason, that, so far as they could tell with the best of their intellect and feelings, the truth at the moment was either blue or yellow.

The narrow high street was thronged with voters. Tall policemen stationed there had nothing to do. The certainty of all that they were going to win, kept every one in good humor. There was as yet no need to break any one's head; for though the sharpest look-out was kept for any signs of the philosophic eye, it was only to be found — outside Courtier — in the perambulators of babies, in one old man who rode a bicycle waveringly along the street and stopped to ask a policeman what was the matter in the town, and in two rather green-faced fellows who trundled barrows full of favors both blue and yellow.

But though Courtier eyed the 'facts' with such suspicion, the keenness of every one about the business struck him as really splendid. They went at it with a will. Having looked forward to it for months, they were going to look back on it for months. It was evidently a religious ceremony, summing up most high feelings; and this seemed to one who was himself a man of action, natural, perhaps pathetic, but certainly no matter for scorn.

It was already late in the afternoon when there came debouching into the high street a long string of sandwichmen, each bearing before and behind him a poster containing these words in large dark-blue letters against a pale blue ground: —

*Danger not Past**Vote for Milton and the Government**And Save**The Empire*

Courtier stopped to look at them with indignation and surprise. Not only did this poster tramp in again on his convictions about peace, but he saw in it something more than met the unphilosophic eye. It symbolized for him all that was catch-penny in the national life, — an epitaph on the grave of generosity, unutterably sad. Yet from a party point of view what could be more justifiable? Was it not desperately important that every blue nerve should be strained that day to turn yellow nerves, if not blue, at all events green, before night fell. Was it not perfectly true that the Empire could only be saved by voting blue? Could they help a blue morning paper printing these words, 'Fresh Crisis,' which he had read that morning? No more than the yellows could help a yellow journal printing the words, 'Lord Milton's Evening Adventure.' Their only business was to win, ever fighting fair.

The yellows had not fought fair, they never did, and one of their most unfair tactics was the way they had of always accusing the blues of unfair fighting, an accusation truly ludicrous. As for truth! That which helped the world, to be blue, was obviously true; that which did n't, as obviously not. There was no middle policy! The man who saw things green was a softy, and no proper citizen. As for giving the yellows credit for sincerity, the yellows never gave them credit! For all that, the poster seemed to Courtier damnable, and raising his stick, he struck one of the sandwich-boards a resounding thwack. The noise startled a butcher's pony standing by the pave-

ment. It reared, then bolted with Courtier, who had seized the rein, hanging on. A dog dashed past, and Courtier tripped, still clinging to the rein. The pony, passing over him, struck him on the forehead with a hoof. For a moment he lost consciousness; but coming to himself quickly, refused assistance, and went to his hotel. He felt very giddy, and after bandaging a nasty cut, lay down on his bed.

It was here that Milton, returning from that necessary exhibition of himself, the crowning fact, at every polling centre, found him.

'That last poster of yours!' Courtier began, at once.

'I'm having it withdrawn.'

'It's done the trick no doubt — congratulations — you'll get in!'

'When there is a desert between a man and the sacred city, he does n't renounce his journey because he has to wash in dirty water on the way. But I knew nothing of that poster.'

'My dear fellow, I never supposed you did.'

'The mob,' said Milton; 'how I loathe it!'

There was such pent-up fury in those words as to astonish even one whose life had been passed in conflict with majorities.

'I hate its mean stupidities, I hate the sound of its voice, and the look on its face — it's so ugly, it's so little. Courtier, I suffer purgatory from the thought that I shall scrape in by the votes of the mob. If there is sin in using this creature I have expiated it.'

To this strange outburst Courtier at first made no reply.

'You've been working too hard,' he said at last; 'you're off your balance. After all, the mob's made up of men like you and me.'

'No, Courtier, the mob is *not* made up of men like you and me. If it were, it would not be the mob.'

'It looks,' Courtier answered gravely, 'as if you had no business in this galley. I've always steered clear of it myself.'

'You follow your feelings. I have not that happiness.'

So saying, he turned to the door.

Courtier hastened after him.

'Drop your politics, — if you feel like this about them; don't waste your life following — whatever it is you follow; don't waste hers!'

But Milton did not answer.

It was a wondrous still night, when, a few minutes before twelve, with his forehead bandaged under his hat, Courtier left the hotel and made his way towards the Grammar School for the declaration of the poll. A sound as of some monster breathing guided him, till, from a steep deserted street, he came in sight of a surging crowd that spread over the town square, a dark carpet patterned by splashes of lamp-light. Above, high up on the little peaked tower of the Grammar School, presided a brightly lighted clock-face; and over the passionate hopes and aspirations in those thousands of hearts knit by suspense, the sky had lifted, and showed no cloud between them and the purple fields of air. To Courtier, walking down towards the square, the swaying white faces, turned all one way, seemed like the heads of giant wild flowers in a dark field, shivered by the wind. The night had charmed away the blue and yellow facts, and breathed down into that crowd the spirit of emotion. And he realized the beauty and the meaning of this scene, this expression of the quivering force, whose perpetual flux, controlled by the Spirit of Balance, was the soul of the world; thousands of hearts with the thought of self lost in one overmastering excitement!

An old man with a long gray beard, standing close to his elbow, murmured,

'T is anxious work — I would n't ha' missed this for anything in the world.'

'Yes,' answered Courtier, 'it's fine.'

'Ay,' said the old man, 'it *is* fine. I've not seen the like o' this since the great year — forty-eight. There they are — the aristocrats!'

Following the direction of that skinny hand, Courtier saw on a balcony Lord and Lady Valleys, side by side, looking steadily down at the crowd. There too, leaning against a window and talking to some one behind, was Barbara. Courtier heard the muttering of the old man, whose eyes had grown very bright, whose whole face seemed transfigured by intense hostility; and he felt drawn to this old creature, thus moved to the very soul. Then he saw Barbara looking down at him, with her hand raised to her temple to show that she saw his bandaged head. Courtier had the presence of mind not to lift his hat. Harbinger's figure moved up beside her.

The old man spoke again.

'Ah! you don't remember forty-eight,' he said; 'there was a feeling in the people then — we should ha' died for things in those days. I'm eighty-four,' and he held his shaking hand up to his breast, 'but the spirit's alive here yet! God send the Radical gets in!'

There was wafted from him a scent as of the earth.

Far behind, at the very edge of the vast dark throng, some voices began to sing, 'Way down upon the Swanee Ribber.' Taken up here and there, the tune floated forth, above the shuffling and talk.

It ceased suddenly, spurted up once more, and died, drowned by shouts of 'Up Chilcox!' 'Milton forever!'

Then, in the very centre of the square, a stentorian baritone roared forth, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot!'

The song swelled, till every kind of voice, from treble to the old Chartist's

quavering bass, was chanting it; and the dark human field heaved with the movement of linked arms. Courtier found the soft fingers of a young woman in his right hand, the old Chartist's dry, trembling paw in his left. He himself sang loudly. The grave and fearful music sprang straight up into the air, rolled out right and left, and was lost amongst the hills. But it had no sooner died away than the same huge baritone yelled, 'God save the King!' The stature of the crowd seemed to leap up two feet, and from under that platform of raised hats rose a stupendous shouting.

'This,' thought Courtier, 'is religion!'

They were singing even on the balconies; by the lamplight he could see Lord Valleys's mouth not opened quite enough, as though his voice were just a little ashamed of coming out, and Barbara, with her head flung back against the pillar, pouring out her heart. No mouth in all the crowd was silent. It was as though the soul of the English people were escaping from its dungeon of reserve, on the pinions of that song.

But suddenly, like a shot bird closing wings, the song fell silent and dived headlong back to earth. Out from under the clock-face had moved a thin dark figure. More came behind it. Courtier could see Milton. A voice far away cried, 'Up Chilcox!' A huge 'Hush!' followed; then such a silence that the sound of an engine shunting a mile away could be plainly heard.

The dark figure moved forward, and a tiny square of paper gleamed out white against the black of his frock coat.

'Ladies and gentlemen. Result of the poll:—

'Milton: Four thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

'Chilcox: Four thousand eight hundred and two.'

The silence seemed to fall to earth,

and break into a thousand pieces. Through the pandemonium of cheers and groaning, Courtier with all his strength forced himself towards the balcony. He could see Lord Valleys leaning forward with a broad smile; Lady Valleys passing her hand across her eyes; Barbara, with her hand in Harbinger's, looking straight into his face. He stopped. The old Chartist was still beside him, tears rolling down his cheeks into his beard.

Courtier saw Milton come forward, and stand unsmiling, deathly pale.

XXIII

At three o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th of July little Ann Shropton commenced the ascent of the main staircase of Valleys House, London. She climbed slowly, in the very middle, an extremely small white figure on those wide and shining stairs, counting them aloud. Their number was never alike two days running, which made them attractive to one for whom novelty was the salt of life.

Coming to that spot where they branched, she paused to consider which of the two flights she had used last, and unable to remember, sat down. She was the bearer of a message. It had been new when she started, but was already comparatively old, and likely to become older, in view of a design now conceived by her of traveling the whole length of the picture-gallery. And while she sat maturing this plan, sunlight flooding through a large window drove a white refulgence down into the heart of the wide polished space of wood and marble whence she had come. The nature of little Ann habitually rejected fairies and all fantastic things, finding them quite too much in the air, and devoid of sufficient reality and 'go'; and this refulgence, almost unearthly in its travel-

ing glory, passed over her small head and played strangely with the pillars in the hall, without exciting in her any fancies or any sentiment. The intention of discovering what was at the end of the picture-gallery absorbed the whole of her essentially practical and active mind.

Taking the left-hand flight of stairs, she entered that immensely long, narrow, and, with blinds drawn, rather dark saloon. She walked carefully, because the floor was very slippery here, and with a kind of seriousness due partly to the darkness and partly to the pictures. They were indeed, in this light, rather formidable, those old Caradocs — dark, armored creatures, some of them, who seemed to eye with a sort of burning, grim, defensive greed the small white figure of their descendant passing along between them. But little Ann, who knew they were only pictures, maintained her course steadily, and every now and then, as she passed one who seemed to her rather uglier than the others, wrinkled her sudden little nose. At the end, as she had thought, there was a door. She opened it, and passed on to a landing.

There was a stone staircase in the corner, and there were two doors. It would be nice to go up the staircase, but it would also be nice to open the doors. Going towards the first door, with a little thrill, she turned the handle. It was one of those rooms, necessary in houses, for which she had no great liking; and closing the door rather loudly, she opened the other door, finding herself in a chamber not resembling the rooms downstairs, which were all high and nicely gilded, but more like where she had lessons, low, and filled with books and leather chairs. From the end of the room which she could not see, she heard a sound as of some one kissing something, and instinct had almost made her turn to go away

when the word 'Hallo!' seemed to open her lips. And almost directly she saw that granny and grandpapa were standing by the fireplace. Not knowing quite whether they were glad to see her, she went forward and began at once: —

'Is this where you sit, grandpapa?'

'It is.'

'It's nice, is n't it, granny? Where does the stone staircase go to?'

'To the roof of the tower, Ann.'

'Oh! I have to give a message, so I must go now.'

'Sorry to lose you.'

'Yes; good-bye!'

Hearing the door shut behind her, Lord and Lady Valleys looked at each other with a dubious smile.

The little interview which she had interrupted, had arisen in this way.

Accustomed to retire to this quiet and homely room, which was not his official study where he was always liable to the attacks of secretaries, Lord Valleys had come up here after lunch to smoke and chew the cud of a worry.

The matter was one in connection with his estate, Pendridny, in Cornwall. It had long agitated both his agent and himself, and had now come to him for final decision. The question affected two villages to the north of the property, whose inhabitants were solely dependent on the working of a large quarry, which had for some time been losing money.

A kindly man, he was extremely averse to any measure which would plunge his tenants into distress, and especially in cases where there had been no question of opposition between himself and them. But, reduced to its essentials, the matter stood thus: apart from that particular quarry the Pendridny estate was not only a going, but even a profitable concern, supporting itself and supplying some of the sinews of war towards Valleys House and the

racing establishment at Newmarket, and other general expenses; with this quarry still running, allowing for the upkeep of Pendridny, and the provision of pensions to superannuated servants, it was a little the other way.

Sitting there, that afternoon, smoking his favorite pipe, he had at last come to the conclusion that there was nothing for it but to close down. He had not made this resolution lightly; though, to do him justice, the knowledge that the decision would be bound to cause an outcry in the local, and perhaps the national, press had secretly rather spurred him on to the resolve than deterred him from it. He felt as if he were being dictated to in advance, and he did not like dictation. Knowing that having to deprive these poor people of their immediate living was a good deal more irksome to him than to those who, he knew, would make a fuss about it, his conscience was clear, and he could discount that future outcry as mere party spite.

He had quite honestly tried to look at the thing all round, and had reasoned thus: 'If I keep this quarry open, I am really admitting the principle of pauperization, since I naturally look to each of my estates to support its own house, grounds, shootings, and contribute towards the support of this house, and my family, and racing stable, and all the people employed about them both. To allow any business to be run on my estates which does not contribute to the general upkeep, is to protect and really pauperize a portion of my tenants at the expense of the rest; it is false economics, and secretly a sort of socialism. Further, if logically followed out, it might end in my ruin; and to allow that, though I might not personally object, would be to imply that I do not believe that I am, by virtue of my traditions and training, the best machinery through which the

state can work to secure the welfare of the people.'

When he had reached that point in his consideration of a question, to which, in his position, he ought not perhaps to have been asked to supply an answer, his mind, or rather perhaps, his essential self, had not unnaturally risen up and said, 'Which is absurd!'

Impersonality was in fashion, and as a rule he believed in thinking impersonally. There was a point, however, where the possibility of doing so ceased without treachery to one's self, one's order, and the country. And to the argument which he was quite shrewd enough to put to himself, sooner than have it put, that it was disproportionate for a single man by a stroke of the pen to be able to dispose of the livelihood of hundreds whose senses and feelings were similar to his own, he had answered, 'If I did n't, some plutocrat would — or, worse still, the state!' Coöperative enterprise was, in his opinion, foreign to the spirit of the country, and there was, so far as he knew, no other alternative. Facts were facts, and not to be got over.

For all that, the necessity for this decision made him sorry, for if he had no great sense of cosmic humor, he was at least human, even humane.

He was sitting smoking his pipe and still staring at a sheet of paper covered with small figures when Lady Valleys entered.

Though she had come to ask his advice on a very different subject, she saw at once that he was vexed, and said, 'What's the matter, Geoff?'

Lord Valleys rose, went to the hearth, deliberately tapped out his pipe, then held out to her the sheet of paper.

'That quarry! There's nothing for it — it must go!'

Lady Valleys's face changed.

'Oh, no! It will mean such dreadful distress.'

Lord Valleys stared at his nails. 'It's putting a drag on the whole estate,' he said.

'I know, but how could we face the people, — I should never be able to go down there. And most of them have such enormous families.'

Lord Valleys continued to bend on his nails a slow, thought-forming stare; and Lady Valleys went on earnestly, —

'Rather than that I'd make sacrifices. I'd sooner it were let, than throw all those people out of work. I suppose it would let.'

'Let? Best woodcock shooting in the world.'

Lady Valleys, pursuing her thoughts, went on, 'In time we might get the people drafted into other things. Have you consulted Milton?'

'No,' said Lord Valleys shortly, 'and don't mean to — he's too unpractical.'

'He always seems to know what he wants very well.'

'I tell you,' repeated Lord Valleys, 'Milton's no good in a matter of this sort; he and his ideas throw back to the Middle Ages!'

Lady Valleys went closer, and took him by the lapels of his collar.

'Geoff — really, to please me; some other way!'

Lord Valleys frowned, and stared at her for some time; at last he answered without moving, 'That's another thing. To please you — I'll leave it over another year.'

'You think that's better than letting?'

'I don't like the thought of some outsider there. Time enough to come to that if we must. Take it as my Christmas present. You'll be late for your meeting.'

Lady Valleys, rather flushed, bent forward and kissed his ear.

It was at this moment that little Ann had entered.

When she had gone, and they had

exchanged that dubious look, Lady Valleys said, 'I don't get much time to talk to you. I came about Babs. I don't know what to make of her since we came up. She's not putting her heart into things.'

Lord Valleys answered almost sulkily, 'It's the heat, I should think — or love.' For all his easy-going parentalism, he disliked the thought of losing the child for whom he really had a love and admiration.

'Yes,' said Lady Valleys slowly, 'but with whom?'

'Claud Harbinger, of course.'

'I don't know. There's something queer about her. I'm not at all sure she has n't got some sort of feeling for that Mr. Courtier.'

'What!' said Lord Valleys.

'Exactly!'

Her husband had grown very red.

'Confound it, Gertrude, this is past a joke — Milton's business was quite enough for one year.'

'For twenty,' murmured Lady Valleys. 'I'm watching her. I'm told he's going to Persia.'

'And leaving his confounded bones there, I hope,' muttered Lord Valleys. 'Really, it's too much. I should think you're all wrong, though.'

Lady Valleys's face bubbled a little. Men were very queer about such things! Very queer and worse than helpless.

'Well,' she said, 'I must go to my meeting. I'll take her, and see if I can get at something. I shall be late.' And she went away.

It was the inaugural meeting of the Society for the Promotion of the Birth-Rate, at which she had to preside that afternoon. The scheme was one in which she had been prominent from the start, appealing as it did to her large and full-blooded nature. Many movements, to which she found it impossible to refuse her name, had in themselves but small attraction for her; and

it was a real comfort to feel something approaching enthusiasm for one branch of her public work. Not that there was any academic consistency about her in the matter, for in private life amongst her friends she was not narrowly dogmatic on the duty of wives to multiply exceedingly. She thought imperially on the subject, without bigotry. Large healthy families, in all cases save individual ones! The prime idea at the back of her mind was — national expansion. Her motto, and she intended if possible to make it the motto of the League, was: *De l'audace, et encore de l'audace!* It was a question of the full realization of the nation. She had a real, and in a sense touching, belief in 'the flag,' apart from what it might cover. It was her idealism. 'You may talk,' she would say, 'as much as you like about directing national life in accordance with social justice! What does the nation care about social justice? The thing is much bigger than that. It's sentimental. We must expand!'

On the way to the meeting, occupied with her speech, she made no attempt to draw Barbara into conversation. The child was very languid and pale; still that must wait! And at any rate she was looking so beautiful that it was a pleasure to have her support.

In a little dark room behind the hall the committee were already assembled, and they went at once on to the platform.

XXIV

Unmoved by the stares of the audience, Barbara sat absorbed in her moody thoughts.

Into the three weeks since Milton's election there had been crowded such a multitude of functions that she had found, as it were, no time, no energy to know where she stood with herself. Since that morning in the stable, when he had watched her with the horse Hal,

Harbinger had seemed to live only to be close to her. And the consciousness of his passion gave her a tingling sense of pleasure. She had been riding and dancing with him, and sometimes this had been almost blissful. But there were times too — more frequent as her energy ebbed in the heat and glare of the season — when she felt — though always with a certain contempt of herself, as under that sunny wall below the tor — a queer dissatisfaction, a longing for something outside a world where she had to invent her own starvations and simplicities, to make-believe in earnestness.

She had seen Courtier three times. Once he had come to dine in response to an invitation from Lady Valleys, worded in that charming, almost wistful style, which she had taught herself to use to those below her in social rank, especially if they were intelligent; once at the Valleys House garden party; and, next day, having told him what time she would be riding, she had found him in the Row, not mounted, but standing by the rail just where she must pass, with that look on his face of mingled deference and ironic self-containment, of which he was a master. It appeared that he was leaving England; and to her questions why, and where, he had only shrugged his shoulders.

Up on this dusty platform, in the hot bare hall, facing all those people, listening to speeches whose sense she was too languid and preoccupied to take in, the whole medley of thoughts and faces round her and the sound of the speakers' voices formed a kind of nightmare, out of which she noted with extreme exactitude the color of her mother's neck under its large black hat, and a committee man to the right, biting his fingers under cover of a large blue paper. She realized that some one was speaking amongst the audience, speaking, as it were, in little bunches

of words. She could see him, a small man in a black coat, with a white face which kept jerking up and down.

'I feel that this is terrible,' she heard him say; 'I feel that this is blasphemy. That we should try to tamper with the greatest force, the greatest and the most sacred and secret — force, that — that moves in the world, is to me horrible. I cannot bear to listen; it seems to make everything so little!'

She saw him sit down, his features twitching uncontrollably; and her mother rise to answer: —

'We must all sympathize with the sincerity, and to a certain extent with the intention, of our friend in the body of the hall. But we must ask ourselves, Have we the right to allow ourselves the luxury of private feelings in a matter which concerns the national expansion? We must not give way to sentiment. Our friend in the body of the hall spoke — he will forgive me for saying so — like a poet, rather than a serious reformer. I am afraid if we let ourselves drop into poetry, the birth-rate of this country will very soon drop into poetry too. And that I think it is impossible for us to contemplate with folded hands. The resolution I was about to propose when our friend in the body of the hall —'

But Barbara's attention had wandered off again into that queer medley of thoughts and feelings, out of which the little man had so abruptly roused her. Then she realized that the meeting was breaking up, and her mother saying, —

'Now, my dear, it's hospital day. We've just time.'

When they were once more in the car, she leaned back very silent, watching the traffic.

Lady Valleys eyed her sidelong.

'What a little bombshell!' she said, 'from that small person! He must have

got in by mistake. I hear Mr. Cour-tier has a card for Ellen Gloucester's ball to-night, Babs.'

'Poor man!'

'You will be there,' said Lady Valleys dryly.

Barbara drew back into her corner.

'Don't tease me, mother!'

An expression of compunction crossed Lady Valleys's face; she tried to possess herself of Barbara's hand. But that languid hand did not return her squeeze.

'I know the mood you're in, Babs. It wants all one's pluck to shake it off; don't let it grow on you. You'd better go down to Uncle Dennis to-morrow. You've been overdoing it.'

Barbara sighed.

'I wish it were to-morrow.'

The car had stopped, and Lady Valleys said, 'Will you come in, or are you too tired? It always does them good to see you.'

'You're twice as tired as me,' Barbara answered; 'of course I'll come.'

At the entrance of the two ladies, there rose at once a faint buzz and murmur. Lady Valleys, whose ample presence radiated suddenly a business-like and cheery confidence, went to a bedside and sat down. But Barbara stood in a thin streak of the July sunlight, uncertain where to begin, amongst the faces turned towards her. The poor dears looked so humble, and so wistful, and so tired. There was one lying quite flat, who had not even raised her head to see who had come in. That slumbering, pale, high-cheek-boned face had a frailty as if a touch, a breath, would shatter it; a wisp of the blackest hair, finer than silk, lay across the forehead; the closed eyes were deep sunk; one hand, scarred almost to the bone with work, rested above her breast. She breathed between lips which had no color. About her, sleeping, was a kind of beauty. And there

came over the girl a queer longing to bend down and pay her reverence. The sleeper seemed so apart from everything there, from all the formality and stiffness of the ward. To look at her swept away the languid, hollow feeling with which she had come in; it made her think of the tors at home, when the wind was blowing, and all was bare, and grand, and sometimes terrible. There was something elemental in that still sleep.

An old lady in the next bed, with a brown wrinkled face and bright black eyes brimful of life, seemed almost vulgar beside such remote tranquillity, while she explained carefully to Barbara that a little bunch of heather in the better half of a soap-dish on the window-sill had come from Wales, because 'my mother was born in Stirling, dearie; so I likes a bit of heather, though I never been out o' Bethnal Green meself.'

But when Barbara again passed, the sleeping woman was sitting up, and looked but a poor ordinary thing — her strange fragile beauty all withdrawn.

It was a relief when Lady Valleys said, 'My dear, my Naval Bazaar at five-thirty; and while I'm there you must go home and have a rest, and freshen yourself up for the ball. We dine at Plassey House.'

The Duchess of Gloucester's ball, a function which no one could very well miss, had been fixed for this late date owing to the duchess's announced desire to prolong the season and so help the hackney cabmen; and though everybody sympathized, it had been felt by most that it would be simpler to go away, motor up on the day of the ball, and motor down again on the following morning. And throughout the week by which the season was thus prolonged, in long rows at the railway stations, and on their stands, the hack-

ney cabmen, unconscious of what was being done for them, waited, patient as their horses. But since everybody was making this special effort, an exceptionally large, exclusive, and brilliant company reassembled at Gloucester House.

In the vast ball-room, over the medley of entwined revolving couples, punkahs had been fixed, to clear and freshen the languid air; and these huge fans, moving with incredible slowness, drove a faint refreshing draught down over the sea of white shirt-fronts and bare necks, and freed the scent from innumerable flowers.

Late in the evening, close by one of the great clumps of bloom, a very pretty woman stood talking to Bertie. She was his cousin, Lily Malvezin, sister of Geoffrey Winlow, and wife of a Liberal peer, — a charming creature, whose pink cheeks, bright eyes, quick lips, and rounded figure endowed her with the prettiest air of animation. And while she spoke she kept stealing sly glances at her partner, trying as it were to pierce the armor of that self-contained young man.

'No, my dear,' she was saying in her mocking voice, 'you'll never persuade me that Milton is going to catch on. *Il est trop intransigent*. Ah! there's Babs!'

For the girl had come gliding by, her eyes wandering lazily, her lips just parted; her neck, hardly less pale than her white frock; her face pale, and with marked languor, under the heavy coil of her tawny hair; and her swaying body seeming with each turn of the waltz to be caught by the arms of her partner from out of a swoon.

With that immobility of lips learned by all imprisoned in society, Lily Malvezin murmured, 'Who's that she's dancing with? Is it the dark horse?'

Through lips no less immobile, Bertie answered, 'Forty to one, no takers.'

But those inquisitive bright eyes still followed Barbara, drifting in the dance like a great water-lily caught in the swirl of a mill-pool; and the thought passed through that pretty head, 'She's hooked him. It's naughty of Babs, really!' And then she saw leaning against a pillar another whose eyes also were following these two, and she thought, 'Claud Harbinger—No wonder he's looking like that. O Babs!'

By one of the statues on the terrace Barbara and her partner stood, where trees, disfigured by no gaudy lanterns, offered the refreshment of their darkness and serenity.

Wrapped in her new pale languor, still breathing deeply from the waltz, she seemed to Courtier too utterly moulded out of loveliness. To what end should a man frame speeches to a vision! She was but an incarnation of beauty imprinted on the air, and would fade out at a touch—like the sudden ghosts of enchantment that come to one under the blue, and the star-lit snow of a mountain night, or in a birch wood all wistful golden! Speech seemed but desecration! Besides, what of interest was there for him to say in this world of hers, so bewildering and of such glib assurance—this world that was like a building whose every window was shut and had a blind drawn down; a building that admitted none who had not sworn, as it were, to believe it the whole world, outside which were but the rubble remains of what had built it; this world of society, in which he felt like one traveling through a desert, longing to meet a fellow creature!

The voice of Harbinger behind them said, 'Lady Babs!'

Long did the punkahs waft their breeze over that brave-hued wheel of pleasure, and the sound of the violins quaver and wail out into the morning. Then quickly, as the spangles of dew

vanish off grass when the sun rises, all melted away; and in the great rooms were none but flunkies presiding over the polished surfaces, like flamingos by some lake-side at dawn.

XXV

A brick dower-house of the Fitz-Harolds, just outside the little seaside town of Nettlefold, sheltered the tranquil days of Lord Dennis. In that south-coast air, sanest and most healing in all England, he aged very slowly, taking little thought of death, and much quiet pleasure in his life. Like the tall old house with its high windows and squat chimneys, he was marvelously self-contained. His books, for he somewhat passionately examined into old civilizations, and described their habits from time to time with a dry and not too poignant pen in a certain old-fashioned magazine; his microscope, for he studied infusoria; and the fishing-boat of his friend John Bogle, who had long perceived that Lord Dennis was the biggest fish he ever caught; all these, with occasional visitors, and little runs to London, to Monkland, and other country-houses, made up the sum of a life which, if not desperately beneficial, was uniformly kind and harmless, and, by its notorious simplicity, had a certain negative influence, not only on his own class, but on the relations of that class with the country at large. It was commonly said in Nettlefold that he was a gentleman; if they were all like him there was n't much in all this talk against the lords. The shop people and lodging-house keepers felt that the interests of the country were safer in his hands than in the hands of people who wanted to meddle with everything for the good of those who were only anxious to be let alone. A man too who could so completely forget that he was the son of a duke that other

people never forgot it, was the man for their money. It was true that he had never had a say in public affairs; but this was overlooked, because he could have had it if he liked, and the fact that he did not like, only showed once more that he was a gentleman.

Just as he was the personality of the little town against whom practically nothing was ever said, so was his house the one house which defied criticism. Time had made it utterly suitable. The ivied walls, and purplish roof lichened yellow in places, the quiet meadows harboring ponies and kine, reaching from it to the sea, — all was mellow. In truth, it made all the other houses of the town seem shoddy — standing alone beyond them, like its master, perhaps a little too æsthetically remote from common wants.

He had practically no near neighbors of whom he saw anything, except once in a way young Harbinger, three miles distant at Whitewater. But since he had the faculty of not being bored with his own society, this did not worry him. Of local charity, especially to the fishers of the town, whose winter months were nowadays very bare of profit, he was prodigal to the verge of extravagance, for his income was not great. But in politics, beyond acting as the figurehead of certain municipal efforts, he took little or no part. His Toryism indeed was of a mild order that had little belief in the regeneration of the country by any means but those of kindly feeling between the classes. When asked how that was to be brought about, he would answer, with his dry, slightly malicious suavity, that if you stirred hornets' nests with sticks the hornets would come forth. Having no land, he was shy of expressing himself on that vexed question; but if resolutely attacked would give utterance to some such sentiment as this: 'The land's best in our hands

on the whole, but we want fewer dogs in the manger among us.'

He had, as became one of his race, a feeling for land, tender and protective, and could not bear to think of its being put out to farm with that cold mother, the state. But though ironical over the views of Radicals or Socialists, he disliked to hear such people personally abused behind their backs. It must be confessed that if contradicted he increased considerably the ironical decision of his sentiments. Withdrawn from all chance of enforcing its views on others in public life, the natural decisiveness within was forced to find private expression at times.

Each year, towards the end of July, he placed his house at the service of Lord Valleys, who found it a convenient centre for attending Goodwood.

It was on the morning after the Duchess of Gloucester's ball, that he received a note which ran as follows:

VALLEYS HOUSE.

DEAREST UNCLE DENNIS, —

May I come down to you a little before time and rest? London is awfully hot. Mother has three functions still to stay for, and I shall have to come back again for our last evening, the political one, — so I don't want to go all the way to Monkland; and anywhere else, except with you, would be racketty. Eustace looks so seedy. I'll try and bring him, if I may. Granny is terribly well.

Best love, dear, from your

BABS.

The same afternoon she came, but without Milton, driving up from the station in a fly. Lord Dennis met her at the gate, and having kissed her, looked at her somewhat anxiously, caressing his white peaked beard. He had never yet known Babs sick of anything, except when he took her out in John Bogle's boat. She was certainly

looking pale, and her hair was done differently, — a fact disturbing to one who did not discover it. Slipping his arm through hers, he led her out into a meadow still full of buttercups, where an old white pony, who had carried her in the Row twelve years ago, came up to them and rubbed his muzzle against her waist. And suddenly there rose in Lord Dennis the thoroughly discomfiting and strange suspicion that, though the child was not going to cry, she wanted time to get over the feeling that she was. Without appearing to separate himself from her, he walked to the wall at the end of the field, and stood looking at the sea.

The tide was nearly up: the south wind driving over it brought to him the scent of the sea-flowers, and the crisp rustle of little waves swimming almost to his feet. Far out where the sunlight fell, the smiling waters lay white and mysterious in July haze, reminding him of far things. But Lord Dennis, though he had his moments of poetic feeling, was on the whole quite able to keep the sea in its proper place; for after all it was the English Channel, and like a good Englishman he recognized that if you once let things get away from their names, they ceased to be facts, and if they ceased to be facts, they became — the devil!

In truth, he was not thinking of the sea at all, but of Barbara. It was plain that she was in trouble of some kind. And the notion that Babs could find trouble in life was extraordinarily queer; for he felt, subconsciously, what a great driving force of disturbance was necessary to penetrate the hundred folds of the cloak enwrapping one so young and fortunate. It was not death, therefore it must be love; and he thought at once of that fellow with the red moustaches. Ideas were all very well, no one would object to as many as you liked, in their proper place, —

the dinner-table, for example. But to fall in love, if indeed it were so, with a man who not only had ideas, but an inclination to live up to them, seemed to Lord Dennis *outré*.

She had followed him to the wall, and he looked at her dubiously.

‘Come to rest in the waters of Lethe, Babs? By the way, seen anything of our friend Mr. Courtier? Very picturesque, that Quixotic theory of life!’

And in saying that, his voice (like so many refined voices which have turned their backs on speculation) was triple-toned, mocking at ideas, mocking at itself for mocking at ideas, yet showing plainly that at bottom it only mocked at itself for mocking at ideas, because it would be, as it were, crude not to do so.

But Barbara did not answer his question, and began to speak of other things. And all that afternoon and evening, she talked away so lightly that Lord Dennis, but for his instinct, would have been deceived.

That wonderful smiling mask — the inscrutability of youth — was laid aside by her at night. Sitting at her window, under the moon, ‘a gold-bright moth slow-spinning up the sky,’ she watched the darkness hungrily, as though it were a great thought into whose heart she was trying to see. Now and then she stroked herself, getting strange comfort out of the presence of her body. She had that old unhappy feeling of having two selves within her. And this soft night, full of the quiet stir of the sea, and of dark immensity, woke in her a terrible longing to be at one with something, somebody, outside herself. At last night’s ball the ‘flying feeling’ had seized on her again, and was still there, a queer manifestation of the reckless streak in her. And this strange result of her contacts with Courtier, this *cacoethes volandi*, and feeling of clipped wings, hurt her — as being forbidden hurts a child.

She remembered how in the house-keeper's room at Monkland there lived a magpie who had once sought shelter in an orchid-house from some pursuer. As soon as they thought him wedded to civilization, they had let him go, to see whether he would come back. For hours he had sat up in a high tree, and at last come down again to his cage; whereupon, fearing lest the rooks should attack him when he next took this voyage of discovery, they clipped one of his wings. After that the twilight bird, though he lived happily enough, hopping about his cage and the terrace which served him for exercise-yard, would seem at times restive and frightened, moving his wings as if flying in spirit, and sad that he must stay on earth.

So, too, at her window, Barbara fluttered her wings; then, getting into bed, lay sighing and tossing. A clock struck three; and seized by an intolerable impatience at her own discomfort, she slipped a motor-coat over her night-gown, put on slippers, and stole out into the passage. The house was very still. She crept downstairs, smothering her footsteps. Groping her way through the hall, inhabited by the thin ghosts of would-be light, she slid back the chain of the door, and ran towards the sea. She made no more noise running in the dew, than a bird following the paths of air; and the two ponies, who felt her figure pass in the darkness, snuffled, sending out soft sighs of alarm amongst the closed buttercups. She climbed the wall over to the beach. While she was running, she had fully meant to dash into the sea and cool herself, but it was so black, with just a thin edging scarf of white, and the sky was black, bereft of lights, waiting for the day!

She stood, and looked. And all the leapings and pulsings of flesh and spirit slowly died in that wide, dark lone-

liness, where the only sound was the wistful breaking of small waves. She was well used to these dead hours, — only last night, at this very time, Harbinger's arm had been round her in a last waltz. But here the dead hours had such different faces, wide-eyed, solemn; and there came to Barbara, staring out at them, a sense that the darkness saw her very soul, so that it felt little and timid within her. She shivered in her fur-lined motoring coat, as if almost frightened at finding herself so marvelously nothing before that black sky and dark sea, which seemed all one, relentlessly great. And crouching down, she waited for the dawn to break.

It came from over the downs, sweeping a rush of cold air on its wings, fighting toward the sea. With it the daring soon crept back into her blood. She stripped, and ran down into the dark water, fast growing pale. It covered her jealously, and she set to work to swim. The water was warmer than the air. She lay on her back and splashed, watching the sky flush. To bathe like this in the half-dark, with her hair floating out, and no wet clothes clinging to her limbs, gave her the joy of a child doing a naughty thing. She swam out of her depth, then, scared at her own adventure, swam in again as the sun rose.

She dashed into her two garments, climbed the wall, and ran back to the house. All her dejection and feverish uncertainty were gone; she felt keen and fresh and very hungry, and stealing into the dining-room, began rummaging for food. She found biscuits, and was still munching, when in the open doorway she saw Lord Dennis, a pistol in one hand and a lighted candle in the other. With his carved features and white beard above an old blue dressing-gown, he looked impressive, having at the moment a distinct resemblance to Lady Casterley, as

though danger had armored him in steel.

'You call this resting!' he said, dryly; then, looking at her drowned hair, added, 'I see you have already intrusted your trouble to the waters of Lethe.'

Without answer, Barbara vanished into the dim hall and up the stairs.

XXVI

While Barbara was swimming to meet the dawn, Milton was bathing in those waters of mansuetude and truth which roll from wall to wall in the British House of Commons.

In that long debate on the land question, for which he had waited to make his first speech, he had already risen nine times without catching the Speaker's eye, and slowly a sense of unreality was creeping over him. Surely this great chamber, where without end rose the small sound of a single human voice, and queer mechanical bursts of approbation and resentment, did not exist at all save as a gigantic fancy of his own! And all these figures were figments of his brain. And when he at last spoke, it would be himself alone that he addressed! The torpid air tainted with human breath, the unwinking stare of the countless lights, the long rows of seats, the queer distant rounds of pale listening flesh perched up so high, they were all emanations of himself! Even the coming and going in the gangway was but the coming and going of little willful parts of him. And rustling deep down in this Titanic creature of his fancy was the murmur of his own unspoken speech, sweeping away the puff-balls of words flung up by that far-away, small, varying voice.

Then, suddenly, all that dream creature had vanished; he was on his feet, with a thumping heart, speaking.

Soon he had no tremors, only a dim consciousness that his words sounded strange, and a queer icy pleasure in flinging them out into the silence. Round him there seemed no longer men, only mouths and eyes. And he had enjoyment in the feeling that with his own mouth and eyes he was holding those hungry mouths and eyes dumb and unmoving. Then he knew that he had reached the end of what he had to say, and sat down, remaining motionless in the centre of a various sound, staring at the back of the head in front of him, with his hands clasped round his knee. And soon, when another little far-away voice was once more speaking, he took his hat, and glancing neither to right nor left, went out.

Instead of that sensation of relief and wild elation which fills the heart of those who have taken the first plunge, Milton had nothing in his deep, dark well but the waters of bitterness. In truth, with the delivery of that speech he had but parted with what had been a sort of anodyne to suffering. He had only put the fine point on his feeling of how vain was his career now that he could not share it with Audrey Noel. He walked slowly towards the Temple, along the river-side, where the lamps were paling into nothingness before that daily celebration of Divinity, the meeting of dark and light.

For Milton was not one of those who take things lying down; he took things desperately, deeply, and with revolt. He took them like a rider riding himself, plunging at the dig of his own spurs, chafing and wincing at the cruel tugs of his own bit; bearing in his friendless, proud nature all the burden of struggles which shallower or more genial natures shared with others.

He looked hardly less haggard, walking home, than some of those homeless ones who slept nightly by the river, as though they knew that to lie near one

who could so readily grant oblivion, alone could save them from seeking that consolation. He was perhaps unhappier than they, whose spirits, at all events, had long ceased to worry them, having oozed out from their bodies under the foot of life.

Now that Audrey Noel was lost to him, her loveliness and that indescribable quality which made her lovable, floated before him, the very torture-flowers of a beauty never to be grasped, yet that he could grasp, if he only would! He was suffering, too, physically, from a kind of slow fever, the result of his wetting on the day when he last saw her. And through that latent fever, things and feelings, like his sensations in the House before his speech, were all as it were muffled in a horrible way, as if they all came to him wrapped in a sort of flannel coating, through which he could not cut. And all the time there seemed to be within him two men at mortal grips with one another; the man of faith in divine sanction and authority, on which all his beliefs had hitherto hinged, and a desperate, warm-blooded, hungry creature. He was very miserable, craving strangely the society of some one who could understand what he was feeling, but, from long habit of making no confidants, not knowing how to satisfy that craving.

It was dawn when he reached his rooms; and, sure that he would not sleep, he did not even go to bed, but changed his clothes, made himself some coffee, and sat down at the window which overlooked the flowered courtyard.

In Middle Temple Hall a ball was still in progress, though the glamour from its Chinese lanterns was already darkened and gone. Milton saw a man and a girl, sheltered by an old fountain, sitting out their last dance. Her head had sunk on his shoulder; their lips were joined. And there floated up

to the window the scent of heliotrope, with the tune of the waltz that those two should have been dancing. This couple, so stealthily enlaced, the gleam of their furtively turned eyes, the whispering of their lips, that stony niche below the twittering sparrows, so cunningly sought out — it was the world he had abjured! When he looked again, they — like a vision seen — had stolen away and gone; the music too had ceased, there was no scent of heliotrope. In the stony niche crouched a stray cat watching the twittering sparrows.

Milton went out, and, turning into the empty Strand, walked on without heeding where, till towards five o'clock he found himself on Putney Bridge.

He rested there, leaning over the parapet, looking down at the gray water. The sun was just breaking through the heat haze; early wagons were passing, and already men were coming in to work. To what end did the river wander up and down? and a human river flow across it twice every day? To what end were men and women suffering? In all the full current of this life Milton could see no more aim than in the wheeling of the gulls in the early sunlight.

Leaving the bridge, he made towards Barnes Common. The night was still ensnared there on the gorse-bushes, gray with cobwebs and the starry dew-drops. He passed a tramp family still sleeping, huddled all together. Even the homeless lay in each others' arms!

From the Common he emerged on the road near the gates of Ravensham, and turning in there, found his way to the kitchen-garden, and sat down on a bench close to the raspberry bushes. They were protected from thieves, but at Milton's approach two blackbirds flustered out through the netting and flew away.

His long figure resting so motionless

impressed itself on the eyes of a gardener, who caused a report to be circulated that his young lordship was in the fruit-garden. It reached the ears of Clifton, who himself came out to see what this might mean. The old man took his stand in front of Milton very quietly.

'You have come to breakfast, my lord?'

'If my grandmother will have me, Clifton.'

'I understand your lordship was speaking last night.'

'I was.'

'You find the House of Commons satisfactory, I hope.'

'Fairly, thank you, Clifton.'

'They are not what they were in the great days of your grandfather, I believe. He had a very good opinion of them. They vary, no doubt.'

'Tempora mutantur.'

'That is so. I find quite a new spirit towards public affairs. The ha'penny *Press*; one takes it in, but one hardly approves. I shall be anxious to read your speech. They say a first speech is a great strain.'

'It is, rather.'

'But *you* had no reason to be anxious. I'm sure it was beautiful.'

Milton saw that the old man's thin sallow cheeks had flushed to a deep orange between his snow-white whiskers.

'I have looked forward to this day,' he stammered, 'ever since I knew your lordship — twenty-eight years. It is the beginning.'

'Or the end, Clifton.'

The old man's face fell in a look of deep and concerned astonishment.

'No, no,' he said; 'with your antecedents, never.'

Milton took his hand.

'Sorry, Clifton, did n't mean to shock you.'

And for a minute neither spoke,

looking at their clasped hands as if surprised.

'Would your lordship like a bath? her ladyship breakfasts at eight. I can procure you a razor.'

When Milton entered the breakfast-room, his grandmother, with a copy of the *Times* in her hands, was seated before a grape-fruit, which, with a shredded-wheat biscuit, constituted her first meal. Her appearance hardly warranted Barbara's description of 'terribly well'; in truth, she looked a little white, as if she had been feeling the heat. But there was no lack of animation in her little dark gray eyes, nor of decision in her manner.

'I see,' she said, 'that you've taken a line of your own, Eustace. I've nothing to say against that; in fact, quite the contrary. But remember this, my dear, however you may change, you must n't wobble. Only one thing counts in that place, hitting the same nail on the head with the same hammer all the time. You are n't looking at all well.'

Milton, bending to kiss her, murmured, 'Thanks, I'm all right.'

'Nonsense,' replied Lady Casterley. 'They don't look after you. Was your mother in the House?'

'I don't think so.'

'Exactly. And what is Barbara about? She ought to be seeing to you.'

'Barbara is down with Uncle Dennis.'

Lady Casterley set her jaw; then, looking her grandson through and through, said, 'I shall take you down there this very day. I shall have the sea to you. What do you say, Clifton?'

'His lordship does look pale.'

'Have the carriage, and we'll go from Clapham Junction. Thomas can go in and fetch you some clothes. Or, better, though I dislike them, we can telephone to your mother for a car. It's very hot for trains. Arrange that, please, Clifton!'

To this project Milton raised no objection. And all through the drive he remained sunk in an indifference and lassitude which to Lady Casterley seemed in the highest degree ominous. For lassitude, to her, was the strange, the unpardonable, state. The little great lady — casket of the aristocratic principle — was permeated to the very backbone with the instinct of artificial energy, of that alert vigor which those who have nothing socially to hope for are forced to develop, lest they should decay and be again obliged to hope. To speak honest truth, she could not forbear an itch to run some sharp and foreign substance into her grandson, to rouse him somehow, for she knew the reason of his state, and was temperamentally out of patience with such a cause for backsliding. Had it been any other of her grandchildren she would not have hesitated; but there was that in Milton which held even Lady Casterley in check, and only once during the four hours of travel did she attempt to break down his reserve. She did it in a manner very soft for her, — was he not of all living things the hope, the pride, and the beloved of her heart? Tucking her little thin sharp hand under his arm, she said quietly, ‘My dear, don’t brood over it. That will never do.’

But Milton removed her hand gently, and laid it back on the dust-rug; nor did he answer, or show other sign of having heard.

And Lady Casterley, deeply wounded, pressed her faded lips together, and said sharply, ‘Slower, please, Frith!’

XXVII

It was to Barbara that Milton unfolded, if ever so little, the trouble of his spirit, lying out that same afternoon under a tamarisk hedge with the tide far out. He could never have done this if there had not been between them the

accidental revelation of that night at Monkland; nor even then perhaps had he not felt in this young sister of his the warmth of life for which he was yearning. In such a matter as love Barbara was the elder of these two. For, besides the motherly knowledge of the heart peculiar to most women, she had the inherent woman-of-the-worldliness to be expected of a daughter of Lord and Lady Valleys. If she herself were in doubt, it was not as with Milton, on the score of the senses and the heart, but on the score of her spirit and curiosity, which Courtier had awakened and caused to flap their wings a little. She worried over Milton’s forlorn case, and it hurt her to think of Mrs. Noel eating her heart out in that lonely cottage. Then, too, a sister so good and earnest as Agatha had ever inclined Barbara to a rebellious view of morals, and disinclined her altogether to religion. If those two could not be happy apart, let them be happy together, in the name of all the joy there is in life!

And while her brother lay face to the sky on the tamarisk bank, she kept trying to think how to mother him, conscious that she did not in the least understand the way he thought about things. Over the fields behind, the larks were hymning the promise of the unripe corn; the foreshore was painted all colors, from vivid green to mushroom pink; by the edge of the blue sea little black figures were stooping. The air smelled sweet in the shade of the tamarisk; there was ineffable peace. And Barbara, covered by the network of the sunlight, could not help a certain impatience with a suffering which seemed to her so corrigible by action. At last she ventured:—

‘Life is short, Eusty!’

Milton’s answer, given without movement, startled her.

‘Persuade me that it is; Babs, and I’ll bless you. If the singing of these

larks means nothing, if that blue up there is a morass of our invention, if we are pettily creeping on, furthering nothing, if there's no purpose in our lives, persuade me of it, for God's sake!

Carried suddenly beyond her depth, Barbara could only put out her hand, and say, 'Oh! don't take it so hard!'

'Since you say that life is short,' Milton muttered, with his smile, 'you should n't spoil it by feeling pity! In old days we went to the Tower for our convictions. We can stand a little private roasting, I hope; or has the sand run out of us altogether?'

Stung by his tone, Barbara answered in rather a hard voice, 'What we *must* bear, we must, I suppose. But why should we *make* trouble? That's what I can't stand, and there's so much of it!'

'O profound wisdom!'

Barbara flushed.

'I love life!' she said.

The galleons of the westering sun were already sailing in a broad gold fleet straight for that foreshore where the little black stooping figures had not yet finished their toil; the larks still sang over the unripe corn, when Harbinger, galloping along the sands from White-water to Sea House, came on that silent couple walking home to dinner.

It would not be safe to say of this young man that he readily diagnosed a spiritual atmosphere, but this was the less his demerit, since everything from his cradle up had conspired to keep the spiritual thermometer of his surroundings at sixty in the shade. And the fact that his own spiritual thermometer had now run up so that it threatened to burst the bulb, rendered him less likely than ever to see what was happening with other people's. Yet he did notice that Barbara was looking pale, and — it seemed — sweeter than ever. With her eldest brother he always somehow felt ill at ease. He could not exactly afford to despise the uncompromising

spirit of one of his own order; but he was no more impervious than others to Milton's caustic, thinly-veiled contempt for the commonplace; and having the full-blooded belief in himself usual with men of fine physique, whose lots are so cast that this belief can never or almost never be really shaken, he greatly disliked the feeling he had, in Milton's presence, of being a little looked-down on. It was an intense relief when, saying that he wanted a certain magazine, Milton strode off into the town.

For Harbinger, no less than for Milton and Barbara, last night had been bitter and restless. The sight of that pale swaying figure, with the parted lips, whirling round in Courtier's arms, had clung to his vision ever since. In his own last dance with her he had been almost savagely silent, and only by a great effort restrained his tongue from biting allusions to that 'prancing, red-haired fellow,' as he secretly called the champion of lost causes. In fact, his sensations then and since had been a revelation to himself, or would have been if he could have stood apart to see them. True, he went about next day with his usual cool, off-hand manner, because one naturally did n't let people see things; but it was with such an inner aching, and rage of want, and jealousy, as really to merit pity. Men of his physically big, rushing type, are the last to possess their souls in patience.

Walking home after the ball, he had determined to follow her down to the sea, where she had said, with a sort of malice it seemed, that she was going. After a second almost sleepless night he had no longer any hesitation. He must see her! He had a right after all to go to his own place; besides, he did not care even if it *was* a pointed thing to do. The more pointed the better! There was beginning to be roused in him an ugly stubbornness of male de-

termination. She was not going to escape him.

But now that he was walking at her side, all that determination and assurance melted into a perplexed humility; and he marched along by his horse with his head down, just feeling the ache of being so close to her and yet so far; angry with his own silence and awkwardness, almost angry with her for her loveliness, and the pain it made him suffer. When they reached the house, and she left him at the stable yard, saying she was going to get some flowers, he jerked the beast's bridle and swore at it for its slowness in entering the stable. He was terrified that she would be gone before he could get into the garden, and yet half-afraid of finding her there. But she had not yet gone in; she was plucking carnations by the ragged box-hedge which led to the glass-houses. And as she rose from gathering them, almost before he knew what he was doing, Harbinger had thrown his arm round her, held her in a vise, kissed her unmercifully.

She seemed to offer no resistance, her smooth cheeks growing warmer and warmer, even her lips passive; but suddenly he recoiled, and his heart stood still at his own outrageous daring. What had he done? And he saw her leaning back almost buried in the ragged box-hedge, and heard her say, with a sort of faint mockery, 'Well!'

He would have flung himself down on his knees to ask for pardon but for the thought that some one might come. He said hoarsely, 'By God, I was mad!' and stood glowering at her in a sullen suspense between hardihood and fear.

And he heard her say, quietly, 'Yes, you were — rather.'

Then seeing her put her hand up to her lips as if he had hurt them, he muttered brokenly, 'Forgive me, Babs!'

There was a full minute's silence while he stood there, not daring to look at her, beaten all over by his emotions. Then, with a sort of bewilderment, he heard her say, 'I did n't mind it — for once!'

He looked up at that. How could she love him, and speak so coolly! How could she not mind, if she did not love him! She was passing her hands over her face and neck and hair, repairing the damage of his kisses.

'Now shall we go in?' she said.

Harbinger took a step forward.

'I love you so,' he said; 'I will put my life in your hands, and you shall throw it away.'

At these words, of whose exact nature he had very little knowledge, he saw her smile.

'If I let you come within three yards, will you be good?'

He bowed; and, silently, they walked towards the house.

It was a strange dinner that evening. But its comedy, too subtly played for Milton and Lord Dennis, seemed transparent to the eyes of Lady Casterley; for, when Harbinger had sallied forth to ride back along the sands, she took her candle and invited Barbara to retire. Then, having admitted her granddaughter to the apartment always reserved for herself, and specially furnished with practically nothing, she sat down opposite that tall, young, solid figure, as it were taking stock of it, and said, 'So *you* are coming to your senses, at all events. Kiss me!'

Barbara, stooping, saw a tear stealing down the carved fine nose. Knowing that to notice it would be too dreadful, she rose, and went to the window. There, looking over the dark fields and sea, by the side of which Harbinger was riding home, she thought for the hundredth time, 'So that's what it's like!'

(To be continued.)

THE POETRY OF WILLIAM WATSON

BY HAROLD WILLIAMS

WHETHER we are to regard history as an analysis of tendencies or as a biography of individuals is ultimately a question, not of absolute truth and falsehood, but of relative temperament. If the question ever occurs to the mind of the man gifted with imagination, mysticism, and poetry, the answer can hardly remain doubtful: it comes in the defiant dictum of Emerson: 'All history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons.' This is the triumphant consciousness of individuality which belongs to the man of genius, and even Emerson, with all his pure trust in the general average of human nature, was betrayed for a moment into flinging his challenge in the face of a world which looks, at a superficial glance, like a collection of similar units. But the philosopher, or man of scientific mood, will either reverse the statement of Emerson and sink the individual in the prevailing *Zeitgeist*, or he will speak with hesitation. Lotze has expressed the compromise when he writes of 'those mighty men who through inventive genius or obstinate constancy of will have had a decided influence upon the course of history'; who are not, we are told in conclusion, 'merely the offspring and the outcome of their age.' The word 'merely' would never have crossed the field of Emerson's thought.

The unqualified statement may command our emotions and our actions, but not our reason, which soon detects a flaw in the baking. But the vase is

none the less beautiful, except for the connoisseur. If we ask why the poetry and literature of Athens in her greatness have never been surpassed as a perfect whole, the answer is easy, — because the world has never seen again within an equally short period such a pageant of individual intellect. But the philosophical thinker steps in again and bids us remember that the literature of Greece lives, not because it was written for the future and dissociates itself from contemporary life, but because it is inspired and limited by the national ideals of one small city-state. Nobody would care to deny that Sophocles, Æschylus, and Plato are 'the offspring and the outcome of their age,' though with differing degrees of emphasis we may preface the admission with the words 'not merely.'

But Emerson restricts his dictum to the 'few'; and whether they are the writers of the hundred best books, supplemented by a selection from the world's men of action, or the greater saints of the Positivist calendar, matters very little. The statement is rigidly aristocratic; and when we drop to the ranks of the 'minor,' it has little application. But, even here, an evident differentiation presents itself. Among the writers of a day, who cannot claim a place with the famous men for whom we reserve a special kind of praise, there are degrees of subserviency to contemporary tendency. Poets may follow the tradition of a day or a school and yet be something more than servile copyists; or they may

exhibit a markedly self-centred development, tinged, of course, with the inevitable admixture of influences flowing from their time and place. The broad and general characteristics which belong to the poetry of the beginning of the twentieth and the later decades of the last century are not cut in hard lines, but do not altogether elude definition. In the first place, if we take, as a supreme test and comparison, two periods in the annals of English poetry, which display in the highest degree what Milton meant by 'native wood-notes wild,' that is, natural emotion and music in poetry, the age of Elizabeth and the Romantic Revival, we need not hesitate to call these few decades a period of true if not great poetry. And the comparison carries a suggestion of definition with it.

In the form of poetry the past fifty years have exhibited a love for the pure music of words and for metrical experiment. The science of verse has been abundantly analyzed and expounded (witness Professor Saintsbury's recently completed *History of English Prosody*), but the influence of mere technique has not excluded poetical content or elaborated it to vanishing point. Neither in content nor in form has the age been one of formalism or of convention. We have everything, from the perfect art of Tennyson and the metrical ingenuities of Swinburne to the recitative of Walt Whitman; and the subject of poetry has been all things in heaven and earth. But, if the content and form of poetry have been infinitely diversified, the spirit animating it has been distinctly lyrical. The epic can appear only occasionally, but, under the influence of Tennyson and Browning, even the narrative poem has been cast in the form of dramatic monologue, and this is a compromise with the subjectivism of the lyric. A human, romantic, and mystical

lyrical quality pervades the greater part of the poetry of the last fifty years, whatever its merely external form and purpose may have been,—epic, narrative, didactic, philosophical.

Perhaps there is only one broad and characteristic difference between the spirit of the eighteenth and that of the nineteenth century which can be made to hold at every point of comparison—we are introspective and subjective to a degree which would have shocked the company which used to meet at the Turk's Head Tavern. Indefinite and introspective lyrical feeling belongs to almost every poet, either living or not long dead, whom we may classify as minor. A catalogue of names, at this point, in justification of the argument, would occupy too much space. A list, by no means full, covering nearly two pages, may be found in the preface to the *Oxford Book of English Verse*.

It is usual to dismiss one of the poets whose name appears in that list, Mr. William Watson, as non-lyrical; but this is only partially true, and the judgment calls for qualification. Mr. Watson has, no doubt, a strongly-marked objective method, but nobody would deny that he is, at the same time, introspective. The distinction lies rather in this, that, whereas the emotion of the pure lyric should be unpremeditated and spring from the heart, the emotion which inspires the poetry of Mr. Watson is, broadly speaking, of the intellect and mind. That is why he tends naturally to the elegiac, philosophical, and didactic poem: and, more than any poet of our time, he voices himself in epigram, a form which stamps itself upon the intellectual rather than upon the emotional sympathy of the reader.

A supreme contrast in philosophical poetry may be obtained by placing *In Memoriam* against Pope's *Essay on Man*. Tennyson's poem is the fruit of

long years of thought, mingled with emotion and poignant regret; the *Essay on Man* is a string of jottings from the philosophy of Bolingbroke skillfully tagged together. In the one poem the emotional beauty of thought and language carries us along, and the doctrine or sentiment may very often count for little enough; in the other we are conscious that Pope was himself unmoved, and we are merely attracted or repelled by the marvelous facility with which he succeeds in expressing exactly what he wants to say in a chain of polished epigrams.

It is no disparagement to say of the elegiac and philosophical poems of Mr. Watson that they often suggest an analogy with the manner of the eighteenth century, rather than with that of Tennyson and the nineteenth century in general. If Pope was wanting in poetic vision, he was something more than an admirably constructed machine for turning out neat iambic couplets; he did not see much of life, but what he saw he saw clearly and in the whole. I have even heard of the lady, now living, who always turns to Pope for courage and inspiration in her moments of depression and gloom. Obviously there must be something more in his verse than most of us give the time or trouble to discover. But this by the way. The vision of a poet like Mr. Watson goes much further, and is more genuinely poetical, than that of the eighteenth century as a whole; but in lucidity, in fondness for antithesis and epigram, he approximates to the age of logic and reason. As an example of antithesis, take his contrast of the two great singers of the Victorian era: —

Lo, one with empty music floods the ear,
And one, the heart refreshing, tires the brain.

And in the next stanza of the same poem we have a passage against the in-

competent scribblers of the day, that suggests the satire of *The Dunciad*: —

And idly tuneful, the loquacious throng
Flutter and twitter, prodigal of time,
And little masters make a toy of song
Till grave men weary of the sound of rhyme.

A comparison such as that which has just been made is naturally a comparison of suggestion, and nothing more. In music, in comprehensiveness, in emotion, in vocabulary, and in philosophy of life, Mr. Watson has nothing to do with the eighteenth century. But the lyric emotion of the last few decades has been vague, an undefined yearning for inexpressible things —

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.

Mr. Watson has felt the *Weltschmerz*, but there is nothing vague or indefinite in his thought or expression. From the first he has set before himself the high ideal of sculptured lucidity in language, and a logical and perfectly intelligible sequence in thought.

Perhaps the words 'from the first' call for a slight qualification. The volume containing *The Prince's Quest* appeared thirty years ago. Oddly enough, as it is one of Mr. Watson's earliest, it is also his longest poem. The *motif* is that underlying the *Hymn of Bardaisan*, Shelley's *Alastor*, and many another of the world's poems — the quest of the soul's ideal. It is Mr. Watson's only poem which exhibits any vagueness in thought or form, and it is obviously inspired by Shelley, while betraying echoes from Tennyson. The metre employed — five-foot iambic couplets — moves slowly, and we are conscious that the poet is not wholly at his ease in it: he suggests nothing of the fresh possibilities for the metre which Swinburne has shown in *Tristram of Lyonesse*. The poem is imma-

ture, and from it we could hardly have guessed the future development of the author of *Wordsworth's Grave*.

Far more characteristic of his future style were the two fine sonnets, *Vanishings* and *To Beethoven*, which were first published in the notes to Main's *Treasury of English Sonnets*. These two sonnets have been included in the collected edition of Mr. Watson's poems (1905), but the sestet of the sonnet *To Beethoven* has been rewritten; and, if the metre has been improved, the imagery has been decidedly weakened.

But Mr. Watson's genius first found definite expression four years later in his *Epigrams of Art, Life and Nature* (1884). The terse and chiseled form of the epigram was scarcely the favorite child of the times, and its revival by a young man showed at least a courage to stand aloof and work out his own salvation. There have been two periods of the epigram in English literature: the one represented most prominently by the names of Ben Jonson, Herrick, and Drummond of Hawthornden, and the second the eighteenth century generally, from Pope onward. In that century we had a plethora of the epigram, and the form became little less than a plague and a pestilence. Goldsmith has a neat gibe at the overworked satirical epigram of his day: —

'There was a time when folio was brought to oppose folio. . . . At present the controversy is decided in a summary way: an epigram or an acrostic finishes the debate, and the combatant, like the incursive Tartar, advances and retires with a single blow.'

The epigram as an instrument of satirical invective became tiresome in time and dropped out of sight. In a fine prose note, appended to his original volume of *Epigrams*, which is now out of print, Mr. Watson disclaims all intention of conforming to the popu-

larly accepted conception of the epigram, and chooses rather in his volume to emulate 'the nobler sort of Epigram,' — that is, the single thought on art, life, or nature, pointedly and concisely expressed. In this sense, of course, all great poetry (and all great prose) will contain epigrams; though the epigram in itself can never be a high form of the poetic art. But the interest of Mr. Watson's venture, so far as he is concerned, is that it has given to all his subsequent writing a terse and sententious character.

The original volume held a century of epigrams, and of these just over half have been reprinted in the collected edition of the poems. A selection is, under any conditions, difficult, and the compiler of an anthology, if he has given some little care and thought to his task, will probably be more dissatisfied with the result than anybody. Though Mr. Watson does not aim at satire, he has a fine satirical gift, and the exclusion of one or two of the satirical epigrams is a pity. Why should we not have LXXI, on Charles Lamb's proposal for a club of damned authors?

What! our inspired dyspeptic must select
Thee too, my heart's own Elia, to revile?
Avenge thee, gentle ghost! Rise, and project
A club of authors all damned by Carlyle.

But it is epigrams of 'the nobler sort' which make the value of this little volume, epigrams such as

The statue — Buonarroti said — doth wait,
Thrall'd in the block for me to emancipate.
The poem — saith the poet — wanders free
Till I betray it to captivity.

This is true poetry, and it would be difficult to compress more thought into four short lines.

With his *Epigrams* Mr. Watson began to walk unassisted on his own road. Since that time he has consistently maintained a high ideal of lan-

guage and form; and he has been content to follow the sculptured and epigrammatic manner in elegiac and philosophical poetry, showing little tendency to diverse experiment or subserviency to contemporary influence.

The Prince's Quest, and the shorter poems of that volume, together with the book of *Epigrams*, gave evidence of a genuine poetical faculty combined with a fine and reserved command of dignified English, which it was good to see at a time when the tendency ran, as it still does, toward a careless enlargement of the borders of poetical vocabulary. In English, poetry has not only its diction, but its idiom and grammar of thought, which, far from being a convention and artifice, are as natural as the language of everyday intercourse. And to depart widely from poetical language, however true may be the poetical content of the writer's mind, is to become commonplace, to fail in the essential object of conveying to the mind of the reader the peculiar emotion which belongs to poetry. Gray recognized this, protesting against the commonplace verse of his time: "Our poetry . . . has a language peculiar to itself." And at a later period Coleridge was compelled to enter the same protest in the face of Wordsworth's attempt to write poetry in the vernacular. If any man could have done it, it was Wordsworth: and his practice has long been cited as the argument against his precept.

Mr. Watson early realized this truth, and his ideal of poetic form and diction was from the first rigidly exacting. His early volumes displayed a self-control and reserve which were remarkable in a young man. But, as a poet of wider reach and feeling, he first showed the range of his powers with *Wordsworth's Grave*, written between 1884 and 1887, an elegiac poem which attracted universal admiration, both in

England and America, for its perfect artistic form and simple grandeur. The comparison with Milton which the poem suggested to more than one critic was something more than the mere overflow of contemporary feeling.

In *Wordsworth's Grave* we find the same intellectual passion for the commanding word or phrase, and the inevitable epithet, which belonged to Milton; and the lines move slowly like 'a solemn music.' The manner, the diction, and the music of the poem are exactly fitted to the subject, and, despite the contrary opinion of the few, in the judgment of the majority of those who read poetry at all it will probably remain as Mr. Watson's finest poem.

It is noteworthy that the poem is written in quatrains with alternately rhyming iambic lines, and thus follows the exact pattern of a number of the epigrams. Many of the stanzas might easily stand by themselves, embodying, as they do, a single and pregnant thought, complete in itself. By far the larger proportion of the forty-seven stanzas which compose the poem end in a full stop; and a very substantial fraction of the whole number may be fairly said to show little if any overflow of thought into the next stanza. And yet the elegy is a harmonious whole, not a broken series of isolated thoughts tagged together; it impresses us with a sense of unity. The poem is much more than an elegy on Wordsworth the poet, and its emotion is intellectual rather than personal; it deals with abstract ideas rather than with concrete objects. The hills, the lakes, the streams of Wordsworth's chosen country, where he now sleeps, are only named, and provide a text from which the poet departs to pour out his feelings on the relationship of Wordsworth's poetry to the poetry of the eighteenth century, the poetry of

the Romantic Revival, and the poetry of our own time. But *Wordsworth's Grave* is not that most deplorable of all things, criticism thrown into poetic form; it is the statement of a faith and belief which is much more than dogma — the impassioned conviction upon which the soul rests. There is little of the lyric emotion which marks *In Memoriam*; but we carry away from the poem a consciousness that abstract and intellectual enthusiasms may be as genuine a source of impassioned poetry as human love and regret. The feeling is profound; but the poet is less moved than we, for he is expressing far more than the mood of a moment — the faith which is himself.

The abstracted emotion of Mr. Watson's poetry has prompted the comment, which often appears in print, and is no less often heard from the average reader, that he has not enough passion for a poet. This is not only false in itself but it displays an extraordinary ineptness. It is true that poetry is in danger when it loses touch with physical life and strays into the region of things purely intellectual; but the lyric of the mind may be as genuinely moving and real as the lyric of human passion, hope, or disillusion. Perhaps the finest lyric in our language, Milton's ode *On Time* (why is it omitted from the *Golden Treasury*?), has no single concrete idea on which we can seize, — time is only a convention of the mind, — and the sphere in which the thought moves is purely mental; yet few poems are more profoundly moving. Mr. Watson's own *Apologia* shows a fine power of self-criticism. To those who level at him the accusation that his art is cold, he retorts that

in man's life
Is room for great emotions unbegot
Of dalliance and embracement, unbegot
Ev'n of the purer nuptials of the soul.

In the order of elegiac poetry Mr. Watson followed *Wordsworth's Grave* with *In Laleham Churchyard* and *Lacrimæ Musarum*, the latter written after the death of Tennyson. It is perhaps his most beautiful, warmly-colored, and melodious poem. The loose metre of the ode is used with that seeming artlessness which is the fruit of perfect art; and imagery combines with thought to sustain the poem on a plane worthy of 'the splendour of its theme.' It is not, as the poet humbly claims, the theme alone which gives the poem an enduring place in any anthology of English elegiac poetry. The natural tendency of Mr. Watson to finished terseness and rounded completeness in short phrases disappears, and the falling music of the lines flows across the mind, conveying the direct and subtle communication of emotion. We do not stop, as we are inclined to do in *Wordsworth's Grave*, to dwell upon the single thought or isolated image. And this is as it should be. The opening passage of the elegy could not be bettered, not only in the poetic imagery of its thought, but in the fitting stress it lays upon the oneness of Tennyson and his poetry with the racial consciousness of the land to which he belonged.

Low, like another's, lies the laurelled head:
The life that seemed a perfect song is o'er:
Carry the last great bard to his last bed.
Land that he loved, thy noblest voice is mute.
Land that he loved, that loved him! nevermore
Meadow of thine, smooth lawn or wild sea-shore,
Gardens of odorous bloom and tremulous fruit,
Or woodlands old, like Druid couches spread,
The master's feet shall tread.
Death's little rift hath rent the faultless lute:
The singer of undying songs is dead.

In *In Laleham Churchyard* and *The Tomb of Burns*, Mr. Watson, though he adopts a different metre, returns to the concise and epigrammatic manner. In these poems he employs the metre which Wordsworth used in *At the*

Grave of Burns, though his diction is hardly as simple.

It is in the elegy, the ode, and the quasi-philosophical poem that Mr. Watson's muse finds her fittest sphere of song; it is in these that he stands markedly differentiated from other poets of his time; and for this reason, too, the common comparison with Wordsworth has its meaning, though Mr. Watson is utterly wanting in the simplicity of Wordsworth and his love for the apparently commonplace. As Lowell amusingly remarks, everything was a phenomenon for Wordsworth, he could write poems on how he one day saw an old woman and the next day did not, but a cow instead. Mr. Watson is not obsessed with this belief in the enormous importance of little things, but inclines to display, on the contrary, a manner which is almost irritatingly superior. General conceptions rather than everyday trifles appear in the mirror which he holds up to life.

But that, after a short discipleship to Shelley, Mr. Watson conceived a deep and lasting reverence for Wordsworth, it is needless to say. The reason is not far to seek. If the emotion of the pure lyric is spontaneous and unsought, the inspiration of elegiac poetry, using the words in their widest connotation, is thought touched with emotion. And it is here that Mr. Watson finds a point of contact with Wordsworth. Beneath the slightest of Wordsworth's lyrics, however trivial it may appear at a superficial glance, lies genuine thought. Wordsworth was not one for whom poetry was an inrush which came to him wholly unbidden; poetry was for him 'emotion recollected in tranquillity,' and that is why he was never able wholly to distinguish between his hours of true inspiration and the days when he wrote poetry as a poet by profession. Mr. Watson knows

that his is not 'facile largess of a stintless muse,' but

A fitful presence seldom tarrying long,
Capriciously she touches me to song.

The character of the larger part of Mr. Watson's poetry is 'emotion recollected in tranquillity.' Apart from the elegies, the ode, the philosophical poem, and the sonnet with its exacting rules are the forms most naturally fitted to the character of his genius. On another plane we may add his political poetry, which can hardly have more than an ephemeral interest, and his few short satires, which, for point and venom, can hardly be surpassed.

Among the odes come the splendidly sonorous *Hymn to the Sea* and *England my Mother*. The first is undoubtedly one of the finest poems which Mr. Watson has ever written. The lilt and sound of the long lines fall on the ear like the beat of a rolling swell on a broad beach; and the command of phrase can hardly fall short of his own high ideal in these things. A few detached quotations will serve to illustrate the last point. The poet 'from the commune of air cages the volatile song,' while 'through the veins of the Earth riots the ichor of spring'; man, 'born too great for his ends, never at peace with his goal,' looks out from prison-windows 'ample of purview'; Summer sits at a banquet 'purple and drowsed with repletion'; and the moon is described 'zoning her ruins with pearl,' leaning toward the sea from 'the balconied night.' It would be hard to surpass phrases like these for their sudden and inevitable picture-making quality; and one great test of poetry is its power to summon these imaginative glimpses of a world which is something other than the region of everyday prose. The ode is not merely an address to the sea.

Mr. Watson cannot, like Swinburne

in *By the North Sea* or *On the South Coast*, pour out pages hymning the foam-flecked expanse of the sea and the gray shores without introducing an alien thought. Swinburne saw the sea and nothing more, and he sang of nothing more; but for Mr. Watson the sea suggests analogies and meanings which have to do with the problems of life. His passion for nature is not the instinctive and unthinking communion of the merely poetical or primitive being, but the feeling of the egotistic and cultured mind, for whom earth, sky, and sea are the environment in and through which the mystery of life evolves itself. He would never have been satisfied, like Swinburne, to chant nothing more than 'the light and sound and darkness of the sea,' or content to offer his song to the winds and the ocean as a lyric tribute of praise:—

Time gives what he gains for the giving
Or takes for his tribute of me;
My dreams to the wind everliving,
My song to the sea.

Mr. Watson's last volume, *New Poems* (1909), cannot be said to have added anything of real importance to his earlier work, but it is there, perhaps, that we must look, among his poems, for an ode which approaches the plan of his achievement in the *Hymn to the Sea*. The unrhymed lines of *Wales: A Greeting* have an impressive gravity which is something altogether different from the lilt of the earlier ode, but we meet here again the same descriptive power in sounding words. Those who know Wales will appreciate the marvelous compression and power of description in the few lines—

From Gwent to far Demetia by the sea;
Or northward unto cloud-roof'd Gwynedd, where
The mountains sit together and talk with heaven,
While Mona pushing forth into the deep
Looks back for ever on their musing brows:
By silent mound and menhir, camp and cairn,
Leaf-hidden stream, and cataract's thunderous
plunge:

In summer calms, or when the storming North
Whitens Eryi's crest and Siabod's cone.

The character of Mr. Watson's philosophical poetry might be described in the phrase with which a contemporary periodical attempts to explain its attitude—'denominational, not sectarian.' Mr. Watson belongs to no small sect, but he virtually accepts the doctrines of a church which has grown steadily in numbers since the time of Schopenhauer. The theory of any upward and ameliorative movement operating throughout nature Mr. Watson regards as wanting in confirmation. But, even if we accept this standpoint, it is difficult to understand why hopelessness is logically a more courageous attitude to adopt than hopefulness. Yet this appears as the whole argument of a very finely-expressed poem of fifteen stanzas, *The Hope of the World*. If we are faced with a world 'signifying nothing' so far as we can see, there seems no reason why the 'heroic course' is to reject 'instinctive hope.'

Perhaps Mr. Watson meant, and should have said, that to act fully and consistently without hope is the more difficult course of the two; and there most will agree with him; though Nietzsche maintained that pessimism had a fine tonic effect. But the want of conclusiveness and value in the argument does not detract from the sombre power of the poem.

In a companion poem, *The Unknown God*, Mr. Watson does not wander into the field of argument, but confesses his inability to find a place in the universe for that personal power whom men name God. In one of the stanzas he skillfully incorporates the saying of Christ discovered a few years ago by Messrs. Greenfell and Hunt among the *Oxyrhynchus* papyri.

The God I know of, I shall ne'er
Know, though he dwells exceeding nigh.

*Raise thou the stone and find me there,
Cleave thou the wood and there am I.
Yea, in my flesh his spirit doth flow,
Too near, too far, for me to know.*

And in the category of reflective and didactic poems 'the things that are more excellent,' though slighter in theme and less ambitious in form, ought not to be passed over. There is in the keynote and feeling of the poem less harshness and superiority in mental attitude than we are generally led to associate with the work of Mr. Watson. In a moment of sympathy he can see that even the crude and trivial things of life do not

wholly lack
The things that are more excellent.

The poem seems to flow from a happy moment of the poet's mind, when, for a brief instant, he catches a transient glimpse of the mere zest of life which so many of his fellows know, which is yet strange and foreign to his nature and habitual mood. For he has confessed himself that in the world to which he belongs, he has

never felt at home,
Never wholly been at ease.

One of the most striking defects of Mr. Watson's verse is an absence of tolerance, comprehensiveness, and sympathy. He walks through life for the greater part of his time wearing blinkers which shut out everything but the road directly before him. He is a rebel, not so much against the order of society, though that too obsesses him in his political verse, but against the order of the universe and the cramping limitations within which the human soul is confined. He is at war with invisible principalities and powers. A contrast with Shelley will explain Mr. Watson's attitude. Shelley was a born revolutionary, but he lived in a world of beneficence and beauty, which man alone made vile. Shelley believed that

men could be happy, but that institutions and religions had vitiated the very fountains of their life. Let these be cast away, and all would be well.

Shelley was an altruistic revolutionary. Mr. Watson is an egotistic rebel. He defies the order of the world, as commonly understood, on his own account. And this is a mistake, for, as Epictetus pointed out long ago, it is better for a man to confine himself to the things which lie in his own power. It is this self-centred attitude which hampers Mr. Watson as a poet. He is not lyrical because he cannot place himself in other situations with a subjective and imaginative sympathy. And this faculty lies at the root of all dramatic and lyrical achievement. But, though his genius does not express itself naturally in the lyric, he has written a few short lyrics of supreme beauty. The following stanzas, which bear no title, form a lyric poem with the integral purity of clear crystal:—

Thy voice from inmost dreamland calls;
The wastes of sleep thou makest fair;
Bright o'er the ridge of darkness falls
The cataract of thy hair.

The morn renews its golden birth:
Thou with the vanquished night dost fade;
And leav'st the ponderable earth
Less real than thy shade.

And there are a few other short poems of the genuine lyrical order.

Mr. Watson's last volume came as something of a disappointment to the many who knew and admired the distinctive qualities of his earlier achievement. Apart from political poetry and a formal ode on the coronation of Edward VII, he had published no volume of new work for eleven years. The last collection contains a few poems which approach the austere strength of his best work, but austerity, in the worst significance of the word, is painfully evident. The lines

are parched and dry; rapture there is hardly any; emotion of any kind is often difficult to find. Mr. Watson has driven his own ideal of sculptured and statuesque beauty in form and diction to an extreme point, and anything like vital emotion has been strangled in the birth. In tranquillity Mr. Watson has evidently found it difficult to remember his moments of emotion. Apart from one poem already named, and one or two others, the sonnets of the last volume contain more true poetry than the rest of the book. But sonnets are a separate study in themselves, and have hardly been more than named in this brief sketch of Mr. Watson's work. The form is one which adapts itself to the character of his genius, and not a few of Mr. Watson's sonnets are worthy of a place in any rigidly exclusive anthology of English sonnets.

Among living English poets Mr. Watson holds a unique place. He

stands by himself, with a collection of poetry which is not closely comparable in character with that of any of his contemporaries. The distinctive position he has won for himself he owes to the consistent faith with which he has pursued a method, style, and ideal he evolved in early youth. That style was hardly in the ascendant when he adopted it; but he followed it with individual conviction. He has written slowly, at intervals, and with elaborate care, refusing to print a line which did not satisfy his own ideals of artistic form and the traditions of great poetry. We do not look in his work for color, warmth, and lyric passion; for the emotion of his poetry is abstract and intellectual, of the mind rather than the heart. The inspiration of his work is, none the less, superlatively poetical, and, perhaps more than any poet now living, he has enriched English poetry with a contribution of the highest order.

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

BY ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

HANS ANDERSEN, in one of his books of travel, tells a story of a monstrous Englishman who was his fellow pilgrim for a few days, and who appropriated to himself, as by a natural right, all the conveniences meant for the entire party of travelers. When the others were sitting round the solitary fire of an inn, the Englishman, who had got wet, came and hung his clothes to dry inside the circle, saying that he must give his garments a good steaming. Andersen shared a room with him,

and when he went to bed, found that the Englishman had taken his bolster, pillow, and blankets, saying in explanation, when Andersen entered, 'You see I never can sleep unless my head is very high and my feet are very warm.' When the party left a little inn, where the landlord had done his best, under great difficulties, to entertain them, and stood hat in hand before the Englishman, expressing a hope that he was satisfied, the Englishman replied, 'No, I am not! I am dissatisfied

with the house, the beds, the food, the attendance. I shall give no gratuities, and no one shall have a word of thanks from me.'

Set side by side with that a pleasant fiction, supposed to have happened to Matthew Arnold. He was sitting in his study one morning when the butler showed in an American lady and a small boy. The lady said, 'Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Arnold; I have often heard of you. No, don't trouble to speak, sir! I know how valuable your time is!' Then, turning to the boy, she said, 'This is him, Lenny, the leading critic and poet. Somewhat fleshier than we had been led to expect!'

The two stories illustrate the Anglo-Saxon tendency to frank appropriation, but with this difference. The Englishman gathers in with equanimity, and with no sense of injustice, the material conveniences that are meant for society; the American lays an equally firm hand on the higher influences and associations, and with less injustice; for in the case of material possessions, the fact that one person has them makes it impossible for others to enjoy them; while every one can share cultured influences and traditions without any diminution of the stock.

It is a curious and instructive fact that Americans, who are in the forefront of commercial enterprise, are so determined at the present time not to live by bread alone, so resolved to touch and taste and feel the culture of the world, so passionately bent on seeing whatever is famous or beautiful or ancient; and this not in the spirit of the dilettante or the connoisseur, but in the spirit of the man of business and the pioneer. Europe is required to bring out her old culture and to let America take stock of it. If culture is, as it seems to be, a force of any kind, then America is going to test it and experience it and use it.

Now I am not in any way disapproving of this attitude, and still less deriding it. I feel that it is a fine spirit, and none the less fine because it does not quite capture the thing of which it goes in search. As far as knowledge, information, selection, division, subdivision go, the Americans certainly have it all at their fingers' ends. They certainly do take stock of it; but what they are in search of, if I am not mistaken, is a thing that cannot be thus captured at all, because it is not a tangible thing, but an atmosphere, and an attitude of mind. It can no more be conquered, ravished, or brought away, than Rome could carry off Greek culture by taking away the statues and pictures of Greece. It is really a tradition and a nurture, and Americans brought up in Europe, among European influences, — if they are real influences, and not only the influences reached by the colonist and the resident alien, — gain the tradition readily and naturally.

The thing, no doubt, which secretly vexes the spirit of the American, with all his mastery of purchase and his commercial enterprise, is to feel that there is something which he would like to possess, but which cannot be exploited. I do not rank European culture very high among social forces. It is in one sense an artificial thing, and depends upon a subordination of classes and an organized social system. It is just as impossible a thing to obtain in Europe by a European who is not born in a certain grade, unless he be the sort of genius that oversteps all distinctions. But it is a beautiful and charming thing, a delicate and graceful plant, which flourishes quite naturally under certain conditions, and may very likely disappear under new social arrangements.

It is just the same in literature, and even in art. It may be only the fact that I cannot, owing to my own nur-

ture, appreciate new forces in art and literature; but I should be inclined to believe that Walt Whitman is the only absolutely first-rate authentic product of American literature at present. I am not praising Whitman in his entirety; he has colossal faults of aim, of conception, of execution, of taste; but at his best, he is an absolutely new and vital force in expression and thought, which one cannot gainsay or explain away. I do not mean that there are not many American writers who have reached a high level of accomplishment. Mr. Henry James I leave on one side, because his is not an authentic product of America. But Hawthorne, Lowell, Mr. Howells, Miss Mary Wilkins, Oliver Wendell Holmes, to mention just a few of many, are very accomplished, beautiful, expressive writers, who have their due place in the great procession, 'where none is first or last.' The reason why America has not at present, in my belief, established a great literature of her own, is simply and solely because she has not had the time. The energy is all there, the view of life is fresh, eager, and vital; but the tradition must grow up, and it cannot be manufactured, even with the most approved machinery. Of course, I have not the least doubt that it will appear; but though I have a great admiration for the American temperament, its sturdiness, its curiosity, its energy, it would be insincere to pretend that I think that this particular thing has yet appeared.

I think, however, that Americans are going the right way to work, in the sense that they are getting experience and trying experiments. But I do not believe that culture can be got in Europe, or transplanted from Europe, or even bottled in Europe for American consumption. It will have to grow up on American soil and out of American conditions. One of the most hopeful signs of pro-

mise is the rich, racy, vigorous knack of conversational expression Americans possess. It is not always grateful to the European ear and taste, but I feel its vitality and its quality, and I believe that it may be the seed of a great literature, because it is the sign that thought is taking its own shape and crystallizing itself, even though it be in bizarre forms. And then too, as I said, the appetite for things of interest and beauty, for information, for knowledge, is so strong—a sign of immaturity, perhaps, like the hunger of the growing boy, who has got to make muscle before he can use it dexterously and gracefully.

The point is that one cannot have everything, and doubtless Europe in her age has lost qualities which America possesses, while she has inherited qualities which America has not yet made. The thing that is really out of place on either side is the note of contempt. One knows the note of American derision for the backwardness, the faintness, the decadence, the softness of European views and ways; and one knows too the European timidity and decorum, shocked as a maiden aunt might be at the vagaries of a schoolboy, at the noisiness, the ebullition, the obstreperousness, the outrageousness of American buoyancy and disrespect. But that is all a mistake, especially as the maiden aunt is much more likely to be scared by the schoolboy than the schoolboy by the maiden aunt. He may even submit contentedly to a little tender slapping, because he has youth and hope on his side. And after all there is a sincere attachment between them, and an unconfessed admiration for the other's strong points.

What I do not desire to see is any attempt at mutual imitation. Europe has made her bed, and must lie in it. The American bed has still to be made, and meanwhile the youthful occupant

prefers to use his pillows for a bolster-fight.

American culture will grow up and develop in its own way and in its own time. America contains, of course, an abundance of cultured and well-instructed persons, with fine discrimination and appreciation, but it has not got its own tradition yet, as older nations have, for good or evil, got theirs.

The American spirit, as I have said, is in many ways admirable, were it not for the slight tendency to claim the thing, on one hand, and to deride it on the other; and everything may be hoped from the intellectual energy and curiosity of a nation whose natural and instinctive cry of surprise, at anything which shakes the mental equilibrium, is, 'I want to know!'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TOLERATION

ONE of the life lessons that I carried with me from my Andover home, strange as it may seem to those who think of Andover Hill as an arena of strife, was toleration of other denominations. This spirit was fostered in me by a certain experience of my childhood. With some of my school-mates I had once run away from home to hear a sermon by Elizabeth Fry. The escapade of which I write was similar in its object. We Hill children never ran away to go to the circus, — oh, no: only to go to meeting.

To understand the episode you must realize how hot was the controversy between the so-called Orthodox Congregationalists and the Unitarians. Nowadays members of the two sects can hardly be told apart, — even, I sometimes suspect, by themselves. But matters were very different then. Andover Seminary had been founded just after Unitarian influences had got the upper hand at Harvard College, on purpose to combat what many good ministers considered a manifestation of the Evil One. Articles and pamphlets had been written back and forth

by our Dr. Woods and by Professor Ware of Harvard, in a debate called the 'Wood 'n' Ware Controversy.' Dr. Channing, the Unitarian leader, had preached sermons and published articles in which he had charged the other side with being as bad as the Inquisition. And my own father had written an answer to Dr. Channing, which proved — to the satisfaction of Andover, at least — that Dr. Channing was entirely in the wrong. If we children had been asked which we should less dislike to be, a heathen or a Unitarian, I fancy that we should have decided to join the interesting heathen, in whose behalf the sympathies of the community were so fully enlisted.

As a little girl just entering my teens, I was a wide-awake and silent listener at spirited discussions in which the name of Channing frequently recurred. For months I longed to hear this great and dreadful preacher, who was setting so many Boston people on the way to hell. At last there came an opportunity.

My mother went to Boston to visit friends, taking me with her, as she often did. On our walks about the town, they pointed out to us the

church where Dr. Channing preached; and a seemingly careless question brought the assurance that the following Sunday would be no exception.

The next Sunday, accordingly, I asked to be excused from going to church with the others. My mother looked surprised and grieved; but she did not urge me to go. We were never obliged to go to church; we were only expected to. As everybody in the community went regularly, except in case of illness, it no more occurred to us children to stay away than to absent ourselves from our meals. The shadow on my mother's sweet face half-tempted me to give up my cherished plan; but I turned away my eyes and thought of Channing.

When from the window I had watched the party down the street, I fetched my hat, and stole softly past the loud-ticking eight-day clock, through the empty house, and out the door. As I walked all by myself along the streets, I heard the church-bells slowly tolling. Presently, after several quick strokes, they stopped. A few belated church-goers hastened by; and still I had not reached Federal Street. I was going to be late! But I thought of Channing, and kept on.

Sure enough, when I pushed open the door from the vestibule into the church, the congregation were singing. And what hymn do you think they sang? It was one that I had often heard in the chapel at Andover, and the very last that I should have expected to hear in a church of the heretical Unitarians. It was, —

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

I can hardly believe that they sang that hymn very often in Dr. Channing's church; but they certainly sang it that morning; and it made a little

Andover girl feel much less guilty and less strange.

Of the rest of the meeting I can remember little, except the appearance of the wonderful Dr. Channing. I was used to hearing at Andover preachers of height, presence, and good looks. On seeing the Unitarian champion, I was distinctly disappointed. He was a little, frail wisp of a man, I thought. I wish I could remember his sermon, but I cannot. I only know that though I listened with the expectation of being shocked, I was not shocked at all.

I crept out at the beginning of the final hymn and ran back to the house, reaching it before the Orthodox party had returned. Why should I distress my dear gentle mother by telling her about my expedition, especially as there had evidently been no harm in it at all? I did not tell her what I had done until long afterwards. This experience, as may easily be believed, did much to broaden my horizon.

With a spirit of toleration grown with the years, I once went with a party of friends to attend a camp-meeting. The ground was pleasantly chosen on the borders of a thick wood, before which, at the distance of only a few miles, stretched out a lovely bit of the Green Mountain range. It was a common Vermont grove, full of roots, low bushes, and general unevenness, but full also of the delicious breath of resinous trees, and of the low buzz of myriad insects singing their evening hymn. Perhaps I ought to confess it with shame and repentance, but when I found myself hurrying to the tented ground with so many cheerful companions, and was met by old friends with such cheerful, outspoken gladness of welcome, I felt as if I were out for something for which the undignified word 'spree' seems most applicable; and I had to hum snatches of holy song to keep my 'vital spark' alive.

Now you may smile, if you will, but it is nevertheless true, that when I passed through the entrance into the camp-ground, there came upon me a feeling of reverence hardly second to that with which I waited for the lifting of the heavy leather curtain which hangs before the door of St. Peter's in Rome. And why not? This temple, with its dome covered with spangling stars, its tall pillars carved in minute and exquisite tracery, its cloistered aisles, and its innumerable arches, was planned and executed by the artist beside whom even Michael Angelo is 'a very little thing.'

As the twilight deepened, people began to take their places decorously upon the boards which were closely ranged before a rude pulpit. A peculiar audience it was! There were sunburnt men, with marked features, plainly, often coarsely dressed, but there for an object. There were women, — thin, pale, hard-worked, with sharp faces and wan eyes, — women who had toiled and milled a whole year, and who had now come here to rest, and, some might add, to gossip, but I prefer to say, to worship. Do you suppose there is another being in the wide world who needs what are technically called 'the comforts of religion' as much as the middle-aged, hard-working woman? I do not.

It was refreshing to turn to the young people. There they were, whole bevvies of them! girls with red lips, rosy cheeks, and wide-awake eyes; and true Green Mountain boys, in the poetical interpretation of the phrase. For these young people I kept looking through the evening, in the changeful, weird light.

It was this light that gave to the scene its chief picturesqueness. At the four corners of the camp-ground there had been built huge mounds of stone; and on top of these, piles of dry pine-

knots had been placed. At the ringing of the first bell the knots were lighted; and it was as if the scene had been instantaneously converted into a great picture by some old Dutch painter. Such a wealth of *chiaroscuro* was surely never seen before. How the shadows chased the lights around the trunks of the old trees! How the lights chased the shadows among the dancing, flickering leaves! How a stray beam, falling on an old, seamed face, softened its troubled look, as if that beam had been indeed the light of God's countenance! How a darkening, like that under an outspread angel's wing, rested upon another face, hallowing it! There we sat, bathed in this sea of light, its waves sweeping over us in great undulations, as one knot after another yielded to the flames and a fresh one took its place.

I shall leave out of this sketch any account of the preaching and praying. I hold that if your taste inclines you to what is gentle, noiseless, and very reverent, you should go only where you are sure to find it, or else receive what you meet in silence. Of the singing, however, I can speak with enthusiasm. There is no music more stirring than these camp-meeting songs. The melodies in themselves are full of spirit; and when hundreds of voices break into them from all parts of a tented field, the effect is wonderful. If I had been tempted to utter any ejaculations of pious fervor, it would have been when a chorus came suddenly to a full stop, or a winged note carried up with it the souls of the audience. If they would sing more, and pray less — but, as I said, I will not criticise.

The intolerant spirit that can see no good in alien forms of religion is typified for me by an incident that I witnessed many years ago in Rome. While I was walking one noon with a party

of friends along a narrow street, a cry came sounding down that the Pope was coming. Almost before we could turn round, the outriders were upon us. I was separated from my friends, and pushed near an elderly man, whom I recognized as a compatriot whose veins were blue with Puritan blood. As the gilded chariot drew near us, every gentleman uncovered his head, and every lady bent hers in kindly reverence. I said every one; but there was an exception. The American at my side stood stark and stiff, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but straight before him. The old man sitting there in his 'pomp of circumstance,' with his gentle smile, his flowing gray hair, and his faded eye, was for this Puritan the representative of the 'scarlet woman,' and an embodiment of the abominations, cruelties, sins, sorrows, and shames of the religious world. Not all the king's horses and all the king's men could have bent one of his stiff Puritan joints into any attitude but that of open defiance. If the color mounted quickly into my cheeks, and my reverence was even more deferential than the occasion demanded, do not blame me. The man's demeanor seemed to me so *little*, that I could not help myself.

The thing by which I have been most strongly tempted to intolerance was no feature of an alien sect, but an outgrowth of the faith of my fathers in its early days. With one companion I was visiting the old burial-ground at Copp's Hill. The superintendent had shown us a vault on which, by taking pains, we had deciphered the names of the 'Reverend Drs. Increase, Cotton, and Samuel Mather.' There we had stood reverently, in the shadowy presence of their great souls, feeling that it was no slight thing to have lived lives the memory of which can never die, — to be sending down, over the

long, long years, influences which still tell upon the world.

Then we wandered about the graveyard, studying the old tombstones. That any one could have been willing to die, knowing that he would be so commemorated, — that any one could sleep, with a headstone like some of these above him, — remains a marvel unto this day. In the sixteen hundreds they put at the head of every stone the most horrible, grinning death's head. In the seventeen hundreds they carved instead a cherub, with puffy cheeks, fluffy wings, and a general air of prosperity in striking contrast to the former favorite.

But I am weakly putting off my tale. On one side of the graveyard there was a mound encircled by an iron fence. The grass there was green and soft and happy-looking; so I asked, with something like relief in my voice, sure that here death had lost its sting, —

'Whose grave is that?'

'That,' answered the superintendent, looking as if the words were forced out of him, 'that is a relic of the intolerance of the age of Cotton Mather. There they *buried the unbaptized infants!*'

'Come,' I said, turning hastily to my companion, 'I have seen enough, — too much. Let us go home.'

'I don't believe a word of it,' he confided to me quietly, as we walked quickly away. 'And if it was so, Cotton Mather had nothing to do with it!'

But I answered not a word.

A MOMENT OF REVOLT

THE Contributor who protested recently against the tyranny of the 'Old Man of the Sea' in the shape of 'required reading' in preparation for seeing Italy, must have given joy to many members of the Club who have staggered under the load but lacked the

courage to throw it off. But this is only one phase of the despotism of a superstition generated in minds more receptive than original. That insidious and penetrating form of disease known among its victims as Culture plays havoc with many who would not, under any circumstances, enrich the world for all time, but who might, save for this paralyzing disease, contribute to the simple enjoyment of living.

What is more delightful than the companionship of a fresh, natural, unsophisticated mind in the Tribuna or at Pæstum! What more depressing than to be caught in either place with a Person of Culture! Woe betide the man or woman whose approach to the first glimpse of an enchanting landscape with a historical background, or of half a dozen pictures of the kind that make windows in a wall, is overshadowed by the instructive mood of a Person of Culture! Nature has some rights, but if one fall into the hands of this Person, Art, which is the direct vision of the beauty of the world, has no right to exist save as educational material. There are people who have great natural capacity for appreciation if they could only get a chance to use it; but they are so dogged by Culture that they never get any simple, human happiness out of Art. They are hemmed in on every side by an organization of knowledge more highly articulated and arrogant than the Roman Curia, and they never get a chance to play with things, which is the very essence of a primary relation with Art.

Culture, as commonly practiced, is a calculated determination to know, rather than a passionate desire to feel or to enjoy. There is nothing so shocking to a Person of Culture as the ignorance of artists of the things which cultivated persons know about pictures, unless it be their almost brutal indifference to these things. There is some-

thing inexplicable in the simple-mindedness of the men who have created the material out of which the sophistication of Culture has been distilled by a sterilizing process. Many of them have been as rough-handed and devoid of the refinements of taste, which are first generalized into them and then generalized out of them, as the hard-featured peasant who grows the stuff on which the Parisian *chef* exercises his skill. Some man of heroic temper, willing to face the contumely of the society-studio and the scorn of the guardians of the shrine, ought to bring out the shocking truth which a deeper-sighted age than ours will no doubt face, that Art is not primarily, or even secondarily, intellectual, and that the paths of Culture often lead into a barren wilderness.

It is a great misfortune that organized Culture, more alert than the Conservation movement, has sequestered Italy for its private uses, and that only the brave and free really see the country as it dreams and awakens under a sun that woos it in a rapture of perpetual Spring. If one can turn his back on ancient Rome and cast the Renaissance behind him, he can fairly sport with Nature in Italy, and be a child again. And it may be suspected that this is getting very near the heart of Italy, whose most wonderful secret is her youthfulness. She has outlived more and survived more than any other country in the world; for, while there are countries with a longer history than hers, there is no other that has flowered and borne fruit so often in renewed vitality, and taken on the form, and taken up the work, of so many successive civilizations.

Most people are so absorbed in the older Italy that they do not see the Italy of to-day, building itself on the old foundations with the audacity which has rebuilt the country half a

dozen times. To see this new Italy and understand it, one must get away from the idea that it is an art gallery to be scrupulously guarded against change or enlargement; a well-buttressed ruin carefully preserved for travelers of taste and means; a repository of beautiful things for the restrained and modulated joy of the Person of Culture. There is a real duty here which Italy is not disposed to shirk; but the Italians have a certain rough, everyday idea that they have as much right to make themselves comfortable and prosperous as their forefathers had, and they are calmly acting on the conviction that they own the country. They are not always wise in their activities, and the blight of taste which has fallen on all Europe has not left Italy unharmed; but there is much to be said for the Italian point of view. It is not quite fair for Americans, amply provided by a prosperous country with the means of enjoying Italy, to ask the Italians to be content to remain custodians of historical places and art collections, and to put aside the chances of fortune and action in which modern life abounds. The builders of every age in Italy have handled life without gloves, and with a daring indifference to their predecessors; and it may be suspected that every generation of force and initiative will have iconoclastic moments.

Such moments come to persons of normal mind in Italy, from time to time, and they come oftenest in Florence, where the enchantments not only of the Middle Age, but of the Renaissance, still linger, and where Culture waits at the gate like the omnipresent octroi and demands tribute from any newcomer. There the Person of Culture basks in the sense of absolute superiority, and turns a scornful eye on those who profane the sanctuary with interests, emotions, and activities not

laid down in the Baedeker of the elect, the unprinted handbook of the initiated. In the fair city which painters, sculptors, poets, and architects have enriched for all time, normally human persons either revolt, like the American girl, and ask, out of the unplumbed depths of gallery-fatigue, 'When shall we get out of this picture-belt?' or flee to the hills for refuge. There comes a moment when *quattrocento* and *cinquecento* make one long for the ignorance of the cave-dwellers, or the simplicity of the Etruscans who have innocently furnished so much of the apparatus of Culture.

In such an hour we planned a picnic because that seemed the most elementary human thing we could think of, and because it involved a deliberate affront to Culture. We were driven out of Florence as truly as was Dante, but with this difference: to our expulsion could not be added the atrocious insult of a monument in Santa Croce!

To make our revolt against the textbook, the art-history, the whole literature of Culture more pronounced, we took a tram at the side of the Duomo and under the shadow of the Campanile, and we went third-class! The late afternoon light was already fading from the hills when we turned up a bit of white road that soon vanished in the shade of the woods. The gray-green of the olive trees gave a restful tone to the hillsides, and above the darker pines were silently gathering the shadows that give the stars their chance. We climbed a steep road into which we presently turned, then forsook it, and scrambled up the steeper slope until we came to one of those little plateaus which show, from the scientific point of view, that picnics were part of the original plan of creation. We sat down wherever Nature had made places for us, and looked at Florence beginning to blend its outlines in the soft mystery of

a dream-city. We talked of everything but the things which the Baedeker of Culture prescribes for subjects of conversation. We were not above enjoying the hastily and happily improvised supper; we saw the stars come out, and we watched Florence silently define itself in lines of light. The *brioche*s brought no suggestion of quattrocento with them, and the delicate cakes from Giacosa's had nothing in common with the cinquecento.

A quiet humanizing of Florence was being wrought in us. We thought of the gentle spirit of Fra Angelico painting those lovely poems of his religion on the walls of the little cells in San Marco, but we were unconcerned about the significance of his work in the development of Italian painting; we thought of the passionate heart of Dante beating against the invisible bars of his exile, but we did not discuss the *terza rima*. We were content with the olive trees, blurred by the dusky wing of night; we looked at Florence aglow with light, and the Arno, invisible, but moving between shining points of fire. Behind the old town what dim shadows of the past swept by with the 'trailing garments of the night'; within, what stirrings of a life which emerges out of great memories to set its own candles aflame by its own hearthstone!

FOUNDATIONS OF SIMPLICITY

ONCE at a luncheon I sat next to a lady who told breathlessly of an experience she had had the previous summer. It seemed that she had taken board in a house where there were no bells in any of the rooms; 'And you can't think,' she said, 'what a queer feeling it gave one.' 'Dear me!' assented another of the guests, 'I should think so!' It was plain to see that both ladies regarded it as a decidedly tremendous occurrence. A flicker of

amusement danced across my mind, and I was tempted to rise up and say, 'My dear ladies, I went to school in a log schoolhouse, and it requires more than the mere absence of bell-buttons in my room to excite me!'

Yes, I take an infinite pride in the fact of my log-schoolhouse days. I fear I am even a little snobbish about it, and am sometimes inclined to look down on those unfortunate people whose education has centred only in prosaic city edifices. But after all, I humble myself at such times with the remembrance that my school itself was in its way somewhat conventional, having as it did a board floor, real benches, and the customary windows of glass. I have a friend who attended a school where the windows were just openings left for that purpose between the logs; where the floor was of dirt, and the benches were logs flattened on one side, with pegs driven in on the other for legs. It is as well that I did not go there, — I know I should have been too proud of it. And failing such a really primitive one, my own simple school is very good indeed to remember, and the recollection of it will, I am sure, keep me from feeling the absence of bell-buttons too acutely.

It was just a little one-room building of gray logs, with strips of white daubing between, giving to the whole the appearance of being clad in an honest gray-and-white hickory shirt, where the children of the neighborhood congregated through the long winter months, and, where, outside, the mountains in their serene naturalness went up to the heaven-blue of the sky above. It was known as the Big Draft schoolhouse — draft in that part of the world meaning a narrow valley. In the same district there are other schools with no less delightful and suggestive names. There is, for instance, the Blue Swamp schoolhouse, and the one at the

Wild Meadows. Wild Meadows! It presents to my mind a series of small meadows that have jauntily flung off the yoke of cultivation to return to a charmingly unkempt state — a rich tangle of weeds and flowers and swamp grass. Having escaped from the hand of man, they are no longer forced to entertain just the one prosaic crop, like wheat or corn, with possibly the more exciting round of buckwheat with all its attendant bees, but may now spread their hospitable bosoms to any little seed-tramp that may elect to accept board and lodging from them for the summer — and what delightfully unexpected visitors the wind must bring!

Then too there is the Hard Scrabble schoolhouse, another name in which my soul delights. For take it how you will, whether between logs, or between bricks, to the average child education is a hard scrabble, so why not be frank and say so at once? I regret to find that the would-be sophisticated ladies who teach there now like to ignore its real name, and say primly, 'I'm conducting the school this year on the, Covington Road'; thereby delivering themselves up to the unfortunate modern tendency to gloss things over, and try to pretend that they are easy when everybody knows that they are n't. To these ladies I always say quite firmly, 'Oh, yes, the Hard Scrabble school, you mean.' For the putting on of airs is something which, if one has attended a log schoolhouse in the right spirit, one must inevitably detest. And if now, in the conventional city surroundings in which I occasionally find myself, I am tempted to pretend an irritation, which in reality I do not feel, over some little hitch in luxury, such as the having to wait for one's carriage, or the not being able to secure just the seats one could have wished for the opera, I see suddenly before me the picture of a little girl sit-

ting in a log schoolhouse, very proud of a nice new slate pencil, — the teacher was the only person in the whole building who possessed a lead pencil, and even she had only one, — and it comes over me with a rush of laughter and of gladness, that while others may complain of crumpled rose-leaves, that doubtful privilege is never for me; the foundations of my being were laid too deep and sure in simplicity, for I went to school in a log schoolhouse.

THE TAILOR'S PARADOX

I AM not the first to make an analogy between our clothes and the greater realities of life. Indeed, to those of us who spend our days in a fevered but ineffectual endeavor to appear well dressed, what more natural than to apply the lessons, there learned, to other fruitless aspirations of the soul?

My thought now, however, is not in the line of a complaint over ideals set too high. It is a philosophic comparison I have drawn between the fit of clothes to figures for which they were not modeled, and the resemblance of well-wrought portraits to persons for whom they were not drawn. To make my point wholly clear involves an ignominious confession. I wear second-hand clothes. Let me state the matter at its very baldest. Not only do I occasionally deign to accept a worn ball-gown from a rich friend, and wear it with apologies, but my wardrobe is almost wholly composed of the moulted feathers of wealthy relatives, who know my shamelessness in accepting such gifts, and who find in me an easy and comfortable outlet for the charitable instinct. My habits in this respect need only come into the discussion to explain my familiarity with the fit of a second-hand garment. Indeed, it is a sweet drop in my frugal cup, that only by passing through such a valley

of humiliation, could I have found this jewel of thought!

I have two principal avenues of contribution: one brings me dresses by way of a well-tailored cousin not at all of my figure or proportions; and the other from an aunt much nearer my size and shape, but whose dressmaker leaves something to be desired.

Indeed my cousin's figure is a peculiar one. Her two sides are not alike, she is tall while I am not, she is broad where I am narrow, and, to quote our cook, *reverser viser*. But the emphatic point is, withal, that her tailor is an artist. Thus it happens that a garment cut with nicety by a master-hand to her unique shape, fits my totally different one much better than a suit fashioned with less skill for a figure much more akin to mine. I make no unkind criticism of my aunt's costumes. They are always sturdy and occasionally stylish. But as they never conformed to every line of her body with consummate smoothness, they will never do so to those of any one else. Even though her measurements and mine appear so much more similar than mine and the better-groomed cousin's, the coat that was never a faultless, unique fit cannot be a general fit — or to launch at once into the abstract, it was never a true individual, so it cannot be a type.

My analogy is now obvious, and how many instances might be cited of its truth! I remember an old artist telling me that one way to judge of the merit of a portrait was to observe how many resemblances might be traced in it to people whom it was not intended to represent, and this test has proved as valid as it seemed at first unreasonable.

How many times have I observed admirers of Mona Lisa finding in that strikingly individual woman shadowy portraits of various friends. So it is with doges and popes, with queens and

peasants. The more carefully and cunningly the artist has caught the spirit of his models, — the *differentia* that mark them out from all creation beside, — the more apparently has he linked them by their very differences to all the world, and we see the very type of the crafty counselor, the wise woman, or the irresistible youth.

This seems even more true, if possible, of literary likenesses. Those characters less sharply drawn, who were perhaps intended to stand for types, not individuals, are in point of fact neither one nor the other; while the more intensely personal, those heroes so unique that we should know them anywhere, who are never confounded by chance with others than themselves, and who are never duplicated, — these I say become the type, and we see their lineaments in half our acquaintances. Who could illustrate this better than Becky Sharp? How neatly the coat was cut and fitted to Becky's crafty little shape, and yet how well it fits many of us who are much clumsier and less graceful than she. That is the astonishing paradox, the triumph of Hegelianism! The snugger the fit of Becky's little jacket as cut by her excellent tailor, the closer does it cling to the more ungainly forms of some I might mention. The greater the care which Sir Willoughby's tailor expends in contriving him a splendid suit of clothes, the more infallibly and relentlessly are we all being suited — all of us, with figures differing as widely as possible from that hero's magnificent proportions.

It is a mystical truth! I have faithfully tried my tailor-hand at fitting an accurate literary costume to some interesting friend, some one whose characteristics seemed so obvious that a perfect fit seemed inevitable, and after all my trouble, how often have I found some ready-made second-hand coat, —

worn threadbare perhaps, but fashioned at the start by an artist at his trade, — which seemed cut and measured to my model, while my poor garment hung in folds that quite disguised his outlines. Why, I have draped figures of all descriptions in the Hamlet mantle. It is generally too large, to be sure, but it is amazing how much better it fits them all — straight or crooked, fat or thin, than even the simplest shift I try to stitch for any single one of them. And yet Hamlet had such a unique figure, and his dark doublet fitted him without a wrinkle!

I had hoped that since this pregnant fact was suggested by a second-hand wardrobe, some illuminating explanation would spring from the same source; but here I have been disappointed. There is something to be said for padding. If only enough material is accumulated in one spot, it may bridge gulfs, or make the garment at least adhere stiffly to its own lining if it declines to fit the wearer. So in literary costuming. If enough descriptive data are given, some characteristic will be bound to fit us all. But this is a coarse kind of tailoring not worthy of the name. The adjustment to the form beneath may be as accurate in thin muslins without a particle of wadding to blur discrepancies, as in the stiffest of tailor-mades. It may be more so, I believe, for I have observed that the less of the artificial there is in my tall cousin's frock, the better the conformity to my less imposing person.

It cannot be that we are all of us in reality shaped alike, for obviously we are not, and the suggestion of Anaxagoras that there is something of everything in everything else, though it

sounds illuminating at first blush, is really no help when you think it through. It may be that salient projections must fit smoothly, while the rest of the person may take care of itself — or perhaps if the whole of any individual is told, we have the race. There may be only a difference of degree in each man's possession of all human faculties, so that in the slight readjustments which are always necessary with second-hand clothes, it is a simpler matter to alter a feature already present than to supply one which has been omitted altogether.

Yes, we have to agree with Hegel in the end. Here is a bolt of cloth that fits everybody and everything indifferently well because it fits nobody. Then I cut out a coat, which, if it does not fit the customer for whom it was intended, fits no one else, and we seem indeed to have gone backwards. In our first estate there was a glorious possibility of something being done. In our attempt to advance, we have risked irretrievable loss. This is the second stage of the trial, but do not lose courage; it must be passed through. Now there comes somebody who measures his chosen figure to perfection. He studies every peculiarity, deformity, and beauty of his chosen model, and the coat fits like a second skin — when lo — we all have a new suit! The third stage is reached, and by a mighty paradox — *selbst an und für sich*, the type is attained through fidelity to the individual.

Yes, I believe, as I suggested at the outset, that the secret lies always with one man. He only can expound the mystery, but he never does. The trick is all in the tailor!

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MARCH, 1911

A CRITICISM OF TWO-PARTY POLITICS

BY J. N. LARNED

AMERICANS have taken from Englishmen the opinion that two political parties, in contention for the power to make and administer law in a representative democracy, produce conditions that yield a better average of government than can be got from the strifes and differences of more numerous parties, with none among them able to command a majority of the popular vote.

For this conclusion the English have one important reason which loses weight in American thought. Their form of popular government is an evolutionary product of two-party conditions. It took its shaping from the fact that two political parties had been alternating in the control of the British House of Commons for a long period prior to the practical withdrawal of administrative prerogatives from the Crown by that House. This has been the fact, indeed, since English parties of a strictly political character began to exist, and it gave apparent assurance that a responsible ministerial administration of government erected on the support of a majority in the Commons would be unlikely ever to lack that majority, from one or the other party, for its base. It was an assurance that held good for about a century and a half. Latterly it

has been weakened, and possibly it has expired, since British ministries have had to obtain their executive commission from a coalition of parties quite frequently in recent years.

In this country the conditions are very different. The architects of its government, not attempting, like the English, to join the facts and forces of a republican system to the theory and forms of an hereditary monarchy, discarded the latter, creating in its place a distinct and independent executive authority which passes from person to person at fixed times, and which issues from the people directly. By this, and by further provisions in our Federal Constitution relating to the election and succession of our presidents and vice-presidents, the continuity of executive authority in our government is made secure. No dead-lock of factions in Congress can cast doubt on the constitutional authority of the President to administer existing law, by depriving him of a supporting majority in either House, or in both; but a British ministry in the same situation would exercise a questionable and much weakened authority, though it acted under the commands of the King. Factional divisions may paralyze *legislation* as mischievously in Congress as in Parlia-

ment; but such paralysis cannot affect administrative government in the United States, as it may affect that side of British government in some conceivable situations.

The most important of English considerations in favor of two-party politics has, therefore, no weight for us. What others do we find to persuade us, as most of us seem to be persuaded, that a *mêlée* of parties, in the French and German manner of politics, would bring evils on us, which we must take care to avoid by keeping ourselves marshaled as entirely as possible in two great opposing hosts? We have had long experience of the bipartite organization of politics and its mighty dueling; and, in late years especially, we have been attentive observers of the more scrimmaging style of political warfare in other countries. We ought to be well prepared to draw evidence from both and weigh it in a fair-minded way. The present writing is an attempt and an invitation to treat the question thus, and learn perhaps in doing so how important it is.

One fact which stands indisputably to the credit of a bisected partisanship in politics is this: the whole business of government is simplified and made easier for those who conduct it, when all differences in the popular will, which they are expected to execute, are so nearly gathered up by two agencies of organization that one or the other of these must be able to confer full authority at any given time. It is needless to say that the ministry which takes such authority from a single dominant party has every advantage, of assured tenure, of defined policy, of confident and courageous feeling, over any ministry which acts in dependence on some precarious combination of separately powerless political groups. It has a distinctly mapped course to pursue. Its measures are substantially

fore-planned for it. It knows what to expect, of support and opposition alike, and its measures are furthered almost as much by the concentrated organization of antagonisms as by their support. These conditions are plainly the most favorable to an easy and effective working of the apparatus of government; and this fact is decisive of the question, no doubt, in the judgment of most people who take a practical part in political affairs.

Such a judgment, however, surely rests on inadequate grounds. Something more than ease and effectiveness in the working of government demands to be taken into account. The quality of the result has a prior claim to consideration; and results accomplished with least difficulty and most facility are quite likely to be not the best. For this reason I suspect that the school of practical 'politics' does not give the right training in judgment for a right decision of this question of parties in government; and I fear that prevailing views on the question have come mainly from that school.

It may be said that the assured support in measures of government, the confident feeling, the definite programme, are conducive to deliberate and judicious action, as well as to ease and facility in it, — which is true in theory, and ought to be true always in fact; but the same conditions are contributory also to influences on political action which work powerfully against its fidelity of service to the public good. Many motives, both noble and base, from the purest in altruism to the meanest in selfishness, may inspire the ambition for political authority and power; but it is certain that the lower promptings are more energetic than the higher, and prick men on to more arduous striving for the coveted prize. In our American political experience there has been no fact more glaringly

manifested than this, unless it is the fact that our two-party system is stimulating and helpful to the sordid political ambitions and discouraging to the nobler aims.

A common phrase in our political talk and writing explains why this is so. One or the other of our two contending parties is always subject to description as 'the party in power.' The power of government is always the power of a party, shifted to and fro between the two organizations of political rivalry as the prize of a lottery, which has its annual, biennial, and quadrennial drawings at the polls. For a given term, the one party or the other ordinarily receives complete possession of that tremendous power, to the utmost of its range. It is power to make and administer law, to levy, collect, and expend public revenues, to undertake and carry on public works, to hold the stewardship of public property, to grant public franchises, to fill public offices, to distribute public employments, — to be, in fact, for a given term, *the public* of cities, of states, and of the great nation, in all the handling of their stupendous corporate affairs. To obtain a realizing conception of the immensity of power which this involves, and of the diabolical temptations and invitations it offers, not only to conscious dishonesty, but to selfishness in all forms, is to know why our politics are corrupted as they are.

By giving these awful masses of corrupting opportunity always into the possession of one or the other of two party organizations, we draw what is corrupt and corruptible in the country into almost irresistible leagues for the controlling of both. Men of one sort are induced to devote their lives to the practice of the arts of political engineering which have produced the 'machine' organization of party and brought it to

a marvelous perfection. Men of another sort are made willing to be clogged wheels in the machine, some as congressmen, some as state legislators, some as aldermen, some as executive officials, but all, on their appointed axes, going round and round in obedient responsiveness to the hand which turns the mandatory crank, making law, enforcing law, or stifling law, as the 'boss' commands. The construction, the maintenance, and the operation of the machine are attended by heavy cost; and this brings a third order of men into the wide circle of corruption which it spreads. These are its patrons, — the liberal subscribers for such profitable products, of legislation from one hopper, of chloroformed law from another, and of public jobs from a third, as it is prepared to turn out on demand. They finance the expensive 'plants' of the two parties, with all their advertising shows and stage-plays for the captivation of weak-minded voters, and they receive in return friendly statutes and tariffs, and public franchises and contracts, and official connivances and negligences, which accomplish public pocket-picking on the biggest conceivable scale. The total result is a state of rottenness in American politics which has become a stench in the nostrils of the world.

If our two parties represented a *natural* bisection of political opinion in the country, such effects might seem curable; but they do so no longer, although there was that spontaneous cleavage in their origin, both in England and with us. Parties in English politics had their rise in the struggle between a disfranchised class and a ruling class, and that was fought to its practical finish forty years ago. In our own case, when the Federal Union took form, a single wide cleft in political public opinion was opened by the conflict between national and provin-

cial trends of feeling, producing the Federal and Anti-Federal parties of early American politics. In the next generation that contention between nationalizing policies and provincial exaggerations of 'state rights' ran into and was reinforced by the sectional slavery question, prolonging and embittering the duel of parties until it culminated in the sectional Civil War. Both of the questions at issue having then been settled by a judgment beyond appeal, a decade or so sufficed for the practical clearing from our politics of all that was residual from the old state of things, and we entered on new conditions, which brought new problems and new diversities of mind into our political life.

There has been nothing of conflict since, in actual belief or opinion, that could carry forward the old division of parties on one continuous line, as it has been carried to the present day. On the first large general question that arose, which was the question of the monetary standard, — the 'silver question,' — there was so little intellectual sincerity in the final championship of the gold standard by the party which carried it into law that the stand of that party on the question was in doubt almost till the opening of the decisive campaign of 1896. On each side of the question there was a considerable body of genuine opinion; but neither side of that opinion was coincident with either side of the old two-party division of voters in the nation. Both of the old parties were ruptured temporarily by the new issue, which carried a few companies of recalcitrant Democrats into independent revolt or into the Republican ranks, and *vice versa*; but the greater mass of the combatants in that fight had the banner that they fought under determined for them, primarily by the cold tactical calculations of party leaders, and finally by the sweep of that

blind partisan spirit, — that unreasoning *vis inertiae* of human temper which keeps men running, like other animals, in herds.

It must be remembered that what we mean when we speak of the 'party spirit' has no reference to any motive that is inspired by an object — a belief, a social interest, a social right or a social wrong — which a party may be formed to promote or resist, but is the fanatic devotion which seems to be so easily diverted to the party itself, as an object of attachment distinct from its instrumental use. There have been times and occasions when this motiveless zealotry had a naked exhibition, divested of everything in the nature of a rational cause, — originating, even, in no more than a color or a name. A famous instance is that of the factions of the Roman circus, which Gibbon describes in the fortieth chapter of the *Decline and Fall*. Rightly considered, the lesson to be taken from the story of those factions, which arose in connection with the colors (white, red, green, and blue) of the liveries worn by drivers in the Roman chariot-races, is one of the most important that history affords.

In the party spirit which made that exhibition (and other exhibitions hardly less puerile and revolting, in other times and places) the fundamental quality is the senselessness, the objectless inanity, of the association that inspired it. That, in fact, is what constitutes a party spirit, whenever and however it becomes generated in a party with no inspiration from a *cause* which the party is made use of to support. Acting, as it does, with the weight and momentum of a mass of people, and with utter unreason, this motiveless zealotry is the most mischievous of all the mischief-makings that have come from empty or idle human brains. Its malign influence in

history has actually been unequaled by any other. More or less it has perverted all human association, especially in those spheres of it which passion can most easily invade. Its worst workings have not been in politics, but in the religious organizations of the world. It may be doubtful whether religious or political divisions have been most creative of this senseless party spirit which perverts the rational uses of party; but it is certain that religious contentions have enraged it most, and produced the most revolting examples of its malignant power. By an easy degradation the religious spirit has always been prone to lapse into partisanship, and then religious and political partisanship have sought unions which begot a demonism in humanity that reveled in savage tyrannies and horrible wars.

Those fiendishly passionate developments of the party spirit belong, perhaps, to the past, and illustrate a danger which cannot seem imminent at the present day. We may reasonably hope that our social growth has left them behind. But no human disposition so insensate can be tolerated and cultivated, as this continues to be, without immense mischiefs of some nature to the race. If mischiefs from its primitive violence are disappearing, the very narcotizing of it has produced equally bad if not worse ones, of paralysis, to replace them. Now it is threatening, not to our social peace, but to the vital energies in our social life. So far as a sectarian party spirit enters the churches it deadens the religious spirit; and so far as a political organization is held together and actuated by something else in the feeling of its members than an earnestness of opinion on questions of the public good, it is infected with a party spirit that is sure death to the public spirit on which democracies depend as the

breath of their life. Who can doubt that such an infection is rank in both of the alternative parties that control American politics to-day? Look at the facts of their history since the close of the Civil War!

One of these two parties came out of that war much injured in credit and character; the other with an immense prestige. While the war lasted, the supporting of the government was a duty so imperious to large majorities of the people that it forbade any obstinacy of opposition to measures taken in the conduct of the war. By this cause the Republican party, having control of the government, acquired a great number of adherents who agreed in little but their common determination to keep the Union intact, with no concession to the doctrines that had set secession and rebellion afoot. By the same cause the Democratic party, in critical opposition to the government, drew into its membership every shade of opinion that was weaker in Unionism or sympathetic with the secessionist attack.

Many Republicans of that period were intensely opposed to the greenback issue of legal-tender paper money, which eased the financing of the war and doubled its cost, while enriching a few by inflated prices and distressing the many. Other Republicans were forced to grit their teeth with anxiety and anger as they watched the tariff-making of the war years, and saw pilfering protective duties stealing in under cover of the great revenue needs of the time, and the industries of the country being captured by monopolists who have fattened on them ever since. In the last year of the war, when reconstruction questions were rising, a probable majority in the Republican party was with President Lincoln in opinions opposed to the entire immediate incorporation of the whole

body of recent slaves in the voting constituency of the states to be reconstructed. On all these points of public policy, especially on the latter, there were thousands in the Democratic party who held precisely the same views. The ending of the war raised these matters at once to an importance above everything else in national affairs, and every rational consideration in politics made attention to the treatment of them the foremost duty of the time.

Why, then, were not agreeing citizens brought together, from what had been the Republican party and the Democratic party, to form new combinations for dealing with the issues of the new situation, — the questions of reconstruction, of protective duties, and of money? A simply rational and natural instinct in politics would have drawn voters who had real opinions into such combinations, in order to represent themselves effectively in Congress on one or more of the issues which appealed to them most strongly; and the result would undoubtedly have saved the country from two decades or more of drifting, blundering, unrighteous legislation, which enriched a class at the expense of the mass and demoralized American life in a hundred ways. What prevented, of course, was the bondage of the Anglo-American mind to the inherited two-party idea of practical politics, and the antagonism of party spirit which that idea promotes and excites. Even the few Republicans and Democrats who broke away from their respective parties, to do battle for Lincoln's reconstruction policy, or for sound money, or against protective tariffism, — even those few made their fight as guerrillas, — 'mugwumps,' — independents, and attempted no party organization. The general body of their fellow believers stayed with the old banners, expostulating loudly from time to time against

the roadways of their march, and suffering a succession of disgusts as they arrived at such achievements as carpet-bag government in the Southern States, Bland and Sherman silver bills, McKinley and Dingley tariffs, and the like. And still, to this day, the columns of our two-party campaigning are substantially unbroken, and men who agree in opinion on the greater matters of public concern are facing one another in antagonistic organizations, instead of standing shoulder to shoulder for some effective promotion of their beliefs.

Of course, no effective expression of public opinion on any question of public policy, or any principle of right, is possible under conditions like these; and what must be the effect on the political attitude of the citizen-mind, — on its thoughtful interest in public questions, and on the intelligent sincerity of action inspired by it, — when the expression of political opinion is so hampered or suppressed? Unquestionably the effect has been and is, increasingly, to deaden public opinion as a political force, and to engender the senseless party spirit in its place.

In the last presidential election the pronouncements of purpose and promised policy by the two chief parties, on all questions brought forward in the canvass, were substantially and practically the same. On the regulation of interstate railway traffic and of so-called trusts; on tariff revision; on currency reform; on questions between labor and capital; on the conservation of natural resources and the improvement of the waterways of the country, — there was no difference of material import in what was proposed. Both parties contemplated some prolongation of American rule in the Philippines, with ultimate independence of the islands in view, and disagreed only as to making or not mak-

ing their ultimate independence the subject of an immediate pledge. Actually nothing of conflict in the principles or projects of policy set forth by these two parties could make the choice between them a matter of grave importance to any citizen when he cast his vote. It was manifest that they existed no longer as organizations of opposing opinion, but had degenerated into competing syndicates for the capture of political power. Thus the citizen who exercised a thoughtful judgment on the public questions of the day was actually driven to determine his vote, as between these parties (one or the other of which would inevitably be 'the party in power'), by something else than that judgment; by something of a feeling that grows easily into the mischievous spirit that finally cares for nothing in politics but the party and the party's success.

The minor parties in our politics, —Prohibitionist, Socialist, Populist, —which justify their existence by special aims, are respectable as parties because consistently formed and coherent by the force of real motives of union; but they promise no disturbance of the demoralizing certainty, in every election, that undivided power, of legislation or administration or both, will go to one or the other team of the professional players in the two-party game.

What, then, could be thinner and poorer than the exhibition that we make now in our politics? Our parties mean so little; represent so faintly and vaguely the public mind; offer so little invitation or stimulation to thought on public questions and to well-considered action in politics; furnish so perverted an agency for receiving and executing any mandate from the people! Is it not time to reconsider our traditional belief in the two-party organization of politics, and question whether some-

thing that would be better in the whole effect might not, after all, be obtained from a structure of parties more flexible than in the pattern that England gave us?

The natural cleavage between conservative and progressive, or liberal, opinion, which originated the two-party division in English and American politics, gave origin, likewise, to the more numerous political parties of the European continent. But, while Englishmen and Americans have made one mixture of all tinctures of conservative political opinion, and another mixture of all degrees of progressive liberality, the French, German, and other Europeans, have not been satisfied with so crude and careless a lumping of their differences of judgment on public questions, but have subdivided their main divisions of party in a rational and, we may say, a scientific way. After entering upon an experience of representative government, they soon discovered that moderate and extreme dispositions, whether conservative or progressive, may separate men by wider differences of view than arise between the moderately conservative and the moderately progressive man; and that there is a considerable breadth of ground within the range of the latter's differences, on which men from both sides can act together more effectively for what they desire in government than by action on either side of the prime division. Recognition of this fact tends naturally to the formation of at least three parties of a comprehensive character (not limited, that is, to single specific objects), namely: one on the conservative slope of opinion, one on the progressive, and a third on an area between these.

This was so natural an organization of politics that the continental Europeans, coming into the enjoyment of repre-

sentative institutions much later than the English, fell into it as though there was nothing else to be done; and in the seating of their legislatures they found a natural name for the natural parties that took form. According to the places in which the parties became grouped, at the right or the left of the presiding officer's chair, or in front of it, they came to be known as the party of the Right, the party of the Left, the party of the Centre; or simply the Right, the Left, and the Centre. Generally, at the outset of the introduction of parliamentary institutions on the Continent, conservative opinion had the strongest representation in the legislative bodies, and its deputies took the seats which gave them the name of the Right. The naming then established became fixed in European use.

For the simple politics of the Swiss Republic the three parties of this most natural division — Right, Left, and Centre — have sufficed for many years. In most countries of Europe, however, the Right and Left parties, especially the latter, are subject to fissures that produce Right Centre and Left Centre parties, and frequently others, taking different names, with branchings, moreover, on the Left, of parties like the Socialist, which acknowledge no fundamental relationship with parties on that side, but stand on ground of their own. No doubt this segmentation of parties has been practiced excessively in Latin and German countries, and has been often troublesome in the conduct of government; but the question to be considered is whether the transient difficulties so caused have ever been comparable in seriousness with the deep-seated evils that arise in our politics from the hard and fast crystallization of our two historic parties, and the fixed fact that one or the other will always win the corrupting prize of power.

Experience of a systematically representative government was opened in France in 1876, when the Constitution of the Third Republic went into effect. The first elections to the Chamber of Deputies gave the supporters of this republican Constitution, against hostile Bonapartists, Bourbon monarchists, and anarchists, great majorities; but the presidency had been filled by previous election in the National Assembly, and Marshal MacMahon, who occupied it, was extremely anti-republican in his views. Discord between the majority in the Chamber and the ministries selected by the President was inevitable, and it resulted in the resignation of MacMahon at the end of January, 1879. The Republicans, however, were far from forming a compact political party. Their deputies were divided into so many groups or varieties that Dr. Lowell, in his account of *Governments and Parties in Continental Europe*, mentions only five of 'the most important,' which bore the following names: Left Centre, Republican Left, Republican Union, Radical Left, and Extreme Left. The group which called itself Republican Union, headed by Gambetta, though it was not a majority of the Chamber in its own numbers, yet exercised a practical dominance, which it maintained for a number of years.

Nobody can think of denying that government in France was distressingly weakened and troubled for a period by the financial particularity of opinion, or other motive, which this division among the Republicans exhibits. In the ten years immediately following MacMahon's resignation there were fourteen changes of ministry. But in the next ten years, ending in 1899, the ministries numbered but eight; and the eleven years since then have seen but four. The ministry now conducting the government is substantially the one that

received the reins, under M. Sarrien, in March, 1906. M. Clemenceau took M. Sarrien's place as premier a few months later, and was replaced in turn by M. Briand in July, 1909; but the government as a whole underwent no change in character, and not much in its personnel. It is distinctly radical in its composition; M. Briand is a Socialist, and manifestly a statesman of intellectual breadth and power, under whose prime ministry France seems to be favored with the most capable government it has yet secured. The divisions and subdivisions of party continue to be numerous, but workable combinations among them have become more and more practicable, and steady progress in legislative and administrative efficiency is plainly to be seen.

Considering the formidable difficulties that attended the establishing of republican government in France, from royalist and imperialist antagonisms, from the originally open hostility of Rome, from the discouraging memory of two failures in the past, from the recent loss of national prestige, and from ever-impending dangers in the feeling between Germany and France,—have we any good reason for supposing that a two-party organization in the conflicts involved would have brought the country through them with better success? The same generation which suffered the crushing downfall of the Second Empire, and had reason for well-nigh despairing of France, has been able to found and build on that great ruin a well-ordered radical democracy, and make it one of the substantial political powers of the world. At the same time, however, these people have not hesitated to take up and apparently to give a lasting treatment to such hazardous undertakings as the secularizing of public education, the separation of the State from an anciently established

Church, and the subjection of its religious orders and societies to civil law.

What greater achievements in the workmanship of politics has our time produced? And what other country in our generation has suffered tribulations so many and so distracting as the workers at these formidable tasks have been tormented by meanwhile? When I call to mind the Boulanger intoxication, the Panama Canal failure and its scandals, the madness of the Dreyfus iniquity, the Morocco trouble, and the almost paralyzing strike of postal and telegraph employees, the safe passing of the French democracy through all these merciless testings, in the period of its organization and schooling, claims my wondering admiration.

In the corresponding period what do we show of political achievement that will make good any boast of a better working of government under the two-party organization of our democracy? A few years prior to the undertaking of republican government in France we passed, as a nation, through the greatest of our trials, when, at stupendous cost of life and suffering, we rescued our Federal Union from rupture, and then applied ourselves to the reconstruction of society and government in eleven shattered states. I have alluded already to the fact that a probable majority of the party then all-powerful in possession of the government was favorable to the policy of reconstruction which President Lincoln had begun to carry out before his death. By the loss of his sane influence and by the passions which his murder excited, an ascendancy in the party was transferred suddenly to its radical and vindictive minds and tempers, and the party as a whole (or nearly so), with its whole irresistible power, was swept by them into their recklessness of dealing with these gravest problems of our history. It was so swept by the habit of solidi-

fied party action (dignified in our talk of it as 'loyalty' to party) which is cultivated and educated in us by the two-party prejudice of our minds.

Suppose that we had been habituated in that period to the more natural three-party division of opinion and disposition, — with or without subdivisions, — and accustomed to the organized occupation of a middle ground in our politics, — the ground for a 'Right Centre' and a 'Left Centre,' — where moderate Republicans and moderate Democrats would be in readiness at all times to throw the weight of their moderation against extremes of action on either side! Can any one doubt that a much saner and more effective reconstruction would have been given to the states disordered by rebellion? that they would have been spared the abominations of the 'carpet-bag' *régime*, and the nation spared the shame of it? that race antagonism in those states would not have been what it is, and that the condition and prospects of their colored population would have been infinitely better to-day?

Apply the surmise, again, to the treatment in our politics of those most vital of economic questions, the questions of tariff! There have always been three attitudes of people on this subject: one proceeding from opinion formed intelligently, by study and thought; another from opinion adopted carelessly, without knowledge; the third from dictation of self-interests, considered alone. As these have been mixed and lumped in both of our parties, by strains of party influence which obscured the subject, no fair opportunity has been afforded for the instructing of ignorance or for the combating of selfishness in dealing with the matter. Is it not more than probable that such subsidiary groupings in party organization as European constituencies have found practicable would have

given many more openings to such opportunity, and would have saved us from some, at least, of the oppressive tribute which protected greed, helped by ignorance and thoughtlessness, has been able to levy on us for scores of years?

To my mind it appears more than probable that, in the treatment of all serious situations and all questions of high importance, we should fare better if no single organization of party could always, as a rule, control the determination of them. Ordinary legislation need not be rendered more difficult by some articulation of our political parties in the European manner, requiring majorities in legislative bodies to be made up and handled in two or three sections, and not in a ready-made, unchangeable mass. If agreement on the graver matters became slower of attainment and less easy, it could not often fail to be made wiser and more just by the disputation through which it came. Admit everything of hindrance and inconvenience in government that can be charged against that rational articulation of parties, and what force can we feel in it, as against the intolerable evils which our contrary practice has brought upon us? That the worst of those evils are not curable without some loosening of the rigidity of our two-party organizations is the conclusion to which I am driven. Briefly, let me rehearse the reasons for this conclusion: —

1. A serviceable expression of public opinion in politics through no more than two organs of its collected utterance is possible only when some single question, or group of related questions, is overriding all others in the general mind. In common circumstances the citizen who tries to exercise an intelligent and useful judgment in his political action needs more latitude of choice than between the two categories of col-

lective opinion, on everything in public affairs, which two rival parties put forth. By voting with one or the other of these parties he represents himself in government as a full indorser of all that its category declares, and he is fortunate, indeed, if his vote does not falsify half of his judgments and beliefs. Of course there is no practicable organization of political opinion, for collective expression, that will avoid some considerable compromise and sacrifice of personal judgments by every citizen; but our system imposes the maximum of falsification on our suffrages, instead of the least. How much this causes of depression and weakening in the political working of large classes of minds — on the activity of their interest in public matters, on the earnestness of their convictions, and on the vigor of the expression given to them — cannot be known; but there can be no doubt that the effect goes seriously deep.

2. By so organizing our political action that the whole power of government, with all that it carries of stupendous opportunity for nefarious private gain at public expense, must go undividedly to one or the other of two lastingly established parties, we make it inevitable that irresistible leagues of self-seekers will acquire control of those parties, with nefarious designs. Such control is always made visible to us in the perfected machination of our party organizations. We shall never make them otherwise than machines until the corrupting opportunities they offer for exploitation are minimized by some disintegration of the power now solidified in them.

3. Nothing effective to this end is accomplished by simply independent voting, because the weight of the independent vote has to go, just as the partisan vote goes, to the tipping, one way or the other, of the two-party beam. The better motive in it can often im-

prove immediate results. It can menace, admonish, rebuke, one or the other of the oligarchies of party at a given election. In this way it is of excellent occasional service, in improving nominations for office and in securing an election of the better; but it can never advance us by a step toward escape from that which makes machines of our political parties, to hold them down to two in number, with the guaranteed prize of all governmental power to be striven for between them, and with every possible motive for the selfish and unscrupulous use of that power invited into combinations for handling it.

4. As the focal points of political organization are necessarily in cities, it is there, naturally, in American municipal government, that our two-party system of politics shows its working most flagrantly to our shame. Municipal government is, therefore, the present subject of our most earnest undertakings of political reform. We are making great endeavors to create something in the nature of municipal politics, distinct from and independent of the two-party national politics, in order that some degree of home rule may be realized, and local interests may have some measure of consideration in the treatment of local affairs. But what reasonable hope can we entertain of success in this endeavor, so long as the two-party organization is what it is, and the cities are the inevitable seats of its management; where its mastery of the agencies of political action are most easily exercised, and where the interested influences that work for it and with it have likewise their principal seats?

In England, the showing of effects in municipal government from these causes is becoming the same as in the United States. Ever since Parliament became democratized by successive

extensions of the popular suffrage, in 1867 and 1884, the organizations of the two dominating parties have been growing steadily machine-like, taking on the structure and character of our own; and with equal steadiness the municipalities have been falling under their control. M. Ostrogorsky bears witness to these facts, in his remarkably thorough study of *Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties*, published in 1902. He wrote then of English municipal politics: 'There already appears a general phenomenon, . . . the indifference to municipal matters which is growing up among the citizens. They inevitably leave the burden of their duty to the common weal to be borne by the political parties who have monopolized local public life. . . . The first effect of this state of things is strikingly manifested in the decline of the intellectual and, to some extent, moral standard of the personnel of the town councils. . . . Devotion to the party being, under the Birmingham system [of party organization], the first qualification for admission to honors, it inevitably became before long the principal condition of such admission. . . . On the occasion of my first tour in the provinces [in

1889] I pretty often heard it said that "good men" (the Tories said "gentlemen") would not stand for the town council; but on visiting the same towns after an interval of six years I was much struck by the tone of melancholy and sometimes of exasperation in which the effects of the introduction of politics into municipal affairs were spoken of.'

5. Through every influence it exerts, the two-party system is weakening or vitiating the public opinion and the public spirit which are the vitalizing forces in democracy, and lending itself powerfully to a substitution of the purely partisan spirit which all history has proved to be the most pestilent by which human society can be infected.

Our bondage to the inexorable old system has been relentless for so many generations that release from it had seemed impossible until a little time ago, when Western 'insurgency' showed its head. Now there appear some glimmerings of encouragement to the hope that our politics may yet develop a Centre, with its Right and Left wings, disjointable from necessary connection with the extremes of Right and Left.

A WORD TO THE RICH

BY HENRY L. HIGGINSON

What we gave, we have;
What we spent, we had;
What we left, we lost.

THESE words of Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, cut on his gravestone, may serve me as a text. That nothing is of the best advantage to the human race until well used, may also serve as a text.

I

In the early fifties, when I was a very young man, we fellows constantly speculated and discussed as to the methods of making our lives successful. By 'success' we did not mean riches, houses and lands, high place and honors, but something of real value to the world. We wished to make our lives tell by good work — a selfish wish perhaps, but it had its good side. We knew that our nation was in the making, and that it was our task to help. It never occurred to us that our nation was without faults; on the contrary, we saw many things to correct. The field was large and called for knowledge and careful thought in the tilling.

The slavery question was to the fore, and, being vital, it grew daily in prominence, arousing deep feeling on all sides. The lawyers and courts cited the Constitution. The manufacturers begged for peace, as they needed the cotton, on which many workmen depended for their daily bread. The clergy were lukewarm or divided. The Southerners bitterly resented any comment on their property, whether land

or slaves. Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, by personal examination of the Southern plantations and conditions and habits, taught the American people that the land and the men, white and black, were not being used to advantage, and that slavery was bad economy. Only then arose the conviction that slavery must rule the land or be overthrown; only then did men awaken to the absolute, the vital need of ridding the land of the national burden and the national disgrace. It may be noted, by the way, that hard names and vituperation delayed and thwarted the efforts peacefully to get rid of slavery. The slave-owners were, as a rule, high-minded gentlemen who had grown up under a false system and believed it good, but it was against the law of the universe.

During those years our feeling of patriotism was growing stronger, and when the Civil War broke out it became with us a true passion. It was the ruling motive. Our American people of both sides showed such devotion to an ideal, such steadfast, strong feeling about our country, such high civic virtue, that the duty of those of us who survived to work for the common welfare and happiness became clearer than ever. It indeed seemed a behest, sanctified and strengthened by the memory of our dead friends.

When the war was over, and slavery done away with, the great problem of the Negro yet remained, and, affecting as it did the white race quite as much as the black race, it demanded constant effort and patience as a condition of

national life. The answer to the question of a slavery system was simple, but the answer to the problems of the rapidly widening industrial system was far more difficult, and lay before us, a life-work.

We lads had wondered whether the men and women of the workshops and of the field were getting fair treatment and giving a fair return. We were sure that such conditions must be diligently sought, and we believed that fair treatment would bring fair returns, and only so. On such mutual relations depended the moral welfare of our country. The way to this goal lay through education — education of the largest kind, and fitted to all the ends to be gained. The adjustments between labor and capital, between men of different occupations, were pressing, and were not easy to understand or to settle. Education and experience, tempered by sympathy, alone could bring a solution for the time, and ever and again changes must and would follow changed conditions. This education could never cease to grow as men with new ideas and new wants advanced, and it was sure to bear rich fruits, — indeed, was essential to the safety of the world. Any one who could and would achieve these results, or help toward their achievement, would be successful and, therefore, happy. We believed 'that the State, like the individual, should rest on an ideal basis. Not only man but nature is injured by the imputation that man exists only to be fattened with bread, but he lives in such connection with thought and fact that his bread is surely involved as one element thereof, but is not its end and aim.' Such had been our ideal before the Civil War, and such it remained after the war was over.

Mankind always needs ideals which loom so large in the sight of men that they cannot fail to see them clearly.

More than ever is this true of to-day, for the turmoil and the hurry of modern life raise a great dust which oftentimes hides the skies. Enthusiasm, dreams, hopes are to be encouraged, and belong to youth, which ever renews itself in warm hearts, although reason is needed to cool and guide them. The fact that we believe that our ideal is beautiful and holy is not ground for forcing it on our mates. To win success a man must not be a pure idealist, else in practical things he will fail; but he must have ideals, and he must obey them.

II

Two of my friends stand out as having done especially well in the industrial field. The first built up slowly and surely a great railroad system of seven thousand miles, and, while busy with his work, taught by precept and by example many younger men the true, wise method of handling material and human problems with success. He held that the men of the railroad should be treated as individuals, who had their views, their rights and duties, and who should get and give full value for their work. He always had excellent help from friends and stockholders. From the outset, he had taken a deep interest in public affairs, and made his influence for the good felt. He had begun from absolute poverty, was most free with his earnings, and late in life came against a large problem. A bank in some straits, for which he was in no wise responsible, lay down on him for help, and he resolutely, and against the best advice, took up the load and quietly carried it, until a happy conclusion was reached. It cost him half of his fortune, which was at best none too large, and gave him weeks, months, years of terrible anguish, and shortened a useful life. He did it to save

many people from suffering, and to guard a great state against serious danger. About the facts, he was as silent as the grave. He saw the danger to others and to himself, and he chose the noble course, never counting the cost. His pupils hold the highest positions on great railroads to-day, and have proved the quality of their teacher and their teaching. When Charles Elliott Perkins died, the men and the trains stopped all work for an hour. To-day, as the railroad trains pass the field in Burlington, Iowa, where his monument stands, the men lift their hats in memory of him.

The second man undertook a mining enterprise in the wilderness and, gifted with a fine body and a finer mind and spirit, labored day and night until he had built the enterprise into a great corporation. Like Charles Perkins, Alexander Agassiz began with no capital but his education and his character. With unflagging energy, he devoted himself to the great work of which Quincy A. Shaw was the founder. Side by side they shared the great risks and labor, and together they won success. Each was indispensable to the other.

For the use of the workmen, Alexander Agassiz and his staunch ally built houses, school-houses, churches, a club-house, a dance-hall, a hospital, and a school for industrial training, and established a fund wherewith to meet illness and accidents. He chose his workmen carefully, and treated them well. The result has been a steady, strong feeling among the workmen, which has kept away labor troubles, with but two short intervals, for forty-five years, and has caused a deep feeling of affection and reliance from the workmen to the employers.

In each case these men kept clearly before them great objects; they used without stint their money as it rolled in; they worked wisely for the good of

mankind. They had drawn inspiration from their forbears and their times.

The world is very busy with work, and agog with ideas and plans and wishes, which have been kept back and are now rushing on us. The tremendous industries have called forth talents and energy, and have brought results, heretofore undreamed of. They have given new work to many people, and have enriched our nation. Everybody has prospered by them, but more especially the leaders have piled up riches to a huge extent, and have sometimes caused in the breasts of the multitude envy and jealousy. Men who started together in the race of life have lost sight of one another because of their difference in power, in character, in industry, or ideals. And the man who has not made speed in the race thinks hardly of his favored mate. He forgets the self-control, the ceaseless toil, the constant thought which his old companion has used, while he has gone to a ball-game or a bar, or simply smoked his pipe after a day of work. He ignores the difference in ability. He forgets, too, the failures which may have preceded success. A man makes five ventures and loses entirely on two. Can he be blamed for asking a large return on the other three? Such has been the history of almost all the railroads in the United States, of many mills, water-powers, farms, forests, and often it is only the second or third set of men who succeed with the enterprises which have opened our fertile lands or great forests to a thrifty, energetic population.

III

The strong man has won his pile, but has he succeeded? This thought, dating back sixty years, continually comes to an old man who has earned his bread and gingerbread and has sometimes tried to feed a hungry wayfarer. After

all, who were these strong men, and whence did they spring? For the most part they began as farm-hands, sailors, mechanics, clerks, shop-keepers, who had been raised in thrifty, careful, often penurious ways which were essential to their lives. Many of their ancestors, as Emerson says, were Orthodox Calvinists mighty in the Scriptures, and had learned that life was a preparation, a 'probation' (to use their word), for a higher world, and that it was to be spent in loving and serving mankind. They had been taught to save every possible penny, to eat plain food, to wear out their clothes and shoes, and to regard such a life as virtuous, — as, indeed, the only life. Perhaps they were not always careful to give full value for services rendered or goods sold, that being the 'other man's affair.' While honest according to their own standards, they might have been more regardful of their neighbors; but loose customs are as old as the hills, and apparently still obtain.

No excuse may be offered for dishonesty or greed, but mention of the reason for its existence is not amiss. All men sometimes do wrong, and at the end of a long life few can declare that they have always been perfectly honest, always fair and considerate of others. Selfishness is the great sin of which we all are in some degree guilty. Therefore, one is surprised at the harsh words of our great national preacher, and the stinging sentences of some magazines and newspapers about the wickedness of business men, and wonders whether the words of the Lord's Prayer mean anything to these writers, and whether they have abjured the forgiveness of sins. Is charity unknown to them?

This may be said with force: The moral tone among lawyers, physicians, manufacturers and traders, among the leaders and the followers in business,

has gradually risen, and is to-day higher than ever. This fact gives us hope that men will presently sin less and show more altruism. It is 'good business,' and by and by it will be essential to our self-respect.

While enriching themselves, the great enterprisers have wrought great service to their country. These men have cared to win in their game. They have enjoyed the effort, the strain on their faculties. They have gloried in their success, and, at the end, perhaps they enjoy the power thus acquired far more than the money. They would equally enjoy the planning and execution of great educational schemes, from which they would reap equal renown. That field grows wider each day.

To the strong man of great wealth the question may be put: 'What are you getting out of it?' — 'A fine house, a country house, with gardens, horses, clothes, jewels, food and wine of the best, plenty of good company, and the power to increase my pile.' That means pleasures but not happiness, not contentment of spirit, not the peace of mind which will follow thought and aid of others; it does not promote the cause of education, which is and must remain the keystone of civilization. Such a result is not true success.

The question of true success is of world-wide interest, yet it remains unanswered. Socialism can give no reply, because it cripples and destroys individual effort, — and individuals make the world. Government can do little, for it accomplishes far less than individuals. Education, which strengthens each unit and binds all together, can alone bring us in sight of our goal, and education may be immeasurably widened in extent and raised in value by our able men, who have conquered in their own field, and who are ready now to work for the common weal. Is not this the key to true success?

This man has slowly gathered his riches with toil, thought, anxiety, and he cannot easily part with the pennies so hardly earned. Yet he wishes to do good, and subscribes to this and that charity or school, in the hope of accomplishing something. He has attuned himself to acquisition, and therefore spends with difficulty. He means to establish a family with a good name, but he does not recognize that he is doing the worst possible thing for his children in giving them every pleasure, and demanding little from them in the way of training or sacrifice. Much of the father's training these children must of necessity miss; they cannot know his excellent teacher, adversity; they cannot learn through the day's work to endure hardships, and to overcome great obstacles.

Dear me! What a pity! How much happiness this man has missed in failing to build up noble works of benefit to our nation, and in failing to use for others the faculties which have already enriched him! And what a poor example he has set both to his children and to the world! 'Power,' said Emerson, 'can be generous. The very grandeur of the means which offer themselves to us should suggest grandeur in the direction of our expenditure. If our mechanic arts are unsurpassed in usefulness, if we have taught the river to make shoes and nails and carpets, and the bolt of Heaven to write our letters like a Gillott pen, let these wonders work for honest humanity, for the poor, for justice, genius, and the public good. Let us realize that this country, the last found, is the great charity of God to the human race.'

How can a man expect success in a difficult and unknown field when only through strenuous efforts he has met success in his own chosen business? Then why should he wait for death to cut off such effort as is needed to win

success in this new business? To use millions and millions of money well is hard. Is any considerable task easy, and do we wish it to be easy? A man almost despises an easy task, and a strong man seeks a hard task for the very joy of the struggle. We of this day can never expect to sit quietly and watch the world seethe, struggle, boil over,—and be scalded. It is costly, dangerous, in truth wicked, and we cannot suffer in silence mistakes which we can avoid.

IV

Here is a suggestion. Let a man gifted with very great ability, who has used every talent to develop large enterprises with success, and won great riches, set an example of high civic virtue, and help in the making of our nation by the use of his talents in spending all his fortune during his lifetime. He has won his spurs on one field, and every conqueror seeks fresh victories. Why not try another field? It will give him full occupation for his remaining years, and thus round out his life. 'What I gave, I have.' He does infinite good, wins great trust and love, purifies himself of the selfishness which comes from thinking overlong of his own interests, and changes a feeling of envy into one of friendliness. He has given his family a fame hitherto unknown,—and what has it cost? What has he given?—Simply all that has lain in his power,—just what many men have done who have given all their talents and their lives, never asking a reward. See George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Charles Eliot, William James, our great soldiers, judges, statesmen, teachers, artists, poets, inventors, physicians, men like Major Walter Reed, who gave his life to teach us about the yellow-fever mosquito, and the private soldier who offered his body for poisonous experiments, which paralyzed him.

The instances are numberless. Whether a man gives life itself, or his life-work, or all his money accumulated in his lifetime, what does it matter? Each is doing, in a wise, unselfish spirit, his utmost for his fellow men.

The strong man has reached his goal, but it is not time for resting. The day has come for him to show to other men that his life and his work are henceforth for them, and not for his own gratification. He must prove that he has labored for the common good, and that he knows the rightful, wise use of his profits. He has worked diligently and skillfully in his great cornfield, and has reveled in his tasks; now he is to learn the comfort of a garden blooming with flowers, which fills tired women with happiness, and gives the children a place to romp in to their hearts' content, and breathe in health and strength. He is building for the future of the race just as he has built his mills and his railroads; he is educating the nation, and presently he will find the task so pleasant that his difficulty will be to resist the temptation to toil unceasingly in his new garden.

Does such a plan seem too large? Do men who have built and who manage railroads across our continent balk at anything? These men build steamers twenty times the size of the large boats in which we used to cross the ocean. They bore miles underground, — whether below great warehouses or rivers is immaterial. They dig a mile or two into the bowels of the earth to mine for iron and copper. Are they to hesitate at any problem when it may help their fellows to a higher plane of life, and may teach them the eternal laws?

V

The question may be asked: 'How shall a man spend a great fortune during his lifetime?' Many ways lie

open, many are already being tried. Preventive medicine is the quest of the day. Physicians are working hard to discover the causes of diseases, and to prevent sickness through healthier living conditions obtainable by all. These conditions come about more quickly if men stand ready to pay for the experiments which lead to public action in the future. To buy a tract of high pasture and woodland and build shacks upon it; to fill these shacks with patients, who would otherwise suffer and presently die in wretchedness; to multiply these camps until all the patients of the United States are happily cared for, would be a noble feat calling for real ability. Tuberculosis may be wiped out if our rich men strive to that end as hard as our physicians.

We need clean and well-ventilated club-rooms in our towns, where men can find food, pleasant talk, and books and pipes. Instruction in cooking is an imperative requirement of our people, who spoil more food than they eat. Industrial schools to teach the mechanic arts, business habits, and the household arts, are needed everywhere, for men and women taught in these subjects are more effective in daily labor.

Our national supply of food depends upon good agriculture. Our present wasteful methods could be improved by a man who would establish model farms where good methods were in use on a large scale. Our farms are yearly impoverished for lack of manure, while the sewage of our cities, now wasted in poisoning fishes, would go far to enrich those lands on which we rely for bread and meat and fruit and clothing. Our universities are beginning to teach the right methods of agriculture, — the selection of land, the breeding of cattle, pigs, and horses; but these same universities are always in dire need of money for tuition and research. They must have the ablest teachers and scientists.

All our cities and towns should have better, healthier, and sunnier playgrounds, under skilled instructors, who will teach games, gymnastics, and, where it is possible, swimming. It is pathetic to see the health and the joy which our poor children get in their present playgrounds; but more and better are greatly needed. Simple music twice a week at these playgrounds would add much to the lives of the children, and of their parents also. See the crowds of work-people who flock to the art museums, and yet all these museums are poor in collections and in money.

In seeking chances for the good use of money, it should not be forgotten that over our broad land, in city and in village, is heard the cry for refreshment, for amusement, as a relief from the toil of our lives. The cry is just, and no more grateful task is offered us than to answer this cry by giving healthy amusement in the line of concerts and modest theatres. We live in a great cornfield, which is rich but dry. Let us plant flowers in it. Every day the men and women who look after and counsel the poor have fresh cases calling for money to be wisely expended. Mrs. Booth tells us of the men whom she has met in prison and reformed, thus giving the country useful citizens in place of costly criminals. No need to seek channels in which money would double, treble, the efficiency of the charities.

This plan gives occupation and happiness to the giver, explains, and, if you please, atones to his fellows for his success. It blesses the receiver and the giver; it cultivates kindly relations and feelings between the lucky and the less lucky men; it takes a long step toward the making of a great, healthy nation; and what higher, what more pressing duty can the citizen have than this task?

VI

My question has a very practical bearing. It may well be claimed that, as a people, we have been slow in the regulation of our corporations. Such regulation has now been established, and, if wisely and kindly enforced, will do good; but the danger arising from the management of our public-service corporations by our government is before our eyes, and would ruin the government. The sure result of government control is greater cost, greater confusion, less effectiveness, and, possibly, less honesty. If the government loses money by the railroad we, the people, pay it; for be it well understood that the government has no money except that which it draws from our earnings. If, by a large scheme of this nature, followed by many more of the same nature, our people see that in effect they themselves are the stockholders, the owners, of these corporations, because they enjoy the returns coming from them, they will prefer private to public ownership.

Heretofore, our people have relied on their individual powers, and have succeeded in their aims by force of them. To-day, some men are turning to the government for guidance and regulation in many directions. Government may do something, but often excites opposition, and in any case it will never have the high spirit which the private citizen can show, nor can it ever be so effective.

In short, while our nation may naturally profit through the action of government, it is the citizen's function and privilege to set the step, to lead the way, and to mark the path in which education, civilization, and a fine national career shall follow. In the end, government of every kind must seek and reach morality, or fail. Water can rise no higher than its level; therefore,

it is for the citizen to see that the level is high and steadily rising. 'The community stagnates without the impulse of the individual; the impulse dies away without the sympathy of the community.'

Mr. Rockefeller has never invested money more profitably than in the great institution for the study and cure of disease, for disease is the most wasteful condition of life. He found able, trained men, who have devoted their lives to this work. He would easily find their equals in like establishments, and he would again invest money bearing a very great return. He is helping very largely the cause of education and of health in our Southern States, where the field is rich and almost untouched. He has been a patron saint in many directions, and he will never know the full result of his good works.

Mr. Carnegie is seeking to advance the causes of science and education by the institutions at Washington and at Pittsburg, and he has brought comfort and rest to many hard-working professors and their wives, through the Carnegie Foundation, which gives pensions to these professors. He has builded better than he knew.

Mrs. Sage is devoting her life and her money to a wise use in helping and housing laboring people.

Many other people are doing much in the way of charity and education. One great man is constantly collecting art objects, paintings, sculpture, and the like, and bringing them to America; and the Metropolitan Museum in New York has a collection of which any nation may be proud, and which has come from the purses of these rich men, assisted by New York City.

Our manufacturers have laid out villages for their work-people, and have provided them with gardens and libraries and halls for meeting; they have built for them churches and hospitals.

They might well do the same for the relief of the numerous people who live in the cities, and who, not being in the employ of any company, are all the more in need of outside help.

One manufacturer has bought fifty good saddle-horses, which his mill-hands have agreed to use, — and the comment of the superintendent is that none of his investments has brought such a large return. Many great corporations have instituted systems of pensions, of funds for the sick and the wounded, of profit-sharing and the like. Indeed, altruism is in the air, and it should be in active and large practice.

All this is good, but it is not enough, and if these men can bless the land in such degree, why may they not do it in a far greater and wider degree? If many citizens establish great charities for play-grounds, schools, colleges, — and all means of education are charities, — why not till the field more thoroughly? In the last analysis, if we regard it as a national, a world-wide question, we must consider it as a matter of civilization and of business and a wise investment. These givers are getting their money's worth. Everything in this life costs, be it health, strength, happiness, or wealth; and if a man craves a high character he cannot gather pennies so easily or so largely as a man who is careless of his character. Is this a hardship? Anyway, the Lord has arranged it so, and all this goes to the making of our nation, and the nations rise together.

It is a necessary part of any such plan as that here proposed that two points should not be overlooked, namely, that the rich man should keep a reasonable amount of money for his children, who have grown up in certain habits, and who can best continue his work; and that the tidings of his action should be known far and wide, in order that all men should recognize the spirit

and the blessing of it. We are in a time of unrest, and such news would soothe men's minds and counteract the sense of injustice. To see a very rich man parting with all his shares and bonds and houses, and doing it for the public good, would be an education to poor and to rich. Example is a good teacher, and the habit of giving, once formed, is sure to breed more wise gifts. All the material gifts which money can give are of far less value than the spiritual gift of everything — money, time, intelligence for the public welfare. 'What are the causes that make communities change from generation to generation? The difference is due to the accumulated influences of individuals, of their examples, their initiatives, and their decisions.'

VII

Our country has given birth to many geniuses in material affairs, who, boiling with imagination, energy, and resource, saw numberless chances for action, and in this spirit have developed the land. Using their powers to the best advantage for our country, these geniuses can work wonders in education and in civilization, wherein lies our national salvation.

Since my boyhood in the early fifties I have seen wonderful changes of habits and fortunes, which have separated men more than in those years, while our ideal was to draw men more together. Mere material prosperity, or indeed prosperity of any kind, cannot make a great nation. Therefore, it seems that our old ideal of a true democracy has even greater value than of yore, but that the path toward it is harder than we had known.

A man may say: 'Why fret about the present conditions of daily life? As a nation, we are flourishing and increasing daily, and growing rich. Let well alone.' Is it possible that any

thinking man can blind himself to the unrest which prevails over the whole world, and hope that good government can exist unless this unrest is stilled by a removal of the causes? Is it possible that the successful man, so-called, can fail to see and to feel the emptiness of his success? A serious man cannot be content with mere pleasures. The picture of a great captain of industries dreaming, struggling, and finally reaching his imagined goal of success, and then finding it empty and himself lonely, — envied and disliked because of his success, — is dismal. On the contrary, the picture of his possible true success glows with sunshine. 'Science says that the best things are the eternal things, the overlapping things, the things in the universe that throw the last stone, so to speak, and say the final word.' Our plan falls back on these final things — the wider outlook, morality, religion, love, true happiness and well-being.

To the writer there seems to be no other outcome, no other foundation for a happy mankind, for civilization, than a full, generous, wise use of our powers for the good of our fellow men, and a happy forgetfulness of ourselves. Is such an ideal as is here proposed absurd? Our forefathers left England because they did not like her ways, and when she wished to enforce her authority and to insist on her ideas, they objected — with success. To-day England is glad of our success, and has profited by our ideals and by our material gains. Shall we now go back to the old ways, forgetting our ideals of a certain equality, and of a good chance for all our men and women? Surely our forefathers did not come to this country to win material success alone.

After a long doubt and delay, we objected strenuously to slavery as material and spiritual ruin, and paid a great price for our opinions. In one

sense at least we have proved our case, for the material prosperity of the slave states far exceeds the old conditions there. In both these cases sober, cautious, excellent men regarded our national course as foolish and wrong.

For good or for evil, we have come into this period of great material development in every direction, and we must guide the spirit aright or lose control. We can do it by following high ideals. Let us remember that the world advances by ideals, and must hold fast to them. 'Communities obey their ideals, and an accidental success fixes an ideal.' Why not seek an accidental success, and risk the chance of failure?

It is true that many people have given, and are freely giving, of their money for public and private needs, and are unknown. Still more people give their time, which is more precious than money, for the one can be got again, but the other never can. All this is for good, and only warns us to ask for more of the very rich man, who, from his proved ability, is a leader, and who can to a superlative degree throw himself and his fortune into good works. Nor should the younger men wait until they can do great things. They should seize the daily chances to meet the daily needs. They will see their duty to provide for themselves and their dependents. This duty rests upon everybody, and the measure of it is only one of degree.

If it be objected that such plans as are here outlined draw capital away from the industries, and thus cripple business, it may be replied that investments already made may as well belong to a fund for industrial schools or hospitals as to a private citizen, and that the interest coming from education or greater health is very high. There is nothing more costly than disease, and wholesome homes give us better child-

ren, and draw the fathers back at night instead of sending them to the bar-rooms.

In so far as money is needed for development of new or old enterprises, no doubt somewhat less speed would ensue. Would not this loss be met by more efficient work, thorough knowledge, and better training? Old business men say that most of the failures and losses come from ignorance of true methods. If our enterprises are lessened in number, we as a nation may grow more slowly and more healthily; but, in any case, it is toward that result that many public men are working, although they are ignorant of the fact. Yearly we pay an enormous sum of money for insurance of our houses and goods, and if this be worth while, surely it is wise to insure to ourselves a peaceful, happy, healthy nation. Is the price of insurance too high? The insurance lies in the good-will and the kind feelings of people by offering to them such treatment as we ask of them.

We have a nation to make — a nation which will last only through noble achievements and high deserts, and which thus may help forward other nations. Can we find a finer task? We must have a quiet country, a happy nation, and we must assure this blessing to ourselves; else of what avail are our riches and fine houses? It is for us to choose — a life of turmoil or of happiness.

Free from the traditions and customs which weigh down the old nations, we citizens of the United States can reach our ideals if we will. 'Let us realize that this, the last country found, is the great charity of God to the human race'; and with such a blessing and behest from the Almighty to us, no effort toward true success can be too great.

What we gave, we have;
What we spent, we had;
What we left, we lost.

THE PROVINCIAL AMERICAN

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Viola. What country, friends, is this?

Captain. Illyria, lady.

Viola. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

— *Twelfth Night.*

place that enjoys street-car transfers, a woman's club, and a post office with carrier delivery.

I

I AM a provincial American. My forbears were farmers or country-town folk. They followed the long trail over the mountains out of Virginia and North Carolina, with brief sojourns in Western Pennsylvania and Kentucky. My parents were born, the one in Kentucky, the other in Indiana, within two and four hours of the spot where I pen these reflections, and I was a grown man and had voted before I saw the sea or any Eastern city.

In attempting to illustrate the provincial point of view out of my own experiences I am moved by no wish to celebrate either the Hoosier commonwealth — which has not lacked nobler advertisement — or myself; but by the hope that I may cheer many who, flung by fate upon the world's byways, shuffle and shrink under the reproach of their metropolitan brethren.

Mr. George Ade has said, speaking of our fresh-water colleges, that Purdue University, his own alma mater, offers everything that Harvard provides except the sound of *a* as in father. I have been told that I speak our *lingua rustica* only slightly corrupted by urban contacts. Anywhere east of Buffalo I should be known as a Westerner; I could not disguise myself if I would. I find that I am most comfortable in a town whose population does not exceed a fifth of a million, — the kind of

Across a hill-slope that knew my childhood, a bugle's grieving melody used to float often through the summer twilight. A highway lay hidden in the little vale below, and beyond it the unknown musician was quite concealed, and was never visible to the world I knew. Those trumpetings have lingered always in my memory, and color my recollection of all that was near and dear in those days. Men who had left camp and field for the soberer routine of civil life were not yet fully domesticated. My bugler was merely solacing himself for lost joys by recurring to the vocabulary of the trumpet. I am confident that he enjoyed himself; and I am equally sure that his trumpetings peopled the dusk for me with great captains and mighty armies, and touched with a certain militancy all my youthful dreaming.

No American boy born during or immediately after the Civil War can have escaped in those years the vivid impressions derived from the sight and speech of men who had fought its battles, or women who had known its terror and grief. Chief among my playthings on that peaceful hillside was the sword my father had borne at Shiloh and on to the sea; and I remember, too, his uniform coat and sash and epaulets and the tattered guidon of his battery, that, falling to my lot as toys, yet imparted to my childish consciousness a sense of

what war had been. The young imagination was kindled in those days by many and great names. Lincoln, Grant, and Sherman were among the first lisplings of Northern children of my generation; and in the little town where I was born, lived men who had spoken with them face to face. I did not know, until I sought them later for myself, the fairy tales that are every child's birthright; and I imagine that children of my generation heard less of

old, unhappy, far-off things
And battles long ago,

and more of the men and incidents of contemporaneous history. Great spirits still on earth were sojourning. I saw several times, in his last years, the iron-willed Hoosier War Governor, Oliver P. Morton. By the time I was ten, a broader field of observation opening through my parents' removal to the state capital, I had myself beheld Grant and Sherman; and every day I passed in the street men who had been partners with them in the great, heroic, sad, splendid struggle. These things I set down as a background for the observations that follow, — less as text than as point of departure; yet I believe that bugler, sounding charge and retreat and taps in the dusk, and those trappings of war beneath whose weight I strutted upon that hillside, did much toward establishing in me a certain habit of mind. From that hillside I have since ineluctably viewed my country and my countrymen and the larger world.

Emerson records Thoreau's belief that 'the flora of Massachusetts embraced almost all the important plants of America, — most of the oaks, most of the willows, the best pines, the ash, the maple, the beech, the nuts. He returned Kane's arctic voyage to a friend of whom he had borrowed it, with the remark, that most of the phenomena noted might be observed in Concord.'

The complacency of the provincial

mind is due less, I believe, to stupidity and ignorance, than to the fact that every American county is in a sense complete, a political and social unit, in which the sovereign rights of a free people are expressed by the courthouse and town hall, spiritual freedom by the village church-spire, and hope and aspiration in the school-house. Every reader of American fiction, particularly in the realm of the short story, must have observed the great variety of quaint and racy characters disclosed. These are the *dramatis personæ* of that great American novel which some one has said is being written in installments. Writers of fiction hear constantly of characters who would be well worth their study. In reading two recent novels that penetrate to the heart of provincial life, Mr. White's *A Certain Rich Man* and Mrs. Watts's *Nathan Burke*, I felt that the characters depicted might, with unimportant exceptions, have been found almost anywhere in those American states that shared the common history of Kansas and Ohio. Mr. Winston Churchill, in his admirable novels of New England, has shown how closely the purely local is allied to the universal. 'Woodchuck sessions' have been held by many American legislatures.

When *David Harum* appeared, characters similar to the hero of that novel were reported in every part of the country. I rarely visit a town that has not its cracker-barrel philosopher, or a poet who would shine but for the callous heart of the magazine editor, or an artist of supreme though unrecognized talent, or a forensic orator of wonderful powers, or a mechanical genius whose inventions are bound to revolutionize the industrial world. In Maine, in the back room of a shop whose windows looked down upon a tidal river, I have listened to tariff discussions in the dialect of Hosea Biglow; and a few weeks

later have heard farmers along the un-salt Wabash debating the same questions from a point of view that revealed no masted ships or pine woods, with a new sense of the fine tolerance and sanity and reasonableness of our American people. Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, one of the shrewdest students of provincial character, introduced me one day to a friend of his in a village near Indianapolis who bore a striking resemblance to Abraham Lincoln, and who had something of Lincoln's gift of humorous narration. This man kept a country store, and his attitude toward his customers, and 'trade' in general, was delicious in its drollery. Men said to be 'like Lincoln' have not been rare in the Mississippi Valley, and politicians have been known to encourage belief in the resemblance.

Colonel Higginson has said that in the Cambridge of his youth any member of the Harvard faculty could answer any question within the range of human knowledge; whereas in these days of specialization some man can answer the question, but it may take a week's investigation to find him. In 'our town' — a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own! — I dare say it was possible in that *post bellum* era to find men competent to deal with almost any problem. These were mainly men of humble beginnings and all essentially the product of our American provinces. I should like to set down briefly the ineffaceable impression some of these characters left upon me. I am precluded by a variety of considerations from extending this recital. The rich field of education I ignore altogether; and I may mention only those who have gone. As it is beside my purpose to prove that mine own people are other than typical of those of most American communities, I check my exuberance. Sad indeed the offending if I should protest too much!

II

In the days when the bugle still mourned across the vale, Lew Wallace was a citizen of my native town of Crawfordsville. There he had amused himself in the years immediately before the civil conflict, in drilling a company of 'Algerian Zouaves' known as the Montgomery Guards, of which my father was a member, and this was the nucleus of the Eleventh Indiana Regiment which Wallace commanded in the early months of the war. It is not, however, of Wallace's military services that I wish to speak now, nor of his writings, but of the man himself as I knew him later at the capital, at a time when, in the neighborhood of the federal building at Indianapolis, any boy might satisfy his longing for heroes with a sight of many of our Hoosier Olympians. He was of medium height, erect, dark to swarthinness, with finely chiseled features and keen black eyes, with manners the most courtly, and a voice unusually musical and haunting. His appearance, his tastes, his manner, were strikingly Oriental.

He had a strong theatric instinct, and his life was filled with drama — with melodrama, even. His curiosity led him into the study of many subjects, most of them remote from the affairs of his day. He was both dreamer and man of action; he could be 'idler than the idlest flowers,' yet he was always busy about something. He was an aristocrat and a democrat; he was wise and temperate, whimsical and injudicious in a breath. As a youth he had seen visions, and as an old man he dreamed dreams. The mysticism in him was deep-planted, and he was always a little aloof, a man apart. His capacity for detachment was like that of Sir Richard Burton, who, at a great company given in his honor, was found alone poring over a puzzling Arabic

manuscript in an obscure corner of the house. Wallace, like Burton, would have reached Mecca, if chance had led him to that adventure.

Wallace dabbled in politics without ever being a politician; and I might add that he practiced law without ever being, by any high standard, a lawyer. He once spoke of the law as 'that most detestable of human occupations.' First and last he tried his hand at all the arts. He painted a little; he moulded a little in clay; he knew something of music and played the violin; he made three essays in romance. As boy and man he went soldiering; he was a civil governor, and later a minister to Turkey. In view of his sympathetic interest in Eastern life and character, nothing could have been more appropriate than his appointment to Constantinople. The Sultan Abdul Hamid, harassed and anxious, used to send for him at odd hours of the night to come and talk to him, and offered him on his retirement a number of positions in the Turkish government.

With all this rich experience of the larger world, he remained the simplest of natures. He was as interested in a new fishing-tackle as in a new book, and carried both to his houseboat on the Kankakee, where, at odd moments, he retouched a manuscript for the press, and discussed politics with the natives. Here was a man who could talk of the *Song of Roland* as zestfully as though it had just been reported from the telegraph office.

I frankly confess that I never met him without a thrill, even in his last years and when the ardor of my youthful hero worship may be said to have passed. He was an exotic, our Hoosier Arab, our story-teller of the bazaars. When I saw him in his last illness, it was as though I looked upon a gray sheik about to fare forth unawed toward unmapped oases.

No lesson of the Civil War was more striking than that taught by the swift transitions of our citizen soldiery from civil to military life, and back again. This impressed me as a boy, and I used to wonder, as I passed my heroes on their peaceful errands in the street, why they had put down the sword when there must still be work somewhere for fighting men to do. The judge of the federal court at this time was Walter Q. Gresham, brevetted brigadier-general, who was destined later to adorn the cabinets of presidents of two political parties. He was cordial and magnetic; his were the handsomest and friendliest of brown eyes, and a noble gravity spoke in them. Among the lawyers who practiced before him were Benjamin Harrison and Thomas A. Hendricks, who became respectively President and Vice-President.

Those Hoosiers who admired Gresham ardently were often less devotedly attached to Harrison, who lacked Gresham's warmth and charm. General Harrison was akin to the Covenanters who bore both Bible and sword into battle. His eminence in the law was due to his deep learning in its history and philosophy. Short of stature, and without grace of person, — with a voice pitched rather high, — he was a remarkably interesting and persuasive speaker. If I may so put it, his political speeches were addressed as to a trial judge rather than to a jury, his appeal being to reason and not to passion or prejudice. He could, in rapid flights of campaigning, speak to many audiences in a day without repeating himself. He was measured and urbane; his discourses abounded in apt illustrations; he was never dull. He never stooped to pietistic clap-trap, or chanted the jaunty chauvinism that has so often caused the Hoosier stars to blink.

Among the Democratic leaders of that period, Hendricks was one of the

ablest, and a man of many attractive qualities. His dignity was always impressive, and his appearance suggested the statesman of an earlier time. It is one of immortality's harsh ironies that a man who was a gentleman, and who stood moreover pretty squarely for the policies that it pleased him to defend, should be published to the world in a bronze effigy in his own city as a bandy-legged and tottering tramp, in a frock coat that never was on sea or land.

Joseph E. McDonald, a Senator in Congress, was held in affectionate regard by a wide constituency. He was an independent and vigorous character who never lost a certain raciness and tang. On my first timid venture into the fabled East I rode with him in a day-coach from Washington to New York on a slow train. At some point he saw a peddler of fried oysters on a station platform, alighted to make a purchase, and ate his luncheon quite democratically from the paper parcel in his car seat. He convoyed me across the ferry, asked where I expected to stop, and explained that he did not like the European plan; he liked, he said, to have 'full swing at a bill of fare.'

I used often to look upon the towering form of Daniel W. Voorhees, whom Sulgrove, an Indiana journalist with a gift for translating Macaulay into Hoosierese, had named 'The Tall Sycamore of the Wabash.' In a crowded hotel lobby I can still see him, cloaked and silk-hatted, the centre of the throng, and my strict upbringing in the antagonistic political faith did not diminish my admiration for his eloquence.

Such were some of the characters who came and went in the streets of our provincial capital in those days.

III

In discussions under captions similar to mine it is often maintained that rail-

ways, telegraphs, telephones, and newspapers are knitting us together, so that soon we shall all be keyed to a metropolitan pitch. The proof adduced in support of this is of the most trivial, but it strikes me as wholly undesirable that we should all be ironed out and conventionalized. In the matter of dress, for example, the women of our town used to take their fashions from *Godey's* and *Peterson's* via Cincinnati; but now that we are only eighteen hours from New York, with a well-traveled path from the Wabash to Paris, my counselors among the elders declare that the tone of our society — if I may use so perilous a word — has changed little from our good old black alpaca days. The hobble skirt receives prompt consideration in the 'Main' street of any town, and is viewed with frank curiosity, but it is only a one day's wonder. A lively runaway or the barbaric yawp of a new street fakir may dethrone it at any time.

New York and Boston tailors solicit custom among us biennially, but nothing is so stubborn as our provincial distrust of fine raiment. I looked with awe, in my boyhood, upon a pair of mammoth blue-jeans trousers that were flung high from a flagstaff in the centre of Indianapolis, in derision of a Democratic candidate for governor, James D. Williams, who was addicted to the wearing of jeans. The Democrats sagaciously accepted the challenge, made 'honest blue jeans' the battle-cry, and defeated Benjamin Harrison, the 'kid-glove' candidate of the Republicans. Harmless demagoguery this, or bad judgment on the part of the Republicans; and yet I dare say that if the sartorial issue should again become acute in our politics the banner of bifurcated jeans would triumph now as then. A Hoosier statesman who to-day occupies high office once explained to me his refusal of sugar for his coffee by

remarking that he didn't like to waste sugar that way; he wanted to keep it for his lettuce. I do not urge sugared lettuce as symbolizing our higher provincialism, but mayonnaise may be poison to men who are nevertheless competent to construe and administer law.

It is much more significant that we are all thinking about the same things at the same time, than that Farnam Street, Omaha, and Fifth Avenue, New York, should vibrate to the same shade of necktie. The distribution of periodicals is so managed that California and Maine cut the leaves of their magazines on the same day. Rural free delivery has hitched the farmer's wagon to the telegraph office, and you can't buy his wife's butter now until he has scanned the produce market in his newspaper. This immediacy of contact does not alter the provincial point of view. New York and Texas, Oregon and Florida, will continue to see things at different angles, and it is for the good of all of us that this is so. We have no national political, social, or intellectual centre. There is no 'season' in New York, as in London, during which all persons distinguished in any of these particulars meet on common ground. Washington is our nearest approach to such a meeting-place, but it offers only short vistas. We of the country visit Boston for the symphony, or New York for the opera, or Washington to view the government machine at work, but nowhere do interesting people representative of all our ninety millions ever assemble under one roof. All our capitals are, as Lowell put it, 'fractional,' and we shall hardly have a centre while our country is so nearly a continent.

Nothing in our political system could be wiser than our dispersion into provinces. Sweep from the map the lines that divide the states and we should huddle like sheep suddenly deprived of

the protection of known walls and flung upon the open prairie. State lines and local pride are in themselves a pledge of stability. The elasticity of our system makes possible a variety of governmental experiments by which the whole country profits. We should all rejoice that the parochial mind is so open, so eager, so earnest, so tolerant. Even the most buckramed conservative on the Eastern coast line, scornful of the political follies of our far-lying provinces, must view with some interest the dallyings of Oregon with the Referendum, and of Des Moines with the Commission System. If Milwaukee wishes to try Socialism, the rest of us need not complain. Democracy will cease to be democracy when all its problems are solved and everybody votes the same ticket.

States that produce the most cranks are prodigal of the corn that pays the dividends on the railroads the cranks despise. Indiana's amiable feeling toward New York is not altered by her sister's rejection or acceptance of the direct primary, a benevolent device of noblest intention, under which, not long ago, in my own commonwealth, my fellow citizens expressed their distrust of me with unmistakable emphasis. It is no great matter, but in open convention also I have perished by the sword. Nothing can thwart the chastening hand of a righteous people.

All passes; humor alone is the touchstone of democracy. I search the newspapers daily for tidings of Kansas, and in the ways of Oklahoma I find delight. The *Emporia Gazette* is quite as patriotic as the *Springfield Republican* or the *New York Post*, and to my own taste, far less depressing. I subscribed for a year to the *Charleston News and Courier*, and was saddened by the tameness of its sentiments; for I remember (it must have been in 1884) the shrinking horror with which I saw daily in the

Indiana Republican organ a quotation from Wade Hampton to the effect that 'these are the same principles for which Lee and Jackson fought four years on Virginia's soil.' Most of us are entertained when Colonel Watterson rises to speak for Kentucky and invokes the star-eyed goddess. When we call the roll of the states, if Malvolio answer for any, let us suffer him in tolerance and rejoice in his yellow stockings. 'God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.'

Every community has its dissenters, protestants, kickers, cranks, the more the merrier. I early formed a high resolve to strive for membership in this execrated company. George W. Julian, — one of the noblest of Hoosiers, — who had been the Free-Soil candidate for Vice-President in 1852, a delegate to the first Republican convention, five times a member of Congress, a supporter of Greeley's candidacy, and a Democrat in the consulship of Cleveland, was a familiar figure in our streets. In 1884 I was dusting law-books in an office where mugwumpery flourished, and where the iniquities of the tariff, Matthew Arnold's theological opinions, and the writings of Darwin, Spencer, and Huxley were discussed at intervals in the day's business.

IV

It is constantly complained that we Americans give too much time to politics, but there could be no safer way of utilizing that extra drop of vital fluid which Matthew Arnold found in us. Epithets of opprobrium pinned to a Nebraskan in 1896 were riveted upon a citizen of New York in 1910, and who, then, was the gentleman? No doubt many voices will cry in the wilderness before we reach the promised land. A people which has been fed on the Bible

is bound to hear the rumble of Pharaoh's chariots. It is in the blood to feel the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely. The winter evenings are long on the prairies, and we must always be fashioning a crown for Cæsar or rehearsing his funeral rites. No great danger can ever seriously menace the nation so long as the remotest citizen clings to his faith that he is a part of the governmental mechanism and can at any time throw it out of adjustment if it does n't run to suit him. He can go into the court-house and see the men he helped to place in office; or if they were chosen in spite of him, he pays his taxes just the same and waits for another chance to turn the rascals out.

Mr. Bryce wrote: 'This tendency to acquiescence and submission; this sense of the insignificance of individual effort, this belief that the affairs of men are swayed by large forces whose movement may be studied but cannot be turned, I have ventured to call the Fatalism of the Multitude.' It is, I should say, one of the most encouraging phenomena of the score of years that have elapsed since Mr. Bryce's *American Commonwealth* appeared, that we have grown much less conscious of the crushing weight of the mass. It has been with something of a child's surprise in his ultimate successful manipulation of a toy whose mechanism has baffled him that we have begun to realize that, after all, the individual counts. The pressure of the mass will yet be felt, but in spite of its persistence there are abundant signs that the individual is asserting himself more and more, and even the undeniable acceptance of collectivist ideas in many quarters helps to prove it. With all our faults and defaults of understanding, — populism, free silver, Coxey's army, and the rest of it, — we of the West have not done so badly. Be not impatient

with the young man Absalom; the mule knows his way to the oak tree!

Blaine lost Indiana in 1884; Bryan failed thrice to carry it. The campaign of 1910 in Indiana was remarkable for the stubbornness of 'silent' voters, who listened respectfully to the orators but left the managers of both parties in the air as to their intentions. In the Indiana Democratic State Convention of 1910 a gentleman was furiously hissed for ten minutes amid a scene of wildest tumult; but the cause he advocated won, and the ticket nominated in that memorable convention succeeded in November. Within fifty years Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois have sent to Washington seven presidents, elected for ten terms. Without discussing the value of their public services it may be said that it has been an important demonstration to our Mid-Western people of the closeness of their ties with the nation, that so many men of their own soil have been chosen to the seat of the presidents; and it is creditable to Maine and California that they have cheerfully acquiesced. In Lincoln the provincial American most nobly asserted himself, and any discussion of the value of provincial life and character in our politics may well begin and end in him. We have seen verily that

Fishers and choppers and ploughmen
Shall constitute a state.

Whitman, addressing Grant on his return from his world's tour, declared that it was not that the hero had walked 'with kings with even pace the round world's promenade';—

But that in foreign lands, in all thy walks with
kings,
Those prairie sovereigns of the West, Kansas,
Missouri, Illinois,
Ohio's, Indiana's millions, comrades, farmers,
soldiers, all to the front,
Invisibly with thee walking with kings with even
pace the round world's promenade,
Were all so justified.

What we miss and what we lack who

live in the provinces seem to me of little weight in the scale against our compensations. We slouch, — we are deficient in the graces, we are prone to boast, and we lack in those fine reticences that mark the cultivated citizen of the metropolis. We like to talk, and we talk our problems out to a finish. Our commonwealths rose in the ashes of the hunter's campfires, and we are all a great neighborhood, united in a common understanding of what democracy is, and animated by ideals of what we want it to be. That saving humor which is a philosophy of life flourishes amid the tall corn. We are old enough now — we of the West — to have built up in ourselves a species of wisdom, founded upon experience, which is a part of the continuing unwritten law of democracy. We are less likely these days to 'wobble right' than we are to stand fast or march forward like an army with banners.

We provincials are immensely curious. Art, music, literature, politics — nothing that is of contemporaneous human interest is alien to us. If these things don't come to us we go to them. We are more truly representative of the American ideal than our metropolitan cousins, because (here I lay my head upon the block) we know more about, oh, so many things! We know vastly more about the United States, for one thing. We know what New York is thinking before New York herself knows it, because we visit the metropolis to find out. Sleeping-cars have no terrors for us, and a man who has never been west of Philadelphia seems to us a singularly benighted being. Those of our Western school-teachers who don't see Europe for three hundred dollars every summer get at least as far east as Concord, to be photographed by the rude bridge that arched the flood.

That fine austerity, which the vol-

uble Westerner finds so smothering on the Boston and New York express, is lost utterly at Pittsburg. From gentlemen cruising in day-coaches — rude wights who advertise their personal sanitation and literacy by the tooth-brush and fountain-pen planted sturdily in their upper left-hand waistcoat pockets — one may learn the most prodigious facts and the philosophy thereof. 'Sit over, brother; there's hell to pay in the Balkans,' remarks the gentleman who boarded the inter-urban at Peru or Connersville, and who would just as lief discuss the papacy or child-labor, if revolutions are not to your liking.

In Boston a lady once expressed her surprise that I should be hastening home for Thanksgiving Day. This, she thought, was a New England festival. More recently I was asked by a Bostonian if I had ever heard of Paul Revere. Nothing is more delightful in us, I think, than our meekness before instruction. We strive to please; all we ask is 'to be shown.'

Our greatest gain is in leisure and the opportunity to ponder and brood. In all these thousands of country towns live alert and shrewd students of affairs. Where your New Yorker scans headlines as he 'commutes' homeward, the villager reaches his own fire-side without being shot through a tube, and sits down and reads his newspaper thoroughly. When he repairs to the drug-store to abuse or praise the powder that be, his wife reads the paper, too. A United States Senator from a Middle Western State, making a campaign for renomination preliminary to the primaries, warned the people in rural communities against the newspaper and periodical press with its scandals and heresies. 'Wait quietly by your firesides, undisturbed by these false teachings,' he said in effect; 'then go to your primaries and vote as

you have always voted.' His opponent won by thirty thousand, — the amiable answer of the little red school-house.

V

A few days ago I visited again my native town. On the slope where I played as a child I listened in vain for the mourning bugle; but on the college campus a bronze tablet commemorative of those sons of Wabash who had fought in the mighty war quickened the old impressions. The college buildings wear a look of age in the gathering dusk.

Coldly, sadly descends
The autumn evening. The field
Strewn with its dank yellow drifts
Of withered leaves, and the elms,
Fade into dimness apace,
Silent; hardly a shout
From a few boys late at their play!

Brave airs of cityhood are apparent in the town, with its paved streets, fine hall and library; and everywhere are wholesome life, comfort, and peace. The train is soon hurrying through gray fields and dark woodlands. Farm-houses are disclosed by glowing panes; lanterns flash fitfully where farmers are making all fast for the night. The city is reached as great factories are discharging their laborers, and I pass from the station into a hurrying throng homeward bound. Against the sky looms the dome of the capitol; the tall shaft of the soldiers' monument rises ahead of me down the long street and vanishes starward. Here where forests stood seventy-five years ago, in a state that has not yet attained its centenary, is realized much that man has sought through all the ages, — order, justice, and mercy, kindness and good cheer. What we lack we seek, and what we strive for we shall gain. And of such is the kingdom of democracy.

CLASS-CONSCIOUSNESS

BY VIDA D. SCUDDER

I

JANE ADDAMS, in *Twenty Years at Hull House*, implies that the two doctrines of economic determinism and class-consciousness have deterred her from accepting socialism. Now, the form in which these doctrines were currently presented by earlier socialists was sufficiently crass to repel any one idealistically inclined. Yet, looked at closely, economic determinism at least is a very innocent bogey. When we assume our free power, to control social progress, we may proceed under a great delusion. So may we in assuming that we move about lightly in space, while really an incredible weight of atmosphere presses from every point upon us. It would be foolish to worry about that weight, however, when we are catching a trolley; and fatalistic ideas, whether attacking us from the side of sociology, theology, or science, are cheerfully disregarded the moment we enter the race of life. Determinism simply assures us that the threads of moral purpose are knit into the woof of the universe, instead of trailing vacuously through space. Just as we have deeper faith in a spiritual nature than our fathers, who clung to special creations, our children will find the privilege of coöperating with the Will disclosed to reverent study of the changing order, higher than the effort to impose on that order methods invented by private preference. '*Cercando libertà*,' was Dante's aim: the generations move onward; attaining it only

in measure as, to use Wordsworth's fine phrase, they come to know themselves 'free because embound.'

When the early exponents of economic determinism uttered their thrilling call, 'Proletarians of all lands, unite!' it was a call to free men. But was that call a wise one? Shall we echo it? The question raises the vital issue of class-consciousness as a desirable factor in social advance. Only with the advent of the two theories together, did the Utopian socialism of the earlier nineteenth century become an effective force. As that force advances, enters practical politics, permeates life, the doctrines are phrased less crudely, but they are not abandoned; and class-consciousness at least proves itself to-day no academic theory, but a driving power.

To indorse it, is a serious matter. It means that we welcome discontent, it might call us to rejoice in revolt. It demands that we hail with satisfaction, instead of dismay, the steady dogged rise of proletariat claims to higher wages, shorter hours, larger compensations in injury. It means that while we may be mildly pleased with the announcement of a new profit-sharing scheme on the part of employers, our hearts leap with more confident gladness when an increase of wages has been won by a group of employees. We shall approve of any shrinking in the ranks of free labor, any accession to the ranks of the organized; shall encourage the spread of radical and subversive teaching among the work-

ing people, make an Act of Thanks for Milwaukee, note with joy the socialist propaganda in New York, and desire by all rightful means to persuade the helpless unthinking mass of the Workers that power and responsibility are in their hands.

The majority of educated men are obviously not yet at this point. What we find to-day, on the part of most honest people, including our judicially minded Chief Executive, is a general claim to non-partisanship in case of industrial disturbance: a virtuous if platitudinous plea that the public stand off while the matter is decided on its merits. And of course in a sense this is quite the right attitude. Only it is not the whole story. It never was, it never will be; the convictions that control and create life are not generated in this way. Pure disinterestedness never occurs. It belongs to equations, not to men; at best it is academic, not human. In a given crisis, the undertow of sympathy, not the estimate of right in detail, is the big thing, the thing worth noting. Nor is this any more lamentable than the fact that a special episode in a drama must be justly judged, not on its own merits, but in its relation to the whole drift of the play.

The undertow is changing, the tide is at the turn. It is disquieting or inspiring, according to one's prejudices, to observe the extraordinarily slow shifting of sympathy in matters industrial, during the past twenty-five years, toward the side of the workers. True, men still naïvely demand a clear case, a miracle that has perhaps never yet been seen. But here is the change: of old, when the workers were proved in the wrong, the public exulted; to-day, it is disappointed. The change is amazing, but it is still wavering; nor do men yet recognize the underdrift of sympathy in which they are caught.

This drift is the recognition that the working classes must achieve their own salvation, and that such salvation demands not only fragments of improvement grudgingly bestowed, but a general pressure, if not toward social equality, then at least to the point where a 'living wage' shall secure the chance to all manhood to rise to its highest level.

As the drift slowly becomes conscious, people grow troubled. For they see that it involves two things: —

First, the sharp belief that privilege must be cut down before our general life can flourish. Now, the finer idealism does not shrink from this idea in itself. Disinterested men, including many who have a stake in the game, are coming to admit it; many are even inclined to accept the central socialist tenet, that no effective cure for our social evils will be found until a large proportion at least of wealth-producing wealth be socially owned. Many people disagree with this proposition, but it no longer shocks the common mind. The sacred and inalienable righteousness of the principle of private property was once even among radical thinkers an assumption to be built on; it is becoming a thesis to be proved.

But there is another implication from which the moral sense recoils: that is, from encouragement of class-consciousness as a militant weapon. For are we not coming to object to any weapons at all? Just when the old political militarism is coming to be at a discount in the idealist ranks, this new form of war — conflict in industrial relations — makes its appearance among pitiable mortals; and our enthusiasm is enlisted to foster in the working people the very traits which civilization is struggling to leave behind! True, ballot rather than bomb is the weapon commended, physical

violence is honestly deplored by both sides, and even extremists ardently hope that we may spell our Revolution without the R. None the less are the passions educed by the whole situation essentially those of the battlefield; men exult in wresting advantages from their antagonists, they are trained to regard one another as adversaries, not brothers. And this in the very age theoretically agog for peace! The good people who would fain see all social progress proceed from the growing generousities of realized brotherhood, find a mere travesty of their desires in gains won through self-assertion. Shall the lovers of peace sympathize with a movement for quickening discontent and making hatred effective? Shall we lend our approval to destroying whatever meekness the poor may have, and summon them to curse that Poverty which a certain word calls blessed? It is time to call a halt!

There is doubtless some unconscious prejudice on the side of privilege in all this. But there is something better too, and every honest socialist knows it. The theory of class-consciousness does offend the conscience of the moralist as often as the sister doctrine of economic determinism offends the intellect of the philosopher.

II

Frank confession behooves us at the outset. Class-consciousness is a weapon, and to applaud it does involve a militant attitude. If people say that it is *ipse facto* discredited thereby, we can only enter a plea for consistency. Virtuous disapproval of the working-class struggle sits ill on the lips of those who point out with zest the stimulating qualities of the competitive system and vote enthusiastically for the increase of armaments. It is a curious fact that the man who talks Jingo

politics most loudly, and defends with most vigor the admirable necessity to commerce of the triumph of the strong, is habitually the very person most outraged at the pressure of a united proletariat group toward freedom. Yet he may be hard put to it to persuade the man from Mars that to fight for one's country is glorious while to fight for one's class is an inspiration of the devil. Good Paterfamilias, sweating to discomfit your competitors for the sake of your darlings at home, how convince our visitor that in defending the interests of your family you fulfill a sacred duty, while your employee, fighting for the interests of his industrial group, flings a menace at society?

There is only one ground on which the distinction can be maintained: the assumption that family and nation are holy things to be protected at any cost, while class is an unholy thing which deserves no protection. The position has force. But, curiously enough, those ready to agree to it are the stubbornly 'class-conscious.' However, the matter is too serious to be met by an oblique argument. The instinct which considers class-feeling to be inferior to family feeling or patriotism, probably rests on the opinion that the forces which create class are not only divisive, but selfish and material.

Mazzini proffered an interesting plea for the superiority of political over social passion on this very ground, that the first alone was idealist and disinterested. However threatened, belief that the family is a spiritual and sacramental unit, is deeply ingrain. And yet must we not recognize the same foundation in all three cases? And need we be sorry? Patriotism rests upon reliance on the protection afforded by the state; the family is created by the craving for self-perpetuation. Class-feeling, too, has its sacramental sweetness. Of the strands from which it is

woven many derive no color from personal advantage.

As for warfare, we all agree that its moral values are provisional, and look eagerly to that promised time 'when war shall be no more.' But while the vision tarries, no one who accepts that provisional value in one field should disallow it in another. Most of us moreover hold it to be a real value, and still thrill unabashed to martial strains. Why did Thackeray present soldiers as the only men among the weak egotists of *Vanity Fair* to preserve a standard of selfless honor? Why did Tennyson hail the clash of arms as the only means of transforming the smug clerks of England into her patriots? Not because these authors approved a militant ideal, but because they knew such an ideal to be nobler than prosperous sloth and self-absorption. Battle is deep embedded in our finiteness. As Helen Gray Cone nobly puts it, —

In this rubric, lo! the past is lettered:
Strike the red words out, we strike the glory:
Leave the sacred color on the pages,
Pages of the Past that teach the Future.
On that scripture
Yet shall young souls take the oath of service.!

God end War! But when brute war is ended,
Yet shall there be many a noble soldier,
Many a noble battle worth the winning,
Many a hopeless battle worth the losing.

Life is battle:
Life is battle, even to the sunset.

The Apocalypse which ends with Jerusalem, Vision of Peace, is chiefly occupied with chronicling in succession of awesome symbols the eternal Wars of the Lord. In the Teachings of Christ there are three bitter sayings against smooth conventionality for one against violence, for the context shows that the saying about non-resistance is personal, not social, in application. We may not dismiss class-consciousness as evil on the mere score that it arouses the passions of war. To determine its

value, its end must be questioned, and the qualities evoked by the conflict must be scanned.

III

Let us take the last task first, for in fulfilling it we may almost hope to reassure those gentle folk, — notably on the increase even while nominal Quakerism declines, — the lovers of peace at any price. We may not approve war for the sake of its by-products alone, but when these are valuable we may find in them some consolation for such war as is bound to exist. The class-conscious movement has two precious results: its inner disciplines, and its power to widen sympathies.

Even the most recalcitrant grant the value of an army from the first point of view. Military life affords a unique training in the very virtues most needed by a democratic state: humility and self-effacement; courage, and swift power of decision, — the qualities of subordination and of leadership. We all hope to foster these qualities through the opportunities of peace, but so far our success is so imperfect that we can hardly disregard the help presented by the crises of war. Nowhere is this help more striking than in the class-conscious movement. Consider those class-conscious groups called trade-unions. Seen from without, especially in time of stress, a union may appear actuated by the worst impulses: ruthless in pressing unreasonable demands, callously indifferent to inconveniencing the public, stubbornly self-seeking. Seen from within, the aspect alters. Here is no longer a compact unit fighting for selfish ends, but a throng of individuals, each struggling no more for himself than for his neighbor. In such an organic group — composed, be it remembered, of very simple and ignorant people — you shall see each

member submitted to severe discipline in the most valuable and difficult thing in the world, — team-work.

Wordsworth found in Nature the over-ruling power 'to kindle and restrain,' and it is not far-fetched to say that this same double function, so essential to the shaping of character, is performed for working people by the trade-union. It kindles sacrifice, endurance, and vision; it restrains violent and individualistic impulse, and fits the man or woman to play due part in corporate and guided action. Those who have stood shoulder to shoulder with the women during one of the garment-workers' strikes that have marked the last two years, have watched with reverence the moral awakening among the girls, born of loyalty to a collective cause. It was the typical employer, defending the American fetish of the Open Shop, who remarked, — when his clever Italian forewoman asked him, 'Ain't you sorry to make those people work an hour and a half for twelve cents?' — 'Don't you care. You don't understand America. Why do you worry about those peoples? Here the foolish people pay the smart.' And it was the spirited girl who replied to him, 'Well, now the smart people will teach the foolish,' — and led her shop out on strike.

Which better understood America and its needs? There is no question which had learned the truth that freedom consists, not in separateness but in fellowship, not in self-assertion but in self-effacement. The employer of so-called 'free labor' denies this sacred truth: for the liberty he defends is that of the disintegrating dust, not that of the corpuscle of living blood. By his vicious doctrine, 'each man free to make his own bargain,' he is doing his best to retard the evolution of the workers toward the citizenship of the future.

To note the services of the unions

in the quickening of international sympathy, we need only point to the situation in one of our mining communities. For in the union is the only power competent to fuse the bewildered immigrant masses into some unity of aim. Where else in our melting-pot may we look for a fire to dissipate selfishness, misunderstanding, and distrust, in the heat of common aspiration? Trade-unions are no homes of sentiment. Yet beneath their frequent corruptions and tyrannies is an extraordinary undertow of just such idealism as the United States most needs. Struggling for harmony within, pitted against the capitalist class without, the union finds its gallant work full of dramatic terror and promise. Again and again the strain is over-great. Like all other group-passions, class-feeling tends easily to the bitterness of clique or the tyrannies of oligarchy. The scab is unable to rise above the idea of self-protection. Irishman will not work with Italian, nor Gentile with Jew. The union, finding a feeble response to disinterested motives, resorts to intimidation to build and hold its membership. Corruption, fierce enough to incline one toward an anarchistic return to Nature, is as much in evidence as in politics. None the less, with slow serious searching, the process goes on by which a ship or a state finds itself, as each atom becomes dimly infused with the holy sense of its relation to the Whole.

Socialism, the other great class-conscious force, is as yet little found among us except when imported. Menacing enough, the anarchical type that drifts to us from southern Europe; as ignorant as indifferent concerning American conditions; expecting, like many another creed, to save the world outright by the application of a formula. Yet, here too, we may already discern assets to be cherished. Mem-

ory rises of illumined eyes belonging to a young Italian. Brought up, or rather kicked up, in a stable at Naples, a young animal when twenty, unable to read, careless of all except the gratification of desire, he found himself errand-boy in a restaurant frequented by a small socialist group. Then came the awakening: 'How behave longer like a beast, Signora? I could not disgrace the comrades! How should Luigi get drunk? There was the Cause to serve. I served it there, I serve it here. I now live clean. Life is holy.' Luigi had experienced that purifying, that rare, that liberating good, allegiance to an idea! Thinking goes on in all class-conscious groups: and while we feebly try to moralize and educate the poor, forces are rising from their very heart, generated by the grim realities of the industrial situation, competent to check self-absorption and widen horizons.

Nor in our straits can we afford to despise the international passion of socialism, for it is a strong force at work among the people, capable of kindling in them the sense, so needed here, of universal brotherhood. Adjustment of loyalties between old countries and new is a delicate problem sure to be increasingly pressing among us. No good American wants the old forgotten; no right-thinking immigrant should wish the new ignored.

True love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away.

He who loves two countries is richer than he who loves one only; but as matter of fact our newcomers usually end in loving none. These spiritual exiles present the pathetic spectacle, not of one man without a country, but of great throngs.

At the North End in Boston, Denison House conducts a Sunday lecture course for Italians. The control disclaims responsibility for opinions pre-

sented on this practically free forum. Yet American members consented with some reluctance to invite a speaker representing a society organized to strengthen the bond to Italy, and suspected of discouraging naturalization. With anxiety of another type, we asked a socialist club to send its orator for our next meeting. But what the speaker did was to talk with fire and eloquence, grateful to his grave Latin audience, on the theme of the necessity to the Italian in the United States of a new patriotism broad enough to disregard old lines, and to express itself in loyal American citizenship, and in coöperation with all that was progressive in the life of the United States. The inspiration of class-conscious internationalism was plain in the speech, and it did more to quicken a civic conscience than any words of ours could have achieved.

IV

Noting these things, comparing them with the dreary barrenness of the psychical life which obtains among the unaroused masses, how can we fail to see in the class-struggle one of those inspiring forces which are the glory of history? Abraham Lincoln had probably never heard the famous phrase of Marx, but he had his own version of it: 'The strongest bond of human sympathy outside the family,' said he, 'should be one uniting all working people of all nations and tongues and kindreds.' On what grounds rests this surprising and deliberate statement of our greatest American? On his intuition of the sanctity of labor, and probably also on his perception of a vast liberating power in this feeling for class.

From tribal days, group-consciousness has always involved a defiant attitude toward those outside the group, yet it has always been one of the chief

forms of moral education. The larger the group toward which loyalty is evoked, the greater the emancipation from pettiness; and if class-consciousness is the most impressive form of group-consciousness up to date, it is because the working people include a majority of human kind. Class feeling quickens that imaginative power which democracy most needs. The tired workman, absorbed in his machine, suddenly finds far horizons open to his spirit. He hears the heart-beats of his brothers in Italy, in Russia, in Bohemia, in Denmark; and behold! a new means for accomplishing the central work of the ages, for releasing him from that self-centred egotism which is at once the condition of his finite existence and the barrier that he must transcend if he is to know himself a partaker of the infinite.

The means is new; for until economic development had reached its present point, class-consciousness could not have risen to the status of a world-power. Those whom it affects are the masses, voiceless through the long historic story: without coherence, other than that of trampled dust; without common aim, other than such as animates a herd of terror-driven cattle. Only occasionally, under stress of some sharp immediate oppression, has a brief sense of fellowship sprung into transient flame, soon sinking into ashes. To-day that healthful fire is creeping steadily and stealthily on, spreading from land to land, from speech to speech. We shall do well to welcome it, for what it will burn is dross, not gold.

It is the very newness of the force that shocks and terrifies. Race and nation have long broken humanity into groups on perpendicular lines. Class introduces a broad horizontal division. The mighty emotions it generates move laterally, so to speak, interpenetrating the others. They may be competent

to overcome in large degree, as we have claimed, the deep-seated antagonisms, racial, political, religious, that separate men and hinder brotherhood. But is not a danger involved? These older loyalties were, after all, in their essence sacred. Does not loyalty to class threaten bonds rightly and jealously cherished? Will it not dull the allegiance of men to family, nation, and church?

The fear is real; to a certain point it is justified. The conflict of loyalties is the persistent tragedy of civilization. Even those accredited by time have been hard enough to harmonize among themselves. The three-fold passions which inspired chivalry at its height were loyalty to king, to lady, and to God; how brilliantly do all three shine in that mirror of the chivalric ideal, Malory's *Morte Darthur*! How desperate the struggle among them which ends in the destruction of the Table Round! To-day, the immemorial clash between allegiance to State and Church rends many a distressed heart in France and Italy. Does not socialism bring more curse than blessing when it introduces to an already distracted race a fresh appeal at cross-purposes with all the old?

Socialists themselves well illustrate the danger. The negative attitude toward family ties, marked enough among certain socialist groups, springs to be sure from other sources and is not relevant here to consider. But it is sober fact that socialism is, among many of its adherents, replacing all other religions, and filling the only need they experience for a faith and an ideal. We may in fairness ascribe this situation to temporary causes, and dismiss the difficulty, noting that all the best leaders stress the purely non-partisan and secular nature of the movement. But we have still to reckon with the indifference of the movement to patriotism, an indifference rising

into antagonism in the earlier stages. Marx, in the *Communist Manifesto*, said that the working people have no fatherland. Bakunin could write: 'The social question can only be satisfactorily solved by the abolition of frontiers.'

This strong language, however, marked the infancy of the movement and is increasingly discarded. Patriotism has deep roots, and socialists are men. The issue has been hotly discussed in those socialist conventions where a rare and refreshing interest in great intellectual issues obtains. And 'The view is gaining ground among socialists,' says Sombart, 'that all civilization has its roots in nationality, and that civilization can reach its highest development only on the basis of nationality.' It is this growing conviction which makes the socialists sympathetic champions of oppressed peoples like the Poles and Armenians. 'The socialist purpose,' says a prominent leader, 'is to give to the proletariat an opportunity of sharing in the national life at its best. Socialism and the national idea are thus not opposed: they supplement each other.'

It is comfortable to know that such utterances are increasing. So far as the practical situation goes, there are no better Americans than trade-union men, and the possible service in the next act of our national drama of the very internationalist feeling of socialism has been already signaled. Meanwhile, we cannot wonder if the movement, entranced with its new vision of a universal brotherhood of workers, has for the time disparaged other ties. That is human nature. On account of the narrowness of our capacities, loyalties, as we have seen, conflict, and the large tragedies of history go on. We in our blindness would again and again meet the situation by suppressing one of the rival forces. That is not Nature's way: wiser than we, who

would destroy life in the saving it, she goes on adding system to system, claim to claim, till, through the very anguish of adjustment and coördination, life deepens and unfolds. The complexity of the physical systems which control us does but correspond to the complexity of the body. The lungs breathe all the better because at the same time the heart is beating, the hair growing, and digestion going on. Progress consists in the addition of new functions. The delicate apparatus may easily get out of gear; one system may interfere with another. This is not health, but disease, equally dangerous whether it affect the body physical or the body politic. But it cannot be cured by retrogression in the scale of being. Health, physical, mental, or social, consists in the harmonious interaction of a number of activities practically undefined and constantly on the increase. We find it hard to realize the full wealth of our own nature, but there is no more limit to the loyalties a man may profess than to the corporate activities he may share. As Chesterton remarks, he can be at once an Englishman, a collector of beetles, a Roman Catholic, and an enthusiast for cricket. He may also without difficulty, when once adjustment is completed, be class-conscious, nation-conscious, and religion-conscious; the more his affiliations, the richer his possibilities, for through these avenues only can he escape from the prison of self. And the advent on a large scale of a new loyalty and a new system of attraction signals, not the destruction of the old, but the enriching of all social life and its advance to a higher level in the scale of being.

v

Class-consciousness then can be dismissed on the score neither of its milit-

ant implications, nor of the menace it offers to older devotions. Both in its political aspect and in its more intimate reaches of private experience, we find it to be at once a disciplinary and an awakening force; it kindles and restrains.

But now we must go further. We have been dwelling mainly on the qualities it evokes, and the opportunities it offers. We have not yet asked ourselves squarely the final, the crucial question: What end does it propose?

To answer, we must turn from its inner reactions to its outer relations, and take into account the other combatants in the class-war.

By common consent, the term class-conscious is usually applied to the working people. But in accurate speech, it should not be so limited, for it describes quite as truly the stubborn struggle of the employing class to maintain supremacy. The persistence of this class in defending its prerogative is as natural a product of the industrial situation as the pressure of the proletariat. Why is not the emotion as right and admirable when experienced by employer as by employed?

It is more admirable, many will hasten to reply. We need not at this point answer the obviously partisan cry. But if we are to convince the dispassionate man, our supposed interlocutor, that our own cry is less partisan, if we are to justify that strong undertow of sympathy toward the popular cause of which we spoke at the outset, we must lean on an instructive assumption. This is the conviction that the time when the defense of prerogative was valuable to society as a whole is nearing its end, and that the ideal of the proletariat, not that of the capitalist, is implicit in the truly democratic state.

Do we or do we not want to put an end to class in the modern sense? This is the real, if paradoxical issue. The

situation is curious and interesting. As we have already hinted, those who deplore most angrily the rise of class-consciousness in the proletariat foster it most eagerly in their own camp, and would with the greatest reluctance see class-distinctions disappear. On the other hand, the leaders who labor most earnestly to strengthen working-class solidarity do so because they hate class with a deadly hatred, and see in such solidarity the only means of putting an end to it altogether. If we agree with them to the point of holding that class, like war, is provisional, it would seem that these are the people to whom our sympathy is due.

Professor Royce has well shown us that the aim of all minor loyalties is to bring us under the wing of that mother of all virtues, loyalty to the Whole. One draws a long breath at this grandiose, appealing image of the unachieved end of all human striving. Which serves it best, — socialism with its class-conscious connotations, or capitalism with its repudiation of the new bond? The question implies the answer. The capitalist movement has avowedly no aim beyond self-protection and the maintenance of a new type of benevolent feudalism. The working-class movement, on the other hand, is probably the only form of group-consciousness yet evolved in history, to look beyond its own corporate aim. It is inspired by a passion of good-will for all men, and never loses sight of a universal goal. Nay, it is concerned with the welfare of the very enemies whom it is fighting, for it is aware that rich as well as poor are today so fast in prison that they cannot get out. Have we not good reason then to honor it and to exalt it above even patriotism in our thoughts?

The man fighting for his country does not look beyond that country's welfare. But the wider outlook is an in-

tegral part of the class-conscious inspiration. The popular movement marches to the tune of Burns: —

It's coming yet for a' that
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that.

L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain, —

is the rallying cry of the people. What they seek is not the transfer of privilege, but the abolition of privilege; and while they work first for the emancipation of their own class, they believe not only that this class comprises the majority of mankind, but that its freedom will enable all men alike to breathe a more liberal air. With the disappearance of privilege, all possibility of the class-war would of course vanish, for the very sense of class as based on distinction in industrial assets and opportunities would be replaced by new groupings founded, one would suppose, on more subtle and intimate affinities of pursuit, capacity, and taste. In all history-creating movements, the urge of life has been the impelling force; nor can we deny that it has on the whole worked for good to the whole as well as to the part. But it is the great distinction of socialism that, while frankly accepting and fostering such primal passion, it is at the same time more or less clearly aware of a more disinterested aim. Class will never become to our minds a permanent factor in social life, on a level with nation or country. In this fact we may find a legitimate reason for the distrust of class-consciousness that prevails. But, thinking more deeply, in the same fact is the indorsement and justification for the only movement which is to-day setting its face toward the destruction of class distinctions, and which has thus for its very object the annihilation of that sense of separateness which as a weapon it must temporarily use.

VI

We need then have no fear lest class-consciousness, any more than economic determinism, catch us in the net of materialism. Mazzini did well when he turned to the workers as the hope of the future, and told them that their duties were more important than their rights; only he should have stressed the fact that in claiming their rights they are fulfilling the most disinterested of duties. Rising to this altitude, we have made a great discovery; as Moody's lovely lyric has it, we have found a sky 'behind the sky.' The materialistic interpretation of history tries in vain to hold us within the zone of the lower heavens, for, —

. . . when the lure is cast
Before thy heedless flight
And thou art snared and taken fast
Within one sky of light,
Behold the net is empty, the cast is vain,
And from thy circling in the other sky the lyric
laughters rain.

Yet there are always new heavens waiting, nor is it denied us to fly much higher than we have ventured yet into the upper air of pure spiritual passion. We have done full justice to the teaching that expounds the importance of the economic base, and vindicates the forces rooted in economic necessity and self-interest. But another question is waiting, nor can we close without asking once more whether all productive forces are directly related to this base, or whether we may reserve a place for the effective power of pure altruism.

Whether we look out or in, the question for most of us is answered in the asking. Heroic devotion springing from ranges quite out of the economic sphere fills the human annals; and this not least in the case of social progress. From the days of John Ball to those of John Howard, philanthropists who have waged brave successful battle against abuses, reformers who have

lifted the general life to a higher level, have appeared from any and every social stratum, drawing their inspiration from depths greater than class can reach. All through history, the pressure of the unprivileged toward freedom has been supplemented at critical moments by the undercurrent of sympathy in the hearts of the privileged, and the one group has supplied leaders to the other. It would almost seem that the socialist movement is particularly rich in such leaders. Marx, if you come to that, was not a working man; nor Lassalle, nor Morris, nor Kropotkin, nor many another who in prison or exile has proved himself true to the workers' cause. Among contemporary leaders it is safe to say that the large majority are from the middle class. Looking at the high proportion of 'intellectuals' among effective socialists, one is even a little bewildered. Yet the situation is simple. It is evident, whatever radicals may say to the contrary, that if the proletariat could produce its own leaders there would be no need of social revolution.

The cry of the dispossessed is compelling. The working classes must show the way to social advance. They alone, free from sentimentality, the curse of the privileged, and from abstract theorizing, the curse of the scholastic, have that grim experience of the reaction of economic conditions on the majority from which right judgment can be born. But if their function be to furnish momentum, and corporate wisdom, the power of individual initiative and directorship will often in the nature of things be generated among those governing classes in whom these gifts have been fostered. If education and administrative experience are valuable enough to share, it is obvious that the dumb proletariat must to a certain extent look to the classes that possess them for the revelation of its own sealed

wisdom and the guidance of its confused powers. The enlightened energy of those who come from other groups to serve it should not be slighted. Their high impulses, their rich devotions, are also, to ultimate vision, within, not without, the evolutionary process, — a process broader, deeper than current Marxianism admits. In them that wider loyalty, toward which class-consciousness itself is groping, has been born already, and to assert that they have no part in social advance and that the working class must produce unaided the new society, would be to deny democracy at the root.

The best, the final work of democracy will be to give us all the freedom of the City of the Common Life. This all Americans know in theory. Let us beware lest we deny it in deed by withholding our faith from the great class-conscious movement of the working people, which alone holds in practical form the ideal of a world where divisions based on economic accident and arbitrary causes shall be obliterated, and life be lifted to new levels of freedom. The instinctive sympathy with proletarian movements should cast aside timidity and incertitude, and realize that its roots strike deep into a true philosophic and religious conception of social advance. It should imply, not only indorsement, but coöperation. So only the effective reality of our national assumptions can be vindicated, and the day hastened when the Greater Loyalty shall be ruler of the world. So we can prove that the ideal central to this Republic at its outset was no histrionic Tree of Liberty cut from its native soil, to wither even as the echoes of the encircling dance and song should die away, but a growth firm-planted in the fruitful earth, and slowly, surely developing till it becomes a Tree of Life whose leaves shall be for the healing of the nations.

ÉGALITÉ

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

A STORY, charming if not truthful, was told in the Middle Ages of the father of Thomas à Becket, the holy blissful martyr. While crusading in the Holy Land, Gilbert Becket was captured, and made slave to a Saracen. It happened that God gave the Saracen's daughter both heart and will to love Gilbert, and when the prisoner, breaking his bonds, made his way homeward, she followed him, knowing only London and his name. God was her lodesman; like a strayed beast, she came to London, and wandered the streets until, by chance, she came to Gilbert's door. And it is only in what happened then that this old story differs from the narrative which follows.

Joe Moon was an American of the Americans. That is, he was a New Englander, spoke through his nose, voted the Republican ticket, chewed as well as smoked, and, before the experiences now to be recounted, regarded foreign lands and races with a frank and pitying contempt. Honest in all private dealings, industrious up to the limit of union hours, he did not fail to reveal the independence of his nature by a free-and-easy rudeness toward those who claimed superiority by word, deed, or appearance. Furthermore, he possessed the most prized of American virtues: he was practical, as was clearly proven by his career, short as that had been. At the age of thirteen he had left school, and therefore, by twenty-two, had been able to put nine unincumbered years into the study of his profession, which was that of carpenter

and joiner. One weakness alone could be charged to the account of this exemplary youth, and even on this point his friends differed, some averring that to ship as carpenter on an Atlantic liner showed a tendency toward unsteadiness, while others returned that Joe had figured out a clear saving of a dollar a day on general expenses and board.

His steamer, a squat tub with the lines of a wooden shoe, made monthly trips to Rouen with cattle for the French markets. Four days of freedom came to him at each sixth week's end while the crew were unloading; the rest was hard work, seasickness, or boredom. On his first holiday, he was content to saunter about Rouen and enjoy the sense of his racial superiority. The workmen wore blouses, and clearly earned no more than a dollar a day. The streets were no wider than alleys; the churches they talked about were crumbling and run down.

His second arrival was in June. It was night when he landed, a night full of music, merry chatter, and moonshine. He sat by a little marble-topped table in front of the *Café National*, drank his bocks, listened with equanimity to the orchestra, and felt uneasily that the moving crowd before him, gay, voluble, enjoying itself without fighting and without being drunk, was made up of units more expressive than himself and almost as intelligent.

On his third trip, he made a little voyage up the Seine valley, and it was in a café by Seine-side in Vernon that he met Louise.

The first time, he gulped at his vermouth and cassis, which he called 'bellywash,' and watched her with an admiring stare as she dashed off stale glasses, whisked on fresh ones, and treated the customers to *blague* which he could not understand. The next time he ordered whiskey, and got some of the *blague* himself. '*Mon Dieu! Monsieur pense que nous avons ici un bar américain!*' A sentence passed with a shrug which made him feel himself a helpless foreigner in a land of wits.

But by the fourth visit he had picked up a little French, and, what was more important, had brought with him a supply of home-bred self-assurance. As Louise tripped among the tables he followed her with brazen glances; when she turned jester, he called her 'a fresh mut' in English; if she laughed at his vile French he tried to kiss her. That night she put on her newest hat and leaned with him over the parapet of the Bridge of Lovers, saying smart things in Norman of the stars in the water (so he gathered), and darting starry looks at him which were more intelligible.

The last time was nearly fatal. The cattle-ship broke a propeller-blade just as she swung into the Seine estuary, waddled up to Rouen, and went into dry-dock for a ten days' rest. Eight of the ten belonged to him, and seven of the ten he spent at Vernon. It was St. Martin's summer. You could still sit with comfort at a green café table on the water front; you could lean over the parapet of the Bridge of Lovers by November moonlight, or, in the slack hour after *déjeuner*, watch the tows swing down the river, talk of America, the carpenter's trade, and the girls of France.

The seventh day was like early summer. A hazy sun warmed the chalk cliffs into dusty gold, and mellowed the yellow islands, the brown water,

and the infinitely banded fields. It was a *fête* day, so in the afternoon they strolled down to a nameless village by a bridge where was an *auberge* called *Le Café des Trois Poissons*, and there they had an omelet, *pommes sautées*, good red wine, and, for him, many glasses of *eau de vie de cidre*, which is strong, good, and dangerously cheap. The early dusk found them elbow to elbow, face in face, while he told her how they did things at home. '*L'an prochain*, that's right, ain't it? *voyez-vous*, I'll shake the damned old ship, *j'irai de la bateau*, et *j'aurai trois dollars*, that's *quinze francs*, un jour.' Her piquant face, her quick replies, her patience when she did not understand, the *eau de vie*, the quiet of the place, led him on and on. Before they had reached the Bridge of Lovers on their return, he had kissed her three times, and tried to thirty more. Before he left her at the door of the *cuisine* he had said more than he cared to recall in the gray and drizzly dawn.

And that was why he ran back to Rouen one day ahead of time, sent her a *carte postale* with *au revoir* upon it, and fell to mending cattle-pens with a flustered heart. When the ship reached her home port he sent her another, the finest and ugliest picture of New York that he could find, with his name and Fairport written there, no more. Three weeks later he was sawing planks in mid-air on the scaffolds of an unfinished club-house, and in a month more you would never have guessed that Joe Moon had crossed the water, tasted *eau de vie de cidre*, or made love to a Norman girl on Seine-side in St. Martin's summer.

As for Louise, she frisked no less merrily for Joe's departure. Heavens! One must fill the bock glasses, fetch the *cigarettes* at *soixante centimes* from the *débit de tabac*, and make the *addition*, in spite of lovers fled or otherwise.

'*Mais votre Anglais, est-ce qu'il est parti seul?*' cried Marie the laundress.

'Gone? No indeed,' laughed Louise. 'He is in Paris buying me a present.'

'You love me no more,' said Monsieur Folette the jeweler, as he lit his cigarette. 'I have seen you on the bridge with your Englishman who looks as stupid as a horse.'

'Is it stupid then to love me!' returned Louise.

Indeed, it was a certain heavy seriousness in Joe Moon that attracted this airy *mademoiselle* of the tables. No other man had ever talked '*les affaires*' in the face of her coquetry, or shown such a sublime indifference to all amenities of love-making less tangible than a kiss.

'Joe,' she would say to him, 'figure to yourself that we were in your Fairport. Where then would you take me on a fête day?'

And he would answer, 'Damned if—I I don't know. Out to see the new buildings on the boulevard, I guess. I generally go there on Sundays.'

Such an answer, to a French girl, is *très curieux*, and the French are fascinated by the curious.

Or, possibly, the personal was not the strongest of motives. The serious Joe became voluble, would have become eloquent if his French had allowed him, when the talk turned to the land of opportunity. The American is the world's greatest boaster, and his boasting makes itself heard, for he boasts not of sentiments and ideals but of figures and facts. The Europeans all listen to him; no wonder Joe fascinated a cool-headed Norman girl with thrift in her blood. She did listen; furthermore she thought. In truth she was changing in her mind the dollars of a prospective wage into francs when he broke down her guard for the first kiss. But that kiss was so rude, so strong, the arm about her waist had

such a willful power to it, that she forgot her sum.

'You think me an American girl,' she cried in struggling, and then wondered longingly just what the sweet-hearts of such rude, strong men were like.

Joe Moon went back to Fairport, Louise back to her *café* tables, where she sang her snatches, whisked her dish-cloth at the cats, whistled to the birds in the cage over the *patronne's* desk, dealt repartee to the *clientèle*, and hoarded all her *pourboires*. Each Saturday night she reckoned her winnings, each week she added one economy more. When she took to wearing felt slippers to save shoes (shoes cost in France), the *patronne* had her say. The *patronne* was a dark and petulant Gasconne who screamed when she was angry. Louise had always managed her with care, but this time she laughed at the rebuke.

'My poor little one,' rumbled the *patronne* majestically, 'if you are impudent, out you go on the streets.'

Louise giggled shrilly.

'Daughter of a viper,' shrieked the mistress, 'you insult *me*; I who give two francs a day to a slut as slovenly as a Bretonne!'

'Two francs,' repeated Louise with a shrug. '*Mon Dieu!* In America where I am going I shall have five.'

So they learned in Vernon that Louise, the *mademoiselle* at *La Licorne*, was to emigrate. A few held up their hands; most shrugged approvingly. One does not leave Normandy for want, but only because of the prospect of a fortune. The *petite* had no family, few friends. There was the milliner of Chartres one read of in *Le Petit Journal*, who had made a million in New York. Why not? Those Americans would buy anything! And the wages, *Mon Dieu!*—Most of them had forgotten Joe Moon.

Not so Louise. As she bumped along in third class towards Cherbourg, a pleasant romance drove out loneliness, scattered homesickness. She felt for a souvenir which Joe had left with her, a wire nail, if you please, and fingered it lovingly. She spoke his name half aloud, *Jo Moo'*, between bites of bread and draughts of *vin rouge*, laughing at the sound. When an inspector put his head in at the window, she giggled, 'Ow d' jou do,' so that even that piece of machinery smiled. English was sweet upon her tongue, not least sweet to her. Careful Norman that she was, she had not failed to plan out the progression of her new life: a good place, strict economy, and to become *patronne* herself as soon as might be. But her heart sang to her in the train that this pretty progression would be interrupted — by Joe Moon. In either case one's future was secure!

And then Cherbourg, the frightening hurry of the port, the tender piled high with trunks, and swarming with harsh people who talked like Joe but dressed much more finely; the little crowd of French peasants who crouched with her on the lower deck, sniffing women, men staring like driven cattle until she too, creature of sunlight, was clouded, and looked back at the huddled quay and green France beyond with a new sense of their value, and a new pang. Then the black sides of the vast steamer, the rough voices of the sailor-folk, the smells of the steerage, — a sob, a wild forgetting of all her calculations, all her dreams, sobs which shook her as she crouched over the thundering propellers, — and then they were past the mole and swinging far up, far down on the winter ocean, with the hills and the whole world swaying far away behind.

On the fifth day she tottered upon deck, tasting the air like an invalid and gazing curiously as one to whom the world, the sea, and life had meant no-

thing. A sailor spoke to her familiarly in English, and another pushed her aside as he swabbed down the deck before the companionway. She felt hurt and lonely. Was this the people she was to come among! The men of the peasant families were gathered in a little knot by the rail. She crept nearer to them and eagerly heard their talk. It was all of their *pays*, the price of wheat and wine, the excellence of the *patron's* butter, and how Jacques Lefèvre had sold his land. They were Picards, but their gossip in *patois* was like singing to her ears, and the gray ocean an awful thing. She felt so young, so lost, so infinitely alone. But on the sixth day the sun came out, the water turned to sapphire, and white gulls circled over the wake. With the sun, the Picard wives crawled from the noisome hold and chattered weakly. Their talk was all of the new land: farms in Dakota, the joy of freeholding, the abundance and the cheapness of the food. Louise crouched at the edge of their circle, and was glad when they asked for her name. Yes, it was as *filles de chambre* or *bonne* that she hoped to launch her fortunes.

'But, mon Dieu, one does not know! Perhaps I shall marry a millionaire!' It was her first *blague* since she had left France. And if a *blague*, yet there was always Joe Moon!

New York! The home-coming American stands by the rail and speculates proudly upon the emotions which must be aroused in the heart of the simple immigrant by that jagged wall of buildings crowned with towers, brilliant with myriads of windows, and plumed with a thousand steam jets. Perhaps; but curiosity, surprise, distress are quite as common as wonder or fear. The Slav and the Hun may gape, the French are not so easily moved. Louise found the harbor and the brilliant island gay, and that pleased her; she thought the massed

office buildings *très curieux*, and a little ugly. Nothing startled her until, the landing over and Ellis Island passed, she was slung through the rattling subway. Nothing made her lose her *sang froid* until, in company with a miserable drove of booted Russians, tawdry Italians, and filthy Russian Jews, all, like her, labeled with a destination, she was herded up the steep steps to Forty-second Street and into the Grand Central station. For the jostling, prosperous crowds looked curiously at the little group, curiously and pityingly at her. She drew a little away from the Russian women and unconsciously put her hand to her hat and to her collar, straightening them with a knowing French twist. But the crowd made no distinction. 'Immigrants,' she heard some say indifferently. 'Poor things!' whispered others more kindly, and their tone she understood.

The train dashed eastward at what seemed a frightful speed. Unkempt fields, tracts of waste land, and black towns, whirled behind her; wooden houses devoid of gardens, dropped here and there on the landscape, brown meadows hideous with signs. Only the men in the car and on station-platforms pleased her. They looked steady, serious, like Joe Moon. She took out her one souvenir, the wire nail, and fingered it stealthily.

'Excuse me,' said a fat woman whose side her elbow had touched, and glanced at her defiantly. For a second only her eyes rested upon the ticket pinned to the French girl's dress, but the look burned like a tongue of flame. Louise tore the paper from her corsage, then, in quick pride, covered the place with her hand. But the fat woman never looked again; and thus they came into Fairport.

The crowd swept her from the car and halfway up the gaunt platform before she could stem it and stand thinking, a

slender black figure before an unshapely bag. Joe Moons kept leaping to her eyes in the hurrying Fairport throng; this one had his shoulders, another his plodding walk, a third a brown felt hat that almost made her cry his name, and at each fancied recognition she looked hurriedly about her to see if the herd were still near, to see if she were still branded as a social outcast, as an immigrant. But he, and he, and he, — no one was Joe Moon. And the train had pulled out bearing with it booted Russians and raucous Italians, leaving her alone and respectable again. She thanked St. Maclou that she had learned it was not *commode* to be an immigrant — and in time, before she found Joe Moon.

It was two o'clock on a Saturday in March, raw, with a wet wind blowing, fingers of blue sky above, and a puddled platform below.

'I must have a place,' Louise thought first of all when the crowd had left her alone there, — 'I must have a place before I see Joe Moon.' And knowing by reputation, if not by name, of intelligence-offices, she looked for some one to guide her.

'Would *monsieur le sous-chef de la gare* kindly direct her to —' But the compliment was lost upon *monsieur*, who was only a baggage-smasher and 'did n' know no dago.' A uniform in the station shouted at her from under a megaphone with a rudeness which she had already learned was characteristic of a free people. A woman shook her head in irritated mystification. She despaired. No one could understand her. And then she caught a glimpse of a familiar figure. Not that she knew the person; but the abstracted glance, the open countenance, the book in the outer pocket all proclaimed him. She had seen his like a hundred times in Vernon. The book then was red, but the creature was the same. They knew

French words, these tourists, if not French.

'Would *monsieur* have the great bounty to tell her —'

Monsieur, it was clear, would try, and, after many preliminaries of '*Que voulez-vous*' and '*Je pense*,' he did his best. Louise noticed, however, a subtle change. In Vernon the species was free and unabashed, proud, if anything, of the honor of conversation. But this specimen was suffering from something more acute than bad French. He looked to right and to left; when she fell into the jesting manner which always pleased them, he showed signs of departing. Furthermore, this person, who had done nothing but accumulate information at Vernon, knew little or nothing of his Fairport. The best she could secure was a note-sheet, with 'intelligence-office' written upon it, which she was to show to the first sage individual who should be met. This kind action performed, he saw another of his variety approaching and saved himself expeditiously by flight. It was very curious — like the buildings in New York.

So she drifted helplessly out into the city, and found herself in an ill-kept quarter aswarm with a brown and dirty race which she knew to be Italian; and from there, marveling, she wandered into another which Russian Jews and even stranger aliens possessed. Nor were these any longer the passive brutes of the herd, but rough and loud-mouthed, jostling her on their sidewalks, and gazing at her foreign clothes with impudent contempt. She sought for a *gendarme* and, finding one, showed her little note-sheet. He waved her on to a broader street on which vast trams, bursting with men and women, clanged and jolted. Here she heard English again, and saw sights to be understood, restaurants, clothing shops, cafés. Workmen were coming

home from overtime jobs, and once, meeting a row of carpenters, Louise flinched into a doorway lest she should meet Joe before the time. But they were all strangers whose eyes passed over her without interest, and left her safe, though hurt, she hardly knew why. Then the crowd thickened and carried her with it, unresisting. It eddied about a legless beggar and his organ on the curb, swirled through a narrow passageway beneath scaffolding, and, meeting a counter-current, flung her from the channel and against the windows of a shop.

In the doorway above her stood a pursy little fellow, hands on hips, a knowing look on his face. She had seen his like a hundred times in Vernon.

'*Monsieur* speaks French?' she asked timidly.

Monsieur's eyes left the crowd and fell upon her with interest. It was clear that the sound of his native tongue pleased him, that it stirred those instinctive notions of courtesy, which few Frenchmen are without. Louise was rescued from the crowd as an exhausted swimmer from an eddy. She panted breathless in the doorway beside him. What could he do for *mademoiselle*? He had the honor to be her compatriot, and to serve her would be a pleasure. Louise warmed with thankfulness. Again she held forth her note-sheet. A stupid had given her this at the railroad station, but never told her how to find her way. If he would be so amiable as to help.

The intelligence-office, so it proved, was just in face of them. She might see the name there even as written on the paper. And then they chatted for an instant, each pleased to be voluble in the familiar tongue. He was a merchant, it appeared, once of Honfleur. He sold lace. Twelve girls worked in his shop; she might see the heads of six.

'Ah, but, *monsieur*, you may do me a favor then,' cried Louise. 'I have no room. I do not know where it is proper for me to go. Could I stay at the *pension* of some of your *mesdemoiselles* for the night at least?'

The face of the shopkeeper was comical to look upon. How explain without offense; how make her understand us Americans, it seemed to say. But *mademoiselle* must comprehend that his girls were shop-girls; that here in America the shop-girl had a certain enmity for those who went into service. One gave *ennui* to the other. It was clear, was it not? But assuredly he would find her lodgings and of the most respectable.

'Mees Riley,' he called. A tow-headed, freckled girl in a soiled shirt-waist lounged to the door and chewed gum violently while he asked questions in English. Louise saw the look of curiosity bent upon her give way to a disparagement which rang in the tone of her answer.

'Ther's a boardin'-house for them down on State Street, number 234,' were the words. Louise was told the address; the tone needed no translation.

Timid, puzzled, her assurance failing, she climbed a crooked, dirty staircase to the intelligence-office, knocked on a belabeled door, and found herself in a stuffy room before a desk. A row of strays from all races, perched awkwardly each in a chair, stared at her stupidly.

The desk proved ingratiating — knew a little bad French, was even smiling when it had changed a ten franc gold piece and given back a few uncountable pieces of a still strange coin. Louise faltered certain words which went to fill up the blanks in a formidable printed slip, and, obeying orders, took her seat with the awkward ones at the end of the room.

A pause. She looked around her, at

first timidly, then with more boldness. For they were not frightening, those others who were waiting for a place. One was black with big lips, a Negress evidently; another had the small eyes and stupid mouth of a peasant; none were neat, none looked as if they could please a *clientèle*, or make an *addition* of six courses without error. A sullen anger, stirred in her breast. She began to understand. Was she to be ranked with these because her trade was to serve? Was there no fraternity in this country? Were women judged only by their work?

The door opened and a little old lady pattered in. A word at the desk, then she came straight to Louise and addressed her in French. Alas, she wanted a good cook and must look further down the line. Next bounced in an important personage. She trafficked shrilly with the desk, and then ran down the row of girls with knowing eye. At Louise she hesitated, sniffed 'too independent,' and ran on. After parleyings she bounced out, followed by a Swede with spiritless face and no corsets. Entered a pompous dame in rustling silks who ignored the desk, but tramped mightily up and down the line. She paused at Louise, asked a haughty question, failed to understand her '*plait-il?*' and rustled out of the door again.

A pause. Louise drooped her head. She was hungry, but that was nothing; weary, but weariness was a familiar. In truth, she was humiliated, discouraged, puzzled by it all. Why was the sallow-faced, *démodée mademoiselle* of the lace shop better than she? Why did these *mesdames* look at her so angrily? There was something *bête* in this new country!

The door opened to admit a gaudy creature in a kitchen-garden hat who strode up to the desk and announced that she wanted a girl. Not a lazy girl, not a stuck-up smart thing who did n't

know a lady when she saw her. She was going to get married to-morrow and wanted a girl as would be satisfactory from the *start*. No, she would n't pay more than three-fifty, but them servant girls were n't worth more. She knew!

Louise hated her at sight, and all the other waifs seemed to hate her too, for an insulting glance down the line was followed by a chorus of whisperings.

'A shop-girl till jes' a week ago an' now she wants a lady to live out with her! My'land!' the Negress muttered, rolling the whites of her eyes at Louise, who caught 'shop-girl' and remembered her experience of an hour ago. Was it possible that this vulgar woman, whose clothes were impossible, who talked like a peasant, and acted like a *demi-mondaine*, was superior to her! She shrugged, set her eyes alight with French impudence, and met the gaze of the newcomer fierily.

'What's *your* name?'

'Plait-il?'

'Ladle! Nice names in this office — Oh, she does n't understand English! Well, I don't want any *dagoes* in my kitchen — and nobody named Ladle anyhow!'

The desk chuckled politely; even the line giggled. Poor Louise! Uncomprehending, she struggled with the rage of those who fight in the dark. She had been made ridiculous, and all the biting *blague* which rose to her lips was of no avail. To scream, to scratch like the drunken women on the quays at Rouen, would have been a relief. And even words were denied her!

The door opened, and in came — Joe Moon. Hesitant, embarrassed, fumbling with his hat and looking only at the desk and her enemy, he shambled across the room. Louise turned giddy with the surprise of it, and then a warm rush of blood made her tingle with joy. In the depths of her humiliation somehow he had found her.

He had followed her unasked. He had come to rescue her from this horror. She watched, breathless, his dear familiar movements, saw the coat-collar that was always turned up, the necktie, as ever, under his ear. He spoke a sullen word to the desk, and turned. Louise, trembling, half-rose to meet him, and their eyes met, hers dewy with expectancy, his round with utter surprise. Their glances met and clung; then, in utter shame, Louise sank back in her chair. For Joe Moon had flushed, had known her, and, like a whipped dog, his glance had slunk away. Confusion beat in her ears; a thousand horrid surmises sprang to her mind; then despair, then incredulity, then disbelief. She raised her eyes again, and saw him, brick-red, shame-faced, but dogged, moving towards the door. The creature's hand was on his arm; pride of possession shone in her eyes; the door closed.

A pause. The little old lady, who had been pursuing murmured investigations at the other end of the line, pattered back to Louise. 'My dear,' she said, 'even though you can't cook, I like your face and I think I will take you. Will you come to-night?'

But Louise was all stone. 'No, *madame*,' she answered dully. 'I will never go into service — never, never, never!' Suddenly her control gave way and she burst into passionate tears. 'Am I not as good as these shop-girls?' she sobbed.

The old lady looked at her with pitying comprehension. 'Don't cry, my dear,' she said. 'Of course you are. But they won't admit it because — well, because it is America. But perhaps you'll be able to say some day that you are *better* than they are, and that —' she hesitated, 'well, that will be because it is America. *Won't* you come with me?'

And Louise went,

MY FIRST SUMMER IN THE SIERRA¹

BY JOHN MUIR

July 15 [1869].—Followed the Mono Trail up the eastern rim of the basin nearly to its summit, then turned off southward to a small shallow valley that extends to the edge of the Yosemite, which we reached about noon and encamped. After luncheon I made haste to high ground, and from the top of the ridge on the west side of Indian Cañon gained the noblest view of the summit peaks I have ever yet enjoyed. Nearly all the upper basin of the Merced was displayed, with its sublime domes and cañons, dark upsweeping forests and glorious array of white peaks deep in the sky, every feature glowing, radiating beauty that pours into our flesh and bones like heat-rays from fire. Sunshine over all; no breath of wind to stir the brooding calm.

Never before had I seen so glorious a landscape, so boundless an affluence of sublime mountain beauty. The most extravagant description I might give of this view to any one who has not seen similar landscapes with his own eyes would not so much as hint its grandeur, and the spiritual glow that covered it. I shouted and gesticulated in a wild burst of ecstasy, much to the astonishment of St. Bernard Carlo, who came running up to me, manifesting in his intelligent eyes a puzzled concern that was very ludicrous, and had the effect of bringing me to my common senses. A brown bear too, it would seem, had been a spectator of the show I had made of myself, for I had gone but a

few yards when I started one from a thicket of brush. He evidently considered me dangerous, for he ran away very fast, tumbling over the tops of the manzanita bushes in his haste. Carlo drew back with his ears depressed, as if afraid, and looked me in the face as if expecting me to pursue, for he had seen many a bear battle in his day.

Following the ridge, which made a gradual descent to the south, I came at length to the brow of that massive cliff that stands between Indian Cañon and Yosemite Falls, and here the far-famed valley came suddenly into view throughout almost its whole extent: the noble walls, sculptured into endless variety of domes and gables, spires and battlements and plain mural precipices, all a-tremble with the thunder tones of the falling water. The level bottom seemed to be dressed like a garden, sunny meadows here and there and groves of pine and oak, the river of Mercy sweeping in majesty through the midst of them and flashing back the sunbeams. The great Tissiack or Half Dome, rising at the upper end of the valley to a height of nearly a mile, is nobly proportioned and lifelike, the most impressive of all the rocks, holding the eye in devout admiration, calling it back again and again from falls or meadows or even the mountains beyond,—marvelous cliffs, marvelous in sheer dizzy depth and sculpture, types of endurance. Thousands of years have they stood in the sky, exposed to rain, snow, frost, earthquake, and avalanche, yet they still wear the bloom of youth.

I rambled along the valley-rim to

¹ Earlier portions of this journal were published in the January and February *Atlantic*. — THE EDITORS.

the westward; most of it is rounded off on the very brink so that it is not easy to find places where one may look clear down the face of the wall to the bottom. When such places were found, and I had cautiously set my feet and drawn my body erect, I could not help fearing a little that the rock might split off and let me down; and what a down—more than three thousand feet! Still my limbs did not tremble, nor did I feel the least uncertainty as to the reliance to be placed on them. My only fear was that a flake of the granite, which in some places showed joints more or less open and running parallel with the face of the cliff, might give way. After withdrawing from such places excited with the view I had got, I would say to myself, 'Now don't go out on the verge again.' But in the face of Yosemite scenery cautious remonstrance is vain; under its spell one's body seems to go where it likes, with a will over which we seem to have scarce any control.

After a mile or so of this memorable cliff work I approached Yosemite Creek, admiring its easy, graceful, confident gestures as it comes bravely forward in its narrow channel, singing the last of its mountain songs on its way to its fate,—a few rods more over the shining granite, then down half a mile in snowy foam to another world, to be lost in the Merced, where climate, vegetation, inhabitants, all are different. Emerging from its last gorge, it glides in wide lace-like rapids down a smooth incline into a pool, where it seems to rest and compose its gray, agitated waters before taking the grand plunge; then slowly slipping over the lip of the pool basin it descends another glossy slope with rapidly accelerated speed to the brink of the tremendous cliff, and with sublime, fateful confidence springs out free in the air.

I took off my shoes and stockings,

and worked my way cautiously down alongside the rushing flood, keeping my feet and hands pressed firmly on the polished rock. The booming, roaring water rushing past close to my head was very exciting. I had expected that the sloping apron would terminate with the perpendicular wall of the valley, and that from the foot of it where it is less steeply inclined I should be able to lean far enough out to see the forms and behavior of the fall all the way down to the bottom. But I found that there was yet another small brow over which I could not see, and which appeared to be too steep for mortal feet. Scanning it keenly, I discovered a narrow shelf about three inches wide on the very brink, just wide enough for a rest for one's heels. But there seemed to be no way of reaching it over so steep a brow.

At length, after careful scrutiny of the surface, I found an irregular edge of a flake of the rock some distance back from the margin of the torrent. If I was to get down to the brink at all, that rough edge, which might offer slight finger-holds, was the only way. But the slope beside it looked dangerously smooth and steep, and the swift, roaring flood beneath, overhead, and beside me was very nerve-trying. I therefore concluded not to venture farther, but did nevertheless. Tufts of artemisia were growing in clefts of the rock near by, and I filled my mouth with the bitter leaves, hoping they might help to prevent giddiness. Then, with a caution not known in ordinary circumstances, I crept down safely to the little ledge, got my heels well planted on it, then shuffled in a horizontal direction twenty or thirty feet until close to the outplunging current, which by the time it had descended thus far was already white. Here I obtained a perfectly free view down into the heart of the snowy, chanting throng of comet-

like streamers into which the body of the fall soon separates.

While perched on that narrow niche I was not distinctly conscious of danger. The tremendous grandeur of the fall in form and sound and motion acting at close range smothered the sense of fear, and in such places one's body takes keen care for safety on its own account. How long I remained down there, or how I returned, I can hardly tell. Anyhow, I had a glorious time, and got back to camp about dark, enjoying triumphant exhilaration, soon followed by dull weariness. Hereafter I'll try to keep away from such extravagant, nerve-straining places. Yet such a day is well worth venturing for. My first view of the High Sierra, first view looking down into Yosemite, the death-song of Yosemite Creek, and its flight over the vast cliff, each one of these is of itself enough for a great life-long landscape fortune — a most memorable day of days — enjoyment enough to kill, if that were possible.

July 16. — My enjoyments yesterday afternoon, especially at the head of the fall, were too great for good sleep. Kept starting up last night in a nervous tremor, half-awake, fancying that the foundation of the mountain we were camped on had given way, and was falling into Yosemite Valley. In vain I roused myself to make a new beginning for sound sleep. The nerve-strain had been too great, and again and again I dreamed I was rushing through the air above a glorious avalanche of water and rocks. One time, springing to my feet, I said, 'this time it is real — all must die, and where could mountaineer find a more glorious death.'

July 20. — Our shepherd is a queer character, and hard to place in this wilderness. His bed is a hollow made in red, dry-rot, punky dust beside a log

which forms a portion of the south wall of the corral. Here he lies with his wonderful, everlasting clothing on, wrapped in a red blanket, breathing not only the dust of the decayed wood but also that of the corral, as if determined to take ammoniacal snuff all night after chewing tobacco all day. Following the sheep, he carries a heavy six-shooter swung from his belt on one side, and his luncheon on the other. The ancient cloth in which the meat, fresh from the frying-pan, is tied, serves as a filter through which the clear fat and gravy juices drip down on his hip and leg in clustering stalactites. This oleaginous formation is soon broken up, however, and diffused and rubbed evenly into his scanty apparel, by sitting down, rolling over, crossing his legs while resting on logs, etc., making shirt and trousers water-tight and shiny.

His trousers in particular have become so adhesive with the mixed fat and resin, that pine-needles, thin flakes and fibres of bark, hair, mica-scales, and minute grains of quartz, hornblende, etc., feathers, seed, wings, moth and butterfly wings, legs and antennæ of innumerable insects, or even whole insects such as the small beetles, moths, and mosquitoes, with flower-petals, pollen dust, and indeed bits of all plants, animals, and minerals of the region, adhere to them, and are safely imbedded, so that, though far from being a naturalist, he collects fragmentary specimens of everything, and becomes richer than he knows. His specimens are kept passably fresh too by the purity of the air and the resinous bituminous beds into which they are pressed. Man is a microcosm; at least our shepherd is, or rather his trousers. These precious overalls are never taken off, and nobody knows how old they are, though one may guess by their thickness and concentric structure. Instead of wearing thin they wear thick, and in their

stratification have no small geological significance.

Besides herding the sheep, Billy is the butcher, while I have agreed to wash the few iron and tin utensils, and make the bread. Then, these small duties done, by the time the sun is fairly above the mountain-tops I am beyond the flock, free to rove and revel in wildness all the big, immortal days.

Sketching on the North Dome. It commands views of nearly all the valley, besides a few of the high mountains. I would fain draw everything in sight, — rock, tree, and leaf. But little can I do beyond mere outlines, — marks with meanings like words, readable only to myself; yet I sharpen my pencils and work on as if others might possibly be benefited. Whether these picture-sheets are to vanish like fallen leaves or go to friends like letters, matters not much, for little can they tell to those who have not themselves seen similar wildness, and like a language have learned it.

No pain here, no dull empty hours, no fear of the past, no fear of the future. These blessed mountains are so compactly filled with God's beauty, no petty personal hope or experience has room to be. Drinking this champagne-water is pure pleasure, so is breathing the living air, and every movement of limbs is pleasure, while the whole body seems to feel beauty when exposed to it as it feels the camp-fire or sunshine, entering not by the eyes alone, but equally through all one's flesh, like radiant heat, making a passionate ecstatic pleasure-glow not explainable. One's body then seems homogeneous throughout, sound as a crystal.

Perched like a fly on this Yosemite dome, I gaze and sketch and bask, oftentimes settling down into dumb admiration without definite hope of ever learning much, yet with the long-

ing, unresting effort that lies at the door of hope, humbly prostrate before the vast display of God's power, and eager to offer self-denial and renunciation with eternal toil to learn any lesson in the divine manuscript.

It is easier to feel than to realize, or in any way explain, Yosemite grandeur. The magnitudes of the rocks and trees and streams are so delicately harmonized, they are mostly hidden. Sheer precipices three thousand feet high are fringed with tall trees growing close like grass on the brow of a lowland hill, and extending along the feet of these precipices a ribbon of meadow a mile wide and seven or eight long that seems like a strip a farmer might mow in less than a day. Waterfalls five hundred to one or two thousand feet high are so subordinated to the mighty cliffs over which they pour, they seem like wisps of smoke, gentle as floating clouds, though their voices fill the valley and make the rocks tremble. The mountains, too, along the eastern sky, and the domes in front of them, and the succession of smooth, rounded waves between, swelling higher, with dark woods in their hollows, serene in massive, exuberant bulk and beauty, tend yet more to hide the grandeur of the Yosemite temple, and make it appear as a subdued, subordinate feature of the vast harmonious landscape. Thus every attempt to appreciate any one feature is beaten down by the overwhelming influence of all the others. And as if this were not enough, lo, in the sky arises another mountain-range with topography as rugged and substantial-looking as the one beneath it, — snowy peaks and domes and shadowy Yosemite valleys, — another version of the snowy Sierra, a new creation, heralded by a thunderstorm.

How fiercely, devoutly wild is Nature in the midst of her beauty-loving tenderness, — painting lilies, watering

them, and caressing them with gentle hand; going from flower to flower like a gardener, while building rock-mountains and cloud-mountains full of lightning and rain. Gladly we run for shelter beneath an overhanging cliff, and examine the reassuring ferns and mosses, gentle love-tokens growing in cracks and chinks. Daisies too and iviesias, confiding wild children of light too small to fear. To these one's heart goes home, and the voices of the storm become gentle.

Now the sun breaks forth, and fragrant steam arises. The birds are out singing on the edges of the groves. The west is flaming in gold and purple, ready for the ceremony of the sunset, and back I go to camp with my notes and pictures, the best of them printed in my mind as dreams. A fruitful day, without measured beginning or ending. A terrestrial eternity. A gift of good God.

Wrote to my mother and a few friends, mountain hints to each. They seem as near as if within voice-reach or touch. The deeper the solitude the less the sense of loneliness, and the nearer our friends. Now bread and tea, fir bed and good-night to Carlo, a look at the sky lilies, and death-sleep until the dawn of another Sierra to-morrow.

July 21.—Sketching on the dome,—no rain; clouds at noon about quarter filled the sky, casting shadows with fine effect on the white mountains at the heads of the streams, and a soothing cover over the gardens during the warm hours.

Saw a common housefly and a grasshopper and a brown bear. The fly and grasshopper paid me a merry visit on the top of the dome, and I paid a visit to the bear in the middle of a small garden meadow between the dome and the camp, where he was standing alert among the flowers as if willing to be

seen to advantage. I had not gone more than half a mile from camp this morning when Carlo, who was trotting on a few yards ahead of me, came to a sudden, cautious standstill. Down went tail and ears, and forward went his knowing nose, while he seemed to be saying, 'Ha, what's this? A bear, I guess.' Then a cautious advance of a few steps, setting his feet down softly like a hunting cat, and questioning the air as to the scent he had caught, until all doubt vanished. Then he came back to me, looked me in the face, and with his speaking eyes reported a bear near by; then led on softly, careful like an experienced hunter not to make the slightest noise, and frequently looking back as if whispering, 'Yes, it's a bear; come and I'll show you.'

Presently we came to where the sunbeams were streaming through between the purple shafts of the firs, showing that we were nearing an open spot; and here Carlo came behind me, evidently sure that the bear was very near. So I crept to a low ridge of moraine boulders on the edge of a narrow garden meadow, and in this meadow I felt pretty sure the bear must be.

I was anxious to get a good look at the sturdy mountaineer without alarming him; so drawing myself up noiselessly behind one of the largest of the trees, I peered past its bulging buttresses, exposing only a part of my head; and there stood neighbor Bruin within a stone-throw, his hips covered by tall grass and flowers, and his front feet on the trunk of a fir that had fallen out into the meadow, which raised his head so high that he seemed to be standing erect. He had not yet seen me, but was looking and listening attentively, showing that in some way he was aware of our approach. I watched his gestures, and tried to make the most of my opportunity to learn what I could about him, fearing he

would catch sight of me and run away. For I had been told that this sort of bear, the cinnamon, always ran from his bad brother man, never showing fight unless wounded or in defense of young.

He made a telling picture, standing alert in the sunny forest garden. How well he played his part, harmonizing in bulk and color and shaggy hair with the trunks of the trees and lush vegetation, as natural a feature as any other in the landscape. After examining at leisure, noting the sharp muzzle thrust inquiringly forward, the long shaggy hair on his broad chest, the stiff erect ears nearly buried in hair, and the slow heavy way he moved his head, I thought I would like to see his gait in running, so I made a sudden rush at him, shouting and swinging my hat to frighten him, expecting to see him make haste to get away. But to my dismay he did not run or show any sign of running. On the contrary he stood his ground, ready to fight and defend himself, lowered his head, thrust it forward, and looked sharp and fierce at me. Then I suddenly began to fear that upon me would fall the work of running; but I was afraid to run, and therefore, like the bear, held my ground.

We stood staring at each other in solemn silence within a dozen yards or thereabouts, while I fervently hoped that the power of the human eye over wild beasts would prove as great as it is said to be. How long our awfully strenuous interview lasted I don't know, but at length in the slow fullness of time he pulled his huge paws down off the log, and with magnificent deliberation turned and walked leisurely up the meadow, stopping frequently to look back over his shoulder to see whether I was pursuing him, then moving on again, evidently neither fearing me very much nor trusting me. He was probably about five hundred pounds in

weight, a broad rusty bundle of ungovernable wildness, a happy fellow whose lines have fallen in pleasant places. The flowery glade in which I saw him so well, framed like a picture, is one of the best of all I have yet discovered, a conservatory of Nature's precious plant people. Tall lilies were swinging their bells over that bear's back, with geraniums, larkspurs, columbines, and daisies brushing against his sides. A place for angels, one would say, instead of bears.

July 23. — Another midday cloud-land, displaying power and beauty that one never wearies in beholding, but hopelessly unsketchable and untellable. What can poor mortals say about clouds? While a description of their huge, glowing domes and ridges, shadowy gulfs and cañons and feather-edged ravines is being tried, they vanish, leaving no visible ruins. Nevertheless these fleeting sky-mountains are as substantial and significant as the more lasting upheavals of granite beneath them. Both alike are built up and die, and in God's calendar difference of duration is nothing. We can only dream about them in wondering, worshiping admiration, happier than we dare tell even to friends who see furthest in sympathy, glad to know that not a crystal or vapor particle of them, hard or soft, is lost, — that they sink and vanish only to rise again and again in higher and higher beauty. As to our own work, duty, influence, etc., concerning which so much fussy pother is made, it will not fail of its due effect, though like a lichen on a stone we keep silent.

July 24. — Clouds at noon occupying about half the sky gave half an hour of heavy rain to wash one of the cleanest landscapes in the world. How well it is washed! The sea is hardly less dusty than the ice-burnished pave-

ments and ridges, domes and cañons, and summit peaks plashed with snow like waves with foam. How fresh the woods are and calm after the last films of clouds have been wiped from the sky. A few minutes ago every tree was excited, bowing to the roaring storm, waving, swirling, tossing its branches in glorious enthusiasm like worship. But though to the outer ear these trees are now silent, their songs never cease. Every hidden cell is throbbing with music and life, every fibre thrilling like harp-strings, while incense is ever flowing from the balsam bells and leaves.

No wonder the hills and groves were God's first temples, and the more they are cut down and hewn into cathedrals and churches the farther off and dimmer seems the Lord himself. The same may be said of stone temples. Yonder to the eastward of our camp-grove stands one of Nature's cathedrals hewn from the living rock, almost conventional in form, about two thousand feet high, nobly adorned with spires and pinnacles, thrilling under floods of sunshine as if alive like a grove-temple, and well named 'Cathedral Peak.'

Even Shepherd Billy turns at times to this wonderful mountain-building, though apparently deaf to all stone-sermons. Snow that refused to melt in fire would hardly be more wonderful than unchanging dullness in the rays of God's beauty. I have been trying to get him to walk to the brink of Yosemite for a view, offering to watch the sheep for a day, while he should enjoy what tourists come from all over the world to see. But though within a mile of the famous valley, he will not go to it, even out of mere curiosity.

'What,' says he, 'is Yosemite but a cañon, — a lot of rocks, — a hole in the ground, — a place dangerous about falling into, — a d——d good place to keep away from?'

'But think of the waterfalls, Billy,

— just think of that big stream we crossed the other day, falling half a mile through the air, — think of that and the sound it makes. You can hear it now like the roar of the sea.'

Thus I pressed Yosemite upon him, like a missionary offering the gospel, but he would have none of it. 'I would be afraid to look over so high a wall,' he said. 'It would make my head swim; there is nothing worth seeing anyway, only rocks, and I see plenty of them here. Tourists that spend their money to see rocks and falls are fools, that's all. You can't humbug me. I've been in this country too long for that.'

Such souls, I suppose, are asleep, or smothered and befogged beneath mean pleasures and cares.

July 26. — How boundless the day seems as we revel in these storm-beaten sky-gardens amid so vast a congregation of onlooking mountains. Strange and admirable it is that the more savage and chilly and storm-chafed the mountains, the finer the glow on their faces and the finer the plants they bear. The myriads of flowers tingeing the mountain-top do not seem to have grown out of the dry, rough gravel of disintegration, but rather they appear as visitors, a cloud of witnesses to Nature's love in what we in our timid ignorance and unbelief call howling desert. The surface of the ground, so dull and forbidding at first sight, besides being rich in plants, shines and sparkles with crystals, — mica, hornblende, feldspar, quartz, and tourmaline. The radiance in some places is so great as to be fairly dazzling, keen lance-rays of every color flashing, sparkling in glorious abundance, joining the plants in their fine, brave beauty-work, — every flower, every crystal, a window opening into heaven, a mirror reflecting the Creator.

From garden to garden, ridge to

ridge, I drifted enchanted, now on my knees gazing into the face of a daisy, now climbing again and again among the purple and azure flowers of the hemlocks, now down into the treasures of the snow, or gazing afar over domes and peaks, lakes and woods, and the billowy glaciated fields of the upper Tuolumne, and trying to sketch them. In the midst of such beauty, pierced with its rays, one's body is all one tingling palate. Who would n't be a mountaineer! Up here all the world's prizes seem nothing.

July 30. — Ants, flies, and mosquitoes seem to enjoy this fine climate. A few house-flies have discovered our camp. The Sierra mosquitoes are courageous and of good size, some of them measuring nearly an inch from tip of sting to tip of folded wings. Though less abundant than in most wildernesses, they occasionally make quite a hum and stir, and pay but little attention to time or place. They sting anywhere, any time of day, wherever they can find anything worth while, until they are themselves stung by frost. The large jet-black ants are only ticklish and troublesome when one is lying down under the trees. Noticed a borer drilling a silver fir; ovipositor about an inch and a half in length, polished and straight like a needle. When not in use it is folded back in a sheath, which extends straight behind like the legs of a crane in flying. This drilling, I suppose, is to save nest-building and the after care of feeding the young. Who would guess that in the brain of a fly so much knowledge could find lodgment? How do they know that their eggs will hatch in such holes, or after they hatch, that the soft helpless grubs will find the right sort of nourishment in silver-fir sap?

This domestic arrangement calls to mind the curious family of gall-flies.

Each species seems to know what kind of plant will respond to the irritation or stimulus of the puncture it makes, and the eggs it lays, in forming a growth that not only answers for a nest and home, but also provides food for the young. Probably these gall-flies make mistakes at times like anybody else, but when they do there is simply a failure of that particular brood, while enough to perpetuate the species do find the proper plants and nourishment. Many mistakes of this kind might be made without being discovered by us. Once a pair of wrens made the mistake of building a nest in the sleeve of a workman's coat, which was called for at sundown, much to the consternation and discomfiture of the birds. Still the marvel remains that any of the children of such small people as gnats and mosquitoes should escape their own and their parents' mistakes, as well as the vicissitudes of the weather and hosts of enemies, and come forth in full vigor and perfection to enjoy the sunny world. When we think of the small creatures that are visible, we are led to think of many that are smaller still, and lead us on and on into infinite mystery.

August 2. — Clouds and showers about the same as yesterday. Sketching all day on the North Dome until four or five o'clock in the afternoon, when, as I was busily employed thinking only of the glorious Yosemite landscape, trying to draw every tree and every line and feature of the rocks, I was suddenly and without warning possessed with the notion that my friend Professor J. D. Butler, of the State University of Wisconsin, was below me in the valley, and I jumped up full of the idea of meeting him, with almost as much startling excitement as if he had suddenly touched me to make me look up.

Leaving my work without the slightest deliberation, I ran down the western slope of the dome and along the brink of the valley-wall, looking for a way to the bottom, until I came to a side cañon, which, judging by its apparently continuous growth of trees and bushes, I thought might afford a practical way into the valley, and immediately began to make the descent, late as it was, as if drawn irresistibly. But after a little, common sense stopped me and explained that it would be long after dark ere I could possibly reach the hotel, that the visitors would be asleep, that nobody would know me, that I had no money in my pockets, and moreover was without a coat. I therefore compelled myself to stop, and finally succeeded in reasoning myself out of the notion of seeking my friend in the dark, whose presence I only felt in a strange, telepathic way. I succeeded in dragging myself back through the woods to camp, never for a moment wavering, however, in my determination to go down to him next morning.

This I think is the most unexplainable notion that ever struck me. Had some one whispered in my ear while I sat on the dome, where I had spent so many days, that Professor Butler was in the valley, I could not have been more surprised and startled. When I was leaving the university he said, 'Now John, I want to hold you in sight and watch your career. Promise to write me at least once a year.' I received a letter from him in July at our first camp in the Hollow, written in May, in which he said that he might possibly visit California some time this summer, and therefore hoped to meet me. But inasmuch as he named no meeting-place, and gave no directions as to the course he would probably follow, and as I would be in the wilderness all summer, I had not the slightest hope of seeing him, and all thought of

the matter had vanished from my mind until this afternoon, when he seemed to be wafted, bodily almost, against my face. Well, to-morrow I shall see, for, reasonable or unreasonable, I feel I must go.

August 3. — Had a wonderful day. Found Professor Butler as the compass needle finds the pole. So last evening's telepathy, transcendental revelation, or whatever else it may be called, was true; for strange to say, he had just entered the valley by way of the Coulterville Trail, and was coming up the valley past El Capitan when his presence struck me. Had he then looked toward the North Dome with a good glass when it first came in sight, he might have seen me jump up from my work and run toward him. This seems the one well-defined marvel of my life of the kind called supernatural; for, absorbed in glad Nature, spirit-rappings, second-sight, ghost-stories, etc., have never interested me since boyhood, seeming comparatively useless and infinitely less wonderful than Nature's open, harmonious, songful, sunny, everyday beauty.

This morning when I thought of having to appear among tourists at a hotel, I was troubled because I had no suitable clothes, and at best am desperately bashful and shy. I was determined to go, however, to see my old friend after two years among strangers; got on a clean pair of overalls, a cashmere shirt, and a sort of jacket, the best my camp wardrobe afforded, tied my notebook on my belt, and strode away on my strange journey, followed by Carlo. I made my way through the gap discovered last evening, which proved to be Indian Cañon. There was no trail in it, and the rocks and brush were so rough that Carlo frequently called me back to help him down precipitous places.

Emerging from the cañon shadows, I found a man making hay on one of the meadows, and asked him whether Professor Butler was in the valley. 'I don't know,' he replied, 'but you can easily find out at the hotel. There are but few visitors in the valley just now. A small party came in yesterday afternoon, and I heard some one called Professor Butler, or Butterfield, or some name like that.'

In front of the gloomy hotel I found a tourist party adjusting their fishing-tackle. They all stared at me in silent wonderment as if I had been seen dropping down through the trees from the clouds, mostly, I suppose, on account of my strange garb. Inquiring for the office, I was told it was locked, and that the landlord was away, but I might find the landlady, Mrs. Hutchings, in the parlor. I entered in a sad state of embarrassment, and after waiting in the big, empty room, and knocking at several doors, the landlady at length appeared, and in reply to my question said she rather thought Professor Butler *was* in the valley, but to make sure she would bring the register from the office.

Among the names of the last arrivals, I soon discovered the professor's familiar handwriting, at the sight of which bashfulness vanished; and having learned that his party had gone up the valley, probably to the Vernal and Nevada Falls, I pushed on in glad pursuit, my heart now sure of its prey. In less than an hour I reached the head of the Nevada Cañon at the Vernal Falls, and just outside of the spray discovered a distinguished-looking gentleman who, like everybody else I have seen to-day, regarded me curiously as I approached. When I made bold to inquire if he knew where Professor Butler was, he seemed yet more curious to know what could possibly have happened that required a messenger for

the professor, and instead of answering my question he asked with military sharpness, 'Who wants him?'

'I want him,' I replied, with equal sharpness.

'Why! Do *you* know him?'

'Yes,' I said. 'Do *you* know him?'

Astonished that any one in the mountains could possibly know Professor Butler, and find him as soon as he had reached the valley, he came down to meet the strange mountaineer on equal terms, and courteously replied, 'Yes, I know Professor Butler very well. I am General Alvord, and we were fellow students in Rutland, Vermont, long ago, when we were both young.'

'But where is he now?' I persisted, cutting short his story.

'He has gone beyond the falls with a companion to try to climb that big rock, the top of which you see from here.'

His guide now volunteered the information that it was the Liberty Cap Professor Butler and his companion had gone to climb, and that if I waited at the head of the fall I would be sure to find them on their way down. I therefore climbed the ladders alongside the Vernal Fall, and was pushing forward, determined to go to the top of Liberty Cap Rock in my hurry rather than wait, if I should not meet my friend sooner. So heart-hungry at times may one be to see a friend in the flesh, however happily full and care-free one's life may be.

I had gone but a short distance, however, above the brow of the Vernal Fall, when I caught sight of him in the brush and rocks, half-erect, groping his way, his sleeves rolled up, vest open, hat in his hand, — evidently very hot and tired. When he saw me coming, he sat down on a boulder to wipe the perspiration from his brow and neck; and taking me for one of the valley guides, he inquired the way to

the fall ladders. I pointed out the path, marked with little piles of stones, on seeing which he called his companion, saying that the way was found. But he did not yet recognize me. Then I stood directly in front of him, looked him in the face, and held out my hand.

He thought that I was offering to assist him in rising. 'Never mind,' he said.

Then I said, 'Professor Butler, don't you know me?'

'I think not,' he replied; but catching my eye, sudden recognition followed, and astonishment that I should have found him just when he was lost in the brush and did not know that I was within hundreds of miles of him. 'John Muir, John Muir, where have you come from?'

Then I told him the story of my feeling his presence when he entered the valley last evening when he was four or five miles distant, as I sat sketching on the North Dome. This of course only made him wonder the more. Below the foot of the Vernal Fall the guide was waiting with his saddle-horse, and I walked along the trail chatting all the way back to the hotel, talking of school-days, friends in Madison, of the students, how each had prospered, etc., ever and anon gazing at the stupendous rocks about us, now growing indistinct in the gloaming, and again quoting from the poets, — a rare ramble.

It was late ere we reached the hotel, and General Alvord was awaiting his arrival for dinner. When I was introduced he seemed yet more astonished

than the professor at my descent from cloudland, and my going straight to my friend without knowing in any ordinary way that he was even in California. They had come on direct from the East, had not yet visited any of their friends in the State, and considered themselves undiscoverable.

As we sat at dinner the general leaned back in his chair, and looking down the table thus introduced me to the dozen guests or so, including the staring fisherman mentioned above.

'This man, you know,' he said, 'came down out of these huge trackless mountains, you know, to find his friend Professor Butler here, the very day he arrived. And how did he know he was here? He just felt him, he says. This is the queerest case of Scotch farsightedness I ever heard of,' etc., etc. While my friend quoted Shakespeare: 'More things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.' 'As the sun ere he has risen sometimes paints his image in the firmament, e'en so the shadows of events precede the events, and in to-day already walks to-morrow.'

Had a long conversation after dinner over Madison days. The Professor wants me to promise to go with him some time on a camping trip in the Hawaiian Islands, while I tried to get him to go back with me to camp in the High Sierra. But he says, 'Not now.' He must not leave the general; and I was surprised to learn they are to leave the valley to-morrow or next day. I'm glad I'm not great enough to be missed in the busy world.

(To be continued.)

BOYS AND THE THEATRE

BY FREDERICK WINSOR

ANY one at all familiar with boys at the present time, and with their interests and their amusements, cannot help being struck by their familiarity with the theatre. In the life of the city-bred boy of to-day, the stage occupies a very large place; indeed it is often his most absorbing interest. So universal is this condition that not to know the songs of the latest 'musical show,' not to have seen the last catchy piece played at any of the leading theatres, puts a boy at once out of touch with his fellows. Hence the insistence with which many a boy pleads with his astonished parents to be allowed to go to this or that performance. His parents would not be so astonished if they could hear the talk of any group of school-boys from a city day-school or of boarding-school boys just back at work after a vacation. The stage is the staple subject of conversation, and the boy who has n't seen the shows is as much out of it as a man is out of it at St. Andrews if he can't talk golf.

Many parents of boys from fourteen to eighteen find themselves allowing much greater liberty to their sons than they themselves were ever allowed at the same age in the matter of the theatre, simply because the custom has become so universal: it is easier to allow your boy to do what 'all the other boys do,' than it is to consider seriously the real bearing of the matter and do what the boy's own good requires. It is to such parents that this article is addressed, in the hope

that they will find in it matter to strengthen their convictions and a sufficient argument to make them stand firm against this growing custom of allowing boys almost indiscriminate freedom in attending the theatre.

Certain of the evils which result from much theatre-going are so obvious that they call for no more than cursory mention here. It is a self-evident truth, for example, that growing boys need more sleep than their elders, and that frequent theatre-going is bad for their health. It is equally obvious that at this formative period in a boy's life his taste is being moulded and determined just as surely as his mind and character, and that to let him go to any but a few selected plays results in equipping him for life with a taste which must inevitably be indiscriminating, if not positively demoralized. A still more serious, though perhaps not quite so obvious, result of the atmosphere of the stage is the craving to which it caters for complicated and artificial amusements. It is a crying evil of our modern life that simple pleasures are so rare. The ramble through the fields and woods, ending with a picnic luncheon, which used to delight their parents, no longer satisfies our children; one must tear through the country by motor-car and lunch at some far-away inn. The evening around the fireside, with reading or story-telling or 'round' games, has given place to dancing or an entertainment provided by a hired performer; and the taste for the theatre is but

another example of this unhealthy appetite for artificiality and excitement. It is not, however, the purpose of this article to develop these phases of the matter. Our boys' health, their taste, and their manner of life, are all of secondary importance to their morals.

There are some of us who believe that the question in the marriage service, 'Wilt thou keep thee only unto her so long as ye both shall live?' has its application long before a man comes with his bride to the church to make there his vows before the altar. The ideal of keeping himself unspotted and unsullied, for the sake of playing fair with the unknown woman whom he will some day marry, is often the strongest incentive that a young man can have to keep himself clear of demoralizing influences and to lead a decent, clean life. We all of us desire more than all else that our sons may have this ideal, but do we always remember that it will not grow of itself, and that its very life depends on the atmosphere in which a boy lives, and on the public opinion which feeds and nourishes it? Are we not apt to forget that such an ideal has not yet won a recognized place in the world, but that it is rather to-day a vision which has still to be accepted as a moral principle by humanity in general? Truth, justice, temperance, courage, loving service, are pretty much the same all the world over, and are everywhere recognized as among the virtues; but there is hardly a nation from Japan to England that recognizes continence as a virtue; only here in the United States will you meet any sort of universal sympathy with this ideal, or even any general understanding of it. We must jealously guard against every influence that tends to weaken it if we are to preserve it in our sons as a living vital force in their lives, and we must recognize that they are surrounded by a

multitude of such influences; and of all this multitude, indiscriminate theatre-going is the most dangerous and the most subtle.

The truth of this statement is perhaps not very commonly realized. Nine people out of ten would probably say that bad books were much more dangerous to boys than bad plays; and so we find that, as a rule, parents are more particular about what a boy reads than about the shows that he sees acted. An examination of the facts, however, will be enough to show that for several reasons the effect of a play, good or bad, upon a boy's mind is more penetrating, more comprehensive, and more lasting, than the effect of a book. This is because the book appeals only to the boy's imagination. What he reads can only be made real to him by mental pictures, which will vary in intensity with the ability of the author and with the vividness of the imagery supplied by the boy's own mind. His only means of keeping in his memory what he sees on the printed page is the power of his vision, physical and mental. The play, on the other hand, appeals to the ear as well as to the eye, and it leaves nothing to the imagination. What the boy sees is a fragment of real life, where the people involved are not creatures of his fancy but real living, breathing men and women. What they say, for better or worse, is printed on his memory, not in the dead symbols of letters, but in words and actions instinct with vital, moving force. Eye and ear and the actor's art combine to sear the experience into his soul till it is almost as if he himself had lived it.

To understand what is put before him and to make it real, the boy's imagination is not once called into play, but this does not mean that his imagination is necessarily idle. Suppose that the play is filled with vulgar innuendo,

with speeches bordering on the indecent, and suppose that the chorus queens are openly flirting with men in the audience and exhibiting their personal charms in the way which the press-agent calls 'dashing,' but which decent people call disgusting. Do you suppose that the boy does n't perceive these things, and that they do not excite him, and that his imagination does n't work over-time? To paraphrase Kipling —

Johnny ain't a bloomin' fool,
You bet that Johnny sees;

or to use Johnny's own language, 'There's very little that gets by him.' Yes, his imagination is very busy, and it leads him beyond the stage that lies immediately under his eyes. He hears live men and women saying impossible things, and he asks himself what kind of people they must be off the stage, what sort of things they say to each other in private at rehearsals, if they can say things as broad as this in public. He follows in his mind the acquaintance between the peach in the chorus and the chappie in the second row, which he imagines he sees beginning under his very eyes, never guessing that the flirtation is probably as much a part of the girl's acting as her dancing is. We who are older take these things less seriously; we have become accustomed to them, therefore blind to them, as we are blind to the misery that we pass unheeded on the city streets, the horrors of the billboards along our railways, or the unsightly dump-heaps in our suburbs; but our boys see and note them all.

This does not mean that our boys are bad; it means that they are boys, young animals filled with animal life and animal instincts, facing a strange and fascinating world about which they are intensely curious. A certain side of this world they know only through hearsay, hearsay of a strange,

furtive, sneaking, underground kind, but of a kind which no boy can escape. It is not possible, in an article devoted to play-going for boys, to dwell on the matter of the duty of parents to give their boys a sound, wholesome knowledge of the shadows of life as well as of its brighter aspects; but the duty is there, the duty of giving a boy a pure-minded knowledge of life, instead of leaving this knowledge to come to him by chance. Parents neglect this duty, and the vast majority of boys have no clearer, juster knowledge of life than what they have been able to get from these underground channels; they cannot fail to be excited by the apparent justification of their information afforded by vulgar shows, since these shows are actually the only publicly tolerated demonstrations which immorality is allowed to make in our world of to-day, — so far, certainly, as our boys see the world.

Ever since the Elizabethan period the theatre has been the agent and the ally of vice. It will not do to cry out that a good play is as great an influence for good as a good sermon, or to name the noble and the pure men and women who have from time to time honored the profession of acting with their presence in it. No one wants boys to be kept away from uplifting plays, and no one is trying to throw mud at the actor's art or the men and women of blameless life who make it their profession. The warning is directed against the unworthy plays, and against those who make use of the stage as a medium of advertising and publicity for immorality. It is a notorious fact that to-day, as in the past, the stage has lent itself to such purposes; and our boys cannot escape the demoralizing influence of the mere knowledge of this fact if they go much, and without guidance, to the theatre.

Three kinds of plays are dangerous

to boys: the 'problem play,' the salacious farce, and the 'musical show.' Of these, the first is the least dangerous; the last, the most. The 'problem play' is not apt at any rate to treat infidelity as amusing, but is apt to paint it in its true light, and to give us at least a glimpse of its harrowing consequences. The salacious farce, of course, is as demoralizing as anything can be, but we are on our guard against it. The danger is that it does not always carry its character written in its title, and that we may allow our children to attend it without ascertaining beforehand what it is really like. Such a play was recently described as follows in a Boston paper in the column devoted to plays then being given at the New York theatres: 'French farce à l'*Américaine* — with its sprightliness thickened into dullness, its glitter coated with commonness, and its wit coarsened into vulgar innuendo. Already seen and liked in Boston.' Of course, if we knew in advance that it was coarse and suggestive, we should be forewarned, but the trouble is that we depend on the judgment of a friend. 'Oh, it's a great show,' says he; 'have n't enjoyed anything so much for years. I laughed till my sides ached. Cleverly acted, too. You ought to see it.' He is n't thinking of its effect on a boy; the morals or lack of morals of the piece made no impression on him; he is a man grown, and his morals were established long ago. It amused him, that's all. So we, urged on by Johnny, who is crazy to go to the Theatre with a big T, *any* theatre, and knowing that none of the other pieces now playing are worth seeing from any point of view, remember our old friend's enthusiasm, and delight Johnny with our consent. Moral: don't let your children see a play that you have n't seen yourself.

'Musical comedy,' however, pre-

sents the real difficulty and danger, and it is dangerous because its influences are insidious. A piece comes to town and captivates the whole city. The music is catchy, the girls are pretty, the dances are graceful, the chorus is well drilled, and the *ensemble* is an artistic masterpiece that delights the eye. We see it and are charmed by it, and we take the children. But when we sit down in cold blood and analyze the thing, we are somewhat horrified to realize the atmosphere we have allowed them to breathe. The scene was laid in Paris. We remember that the hero enters the scene half-drunk, at which every one is mildly amused, that he announces that he has been summoned to attend his lordship, and much to his disgust has had to interrupt a supper-party at which he had been entertaining a party of *cocottes* over the recollection of whose attractions he smacks his lips, and he then proceeds to sing a song about them in which he calls them all by their pet names. Snatches of this song recur at intervals all through the piece. The young man is a kind of libertine that we should not allow our sons to know in real life, but we have taken them to the theatre to be introduced to him at long range. We remember that the chief comic incident of the play is where a man finds another man, whom he knows to be married, shut up in a summer house with a woman whose identity is a mystery to him, but whom he knows to be not the man's wife. He peeks through the keyhole and chuckles with glee over what he sees going on inside. Then he suddenly discovers that the woman is his own wife, and — everybody laughs; the theatre is shaken from floor to roof by the public's appreciation of this humorous situation! You may protest that the whole play is nonsense, and that it is absurd to suggest taking anything in it seriously, — but

the protest won't stand when you are dealing with children and their ideals.

Let us not, however, interrupt our recollections of the play. We remember that the last scene was laid in an immoral resort in Paris, where we would not for worlds allow our sons to go till they had reached years of discretion, — till they had become in fact sufficiently discreet not to want to go there. This scene is so acted in French in Paris itself that the restaurant-life is entirely subordinated to the movement of the play. The manners and customs of this famous resort are not obtruded upon the audience more than can be helped. As we have permitted our boys to see it, however, in New York and Chicago, it is as near an accurate picture of the life of the place as can be put on the stage.

Now, what do our boys take away from such a show besides the recollection of the music? They take away from it, in the first place, a series of photographs of costumes and posturings which we should confiscate with horror if we found them in their possession as actual pasteboard realities. They are none the less real, and we ourselves have furnished them to our boys by taking them to such a play. But that is a small matter in comparison to the fact that they take away with them the idea that drunkenness, infidelity, and immorality are laughing matters. All about them they have seen people laughing at them, and we have been sitting placidly by their sides, laughing too.

The writer begs to be indulged in a bit of personal experience. The strongest influence in his life to keep him from any temptation to the abuse of intoxicants has not been the knowledge of their disastrous effects, it has not been any discourse against their use that he ever read or heard, or even his personal observation of their frightfully

demoralizing effect. It has been the recollection of the attitude of mind of his parents toward drunkenness, their horror of it, and their unconcealed disgust when any one made light of it. As soon would he have thought of making a mock of epilepsy in his parents' presence as of drunkenness. And it is his firm belief that if we wish to instill into our boys a longing for clean living, for purity of mind, and for continence, we can only do it by showing them at every opportunity that we have such a horror of immorality and infidelity that even incongruities which would seem funny to us in any other connection, cannot pierce our repugnance for the nauseating medium in which they are presented.

So we come naturally to the second rule which every parent should follow in connection with his children's theatre-going. Not only should he know of his own knowledge that the play is worth the child's seeing, but he should go with him and *talk it over with him afterward*. Let the children have the benefit of our taste and judgment. If part of the show disgusted us, make it evident to our boys that it did. As we sit beside them and see it through their eyes, we shall find our discrimination wonderfully quickened and our standards wonderfully purified.

By all means, then, send your children sometimes to the theatre; don't neglect an influence in education so quickening and so potent. Use it, however, with moderation and discrimination, taking only the good. Make it, for your boy, instead of an exciting, debasing thing, a means of teaching reverence for womankind, a tonic for his sense of chivalry, and a reinforcement of this highest of moral ideals, this American ideal of manly pureness. Let the influence of the stage help him so to live that his bride looking straight into his eyes may be content.

IN PRAISE OF PARROTS

BY FRANKLIN JAMES

WHEN Madame de Sérigny finally embraced me she said, 'And now I am going to give you a little souvenir of the *Sacré Cœur*: I have told Manuel to carry Jo to your hotel to-night, cage and all, to take on your long journey home. Guard him well, dear child, for the sake of your old friends at the convent.' I was much too overcome to thank the Madame Superior adequately. For two years I had gone to the convent regularly, every Thursday afternoon, ostensibly to visit my sister (no boy of five is ever much excited about that), actually to see the charming ladies of the *Sacré Cœur*, — and chiefly to walk through the adorable gardens with the never-to-be-forgotten Madame de Bardon, whom I stoutly regarded as the most beautiful saint outside of the calendar. I can realize now, thirty-five years later, that she must have been very young, and that she must have been exquisitely pretty in her white veil, not being then fully 'professed.'

The objective of our walk was always the lodge of Manuel, the old gardener, with whom either I — or perhaps Madame de Bardon — was a prime favorite, for he always had a generous *gôûter* for us, consisting of a kind of gingerbread full of currants, and some deliciously mild wine, which I have never been able subsequently to identify. I don't remember whether Madame de Bardon ever took any of the *gôûter*, because I was always much too excited over Jo, who, in his turn, swung excitedly in his cage, talking Spanish

which I could not understand, and invariably ending with a wild laugh, after which, as if out of breath, he would gasp, 'O, là-là-là!' Whenever I would ask him 'Comment ça va, Jo?' — or, lapsing into American, 'Hello, Polly!' — he would merely wink knowingly. But at 'Tu veux du *gôûter*, hein?' he would carefully take a bit of gingerbread from my fingers, put his bill up in the air, and gravely exclaim, in Manuel's deep guttural voice, 'Deo gratias!' to the ill-concealed delight of Manuel and the obvious perplexity of Madame de Bardon.

My intercourse with Jo was never really satisfactory, because his conversation was almost exclusively in Spanish, the white-haired gardener being an expatriated Andalusian. What little French he knew was delivered in Manuel's, to me, puzzling Iberian accent, — and, of course, he had no English at all. 'He's too old to learn French,' explained Manuel. 'I try to learn him these eighteen years, eh, old José? — but he come to me from the Azores with only Spanish — but of a profanity, Madame — now corrected, thank God.' Nevertheless I would chatter gayly with Jo, for would he not chuckle when I laughed, and would he not groan sympathetically when I told him the story of St. Laurent, or St. Estephe, learned perhaps that morning at the Brothers' Academy, and would he not whistle perfectly enchantingly? Surely there was never a more intelligent or sympathetic creature. It was always too soon when Madame de Bardon whis-

pered to me that the hour of Vespers was near. After shaking hands with Manuel and thanking him, I would say good-bye to Jo in the little Spanish the gardener had taught me, at which Jo would reply, first cordially, then sinking to a plaintive whisper, then ending with a rheumatic mumble: 'Adios, señor,—adios—adios—adios. O, là-là-là.'

Sometimes as we hurried along the rose-bordered path of pinkish gravel, Madame de Bardon and I, I could hear, as if from beyond the now vanishing gardener's lodge, a strange sudden uproar, like the cawing of an infuriated crow or the warning screams of a malignant peacock. But Madame de Bardon was always silently whispering her 'preparation,' and I could n't ask her about the noise. And then as we neared the convent, quiet haven of mellow Caen stone with two slender poplars before the side portal, I naturally forgot everything else. If I then remembered Jo, he was simply an adorable little gray-and-green fluff on the very fringe of my consciousness.

On this day of parting, however, my beloved Madame de Bardon, because, probably, of some religious duties, did not accompany me on my little tournée of the gardens, but, instead, the stately Superior, Madame de Sérigny. This was a great honor, of course, but I none the less keenly regretted the substitution, — until this wholly unexpected golden gift of Jo, which rendered me so ecstatically incoherent that I could remember my manners only well enough to kiss Madame's slender white hand, and babble childish ineptitudes in French and English. Then with an armful of Malmaison roses — 'pour Madame ta mère, avec tous mes vœux de bon voyage' — I took my final adieux of the convent, never to see it again.

That evening Jo arrived at our apart-

ments, but after I had been put to bed. With him came a little note which I found on my plate at breakfast. 'My dear François,' it began, in the elegant, angular, long-looped convent script (the barbarous 'Franklin' of my name had been promptly changed two years before from its abbreviated 'Frank' into its softer Gallic equivalent) —

'My dear François, I regret that I could not give you in person my parting wishes, but I am kindly permitted to send them to you. That you will ever be a good little boy, and therefore happy, will be in my prayers. I trust you will cherish little Jo; and remember, in so doing, that our good St. François, your Patron, preached even to the birds of the air. That he may always guard you is the wish of your friend in Notre Seigneur, Maric-Hélène Bardon de Segonzac, R. S. C.'

And so Jo was really mine, and began with me a new life in New York. After the long voyage, during which I saw little of him, he was at last installed with high ceremony in the dining-room at home. His cage was ever the first thing to greet my eyes when I hurried in to breakfast each day; and after performing my filial duties, I had to go over and wish Jo good-morning before I could think of porridge or other grosser matters. His cage stood on a console in front of one of the long French windows that opened on the little garden, or 'yard,' at the back of the house, and the grape arbor that arched above the window shaded him pleasantly from the morning sun. The cage seemed to me enormous; and indeed it really was an extraordinary fantasy in gilt wire, shaped, to my mind, somewhat like the mortuary chapel of the Orléans family at Dreux, which I had seen the year before. There were two perches at different levels, and above the upper one was a delightful swing.

The floor was sanded, and the two porcelain semi-circular cups on the rez-de-chaussée were usually filled, one with hemp-seed and the other with cold café-au-lait. A third cup, like an upper balcony, was reserved for more fleeting delicacies, such as a leaf of lettuce, a green pepper, or a Malaga grape or two, which he adored.

The coffee for a long time perplexed me. I was not allowed to have coffee; chocolate for breakfast with a great deal of hot milk, and occasionally in the afternoon an exciting cup of cambric tea was all I might aspire to. Why, then, was my comparatively tiny gray-green friend permitted this mature, dignified beverage? Nothing was too good for Jo, of course, but still I had to find out the reason for this discrimination. 'But, my dear,' explained my mother, 'you know you are only a little boy yet — five "going on six," is n't it? — while Jo is quite a grown-up parrot.' And then I unexpectedly remembered that Manuel had spoken of Jo's failure to master French in eighteen years, — and he must have learned Spanish before even that! It suddenly flashed across me that Jo was very old indeed. And from being merely an obvious delight, he slowly became, in addition, a baffling personality, possessed of the great wisdom of ripened years, — twenty, twenty-one, who knew? — and unable to express it in a way that I could understand. At once each farrago of nonsense that he occasionally rattled off became charged with a serious, if unknowable, import, and as I could never hope, until I was grown up, to learn Spanish, I determined to spare no pains in teaching Jo English.

Looking back thirty-five years, I wonder at the patience of the little boy who daily spent an hour after his own tasks, trying to teach a third language to an absurdly ruffled little

bundle of parti-colored feathers, to whom old Manuel's efforts of eighteen years had failed to impart a second. I can remember how Jo would cock his head on one side, his eyes never leaving me as he dilated and contracted their amber pupils, while I gravely attempted endless verbal experiments, sometimes even singing rhymes to him in hope that the music would lighten his difficulties. He generally would attempt some vocalization in harmony with the rhymes. He would at least always laugh gently when I sang: —

Cackle! cackle! cackle! said the *old* white hen;
Gobble! gobble! gobble! said the *turkey* then;
Ba! ba! ba! said the old black sheep;
Bow! wow! wow! said the doggie in his sleep.

And he would croon a soft, wordless accompaniment when I sang one of my mother's favorite little songs: —

Some one stole my heart away,
Riding on a load of hay, —

At any rate, I know 'Handsome, sunburned Johnny Brown' was one of Jo's favorites also. 'Ding, dong, bell, — Pussy's in the well,' he never cared for, but then, neither did I; but 'Kitty of Coleraine,' on the other hand, he found quite stirring, and his thick grayish-pink tongue would cluck stumbingly over a meaningless attempt at its pattering rhythm. The fact remains, however, that poor Jo never mastered more than an absurdly few English phrases. But discouragement was far in the future for me then, for did he not eventually learn to say, with quite tolerable distinctness, 'How d' ye do, Jo?' and 'All right!' And although it disturbed me, I nevertheless felt a secret pride in him when his 'O, là-là-là!' became finally, thanks to Norah, who tended his cage, a deprecating 'O Lord, Lord, Lord!'

Perhaps Jo's most engaging trait, as the years slowly passed, was his love of music, or, rather, his sensitiveness

to it. Every afternoon from half-past three till five my sister used to practice on the piano, and I thought then that no one ever played more charmingly. I used to snuggle into a big chair in the library off the drawing-room, with a favorite book, *Ivanhoe*, or *Leather-Stocking*, or even *Don Quichotte*, full of enchanting little French engravings. And then I would try to read and listen to the music at the same time, — a difficult feat. And Jo, from the dining-room, would follow the music even more attentively. The first twenty minutes of the 'Gradus ad Parnassum,' or the 'Well-Tempered Clavichord,' always bothered him, and he would wander from perch to perch, hanging on to the wires with his bill while one claw groped for the next wooden bar; then, after landing, he would shake himself till the little green feathers about his neck were ruffled out to twice their usual circumference. If scales and arpeggi were the programme for the moment, he would simply burrow his bill into the cup of hemp-seed and scatter it about recklessly—obviously, like myself, preferring anything to scales and arpeggi. But when what I called the 'real music' came, Jo was a different creature. Usually it began with the little waltz of Chopin, where the cat is chasing its tail, — music to which only a Columbine could dance. Jo now would raise excitedly first one claw and then the other in the air, or he would draw himself to his full height, hunching his shoulders and stretching his neck; and then he would emit the most ecstatic little laugh, very soft, but very high, somewhat the way Columbine herself might laugh. But this always stopped at the more lyrical second theme, when he would quietly sway from side to side with half-closed eyes, only to break into the ghost of a chuckle at the resumption of the first theme, — and then, 'da capo.'

During some of the Polonaises he would chatter vehemently in Spanish; but perhaps the second sonata, that in B flat minor, moved him most of all. With the 'Marche Funèbre' he would begin muttering, for all the world like the bassoons in Berlioz's 'Marche au supplice,' and I could even catch occasionally his deprecating 'O Lord, Lord, Lord!' With the transition into D flat major, he would begin to cry, very gently, but as if there were little more in life for him; and I know that my sister used to wring the last drop of sentimentality out of the theme just to hear Jo's exquisitely delicate grief. By this time, on autumn afternoons, the light was growing 'entre chien et loup,' and I would forego my *Don Quichotte* and wait luxuriously for the final rondo of the sonata. When this came crashing to its close, Jo would give a little trilling falsetto 'Hur-r-ah!' which I had managed to teach him; and then all three of us would laugh together and have a piece of gingerbread in the dusk of the dining-room.

I must not, however, give the impression that Jo was always good; indeed, I doubt if half his trespasses were ever told me at the time. But I remember well the fright he gave us one morning, when he nipped Norah's finger as she was giving him fresh coffee. Then, as she drew back, and as the door of his cage was open at the moment, he flew forth valiantly into the room, and with a swoop of unaccustomed flight, alighted on the gilded frame of the portrait of my grandfather above the chimney-piece, and poised there jabbering and laughing shrilly. I can see his little angry figure now, ruffling itself above my grandfather in his white stock and velvet coat-collar, and I can remember our corporate excitement. My mother hurriedly threw a napkin over her lace breakfast-cap (not even very old ladies wear

those charming morning-caps any longer, alas!), and my sister fled to the glass door leading to the library. At length my father succeeded in calming Jo enough to induce him to step gingerly off the picture-frame and on to the ivory handle of his walking-stick, which I had run for; and I had the final triumph of putting him back into his cage, where he walked to and fro excitedly, rolling out an occasional defiant 'All *right!* — all *right!*' When several years later I first read 'The Raven,' I don't think that that bird of omen moved me half so much as Jo did; and, somehow, the bust of Pallas always seemed benignantly to resemble my grandfather. At any rate, the mental picture the poem created was robbed of the thrill of the unexpected, thanks to little Jo.

Although he had done no real harm, it was decided to clip one of his wings. After that, he was every now and then let out (given 'shore liberty,' my father called it), and one no longer feared for one's hair. But I have never yet understood why all women assume that bats and parrots will promptly rush for their coiffures and destroy them; because they really don't.

Jo walking on terra firma was not very graceful; his ambling gait was a fairly uncertain waddle, and every little while in his hurry he would give a side stroke to the floor with his bill to help himself along. His objective was invariably the leg of a chair or anything to climb. Sometimes, however, it would be discovered that his wing feathers had grown faster than was expected; and one April morning, lured by a hurdy-gurdy at the front of the house, a little green projectile whirled out of the open drawing-room window and landed high in the budding branches of the chestnut tree at the edge of the sidewalk. Here his gay chattering roused the neighbor-

hood, a rattle of Spanish interspersed with hilarious laughter and clucking. Norah and I presently stood at the edge of the small crowd that promptly gathered, Norah wringing her hands, and I acutely embarrassed and fearful for Jo's safety. At last Mr. Flynn shoved his way through us (Mr. Flynn, the policeman, was a great crony of Norah's and mine), and seeing the trouble, prepared for action. I had the unspeakable privilege of holding his brass-buttoned coat and helmet while he climbed the tree (after that, whenever I read of Zaccheus I never knew which to think of, Jo or Mr. Flynn), and we all encouraged his upward progress. When he got well within range, and held out his huge hand for Jo to perch upon it, Jo, of course, nipped his finger, and retreated higher. Mr. Flynn put his finger to his mouth, ruminated, and then descended to the first branch. On his second ascent he carried Norah's apron with him. After a breathless struggle he at last entered the house with an agitated white bundle, and the cheering crowd rapidly dispersed. When domestic peace was finally restored, Mr. Flynn was much petted by Norah and the cook, and my mother sent him down a glass of port; while I enjoyed the occasion which permitted me to examine his stick, his gloves, his whistle — in short, all of his wonderful equipment. I could just hear Jo upstairs, scolding himself.

But one trait of Jo's I have withheld till I can conceal it no longer: he *would* scream, and a more distressing noise I have rarely heard. Now a dog howls when he is lonely, a cat wauls (the word must be right, for it comes from 'caterwaul') because of some combative or amative impulse; but a parrot screams through sheer boredom. I sometimes think it is the only creature that shares with us that secondary

curse which followed our ejection from Eden, — ennui. And I know that if Noah fed his animals well, and if they had plenty of room for exercise, the only creatures who rebelled vocally against the dire tedium of the voyage, and the creatures who made the most noise, bar none, were the two little papingoes (as our forefathers used to call them). At any rate, Jo would scream, and I now realized the source of the fearful din that sometimes disturbed me as I left old Manuel's lodge with Madame de Bardon. At breakfast or at luncheon everything would be progressing peacefully, when suddenly, for no reason at all, there would come from Jo a succession of piercing, raucous yells. Conversation at once became impossible. Then Norah or I would rush to his cage and offer him a frantic variety of food, anything, everything at hand. But all would be impatiently rejected or ignored, and the uproar would go on until exhaustion set in, or until Jo was removed to the library and a cloth was thrown over his cage.

I remember once, at his removal in disgrace, my father, with a little laugh that scarcely hid an ebbing patience, exclaimed, 'And really, my dear, I used sometimes to wonder at Madame de Sérigny's generosity in her little gift of our Jo!' My mother hurriedly brushed aside the remark, the meaning of which I did n't at all grasp at the time, although I understand it now. And yet I wonder now which of us would do much better than little Jo, caged far away from the beautiful enchanted land of our early years, were it not for the growth of new and different ambitions, or, they being thwarted, for the quieting discipline of Christian patience. 'I can't get out!' was the plaintive cry of Sterne's starling; but I never believed in that starling (*his* creator was a rank senti-

mentalist), and I can understand Jo's robustly pagan, frenzied hubbub far better.

So here you have Jo's small personality: his virtues, which may seem trivial enough to one who has not loved him since childhood, his vagrancies, and the one great flaw in his charm. A very ordinary little bird, you will say, but I cannot see him, as I should, with the critical vision of middle life. I will admit that he has shown a flash of genius but once in his long and possibly futile career. That was when, because of my sister's illness, he was sent away on a visit to old Mrs. Renfrew. His occasional noise and laughter was a disturbing note in the hushed house; and as Mrs. Renfrew owned a famously talkative parrot, it was thought that Jo might pick up a few phrases from a teacher of his own species. Of course, Jo did not. But it is still told how on one memorable day Mrs. Renfrew's parrot burst into a wild hullabaloo, crying at the top of its voice, 'Fire! fire! fire! — turn out — turn out! — here they come! — Hi-yi-yi-yi!' — a long, deafening uproar. Jo, in his adjoining cage, raised one claw, then the other, and blinked. When the racket subsided, he gave a little gasp and exclaimed slowly, 'O my God!'

One cannot account for these startlingly apposite reactions in a 'lower' animal, in what Descartes called a 'bête machine.' Perhaps — very probably — they mean nothing. But sometimes (though, thank God, rarely) when an acquaintance or friend reacts on something I have said, I wonder if the feeling that prompts his reply, or the mind that directs it, is, ultimately, at all like my own. The philosophers, at least some of them, say that we can never really, finally, know. And speculation in this direction, for all except the philosophers, leads to a

haunting doubt of most things; one has to take one's own kind on trust. So when I extend this form of trust even to Jo's elementary little reactions, I know that I shall be thought unscientific, and probably childish; but then, the good Saint Francis was wonderfully both when he besought his little feathered flock to trust in the goodness of God. And life is surely a pleasanter thing this way.

A few years more, and I went away to school, where my life was filled with fresh interests and excitements. Holidays and long vacations, however, brought me home, and there not the least friendly fact was Jo, who always gave me, it seemed, a very special welcome. Gradually the years ran each a little more swiftly, till I reached the University and beyond. And then, one by one, Jo's little circle departed this life, until only he and I were left to cherish the happy memories of our long journey together. Jo still seems to me very old indeed, for to his thirty-five years with me I must add at least his eighteen with Manuel (now, undoubtedly, a faithful gardener to Our Lady, to whom, in the old days, he so humbly dedicated his choicest flowers). Fifty-three, at least! — 'fifty-four, going on fifty-five'? — who knows? Years ago I would occasionally read with awe some stray newspaper paragraph, in which would be told the length of life of various animals: whales, I remember (or was it turtles?), were said to live to an incredible age, — I forget the exact tale; but parrots, with what accuracy I cannot say, were nearly always allotted a round century. How near this cycle my venerable little friend may be, I do not know; I can give only the authentic records that I have. Jo's declining days are carefully shielded; and once every year at least, I pay him a visit at my dear old aunt's, in whose quiet dining-room

he now dwells. He will still let me gently rub the top of his little green head; and when I ask him, 'How d'ye do, Jo?' he will still answer cheerfully, 'All *right*!' So I know that although he no longer has a little boy to play with, or the charming music of long ago to listen to, and although he seems to grow a bit more silent each year, it is still well with Jo.

Several years since, I was journeying in southwestern Mexico, through a jungle chiefly of cactus, twenty feet high and more. I had long grown accustomed to the brilliant flowers and the fantastic vines and orchids that flung themselves high overhead; and as the afternoon waned I had lapsed into a brown study, punctuated only by the hoof-beats of my horse and the quicker patter of the burro behind, on which rode my little *mozo*, Porfirio, — a silent Don Quichotte and a silent squire. Suddenly there was a fluttering whir of wings and a gay cry from Porfirio: 'Look, Don Francisco! — the pretty parrots!' And a rippling little green cloud of birds whirled up from the thicket and away to the left, — the first I had ever seen in freedom. A flash of brilliant emerald as the sunlight struck them, a few sharp cries on a high note, and they were gone. When I relapsed into my brown study, my thoughts were thousands of leagues away, with little Jo as their curiously persistent focus; and a sudden nostalgia seized me, of a kind that comes to a man rarely, but sometimes with an exquisite poignancy, — the nostalgia for one's childhood, that enchanted, lost country, which I hope Heaven will resemble, at least a little bit.

And then I wondered what my next long journey would be. Perhaps to the convent of the *Sacré Cœur*! Madame de Sérigny would be gone these many years. But Madame de Bardon might be there, a gentle,

beautiful old nun of sixty. She would not recall the name on my visiting-card when it reached her; but when she received me, I should surely make her remember. Then of course we should visit the Chapel first, and I should have her arrange for a candle to be lighted, — not, perhaps, in honor of Saint Francis, to whose care she commended me so long ago, but surely in honor of Saint Margaret, my sister's

Patron, and one for Saint Katharine, my mother's. And then perhaps we should walk through the gardens to the lodge, and if only little Jo could be there, I know he would air to Madame de Bardon his later accomplishments; I know he would say at last, in a little boy's childish treble, 'All right! — all right!' Or perhaps he would revert to old Manuel's deeper tones, and cry out, 'Deo gratias!'

HOMESICKNESS

BY CHARLES GRANT MATTHEWS

Toward yonder purple ridges
 Low in the twilight sky,
 With mighty rush of pinions
 The wild goose rideth by.

I cannot tell what anguish,
 Sudden and sweet and dim,
 Out of the leaden present
 Calleth me after him.

O mountains of the southland,
 What was it came and went?
 A lost bird speeding homeward
 After the day is spent?

THE SLAVE PLANTATION IN RETROSPECT

BY WINTHROP MORE DANIELS

THE race question in the South is at last beginning to be approached in a temper fairly free from partisan bias. But the institution which bequeathed us the race question still awaits dispassionate historical appraisal. Despite the lapse of almost half a century, the embers of the great conflict in which slavery perished are still hot, if one but deeply stir the ashes. It is therefore to be accounted a rare piece of good fortune that the first two volumes of the *Documentary History of American Industrial Society*¹ delineate the 'peculiar institution' wholly from the economic point of view. Professor Phillips has ranged far in his quest of illuminating excerpts, but has discerningly garnered only what is untouched by political rancor. The diary of the planter, the journal of the traveler, the account-book of the merchant, the private report of the overseer, the correspondence of friends, the advertisement, news item, and editorial, the personal testimonial, the confession of the convict, the public petition, the crim-

inal records of parish and county, the private contract, and the occasional local ordinance, — all have contributed to the deftly arranged mosaic set before us in *Plantation and Frontier*. The illustrative material has been organized around various topics of cardinal importance, such as Plantation Routine, Plantation Vicissitudes, Slave Labor, Negro Qualities, 'Poor Whites,' Migration, Frontier Society, so that each assemblage of documents bears a common character.

It is due perhaps to a too sedulous avoidance of the political aspect of slavery that the statute-book has been drawn on so sparingly to produce this composite picture. And it is, of course, true that the politics of slavery is a domain quite by itself. The earliest colonial statutes against slave importations, — most, if not all, of them frustrated by the Crown, — the Northwest Ordinance of 1787, the Constitution's delimitation of the life of the foreign slave trade, the Missouri Compromise, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, the Fugitive Slave Law, the Emancipation Proclamation, and the Thirteenth Amendment, — all these are only some of the greater landmarks, extinct volcanoes as it were, in the seismic tract of national politics. They would have been quite out of place in a treatise like this.

But there is another kind of fundamental legal monument at whose absence among so much that is pertinent we must somewhat wonder. An instance in point is the assimilation of

¹ The *Documentary History of American Industrial Society*, edited by John R. Commons, Ulrich B. Phillips, Eugene A. Gilmore, Helen L. Sumner, and John B. Andrews, and published by the Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, Ohio, will be completed in ten volumes of which eight have already appeared. The first two volumes, entitled, *Plantation and Frontier, 1649-1863*, selected, collated, and edited, with Introduction, by Ulrich B. Phillips, Ph.D., Professor of History and Political Science, Tulane University of Louisiana, relate wholly to the economic fortunes of the South. The remaining volumes are devoted to the Labor Movement in the United States up to 1880.

the offspring of mixed unions to the servile status of the mother. Almost the entire institution of slavery was profoundly affected by this single juridical custom. It reflected an attitude of the white toward the subject race that is certainly deserving of notice. Moreover the varying legal status of the colored race as regards rights both personal and real, such as the slave's *peculium*, seems so essential a part of the true inwardness of slavery that its omission is at least remarkable. Nor is the rejoinder quite adequate that the two volumes are designed to portray the plantation rather than slavery, for the economics of the plantation were the economics of slavery, and as Professor Phillips rightly contends at the outset, industrial history is concerned 'in the main with men and manners. It is a phase of social history'; and social history has no mirror comparable to the statute-book.

Regrettable as is the omission of statute and adjudication, their absence carries a very real compensation. The portraiture of the economic life of the South by means of less technical documents gains thereby in immediate intelligibility. An enactment or a leading legal decision may be of most profound social significance, but it commonly speaks an alien tongue. It requires too often an interpreter, while the intimacy of everyday intercourse speaks for itself. Matter of fact arrests a thousand auditors where the abstractions of the forum engage but few. The integration of the various cycles of illustrative material moreover is skillfully effected by Professor Phillips's prefatory essay. This introduction serves admirably both to outline the general character of the plantation system, and to knit into a congruous fabric the diverse strands of evidence contained in the various sections of the two volumes. It is as though a scholar-

ly lecturer first traversed with an intelligent audience the essential historical movements of a period, before throwing upon the screen the concrete pictures to exemplify the living reality.

'When Virginia was founded, the word *plantation* had the meaning of the modern word colony. The Jamestown settlement was the plantation of the London Company in the sense that the Company had founded it and exercised jurisdiction over it.' But before long 'plantation' came to signify, not the planting of colonists, but the planting of staples. Essential to the plantation, as Professor Phillips insists, was a labor force of considerable size, generally in bondage, subdivided into groups working each under supervision, and producing a commodity intended, not for consumption at home, but for sale in the market.

The farm was differentiated from the plantation not so much by the farm's smaller area as by its self-directing labor, and by its affording the cultivator his immediate subsistence. The duel between the farm and the plantation epitomizes the greater part of the *antebellum* industrial history of the South. The struggle moreover was an oft-renewed fight, and not a single pitched battle. In the same territory, as, for example, in seaboard Virginia, the early supremacy of the plantation yielded later, when the soil's pristine fertility had been exhausted, to the farm. And in general, while the superior efficiency of the plantation for the raising of staples vanquished the farm system in the short run, Providence for once fought against the 'big battalions' and was bent on according the final victory to the smaller contestant.

Not the least merit of Professor Phillips's illuminating introduction is his demonstration that a purely chronological method will not suffice for the

history of the plantation *régime*. The same cycle of alternate triumphs and reverses as between the two industrial claimants for the soil of the South was rehearsed in different regions at very different periods. The pell-mell rush into the uplands of the interior when Whitney's gin had made the short-staple cotton commercially profitable, carried the struggle ever onward to the Mississippi. Frontiering was only the onward lip of the migratory wave which in the Southwest coveted the exploitation of virgin soil by the labor of the slave-gang. The essential service of these two volumes is the picture they afford of the *vie intime* of the plantation, and the emphasis they throw on the frontiersman as the advance guard of the slave planter.

What then was the typical character of the slave plantation of the South? Was it essentially a mild patriarchal form of industrial organization, in which the master safeguarded the real interests of his slave dependents, themselves incapable of self-government or self-support? Or was it in the main a tyrannous exploitation of the African for the profit of his owner?

The questions just suggested deserve an answer less than they deserve analysis and criticism. They are keyed up to a note of hectic moral expectancy, and betray an anticipation of sweeping approval or condemnation which the judicial, many-sided study of history must invariably disappoint. The slave plantation bore a character impressed upon it by the industrial conditions of its day and age. As these varied, the plantation varied; and while the character of the individual owner often notably shaped for his lifetime the general tone and character of his own estate, the manifold influences of the economic environment controlled in the long run.

'The plantation system was evolved

to answer the specific need of meeting the world's demand for certain staple crops in the absence of a supply of free labor.' The primary impulse was undeniably commercial, in a day when humanitarian or social considerations sat lightly upon the master class. The lot of the white redemptioner upon the early tobacco plantation was, to say the least, not enviable; while the African, removed but a span from savagery, lacked all claim to any customary rights which sheltered the English-born subject from abject degradation. And yet there were mitigations, if not compensations, to the slave, in the situation; in the rude plenty that unbounded land of unimpaired fertility at first afforded; in the self-interest of the far-sighted planter, alive to the fact that his continued profit depended on the physical well-being of his bondsmen; and in the Englishman's ingrained habit of feeling no inconsiderable measure of personal responsibility for the essential comfort of man or beast subject to his domination.

This preliminary characterization of the plantation system requires almost indefinite qualification and amendment. 'The plantation system,' Professor Phillips tells us, 'had independent origins in the Spanish West Indies and in English Virginia.' The West Indian type radiated outward from Charleston, South Carolina. Thither the Barbadian English had migrated in 1670. By 1694 they had begun the cultivation of rice by slave labor. It is difficult to escape the conviction that the Virginia type of plantation was immensely more humane than the Carolina type. In part this was due to the larger size of the slave-gangs worked on the Carolina rice-swamps. Some appreciable taint of Spanish inhumanity, it may be conjectured, had infected the morale of the system. Moreover the frequent absenteeism of the Carolina

plantation owner, caused by the miasmatic character of the region, completed the opportunity for the more than fitful emergence of oppression on the part of overseer and driver.

Perhaps no contrast is more marked in the documents cited by Professor Phillips than the exacting solicitude shown by the more humane plantation owners for their slaves as over against the uniform incompetence of the hired overseers, who seem as a class to have been both incapable and unfeeling. The instructions issued by the owners to their agents and managers often expressly prohibit cruel or excessive punishment; allow a direct appeal by the slave from the overseer to the master; guard against excessive tasking; provide for proper medical attendance and nursing; authorize kitchen gardens and minor opportunities for the slaves to earn money; and establish regular religious instruction. On the other hand, Olmsted is quoted as to the character of the overseer: —

'I asked why he did not employ an overseer.'

'Because I do not think it right to trust to such men as we have to use, if we use any, for overseers.'

'Is the general character of overseers bad?'

'They are the curse of the country, sir; the worst men in the community.'¹

And yet the unfortunate overseer must not be condemned without due allowance. He had to contend against the mean status among his own race that his employment too frequently involved. He had to cope with fire and flood; with drought and crop failure; with the frequent ravages of fatal epidemics, especially cholera, among his hands. More vexatious than all else, and more trying to nerves and temper, was the task of exacting unwilling labor from the blacks. Their incorrigible

tendency to eye-service, to laziness, lying, petty thieving, quarrelsomeness, and malingering, would have taxed the patience of far better men than overseers for the most part were. Besides, a salary of four to five hundred dollars a year was not likely to command the combined virtues of a Moses and a Numa. And so we catch in the records the constantly recurring complaint of the overseer concerning his tantalizing and vexatious lot. Thus in 1771 one of these taskmasters from the Custis estate writes to Washington about a runaway: '. . . he went away for no provocation in the world bot So lazye he will not worke and a greater Roke is not to be foun.' Another instance may be found in the letter to Miss Telfair when the overseer of her Georgia plantation writes despairingly in 1836: '. . . so soon as I am absent from either [gang] they are subject to quarrel and fight, or to idle time, or beat or abuse the mules, and when called to account, each Negro present . . . will deny all about the same.'

Perhaps the least inadequate answer to the question broached above as to the essential character of the plantation is to say that the moral level of its community life depended on the presence or absence of certain well-defined factors. If the plantation owner felt his responsibility, — and very generally, I think, this was the case, — if he avoided absenteeism, and made his authority felt by his personal presence; if the social ties of an old established neighborhood had created its crust of beneficent custom; if the field-hands on the plantation were neither too few nor too numerous; if the character of the work, such as the raising of cotton or tobacco, excluded insanitary conditions of work and life (such as frequently prevailed on the rice and sugar plantation); if neither financial misfortune, nor the death of the owner, nor

¹ *Journey in the Seaboard Slave States* (1856).

the partition of his property, led to the dispersal of his slaves; and, above all, if the absence of greed for quick and exorbitant profits shut out frequent accessions to the slave hands and prevented the reduction of the whole gang to a mere profit-getting machine, as on the frontier, — the plantation *régime* may be regarded in relation to its time as an efficient and fairly merciful industrial system, which sheltered a backward people, and ‘incidentally trained a savage race to a certain degree of fitness for life in the Anglo-Saxon community.’

On the other hand, every qualification which limits the conditional verdict just rendered, denotes a door of potential abuse and perversion. The unfeeling, the immoral, the mercurial, and the rapacious master and overseer — and such there were — distorted the homely virtues of the *régime*. Its moral level was perhaps at its highest when its heyday of economic profitability was past, or at least when the quest of immediate profit was tempered by higher and more humane considerations.

At best, the *régime* was doomed to be but temporary, for its existence came to depend on unexhausted, virgin soil, and the geographical confines of plantationdom had been all but reached by 1860. Given some system of soil-renewal, sugar and cotton might have been raised for some years longer by slave labor, for in both cases large gangs could be worked at routine tasks every month in the year. Tobacco culture required labor for but a portion of the twelvemonth, and the slave’s cost in days of comparative idleness became prohibitive economically. The growing of cereals required hired help for only a fraction of the year, and was clearly beyond the competitive capabilities of the slave plantation. Moreover the self-directing labor of the

factory system confirmed the monopoly of manufactures to free soil.

The seamy side of slavery was obvious and dramatic; its beneficent aspect was largely hidden and silent. The slave trade and the slave mart focused the cruelty of slavery, although the renting out of slaves to alien taskmasters, and the legal disabilities imposed upon ‘free persons of color,’ were almost equally poignant in their pathos. The horrors of blood and torture in which the infrequent slave conspiracies were extinguished were unspeakable, although, it must be confessed, the holocaust seems the product of race antagonism with its implacable cruelty rather than of slavery proper. The attitude of the master to his ‘people,’ as he termed his slaves, was in general one of patriarchal control where their well-being was a constant care conscientiously borne.

But despite the detestation which the South showed for inhumanity toward the Negro, the two volumes illustrate to the life the inevitable way in which slavery was bound to occasion the deepest misery to the best of the subject race. For example, an anonymous pamphlet of about 1808, entitled *A Tour in Virginia*, relates how ‘two blanched and meagre-looking wretches were lolling in their one-horse chair, protected from the excessive heat of the noonday sun by a huge umbrella, and driving before them four beings of the African race, fastened to each other by iron chains fixed round the neck and arms, and attended by a black woman, a reliance on whose conjugal or sisterly affection prevented the application of hand-cuffs or neck-collars’; while ‘the people on the road loaded the inhuman drivers with curses and execrations.’

A counterpart to the foregoing is the petition of a free Negress, Lucinda, who refused to remove from Richmond, Virginia, to Tennessee, ‘as in Richmond

she had a husband . . . from whom the benefits and privileges to be derived from freedom, dear and flattering as they are, could not induce her to be separated.' She was threatened with the forfeiture of her freedom because, against the law, she had remained over a year after her emancipation in Virginia, and feared compulsory sale and separation from her husband. 'To guard against such a heart-rending circumstance, she would prefer, and hereby declares her consent, to become a slave to the owner of her husband.'

The intimate and vital flashes which these two volumes frequently turn upon slavery and its economic shell, the plantation, are paralleled by the judiciously chosen vignettes of frontier life in the South. To be sure, it savors something of special pleading in validation of the title *Plantation and Frontier*, to claim that the 'full type of the frontier' was not found north of Mason and Dixon's line, 'in that the United States Army policed the Indians, and the popular government was administered directly under the Federal authority.' The northwestern frontiersman had begun to penetrate the wilderness before the United States Army existed; and if local government in that vast region was 'administered directly under the Federal authority,' we have been sadly misled by many competent historians. The various types of migration in the South, however, are well exemplified in the round hundred pages devoted to the topic. The early redemptioner whose service had expired on the seaboard plantation, the small cultivator of tobacco in the same region who had been worsted by the competition of the large planter, the artisan who found the black laboring population of riparian Virginia little to his liking, were all lured to the 'back country.' By 1740 the tongue of migration had extended to within fifty miles of

the Blue Ridge Mountains. After 1798 a second impetus was given the westward movement by the eager quest for cotton lands, and the upland regions of the South were rapidly invaded. The earlier pioneers, often displaced by the oncoming of the planter, sold their lands, and pushed deeper into the wilderness.

In this motley throng of migrants were to be found various well-defined types. At the one extreme there was the restless adventurer like Gideon Lincecum, who in 1818 'had been reared to a belief and faith in the pleasure of frequent change of country'; who looked upon the long journey to Alabama of 'about five hundred miles, all wilderness,' with 'much pleasure,' and who felt 'as if I was on a big camp hunt.' The sting of pioneering was in the blood, and like others of the breed 'he hoped to realize a profit from it, as soon as people should move into the country.'

At the other end of the series was to be found the gentleman-farmer type, like Colonel Leonard Covington, whose tobacco lands were unprofitable, and who in 1808 looked cautiously toward betaking himself with his family and slaves to Mississippi, there to retrieve his fortunes. He writes to his brother for various particulars, and adds, 'I have a thousand more questions in my head, but, pushed for time just now, must hope you will say everything that I could ask, not forgetting politics, the state of religion, if there be much amongst you. As to dealings generally, are the folks pretty punctual, or is there much use for lawyers?'

It is possible that the cautious inquiry about 'the state of religion, if there be much amongst you' may have been elicited by the news of the desperado, the 'bad man,' and the affrays in which every frontier is prolific; characters like Colonel Bishop, and that

'pink of purity and truth, George W. Wacaser,' who on election day 'attacked two gentlemen riding in a carriage and with the butts of their muskets, in a most shocking manner, bruised and mangled their heads and bodies.'

If the imagination be allowed to range over the facts disclosed by the history of slavery in the new world, the dramatic magnitude of the great episode becomes almost oppressive. Weston, in the *Progress of Slavery* (1857), called attention to the fact that instead of America's being settled by the European races, 'the truth really is, that America, including its islands, has been settled chiefly from Africa, and by Negroes'; and that prior 'to the commencement of the present century, the number of Negroes brought hither had probably exceeded the whole number of Europeans of all nationalities, who had emigrated hither, twenty-fold, or even more.' *The Encyclopædia Americana* (1851) computed the Negroes taken for transportation to the new world during the last three centuries at 'above forty millions, of whom fifteen or twenty per cent die on the passage.'

This age-long panorama of millions of Africans, wrenched from their original habitat and forced by the rigorous tutelage of slavery to subdue an un-

tamed continent, has a gloomy grandeur to it which at once enforces the fatefulness of human history and the cruel masterfulness of the dominant race.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing, distorted and soul-
quenched?

How will you ever straighten up this shape?

At the bar of history, justice for this age-long agony of un conjectured tears can hardly be required at the hands of less than the whole Caucasian family. So far as amends are concerned, it matters now comparatively little that the mere legal bond of servitude has been destroyed. It boots not that our own forbears may have escaped the immediate contact with the slave, or even that our own kindred vicariously for us may have paid by their blood for some infinitesimal part of a cosmic sin. Behind it all there stands an atavic transgression which the individual can never expiate; a racial iniquity beyond private atonement; a corporate cruelty whose blood is upon us and our children. The recognition of the abject status of a wronged race must furnish at the same time the indispensable basis for the white man's responsibility for the Negro, and the base of departure for the steep and arduous ascent which the African himself must make.

THE UNPAINTED PORTRAIT

BY ELLEN DUVALL

FOR one who averred that he particularly hated bustle, Urquhart felt that the lines had fallen unto him in exceptionally pleasant places. The old-fashioned house, amply pillared and porticoed, standing sheltered and private in the middle of its old-fashioned and spacious garden, with the nobly satisfying live-oaks, and stately magnolias now in full bloom; the affluent quiet and peace —

‘Truly, Ashford, I wonder you don’t come home oftener,’ he commented warmly, glancing about with interest, as the two friends sat on one of the side porticoes after dinner.

Ashford, with evident relish of the other’s unqualified admiration, returned, ‘Yes, it’s really fine, singularly and subtly harmonious. Everything is so in keeping; the grounds with their laying out and adornment; the house with its size, shape, and furnishings, — I often ask myself what touch I would add, and am forced to confess I can suggest nothing.’

‘You did n’t do it, then?’ said Urquhart in surprise.

‘No, it’s my mother’s work; her home is her masterpiece, and she thoroughly loves and enjoys it.’ He paused a moment, then added, ‘And she has wisdom enough to know when she has achieved the due effect; so many people keep on tinkering till they spoil all.’

‘You must inherit your talent from her,’ said Urquhart with interest.

‘I suppose I do, though it’s only in the last few years that I’ve been beginning to think so,’ replied Grantham

Ashford candidly. It would have been crass affectation in him to minimize in the least his rich and rare talent; moreover, his reputation was too well established for him not to have become accustomed to all forms and degrees of flattery, to say nothing of sincere appreciation. He was a really delightful person to praise, for he treated his talent as impersonally, or as third-personally, as did Cæsar the Gallic War, so that his friends and acquaintance felt unconsciously at liberty often and openly to discuss his work.

‘It may not impress you at first,’ continued Ashford, ‘but the sense and truth of it sink gradually in and cause a feeling of perfect rest. Harmony, harmony, everywhere, in mass, form, and color, — with here and there just that sharp fillip of unexpected contrast that affords the imagination its necessary stimulus. Here I always feel that momentary poise and thrill — what the gushing call “inspiration” — which precede more active work; and I’m apt to do my best work after being here.’

He spoke lightly, and with a certain frankness rather unusual; for, on the whole, Ashford was a somewhat self-contained man.

The two friends were on the south portico, and could look over the garden where the land sloped gently down to a broad expanse of water. Warm enough to sit out of doors with comfort, the May evening was perfect, and the pale bluish light of the as yet starless sky bathed all things with its

shadowless flood. Both men were sensitive enough to keep silence awhile before the matchless beauty of evening.

'Of course, you've done a portrait of your mother?' remarked Urquhart presently, as if many impressions were coming to a focus.

Ashford smiled, and leaned forward from the depths of his chair. 'You know you've always said that my ninety-nine magnificent successes only throw into stronger relief my one-hundredth failure. Well, of all faces, my mother's is just my consummate miss. I've tried again and again, and always with the same result, — what comes from my hand is a sort of wooden sphinx. Yet if there is a face a portrait-painter ought to know, it is his mother's. And I assuredly do know mine; but it escapes me. You who theorize and speculate to the queen's taste, how will you account for this?'

Urquhart threw back his head and laughed. 'How can I answer? I've never met your mother, never even seen her, and you, yourself, have said very little about her. I've heard from others that she's a delightful woman, charming, very good company; but that's not much to go upon.'

'If you would know her, look around,' said Ashford gayly.

'Easier said than done,' returned Urquhart earnestly. 'All I can say is, evidently a person of perfect taste, and — as faith embraces works — one who balances perfect taste with a consummate sense of perfect comfort.'

Ashford laughed satirically. 'Most people appreciate the comfort far more than the taste.'

But Urquhart seemed to have taken his friend's question seriously, and to be considering. He laid his cigar in the ash-tray on the table between them, and gazed keenly about the lovely grounds as if to evoke from them the secret of their owner's being.

'If there's anything more beautiful and suggestive than a flowering tree, I don't know it,' he said presently, after a prolonged survey. 'Look at that magnolia; it's a realization of the Hermaphroditus of the Greeks, — masculine strength combined with feminine beauty.'

Ashford, who was a long-featured, handsome man, with a temperamental seriousness of expression, turned his naturally grave eyes thoughtfully upon his friend. 'Now I never think of that sort of thing,' he observed.

'Well, you don't have to, it's rank sentimentality,' returned Urquhart, laughing; 'but I get heaps of enjoyment out of it. If you can't amuse yourself with your own mind, what can you amuse yourself with?'

'But why does n't *my* mind work in something the same way?' persisted Ashford musingly; 'I think I'm something like Thackeray, — no head above the eyes.'

'Well, you may say it of yourself, if you choose; but he had the head as well as the eyes; he had both sight and vision.'

Ashford looked first surprised, then half vexed. 'The same old story, and from you, too? That's what my mother in effect said to me years ago: "Your sight far exceeds your vision, Grantham." And as my talent crystallized, and became more and more assured, with its seeing eye and facile hand, she once said, "You're like the Queen, in *Hamlet*, who said, "All there is I see." But she did n't see the Ghost, the only thing just then worth seeing.'"

Urquhart wonderingly regarded him. 'That would seem as if she compassed *you*, rather than you her,' he said quickly.

Ashford looked frankly amused. 'Oh, my mother's not at all complex, not subtle. There's nothing particularly to understand about her. She's one

of the most natural women in the world, absolutely and always just her cheerful, kindly self. She's always more or less interested in some one, or some thing; she's always helping lame dogs over stiles.' He paused, then added, 'And the easiest human being in the world to live with; one of the least exacting. She likes punctuality at meals out of consideration for the servants, she says; but this — other than moral lapses — is all I've ever known — trouble her.' Again he paused, as if reflecting. 'An ideal wife, I fancy, — I hardly remember my father, — an ideal mother, an ideal friend; and yet I can't for the life of me put my finger on those particulars that make up her unique sum of excellence. Her health is perfect, and she is wonderfully young,' — a vision of elderly artificiality flitted before Urquhart's mind's eye, — 'even my wife, who is essentially unenthusiastic, adores her.' — Urquhart had sometimes wondered whether it were not significantly sinister, Ashford's choice of the marvelously Beautiful Ordinary who was the younger Mrs. Ashford. — 'And she has right royally loved me, and fostered my talent.' His rather flat voice softened: 'Now, *why* can't I paint her portrait?'

Urquhart made no answer, and presently Ashford continued, 'I've often thought that my mother must have some kind of fine wine in her veins, some ichor of the gods, instead of mere human blood, — she so enjoys life and living. She once said that if she failed to give the proper account of herself, it would be because she had been so interested in the Lord's handiwork, men and women, nature animate and inanimate, that she had overlooked or forgotten her part. She is the life of any and every company; she can make anything "go." Some one once asked her, "What is happiness?" And she answered solemnly, "Twenty-

one gowns and four proposals a year." It was the aptest reply possible to the simpleton who asked the question. But then she immediately added, "But for most women, self-martyrdom is happiness."'

Both men laughed.

'My mother, herself, has always had suitors; and even I, her son, naturally disinclined to a step-father, am persuaded that they were not actuated by mercenary motives. She is most attractive; I feel and know it. There is one "steady company," however,' continued Ashford, smiling, 'who has been quietly and persistently devoted to her for years, with what my mother herself calls "the tepid devotion of habit." You may have heard of him in a small way, as he has had a small success as a very minor writer, — Horace Gray; a faded white rose of a man, to quote my mother again, whose cheerful patience in the face of his dim success must appeal to her standing generosity.'

'Humph! The quality of life lies in its adjectives. How much of a human phonograph are you, Ashford?'

Ashford laughed. 'I leave you to guess. Gray is a civil-engineer by profession and family propulsion, a writer by inclination; something of a misfit either way, I take it.'

'I seem to recall the name — in a magazine occasionally,' said Urquhart slowly; 'too good for the average, not good enough for the best, — a kind of mezzanine writer.'

'Maybe so,' returned Ashford indifferently; 'at all events, he's my mother's long-time devoted.'

'I should love to meet her, and I wish she was n't away,' said Urquhart earnestly.

'Oh, she'll only be gone a few days; she went up to Washington to see an old friend. You *must* stay till she comes back,' said Ashford pleasantly.

At this moment, through one of the long French windows, stepped the old colored butler. He held a small tray bearing a special-delivery letter.

'Something for you, Mr. Grantum,' he said, in a gentle, interested voice.

'Sign for me, please, Ben; and, here, give the boy this dime to ride back with.'

As Ben disappeared through the window again, Ashford exclaimed, 'Why, it's from my mother!' and hastily opened the letter. As his eyes gathered in the words, he uttered a smothered exclamation, and half rose. As he clutched the letter in one hand, his fine, straight-featured face flushed deeply, and even in the thickened light his annoyance was plain.

The situation was too obvious to be ignored, and Urquhart frankly said, 'Can I in any way help?'

Evidently the contents were so disquieting that, for the moment, Ashford could hardly speak. Strong feeling is a touchstone, and now, in the blank discomfiture of his expression, the wide helpless stare of his annoyed eyes, there was a suggestion of inadequacy or of limitation, some sense of which had come to Urquhart once or twice before. Grantham steadied himself, however, and said in a voice colorless from the effort at self-control, 'It's from my mother; she has married Gray.'

Urquhart could only reflect his friend's surprise, and was rather at a loss how to show sympathy.

'At her age, — it's worse than absurdity!' cried Ashford almost passionately. 'Why should a woman who has had emotional experience ever try to repeat it? She has everything to make life desirable — why should she think of taking under her wing this — this —'

He broke off, and Urquhart didn't know what to say.

'It's the sort of 'thing that makes a whole family ridiculous,' continued Ashford, in a tone of intense feeling. 'And people have always spoken of my mother's sense of humor!' he added bitterly.

Urquhart could not help reflecting that no one could ascribe much of this ozone to Ashford's own mental atmosphere.

'She is full sixty,' he concluded, with a look and manner of open disgust.

Urquhart was silent. To attempt to condole with a man because of his mother's second marriage at the ripe age of sixty, was worse than to proffer philosophical consolation for the toothache. The unexpected, wholly incalculable tangents of human nature, the actions which make kindred blood tingle with a sense of the undeserved ludicrous, are like the knight's move at chess; nothing may interpose. If Ashford took it in this way —

Ashford himself became aware of the varying shades of hesitancy in Urquhart's face.

'You may read the note; it's very characteristic, and not private.' He spoke abruptly, almost harshly, and held out the sheet.

Urquhart took it almost reluctantly, well knowing that nothing spoils friendship like too great, or impulsive, intimacy.

DEAREST GRANTHAM, — I have just married Horace Gray. I wish I could soften the blow to you; and it is because I knew it would be a blow, that I have deferred the action till now. But you no longer in any way need me; your character is formed; your art perfected; you have reached the acme of worldly success and fame; you are happily married to a charming woman who is devoted to you, and you are a father. Your life, rounded, full, complete, as a mere human life may be,

has swung out into its own rightful orbit. Your art requires you to live chiefly abroad, and you lovingly return at times simply to see me. I cannot expatriate myself, and I have no art to absorb me, no particularly strong personal interest apart from your beloved self. In marrying Mr. Gray I am securing friendship and companionship for my old age, and I like the thought of fixing myself by some definite responsibility. I appreciate the parsimony of his pale success; and he understands the nature and quality of my so-called abundance. In other words, each can reckon with the other's boundaries, which is (believe me) a rare thing between any two. And—we both first love Life.

Lastly, before coming here to Margaret Hunsdon's to be married, Mr. Gray relinquished, unsolicited, any and all claim upon my property; and by this ante-nuptial agreement, all will come to you as in any case it would. You will think that I, at my age, by such a step, must make myself ridiculous; but the world easily forgets because it does not understand, and this will be less than a nine days' wonder. The thistle of ridicule has only to be grasped like any other.

Your loving mother,
CHARLOTTE GRANTHAM GRAY.

Urquhart handed back the note slowly, with a sigh; and the two men looked at each other in distinctly helpless silence.

Finally Urquhart ventured, 'What she says is quite true: your life *is* complete; and she has evidently enough individuality to desire a life of her own. Can you really object? A son is not like a daughter.'

Ashford stared gloomily into space. 'I don't understand it at her age,' he said presently. 'I see no inducement. She and Gray would have been friends

to the end,—that should have sufficed. They used to play together as children; she is three years older. He was a rather delicate boy, and she protected him, I fancy. She is always protecting some one or some thing. Oh, no, I don't *object*, that would be extreme in its turn,' he continued bitterly. 'But it's the sort of thing that defeats calculation, and holds for me too much of the unexpected. I don't care for raw, elemental surprises.' He was falling back into the mood of chastened irony in which he generally lived.

Urquhart eagerly regarded him. The orientation of a soul to Life holds all possibility of revelation, and Urquhart could not help being avid for the manifestations. He was a born disciple of Isis, and waited hungrily for the glimmerings from behind the veil, gleams of beauty and of truth, or their reverse. Gathering himself together, he said, 'Are you one of those who think that a second marriage carries with it something of slight to the first?'

'In this day of easy divorce? How unfashionable you must think me! No, not when the first was ended by death more than thirty years ago.'

Urquhart's face showed an interest he did not care to put into words; but Ashford partly divined the nature of his friend's thoughts.

'Here at the South we think so much of family, you know. My mother had both family and money, though *that* came from the Northern branch, a great-uncle who was *not* a "Southern sympathizer." She married my father (she told me so herself) rather against the wishes of *her* family. He was a nobody in particular, except a very bright and promising young lawyer, and she was a girl of twenty; he died within seven years of their marriage. She befriended his people, who were socially obscure, and married off his

young sisters to advantage; and she has always maintained cordial relations with his entire connection. But then, she has strong notions of family duty, and of the claims of kindred blood. Indeed, my mother maintains cordial relations, within reason, with every one, for she is a born promoter of peace, — a Hague Conference in herself.'

'Any significant action,' began Urquhart slowly, taking up his cigar again, 'throws a telling light upon an individual's feeling and thought.' He broke off, for his speech might be too close to the wind. What he was wondering was, whether in that first marriage there had been anything that might have made a second seem compensatory.

Ashford looked at him rather blankly. 'Oh, she was devoted to my father, by common account. She herself has never said very much, but she has frankly answered any questions I've seen fit to put. But my mother is no hero-worshiper; and some of her casual remarks are very telling. "So long as marriage is the chief feminine career, a woman may be pardoned for marrying a man when to have loved him would be far less easily excusable." "It's a long love that knows no turning." "Among the blessings of life are, that no man may sequester sea and sky, and that no woman may marry her ideal; there always remain havens for the imaginative." I don't know any one who so enjoys life as does my mother, and by "life" she means people, singly or in groups; and yet she has a clarity of perception —'

He paused.

'— Which you might think would mar enjoyment?' asked Urquhart thoughtfully.

They were silent for a while, then Urquhart said lightly, 'I must stay, and meet her, Ashford; I want to find out why you can't paint her portrait.'

A morning or two later, Urquhart had come down early, and, thinking to sweeten and beguile time withal by a stroll through the rose-garden, he stepped out of one of the dining-room windows on to the portico, to be there confronted by a lady.

'It must be Mr. Urquhart. Good morning, and how do you do?' she said, smiling, and held out her hand.

'It's Mrs. — Gray. I so wanted to meet you, that I stayed on for that purpose.'

'I'm very glad you did. I hoped you would,' returned Ashford's mother, with a frankness and interest that matched Urquhart's own.

'And why?' asked he, as they unconsciously held hands a thought longer than usual, and gazed earnestly at each other.

'I wanted you to be with him when I made my little — venture, and I hoped you would soften the — the — surprise,' said the lady gently.

'He took it very well, if there was really anything to take, — after the first douche,' said Urquhart, smiling.

Mrs. Gray looked at him closely, and both sighed and smiled.

'The world may be divided into two classes,' she said, 'those who are surprised at nothing, and those who are surprised at everything. Neither has any real power of anticipation, so they are generally found in conjunction. Louise belongs to the first class; Grant-ham to the second, — so they hit it off admirably between them.'

'I can't answer for Mrs. Ashford. Ashford broke it to her in private; but your son never flinched — after the first.'

'And we must concede something to human nature,' said Mrs. Gray lightly. 'But I know what Louise said: "That's just like your mother, Grant-ham!" As if I had been in the habit of doing it every day in the year.'

Her smile was subtle and reserved, but her laugh was as frank and simple as a child's; he noted the difference. And they now laughed together in mutual comprehension and sympathy.

'I congratulate you with all my heart, and wish you all happiness,' he said warmly. 'It's so wholesome and rare to be able to do just what one wishes, — the psychic moment ready, the gods being propitious, we privileged, and no other human rights invaded or impaired.' He spoke with the confidence that begets confidence.

'Thank you a thousand times; that sounds as if you understood,' she answered.

'Is comprehension so rare, then?'

'Have n't you found it so?'

They both paused, and looked perhaps rather wistfully at each other. Urquhart was a big, red, hairy man, with a woefully long upper lip, which he veiled and softened by a close-clipped moustache. He had small, finely expressive eyes with handsome lashes, his one beauty. His manner and manners were simple and compact, and quite devoid of ornament; not ungraceful, certainly, but suggestive of plain, family silver with nothing but an initial or clear-cut crest. He was sufficiently well furnished forth, but one could see that he carried no more life-baggage than was absolutely necessary, and that his power of adaptation was quietly great.

'Incomprehension is the only loneliness,' said Mrs. Gray presently, harking back to his last question.

'And you have always been more or less alone?' It escaped him involuntarily, yet for the life of him he could not help saying it; for it was pouring over him like the delicate freshness and light of early day, that this woman's individuality exhaled truth which, like gravitation, is a basic law, and must draw all things unto itself.

'Oh, no,' she said, indicating a chair, and taking one beside it, 'not in that sense; for I have always had it in my power largely to fashion and to fill my own life, which is as much a responsibility as a privilege; or perhaps the one always implies the other. But the heart asks friendship and love; and the first is equality, as Balzac says, and the second is, in one sense, comprehension. Life in itself is too rich and deep, too intense and varied, for any mere mortal to have the shameless audacity, the blasphemy, to ask more. Yet this is not all.' She sighed and smiled again. 'From every height of perception we look out to the heights beyond, Life's mountains of feeling, thought, and endeavor. They simply challenge us to come on and to dare. It is more than pleasant, then, to meet those who are not only climbers, but who keep step with us, who also love to see and look beyond. I never could understand why Goethe should have said, "On every height there lies repose." For a height is simply a breathing-place where we gather up ourselves in order to go on. On the very top we sigh for the clouds; and then — man builds himself an airship, or, better still, travels in the moonboat of the imagination.'

Her rare child's laugh was infectious, and Urquhart chimed in. He listened with a sense of witchery. She had a delightful voice, as if Nature had bestowed upon her the hid treasures of the winds. The whole gamut of feeling and of thought, he felt, could be compassed and expressed by that voice. And like Nature she had the perennial charm of unconsciousness; she spoke as if thought and word were inseparable, and as if she might fling them freely forth upon Life's waters, trusting to the wholesome ineptitude of the many, to the rare comprehension of the few. Urquhart knew that he was partaking of something finer than her hospi-

tality, he was being presented with something of the freedom of her mind. He thought of the old colonial name of the grant, 'My Lady's Bower.' What an incomparable comrade, friend, lover, she would make! It was all there, all in her, the very soul of Life's joy.

He drank in her face with an avidity he had seldom felt when gazing upon a younger one. The features were moulded rather than chiseled, and, but for the eyes, smile, and expression, would have been somewhat broad and heavy; though the lines, now straightening with age, must have been voluptuously curved in youth. Her eyes, indeterminately dark, were far apart and rather narrow, though this, perhaps, was an effect of the solid, thick-lashed lids. The eyes themselves were still and clear, with a sense of light within them like a mountain pool. The lips were full, strong, and flexible, and showed readily the short, square, and quite good teeth. Her years no longer entitled her to a complexion, but her skin was wholesomely fine, sound in grain and surface, with the look of one who spends much time out of doors. The iron-gray hair was worn in an agreeable modification of the present fashion, and was very becoming to her face. And her figure was superb; rather broad for her height, deep-chested, full-bosomed; she was elastic of step and pliant of carriage, easy, strong, steady; no wonder Ashford had spoken of her as being 'profoundly young.'

'There are always coffee and a roll, or cornbread, for those who rise early; won't you have something?' she asked incidentally.

'With breakfast at nine? Oh, dear, no!' returned Urquhart. 'I won't spoil it. I had rather stay here with you.'

'The boat got in at seven, and I've been looking over the garden and

grounds ever since we came,' she said simply.

She was well dressed in a traveling-dress of bluish gray, and wore at her throat an old-fashioned brooch of garnet, her one ornament. The more Urquhart looked at her, the more he admired, the more he felt, her harmony. It stole upon him and subtly enveloped him, a tremendously far-reaching sense of her essential femininity, not so much sex, perhaps, — that was too definite and limited, — as something far more primordial, possibly eternal. She was definitively woman, none more so, a gentlewoman, complex, as highly civilized as civilization has as yet gone; yet she brought home to his quickened and intensified consciousness, as never before, the imperishable elemental energy out of which sex itself springs. Some spirit-sense within him awoke and vibrated with *her* spirit.

She seemed to him at once eternally old and eternally young, and to belong to the back and the beyond and the base of all things. She was the feminine incarnate, as much womanhood as woman, and still more the radio-active feminine substance which may underlie creation. He thrilled at the thought that he was perceiving, through her, some elemental truth of the relative value of things; in a dim way, how man is man and woman is woman, — at least, there was a suggestion for him in the movement of creation's shimmering veil. For a moment he felt that he knew why woman is not creative, seldom a genius, and but a small part of the great creative force of the world. Yet she is the essence of which all this is made, the energy out of which the masculine initiatory principle springs, the matrix of art, as it were, at once substance and mould of all forms of energy. She bears out of herself, she broods, she hovers, and sets going the force that does create.

There went through his mind like a blinding flash her definition (repeated parrot-like by her all so able son), 'But for women, self-martyrdom is happiness.' Had she simply instinctively voiced a great law? No wonder Ashford could not paint her. Splendid as his talent was, he was only the mortal son of the immortal mother. The old stories were subtly true, then, the old legends embodied guesses at eternal verity. Woman was at once greater and less, larger and smaller, more lasting and more ephemeral, than man. Infrequently would she be able to do the *things* that he does; but he would never be able to do anything at all without her.

'You are looking at me, Mr. Urquhart, as if you saw — visions; what is it?' she asked, smiling.

'I wish I had known you always — or have I known you always? I have some such feeling,' blurted Urquhart; then gathering himself up, he added, 'I was trying to discover why Ashford can't paint your picture.'

'Oh, he told you, did he? Well, it's quite true; he cannot.' Mrs. Gray laughed.

'I can catch glimpses of the sphinx which he said he produced,' pursued Urquhart earnestly. 'With the hair gone, replaced by the sphinx head-dress, it might be possible, and would certainly be interesting.' He regarded her ruefully. 'The value of portraiture lies in expression, it is that that individualizes, and it is just your expression that would escape him. And with me it remains as an impression only. Yes, the likeness escapes; it's too large, too comprehensive, too — everything. I'm thankful to have had the glimpse, the thought, of you; but I can very well see why he fails.'

'You think he has n't — imagination enough?' Her smile was shadowy.

'Not that exactly,' returned Urqu-

hart slowly, as if he found it difficult to formulate his thoughts; 'perhaps it's not intended, perhaps it would not be possible. We men are too definite, too positive. Talent, genius even, must have its necessary limitations; it is energy concentrated, and its limitation is the very condition of its activity and form; while you are the large, diffused, life-giving essence out of which the genius is framed. No, he'll never paint you; but that does n't mean —' Urquhart broke off with something like confusion.

'That he does n't appreciate womanhood, or me, or both?' she teasingly supplemented, with the sweetest, most amused expression of comprehension.

'He's a mere definite mortal son, while you — belong to Olympus; he's a part, while you are all. That's the reason.'

Urquhart exhaled a long, unconscious breath as if resting upon his own explanation.

At this moment a small, slight, exquisitely finished elderly man came out on the portico, paused, looked about him, and then came toward Mrs. Gray. His features were almost too delicate, and a casual observer would have called him more feminine-looking than his wife. As Urquhart rose, Mrs. Gray presented the two men.

'I have been venturing to offer my congratulations and best wishes,' said Urquhart warmly.

'Then offer them to *me*,' said Horace Gray finely, 'for Mrs. Gray has been princely to me all her life.' There was a glow in his face as, with a beautiful expression, he turned to his wife. Urquhart's seeing eyes comprehended them both. 'I was right at first,' he persisted gently, smiling at Mrs. Gray, 'all tributes should be laid at the feet of the giver.'

Just then Ashford appeared. Evidently he and Gray had already seen

each other, and the son greeted his mother most affectionately.

'If you had only let us know, we would have had a royal wedding-breakfast,' he said, almost reproachfully. 'And you've met Urquhart, too, and I wanted to be in at the first impressions.'

'Intuitions, rather than impressions,' said Urquhart soberly. 'I think your mother must have known me always; and for me, all old faiths are made clearer and more assured. She tremendously enhances Life's value.'

'But that's what every one says,' returned Ashford. 'And do you know why I can't paint her portrait?' he asked, with an almost jealous quickness (a touch Urquhart liked in him), looking from one to the other.

'If I could have lived always, I might explain; but now I shall never have time,' said Urquhart.

'Well, then, let's go in to breakfast,' said Mrs. Gray, smiling, 'especially as I see Louise, beautifully dressed, coming down early to do me honor.'

And they went in.

A STEP-DAUGHTER OF THE PRAIRIE

BY MARGARET LYNN

FAR away on the almost bare line of the prairie's horizon, a group of trees used to show. There was a tall one and a short one, and then a tallish crooked one and another short one. To my childish eyes they spelled l-i-f-e, as plainly as any word in my second reader was spelled. They were the point that most fascinated me as I knelt at the upstairs window, with my elbows on the sill and my chin on my folded arms. I don't know when I first noticed them, for they had been there always, so far as I could remember, a scanty little bit of fringe on a horizon that was generally clear and bare. There were tips of other woods, farther to the south, woods that were slightly known to me; but that group of trees on the very edge seemed to lie beyond the knowledge of any one. Even on the afternoons when I was allowed to go with my father on one of his business errands, and we drove and

drove and drove, we never came in sight of it. Yet, when I next went upstairs and looked from the window, there it stood against the sky.

I had no sense of making an allegory of it. At that age, to the fairy-tale-fed child, the line between allegory and reality is scarcely perceptible anyway, and at least negligible. The word on the horizon was quite a matter of course to me. An older person, had it occurred to me to mention the matter, would perhaps have seen something significant, even worthy of sentimental remark, in the child's spelling out the life waiting for her on her far horizon. But to me, mystery as it was, it was also a matter of fact; there it stood, and that was all. Yet it was also a romance, a sort of unformulated promise. It was related to the far distant, to the remote in time, to the thing that was some day to be known.

So I rested my chin on my little arms and watched.

I suppose the fact that the trees were evidently big and old — ours were still young and small — and perhaps a part of some woods, was their chief appeal to me. For no one can picture what the woods mean to the prairie child. They are a glimpse of dream-things, an illustration of poems read, a mystery of undefined possibilities. To pass through our scant bits of woods, even, was an excursion into a strange world. From places on the road to town, we could see pieces of timber. On some blessed occasions when a muddy hollow was impassable or when the Howell bridge, the impermanent structure of a prairie country, was out, we went around through the Crossley woods. That was an experience! The depth of greenness — the prairie had nothing like it.

I think my eyes were born tired of the prairie, ungrateful little soul that I was. And the summer shadows in the woods were marvelous. The shadow of the prairie was that of a passing cloud, or the square shade of some building, deepest at noon-day. But the green depths of the woods' shadows, the softly-moving light and shade, were a wonderful thing. To me these trips put all probability on a new basis. Out on the bare prairie, under the shining sun, stories were stories, the dearest of them inventions. But in these shady depths, where my little eyes were led on from green space through green space to a final dimness, anything might be true. Fiction and tradition took on a reality that the glaring openness would not allow. Things that were different might happen in a wood. I could not help expecting a new experience. But it never came: we passed out of the timber to the prairie again. But at least expectation had been stirred. The possibility that something might happen seemed nearer.

For Romance was always just around the corner, or just a little way ahead. But out on the prairie how could one overtake it? Where could the unknown lurk in that great open? The woods seemed to put me nearer to the world on whose borders I always hovered, the world of stories and poems, the world of books in general. The whole business of my life just then was to discover in the world of actual events enough that was bookish to reconcile me to being a real child and not one in a story. For the most part, aside from play, which was a thing in itself and had a sane importance of its own, the realities of life were those that had their counterparts in books. Whatever I found in books, especially in poetry, I craved for my own experience. Only my childish secretiveness saved me from seeming an inordinate little prig. For there is no bookishness like that of a childish reader; and there is no romanticism like that of a child. For good or ill, I was steeped in both. But the two things, books and the visible world that the sun shone in and the prairie spread out in, were far apart and, according to my lights, incompatible. I always had a suspicion of a distinct line between literature and life, at least life as I knew it, far out in Iowa. Who had ever read of Iowa in a novel or a poem? No essays on Literature and Life had then enlightened me as to their relation; I did n't know they had any. I wished that life could be translated into terms of literature, but so far as I could see I had to do it myself if it was to be done.

One must admit that it was little less than tragic to read of things that one could not know, and to live among things that had never been thought worth putting into a book. What did it avail to read of forests and crags and waterfalls and castles and blue seas, when I could know only barbed-wire

fences and frame buildings and prairie-grass?

Of course there were some elements of our living in which I discovered resemblances to what I found in my reading, and I was always alert to these things, however small. I admired my pretty young-lady sister, for instance, but I admired her most when she put on the garments of romance; when she wore a filmy white muslin with pale blue ribbons, a costume stamped with the novelist's approval from the earliest times; or better still, a velvet hat with a long plume sweeping down over her hair. For some reason I cannot now explain—possibly because I knew him better then than I do now—I associated her appearance then with that of some of Scott's heroines. She rose in my estimation—as did any one else—whenever she managed, however unconsciously, to link herself with romance. When I found after a time, as I grew sophisticated, that she was capable of exciting those feelings in the masculine breast that were depicted with some care in novels, especially in those that were forbidden and that I was obliged to read by snatches and in inconvenient places, I gave her my unqualified approval for all time.

As I said, there is no bookishness like that of a small bookworm. In my own little self I did try to make a point of contact between what I read and what I saw. I wished I dared to use the language of books. I did occasionally indulge in the joy of borrowing a literary phrase. To the grown-ups that heard it, it was doubtless a bit of precocious pedantry or an effort to show off. I sometimes saw visitors smile at one another, and with sudden amused interest try to draw me out; and in stammering prosaic embarrassment I shrank away, no literary fluency left. In reality I was not showing off. I could not resist the shy delicious pleas-

ure of making my own a phrase from one of my yellow-leaved books of poetry. It linked reality with romance. In some way it seemed to make me free of the world of folk in books, whose company I craved. The elders never guessed the tremor with which I ventured on my phrase from Tennyson or Lowell, though I might have been rolling it under my tongue for half an hour. But it would not do, I saw, to use the sacred language lightly, before unproved hearers, so I reserved it for my little talkings to myself. I had my little code of phrases for my private purposes, and a list of expletives rich but amazing. They were gleaned all the way from Shakespeare to Scott; recent writers are pitifully meagre in expletives. If I did not know their meaning I said them—silently, with no less animus. Their effect was all that could be desired, in an expletive at any rate; using the word was more interesting than being angry.

But that was after all a thin delight. And to live in one kind of country and feed on the literature of another kind of country is to put one all awry. Why was there no literature of the prairie? Whatever there was did not come to my hands, and I went on trying to translate the phenomena of the Missouri valley into terms of other-land poetry. But even what things we had appeared in unrecognizable guise. We had wild flowers in abundance, but unnamed. And what are botanical names to a child that wants to find foxglove and heather and bluebells and Wordsworth's daffodils and Burns's daisy? We—I was not alone in this quest—wanted names that might have come out of a book. So we traced imagined resemblances, and with slight encouragement from our elders—they came from back East where well-established flowers grow—named plants where we could.

There was a ruffy yellow flower with a vague, pretty odor, that we forced the name primrose upon. For the primrose was yellow, in Wordsworth at least, and some agreeable visitor said this might be a primrose. We invented spurious pseudo-poetic names, trying to pretend they were as good as the names we read. There was a pink flower of good intentions but no faithfulness, which retired at the approach of the sun, and which we christened 'morning beauty.' We had other attempts at ready-made folk-names, crude and imitative, but I have forgotten them. What a pity the prairie did not last long enough to fix itself and the things that belonged to it in a sort of folk-phrases! At least we ought to have had enough flower-lore at our command to give us the sweet real names that may have belonged to these blossoms or their relatives, in other lands. When we did learn such a name for some half-despised flower, how the plant leaped to honor and took on a halo of credit! Some elder occasionally went with us to the woods, some teacher, perhaps, hungry for her own far-away trees, and we found really we had a genuine sweet-William and dog-tooth violet and Jack-in-the-pulpit and May-apple, and even a rare diffident yellow violet. They were no more beautiful than our gay, nameless flowers of the open, but they grew in the woods and they had names with an atmosphere to them. In our eternal quest for names for things, some learned visitor, for we had many a visitor of every kind, would give us crisp scientific names, loaded with consonants. But how could one love a flower by a botanical name?

As days went by, however, even before it was time for me to be taken from the little country school and sent East to learn other things, some conditions had changed. Chance seeds of different flowers and grasses came

floating West. In a neighbor's field were real daisies — we did not know then that they were not Burns's — brought in the seed with which the field was sown, most unwelcome to the farmer but worshiped by us. Our own groves, planted before we children were born, were growing up and already served for the hundred purposes which children know trees are good for. But the ones most generous in their growth and kindest in their service to us, we regarded with ungrateful contempt. Who had ever heard of a cottonwood in a book? The box-elder was distinctly unliterary. Even the maple was less valuable when we learned that it was not the sugar-maple, and that no matter how long we waited we could never have a sugaring-off, such as our mother had told us of. It was sometimes hard not to have a little grudge against our mother; she had had so many more advantages than we. The trees we were most eager for came on slowly. It seemed as if the oaks would never have acorns. They did come at last, and we were able to satisfy ourselves that they were not edible, either green or ripe, and to fit our pinky fingers into the velvety little thimbles of them, the softest, warmest little cups in the world.

Our grove was an experimental one, as a grove in a new country must be, and held all sorts of things, which we made our own one by one. There were slender white birches, to become beautiful trees in time, from which we stripped bits of young bark. It was quite useless, of course, a flimsy, papery stuff, but we pretended to find use for it. There were handsome young chestnut trees, bravely trying to adapt themselves to their land of exile. The leaves were fine for making dresses and hats, and we spent long July afternoons bedizened like young dryads. There were so many things to do and to inves-

tigate in the earlier months, that it was midsummer before we reached this amusement. But we watched year by year for the fruit of the chestnut. It seemed as if we could not stand it not to see a chestnut bur. And at last, when the very first ones came, we did not discover them until we found them among the dry leaves in the autumn, empty and sodden and brown. Nothing could have been more ironical. One spring day, in the dimmest part of the maple grove, we found a tiny fern head, coming up from a scanty bed of moss. We watched it for days, consulting at intervals the pictures of ferns in the encyclopædia, and at last, when hope trembled on the brink of certainty, we solemnly led our mother out to identify it. Was it really a fern, or only a weed that looked like a fern? No sacred oak was ever approached with more careful reverence. Our mother, an exile from her own forest country, talked of bracken shoulder-high and rich moss on old gray stones or broad tree-stumps. We used to draw in our breath at the wanton riches of fallen trees and stumps. *Big* trees, to cut down! But our little frond was something. It drew as great ecstasy from our devoted little hearts as a bracken-covered hill has since brought out. We saw the bracken in epitome, and dreamed of conventicles and of royal fugitives.

How I hoarded my little borrowings from the actual to enrich the ideal! A neighbor had a stake-and-rider fence. No doubt he was a poor footless sort of farmer or he would never, in that country, have had one — where all good farmers had barbed-wire, or at best rail-fences. My father had some hedges and I was proud of them. They were not hawthorn, but one must be thankful for what gifts fate brings, and I felt some distinction in their smooth gentle lines. But that Virginia rail-fence,

— I coveted its irregular convolutions and deep angles, where the plough never went and where almost anything might grow. Whether it was an older place than ours or a worse-cared-for one, I don't know. But if the cause were bad farming, it had a reward out of proportion, in my estimation, for the deep fence-corners held a tangle wonderful to investigate, of wild grape and pokeberry and elderberry and an ivy whose leaves must be counted to see if it were poison. They either should or should not be the same as the number of my fingers, but I never could remember which it was and had to leave its pink tips of tender new leaves unplucked. There were new little box-elders and maples, where the rails had stopped the flight of the winged seeds from the little grove around the house. There were tiny elms with their exquisite little leaves. No beauty of form I have ever found has given me more complete satisfaction than did the perfect lines and notches of those baby leaves. There were other plants that I never learned to know. How much better it would have been had all fields had a border like this, ornamental and satisfying, instead of the baldness of a wire fence. The possession of it gave the O'Brien children an eminence that, while I knew it was factitious, I could not help recognizing.

On our part we had a stream, such as it was. The muddy little creek — we called it *crick* — was to me a brook, secretly. Poor little creek! It did to wade in and to get hopelessly muddy in, but that was all. It had no trout, no ripples over stones, no grassy banks. It ran through a cornfield, and a bit of scanty pasture where its banks were trodden with the feet of cattle; and it did not babble as it flowed. Try as I might, I could not connect it with Tennyson or Jean Ingelow. But I could at least call it a brook, to myself. I had

some other names of secret application. In the spring the dull little stream used sometimes to overflow its banks. Then the word brought to the house by one of the men would be, 'The crick's out.' But to myself I said freshet; and I suppose I was the only one in the whole section to use the old term.

There was an odd little hollow on the hillside near the brook. It was an unromantic spot enough, treeless, distinguished only by its dimple-like contour. But I called it a dell, or in intenser moments a dingle, or when I was thinking largely, a glen, and used to make a point to cross it. This was partly because sometimes I found bits of pebbles in the cup of the hollow, and any stone indigenous to the country was a treasure trove. I called the little level place below the hollow a glade, and the hillside a brae, and the open hill-top a moor or heath. Had I used the dictionary more freely I might have applied more terms, but I did not know just what a wold or a tarn or a down was, and, lazily, kept them in reserve, fine as they sounded. My private vocabulary, as can be seen, was largely Tennysonian, and I had instinctively his own taste for archaic terms. For whatever excursions I made into other poets, Tennyson was, first and last, my dear delight. My feet were turned ever and oft by the guardians of my reading to the easy paths of American poetry. I found due pleasure in them, but it was always tempered by a sort of resentment that, though American, their country was not my country. For New England was farther away than Old England; and I always went back to Tennyson. I used to sit in the dingle in bald sunlight and listen to such unpretentious noise as the creek made, and chant to myself, 'How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream.'

The beauty of the prairie is not of

the sort that appeals directly to a child. The bigness of it, for instance, I had been used to all my life, and I can't remember that it conveyed any sense of expansiveness to me. In our long drives over it — interminably long they were! — my chief recollection is of greenness and tiredness, a long succession of rolling hills and hollows, and a little girl so weary of sitting up on a seat and watching the horses go on and on. There was one interest that did help to modify this *ennui*, when I was very little. I supposed, not that streams wore down their beds by their action, but that the bed was there first, and that when a nice long ditch was worn, all ready for occupancy, a spring opened up and produced a stream. So, as we drove up hill and down, I eyed expectantly the deeply cut wagon-tracks that marked the short cuts over the prairies, and in that loose soil were worn down to what I regarded as a depth fit for a beginning stream. I hoped some time to catch one in the very act of self-creation. But I outgrew that notion, and apart from such incidental interests as these, the prairie had little attraction. It was just green grass in summer and dry grass in winter. Children are not usually awake to shadings and modifications of color. The coral-pink at the roots of the dried prairie-grass, the opal tints of the summer mists in the early morning, I did not discover until I had reached a more sophisticated stage. And the prairie was not suggestive to me at this early time.

Looking back now, I guess that it was because it did not hint at the unknown. It should have, of course, but it did not. It did not carry me away and away to new possibilities. I knew that beyond these grass-covered hills there lay others and then others — and that is all there was to it. When I saw it face to face I seemed to know it all,

— and who wants to know all about anything? This was not only because I was a book-stuffed little prig, as I suppose I was; I had imagination of a sort, it seems to me, now, as I recall my pleasure in certain things: in the dim hovering suggestiveness of twilight and the unanalyzable reverie it put me into; in the half-heard sounds of mid-afternoon in the orchard; in the bend of the young trees in a storm at night, when I slipped from bed to watch them in the flashes of lightning. There was a white pine near my window, 'an exile in a stoneless land,' that responded to the rush of this western wind with a beautiful bend and swing. But when in the broad daylight I looked out on

the green hills, I saw no light and shade, no changing colors, none of the exquisite variety of view that may have been there. I saw only green hills.

But had the prairie had a literature, if I could only have been sure that it was worthy to put in a book! If Lowell and Whittier and Tennyson — most of all Tennyson — had written of slough-grass and ground-squirrels and barbed-wire fences, those despised elements would have taken on new aspects. I was a wistful *peri* at the gate of a literary paradise. But the Word on the horizon was something. It was far away, but it was real. I did not try to analyze its promise, but it was there.

THE PATRICIANS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

XXVIII

THREE days after his first, and as he promised himself, his last society ball, Courtier received a note from Mrs. Noel, saying that she had left Monkland for the present, and come up to a little flat on the riverside not far from Westminster.

When he made his way there that same July day, the Houses of Parliament were bright under a sun which warmed all the grave air emanating from counsels of perfection. Courtier passed them dubiously. His feelings in the presence of those towers were always a little mixed. There was not enough of the poet in him to cause him to see nothing there at all save only a

becoming edifice, but there *was* enough of the poet to make him long to kick something; and in this mood he wended his way to the riverside.

Mrs. Noel was not at home, but since the maid informed him that she would be in directly, he sat down to wait. Her flat, which was on the first floor, overlooked the river, and had evidently been taken furnished, for there were visible marks of a recent struggle with that Edwardian taste which, flushed from triumph over Victorianism, had filled the rooms with Early Georgian remains. On the only definite victory, a rose-colored window-seat of great comfort and little age, Courtier sat down, and resigned himself to the doing of nothing with the

ease of an old soldier. To the protective feeling he had once had for a small, very graceful, dark-haired child, he joined not only the championing pity of a man of warm heart watching a woman in distress, but the impatience of one who, though temperamentally incapable of feeling oppressed himself, rebelled at sight of all forms of tyranny affecting others. And as he coolly fumed on the window-seat of her flat, the sight of the gray towers, still just visible, under which Milton and his father sat, annoyed him deeply; symbolizing, to him, Authority—foe to his deathless mistress, the sweet, invincible, lost cause of Liberty.

But presently the river, bringing up in flood the unbound water that had bathed every shore, touched all sands, and seen the rising and falling of each mortal star, so soothed him with its soundless hymn to Freedom, that Audrey Noel, coming in with her hands full of flowers, found him sleeping firmly, with his mouth shut.

Noiselessly putting down the flowers, she waited for his awakening. That sanguine visage, with its prominent chin, flaring moustaches, and eyebrows raised rather V-shaped above his closed eyes, wore an expression of cheery defiance even in sleep; and perhaps no face in all London was so utterly its reverse as that of this dark, soft-haired woman, delicate, passive, and tremulous with pleasure at sight of the only person in the world from whom she felt she might learn of Milton, without losing her self-respect.

He woke at last, and manifesting no discomfiture, said, 'It was like you not to wake me.'

They sat for a long while talking, the riverside traffic drowsily accompanying their voices, the flowers drowsily filling the room with scent; and when Courtier left, his heart was sore. She had not spoken of herself at all, but had

talked nearly all the time of Barbara, praising her beauty and high spirit; growing pale once or twice, and evidently drinking in with secret avidity every allusion to Milton. Clearly, her feelings had not changed, though she would not show them! And his pity for her became well-nigh violent.

It was in such a mood, mingled with very different feelings, that he donned evening clothes and set out to attend the last gathering of the season at Valleys House, a function which, held so late in July, was perforce almost perfectly political.

Mounting that wide and shining staircase which had so often baffled the arithmetic of little Ann, he was reminded of a picture entitled 'The steps to Heaven,' in his nursery four-and-thirty years before. At the top of this staircase, and surrounded by acquaintances, he came on Harbinger, who nodded curtly. The young man's handsome face and figure appeared to Courtier's jaundiced eye more obviously successful and complacent than ever; and our knight-errant passed on sardonically, manœuvring his way towards Lady Valleys, whom he could perceive stationed, like a general, in a little cleared space, where to and fro flowed constant streams of people, like the rays of a star.

She was looking her very best, going well with great and highly-polished spaces; and she greeted Courtier with a special cordiality of tone, which had in it, besides kindness towards one who must be feeling a strange bird, a certain diplomatic quality, compounded of her desires, as it were, to 'warn him off,' and her fear of saying something that might irritate and make him more dangerous. She had heard, she said, that he was off to Persia; she hoped he was not going to try and make things more difficult out there; then with the words, 'So good of you to have come!' she

became once more the centre of her battlefield.

Perceiving that he was finished with, Courtier stood back against a wall and watched. Thus isolated, he was like a solitary cuckoo contemplating the gyrations of a flock of rooks. Their motions seemed a little meaningless to one so far removed from all the fetiches and shibboleths of Westminster. He heard them discussing Milton's speech, the real significance of which apparently had only just been grasped. The words 'doctrinaire,' and 'extremist,' came to his ears, together with the saying, 'a new force.' People were evidently impressed, disturbed, not pleased — as at the dislocation of a cherished illusion.

Searching this crowd for Barbara, Courtier had all the time an uneasy sense of shame. What business had he to come amongst these people, so strange to him, just for the sake of seeing her! What business had he to be hankering after this girl at all, knowing in his heart that he could not stand the atmosphere she lived in for a week, and that she was utterly unsuited for any atmosphere that he could give her; to say nothing of the unlikelihood that he could flutter the pulses of one half his age!

A voice behind him said, 'Mr. Courtier!'

He turned, and there was Barbara.

'I want to talk to you about Milton, please. Will you come into the picture gallery?'

When at last they were close to a family group of Georgian Caradocs, and could as it were shut out the throng sufficiently for private speech, she began: —

'He's so awfully unhappy; I don't know what to do for him. He's making himself ill!'

And she suddenly looked up in Courtier's face. She seemed to him very

young and touching at that moment. Her eyes had a gleam of faith in them, like a child's eyes, as if she relied on him to straighten out this tangle, to tell her not only about Milton's trouble, but about all life, its meaning, and the secret of its happiness. And he said gently, —

'What can I do? The poor woman is in town. But that's no good, unless —' Not knowing how to finish that sentence, he was silent.

'I wish I were Milton,' she said.

At that quaint saying, Courtier was hard put to it not to take hold of the hands so close to him. This flash of rebellion in her had quickened all his blood. But she seemed to have seen what had passed in him, for her next speech was chilly enough.

'It's no good; stupid of me to be worrying you.'

'It is quite impossible for you to worry me.'

Her eyes lifted suddenly again from her glove, and looked straight into his.

'Are you really going to Persia?'

'Yes.'

'But I don't want you to, not yet!' And turning suddenly, she left him.

Strangely disturbed, Courtier remained motionless, taking counsel of the grave stare of the group of Georgian Caradocs.

A voice said, 'Good painting, is n't it?'

Behind him was Lord Harbinger. And once more the memory of Lady Casterley's words; the memory of the two figures with joined hands on the balcony above the election crowd; all his latent jealousy of this handsome young Colossus, his animus against one whom he could, as it were, smell out to be always fighting on the winning side; all his consciousness, too, of what a lost cause his own was, his doubt whether he were honorable to look on it as a cause at all, flared up in Courtier, and

his answer was a stare. On Harbinger's face, too, there had come a look as if a stubborn violence were slowly working its way up to the surface.

'I said, "Good, is n't it?" Mr. Courtier.'

'I heard you.'

'And you were pleased to answer?'

'Nothing.'

'With the civility which might be expected of your habits.'

Coldly disdainful, Courtier answered, 'If you want to say that sort of thing, please choose a place where I can reply to you'; and turned abruptly on his heel.

He ground his teeth as he made his way out into the street.

In Hyde Park the grass was parched and dewless under a sky whose stars were veiled by the heat and dust haze. Never had Courtier so bitterly wanted consolation — the blessed sense of man's insignificance in the face of the night's dark beauty, which, dwarfing all petty rage and hunger, made him part of its majesty, exalted him to a sense of greatness.

XXIX

It was past four o'clock the following day when Barbara issued from Valleys House on foot; clad in a pale buff frock chosen for quietness, she attracted every eye. Very soon entering a taxicab, she drove to the Temple, stopped at the Strand entrance, and walked down the little narrow lane into the heart of the Law. Its votaries were hurrying back from the courts, streaming up from their chambers for tea, or escaping desperately to Lord's or the Park — young votaries, unbound as yet by the fascination of fame or fees. And each one, as he passed, looked at Barbara, with his fingers itching to remove his hat, and a feeling that this was She. After a day spent amongst

precedents and practice, after six hours at least of trying to discover what chance A had of standing on his rights, or B had of preventing him, it was difficult to feel otherwise about that calm apparition — like a slim golden tree walking.

One of them, asked by her the way to Milton's staircase, preceded her with shy ceremony, and when she had vanished up those dusty stairs, lingered on, hoping that she might find her vis-itee out, and be obliged to return and ask him the way back. But she did not come, and he went sadly away, disturbed to the very bottom of all that he owned in fee simple.

In fact, no one answered Barbara's knock, and discovering that the door yielded, she walked through the lobby past the clerk's den, converted to a kitchen, into the sitting-room. It was empty. She had never been to Milton's rooms before, and she stared about her curiously. Since he did not practice, much of the usual barrister's gear was absent. The room indeed had a worn carpet, a few old chairs, and was lined from floor to ceiling with books. But the wall-space between the windows was occupied by an enormous map of England, scored all over with figures and crosses; and before this map stood a revolving desk, on which were piles of double foolscap covered with Milton's neat and rather pointed writing. Barbara examined them, puckering up her forehead; she knew that he was working at a book on the land question, but she had never realized that the making of a book required so much writing. Papers, too, and Blue Books littered a large bureau on which stood bronze busts of Æschylus and Dante.

'What an uncomfortable place!' she thought. The room, indeed, had an atmosphere, a spirit, which depressed her horribly. Seeing a few flowers down in the court below, she had a longing to

get out to them. Then behind her she heard the sound of some one talking. But there was no one in the room, and the effect of this disrupted soliloquy, which came from nowhere, was so uncanny that she retreated to the door. The sound, as of two spirits speaking in one voice, grew louder, and involuntarily Barbara glanced at the busts. But they were guiltless. Though the sound had been behind her when she was at the window, it was again behind her now she was at the door; and she suddenly realized that it issued from a bookcase in the centre of the wall.

Barbara had her father's nerve, and, walking up to the bookcase, she perceived that it had been affixed to, and covered, a door that was not quite closed. She pulled it towards her, and passed through. Across the centre of an unkempt bedroom Milton was striding, dressed only in his shirt and trousers. His feet were bare, and the look of his thin dark face went to Barbara's heart, it was so twisted and worn. She ran forward, and took his hand. This was burning hot, but the sight of her seemed to have frozen his tongue and eyes. And the contrast of his burning hand with this frozen silence, frightened her horribly. She could think of nothing but to put her other hand to his forehead. That too was burning hot!

'What brought you here?' he said.

She could only murmur, 'Oh! Eusty! Are you ill?'

Milton took hold of her wrists.

'It's all right, I've been working too hard; got a touch of fever.'

'So I can feel,' murmured Barbara. 'You ought to be in bed. Come home with me.'

Milton smiled. 'It's not a case for leeches.'

The look of his smile, the sound of his voice, sent a shudder through her.

'I'm not going to leave you here alone.'

But Milton's grasp tightened on her wrists.

'My dear Babs, you will do what I tell you. Go home, hold your tongue, and leave me to burn out in peace.'

Barbara sustained that painful grip without wincing; she had regained her calmness.

'You must come! You have n't anything here, not even a cool drink.'

Milton dropped her arms. 'My God! Barley water!'

The scorn he put into those two words was more withering than a whole philippic against redemption by creature comforts. And feeling it dart into her, Barbara closed her lips tight. He had dropped her wrists, and again began pacing up and down; suddenly he stopped.

'The stars, sun, moon, all shrink away,
A desert vast, without a bound,
And nothing left to eat or drink,
And a dark desert all around.'

You should read your Blake, Audrey.'

Barbara turned suddenly and went out, frightened. She passed through the sitting-room and corridor on to the staircase. What should she do? He was ill,—raving! The fever in Milton's veins seemed to have stolen through the clutch of his hands into her own veins. Her face was burning; she thought confusedly, breathed unevenly. She felt sore, and at the same time terribly sorry; and withal there kept rising in her gusts of the memory of Harbinger's kiss.

She hurried down the stairs, turned by instinct downhill, and found herself on the Embankment. And suddenly, with her inherent power of swift decision, she hailed a cab, and drove to the nearest telephone office.

XXX

To a woman like Audrey Noel, born to be the counterpart and complement

of another, whose occupations and effort were inherently divorced from the continuity of any stiff and strenuous purpose of her own, the uprooting she had voluntarily undergone was a serious matter.

Bereaved of the faces of her flowers, the friendly sighing of her lime tree, the wants of her cottagers; bereaved of that busy motonony of little home things which is the stay and solace of lonely women, she was extraordinarily lost. Even music for review seemed to have failed her. She had never lived in London, so that she had not the refuge of old haunts and habits, but had to make her own — and to make habits and haunts required a heart that could at least stretch out feelers and lay hold of things, and her heart was not now able. When she had struggled with her Edwardian flat, and laid down her simple routine of meals, she was as stranded as ever was convict let out of prison. She had not even that great support, the necessity of hiding her feelings for fear of disturbing others. She was planted there, with her longing and remorse, and nothing, nobody, to take her out of herself. Having willfully put herself into this position, she tried to make the best of it, feeling it less intolerable, at all events, than staying on at Monkland, where she had made that grievous and unpardonable error — falling in love.

This offense, on the part of one who felt within herself a great capacity to enjoy and to confer happiness, had arisen — like the other grievous and unpardonable offense, her marriage — from too much disposition to yield herself to the personality of another. But it was cold comfort to know that the desire to give and to receive love had twice over left her — a dead woman. Whatever the nature of those immature sensations with which, as a girl of twenty, she had accepted her

husband, in her feeling towards Milton there was not only abandonment, but the higher flame of self-renunciation. She wanted to do the best for him, and had not even the consolation of the knowledge that she had sacrificed herself for his advantage. All had been taken out of her hands! Yet with characteristic fatalism she did not feel rebellious. If it were ordained that she should, for fifty, perhaps sixty years, repent in sterility and ashes that first error of her girlhood, rebellion was, none the less, too far-fetched. If she rebelled, it would not be in spirit, but in action. General principles were nothing to her; she lost no force brooding over the justice or injustice of her situation, but merely tried to digest its facts.

The whole day succèding Courtier's visit was spent by her in the National Gallery, whose roof, alone of all in London, seemed to offer her protection. She had found one painting, by an Italian master, the subject of which reminded her of Milton; and before this she sat for a very long time, attracting at last the gouty stare of an official. The still figure of this lady, with the oval face and grave beauty, both piqued his curiosity, and stimulated certain moral qualms. She was undoubtedly waiting for her lover. No woman, in his experience, had ever sat so long before a picture without ulterior motive; he kept his eyes well opened to see what this motive would be like. It gave him, therefore, a sensation almost amounting to chagrin when, coming round once more, he found they had eluded him and gone off together without coming under his inspection. Feeling his feet a good deal, for he had been on them all day, he sat down in the hollow which she had left behind her; and against his will found himself also looking at the picture. It was painted in a style he did not care for; the face

of the subject, too, gave him the queer feeling that the gentleman was being roasted inside. He had not sat there long, however, before he perceived the lady standing by the picture, and the lips of the gentleman in the picture moving. It seemed to him against the rules and he got up at once, and went towards it; but as he did so, he found that his eyes were shut, and opened them hastily. There was no one there.

From the National Gallery, Audrey had gone into an A. B. C. for tea, and then home. Before the Mansions was a taxi-cab, and the maid met her with the news that 'Lady Caradog' was in the sitting-room.

Barbara was indeed standing in the middle of the room, with a look on her face such as her father wore sometimes on the race-course, in the hunting-field, or at some Cabinet Council, — a look both resolute and sharp. She spoke at once: —

'I got your address from Mr. Courtier. My brother is ill. I'm afraid it'll be brain fever. I think you had better go and see him at his rooms in the Temple; there's no time to be lost.'

To Audrey everything in the room seemed to go round; yet all her senses were preternaturally acute, so that she could distinctly smell the mud of the river at low tide. She said with a shudder, 'Oh! I will go; yes, I will go at once.'

'He is quite alone. He has not asked for you; but I think your going is the only chance. I am no good to him. You told me once you were a good nurse.'

'Yes.'

The room was steady enough now, but she had lost the preternatural acuteness of the senses, and felt confused. She heard Barbara say, 'I can take you to the door in my cab'; and murmur-

ing, 'I will get ready,' went into her bedroom. For a moment she was so utterly bewildered that she did nothing. Then every other thought was lost in a strange, soft, almost painful delight, as if some new instinct were being born in her; and quickly, but without confusion or hurry, she began packing. She put into a valise her own toilet things; then flannel, cotton-wool, eau de Cologne, hot-water bottle, etna, shawl, everything that she had which could serve in illness. Changing to a plain dress, she took up the valise and returned to Barbara.

They went out together to the cab. The moment it began to bear her to this ordeal at once so longed-for and so terrible, fear came over her again, so that she screwed herself into the corner, very white and still. She was aware of Barbara calling to the driver, 'Go by the Strand, and stop at a poulterer's for ice!' And, when the bag of ice had been handed in, heard her saying, 'I will bring you all you want — if he is really going to be ill.'

Then, as the cab stopped, and the open doorway of the staircase was before her, all her courage came back.

She felt the girl's warm hand against her own, and grasping her valise and the bag of ice, got out, and hurried up the steps.

XXXI

On leaving Nettlefold, Milton had gone straight back to his rooms, and begun at once to work at his book on the land question. He worked all through that night — his third night without sleep — and all the following day. In the evening, feeling queer in the head, he went out and walked up and down the Embankment. Then, fearing to go to bed and lie sleepless, he sat down in his armchair. Falling asleep there, he had fearful dreams, and awoke unrefreshed. After his bath

he drank coffee, and again forced himself to work. By the middle of the day he felt dizzy and exhausted, but utterly disinclined to eat. He went out into the hot Strand, bought himself a necessary book, and after drinking more coffee, came back, and again began to work. At four o'clock he found that he was not taking in the words. His head was burning hot, and he went into his bedroom to bathe it. Then somehow he began walking up and down, talking to himself, as Barbara had found him.

She had no sooner gone than he felt utterly exhausted. A small crucifix hung over his bed, and throwing himself down before it, he remained motionless with his face buried in the coverlet, and his arms stretched out toward the wall. He did not pray, but merely sought rest from sensation. Across his half-hypnotized consciousness little threads of burning fancy kept shooting. Then he could feel nothing but utter physical sickness, and against this his will revolted. He resolved that he would not be ill, a ridiculous log for women to hang over. But the moments of sickness grew longer and more frequent; and to drive them away he rose from his knees, and for some time again walked up and down; then, seized with vertigo, he was obliged to sit on the bed to save himself from falling. From being burning hot he had become deadly cold, glad to cover himself with the bedclothes. The heat soon flamed up in him again; but with a sick man's instinct he did not throw off the clothes, and lay quite still. The room seemed to have turned to a thick white substance like a cloud, in which he lay enwrapped, unable to move hand or foot. His sense of smell and hearing, however, remained, and were even unnaturally acute; he smelled flowers, dust, and the leather of his books, even the scent left by

Barbara's clothes, and a curious odor of river-mud.

A clock struck six, he counted each stroke; and instantly the whole world seemed full of striking clocks, the sound of horses' hoofs, bicycle bells, peoples' footfalls. His sense of vision, on the contrary, was absorbed in consciousness of this white blanket of cloud wherein he was lifted above the earth, in the midst of a dull, incessant hammering. On the surface of the cloud there seemed to be forming a number of little golden spots; these spots were moving, and he saw that they were toads. Then, beyond them, he saw a huge face shape itself, very dark, as if of bronze, with eyes burning into his brain. The more he struggled to get away from these eyes, the more they bored and burned into him. His voice was gone, so that he was unable to cry out, and suddenly the face marched over him.

When he recovered consciousness his head was damp with moisture trickling from something held to his forehead by a figure leaning over him. Lifting his hand, he touched a cheek; and hearing a sob instantly suppressed, he sighed. His hand was gently taken; he felt kisses on it.

The room was so dark that he could scarcely see her face; his sight too was dim; but he could hear her breathing, and the least sound of her dress and movements — the scent too of her hands and hair seemed to envelop him, and in the midst of all the acute discomfort of his fever, he felt the band round his brain relax. He did not ask how long she had been there, but lay quite still, trying to keep his eyes on her, for fear of that face, which seemed lurking behind the air, ready to march on him again. Then feeling suddenly that he could not hold it back, he beckoned, and clutched at her, trying to cover himself with the protection of

her breast. This time his swoon was not so deep; it gave way to delirium, with intervals when he knew that she was there, and by the shaded candle-light could see her in a white garment, floating close to him, or sitting still with her hand on his; he could even feel the faint comfort of the ice-cap, and of the scent of eau de Cologne. Then he would lose all consciousness of her presence, and pass through into the incoherent world, where the crucifix above his bed seemed to bulge and hang out, as if it must fall on him. He conceived a violent longing to tear it down, which grew till he had struggled up in bed and wrenched it from off the wall. Yet a mysterious consciousness of her presence permeated even his darkest journeys into the strange land; and once she seemed to be with him, where a strange light showed them fields and trees, a dark line of moor, and a bright sea, all whitened, and flashing with sweet violence.

Soon after dawn he had a long interval of consciousness, and took in with a sort of wonder her presence in the low chair by his bed. So still she sat in a white loose gown, pale with watching, her eyes immovably fixed on him, her lips pressed together, and quivering at his faintest motion. He drank in desperately the sweetness of her face, which had so lost remembrance of self.

XXXII

Barbara gave the news of her brother's illness to no one else, common sense telling her to run no risk of disturbance. Of her own initiative, she brought a doctor, and went down twice a day to hear reports of Milton's progress.

As a fact, her father and mother had gone down to Lord Dennis, for Goodwood, and the chief difficulty had been

to excuse her own neglect of that favorite meeting. She had fallen back on the half-truth that Eustace wanted her in town; and, since Lord and Lady Valleys had neither of them shaken off a certain uneasiness about their son, the pretext sufficed.

It was not until the sixth day, when the crisis was well past and Milton quite free from fever, that she again went down to Nettlefold.

On arriving she at once sought out her mother, whom she found in her bedroom, resting. It had been very hot at Goodwood.

Barbara was not afraid of her — she was not, indeed, afraid of any one, except Milton, and in some strange way a little, perhaps, of Courtier; yet, when the maid had gone, she did not at once begin her tale. Lady Valleys too was busy at heart with matters other than those which occupied her tongue. She had just heard details of a society scandal, and, while she spoke of Goodwood, was preparing an account of it suitable to her daughter's ears — for some account she felt she must give to somebody.

'Mother,' said Barbara suddenly, 'Eustace has been ill. He's out of danger now, and going on all right.' Then, looking hard at the bewildered lady, she added, 'Mrs. Noel is nursing him.'

The past tense in which illness had been mentioned, checking at the first moment any rush of panic in Lady Valleys, left her most confused by the situation conjured up by Barbara's last words. Instead of feeding that part of man which loves a scandal, she had been fed, always an unenviable sensation. A woman did not nurse a man under such circumstances without being everything to him, in the world's eyes.

'I took her to him. It seemed the only thing to do — considering it's all fretting for her,' went on Barbara. 'Nobody knows, of course, except the

doctor, and' — she added slowly — 'Stacey.'

'Heavens!' muttered Lady Valleys.

'It has saved him,' said Barbara.

The mother-instinct in Lady Valleys took sudden fright. 'Are you telling me the truth, Babs? Is he really out of danger? How wrong of you not to let me know before!'

But Barbara did not flinch; and her mother relapsed into rumination.

'Stacey is a cat!' she said suddenly. The details of that society scandal had included the usual maid. She could not find it in her to enjoy the irony of this coincidence. Then, seeing Barbara smile, she said tartly, 'I fail to see the joke.'

'Only that I could n't help throwing Stacey in, dear.'

'What! You mean she does n't know?'

'Not a word.'

Lady Valleys smiled.

'What a little wretch you are, Babs!'

And maliciously she added, 'Claud and his mother are coming over from Whitewater, with Bertie and Lily Malvezin; you'd better go and dress.'

Her eyes searched her daughter's so shrewdly that a flush rose to the girl's cheeks.

When she had gone, Lady Valleys rang for her maid again, and relapsed into meditation. Her first thought was to consult her husband; her second that secrecy was strength. Since no one knew but Barbara, no one had better know.

Her astuteness and experience comprehended the far-reaching probabilities of this affair. It would not do to take a single false step. If she had no one's action to control but her own and Barbara's, so much the less chance of a slip. Her mind was a strange medley of thoughts and feelings, almost comic, well-nigh tragic; of worldly prudence and motherly instinct; of warm-blood-

ed sympathy with all love-affairs, and cool-blooded concern for her son's career. It was not yet too late perhaps to prevent real mischief; especially since it was agreed by every one that the woman was no adventuress. Whatever was done, they must not forget that she had nursed him — saved him, Barbara had said! She must be treated with all kindness and consideration.

Hastening her toilet, she in turn went to her daughter's room.

She found her already dressed, leaning out of her window towards the sea.

She began almost timidly: 'My dear, is Eustace out of bed yet?'

'He was to get up to-day for an hour or two.'

'I see. Now, would there be any danger if you and I went up and took charge over from Mrs. Noel?'

'Poor Eusty!'

'Yes, yes. But exercise your judgment. Do you think it would harm him?'

Barbara was silent. 'No,' she said at last, 'I don't suppose it would.'

Lady Valleys exhibited a manifest relief.

'Very well, then, we'll do it — seeing the doctor first, of course. He will have to have an ordinary nurse, I suppose, for a bit.' Looking stealthily at Barbara, she added, 'I mean to be very nice to her; but one must n't be romantic, you know, Babs.'

From the little smile on Barbara's lips she derived no sense of certainty; indeed she was visited by all her late disquietude about her young daughter, by all the feeling that she, as well as Milton, was hovering on the verge of some folly.

'Well, my dear,' she said, 'I am going down.'

But Barbara lingered a little longer in that bedroom where ten nights ago she had lain tossing, till in despair she went and cooled herself in the dark sea.

Her last little interview with Courtier stood between her and a fresh meeting with Harbinger, whom at Valleys House she had not suffered to be alone with her. She came down late.

That same evening, out on the beach road, under a sky swarming with stars, the people were strolling — folk from the towns, down for their fortnight's holiday. In twos and threes, in parties of six or eight, they passed the wall at the end of Lord Dennis's little domain; and the sound of their sparse talk and laughter, together with the sighing of the young waves, was blown over the wall to the ears of Harbinger, Bertie, Barbara, and Lily Malvezin, when they strolled out after dinner to sniff the sea. The holiday-makers stared dully at the four figures in evening dress looking out above their heads. They had other things than these to think of, becoming more and more silent as the night grew dark. The four young people too were rather silent. There was something in this warm night, with its sighing, and its darkness, and its stars, that was not favorable to talk, so that presently they split into couples, drifting a little apart.

Standing there, gripping the wall, it seemed to Harbinger that there were no words left in the world. Not even his worst enemy could have called this young man romantic; yet that figure beside him, the gleam of her neck and her pale cheek in the dark, gave him perhaps the most poignant glimpse of mystery that he had ever had. His mind, essentially that of a man of affairs, by nature and by habit at home amongst the material aspects of things, was but gropingly conscious that here, in this dark night, and the dark sea, and the pale figure of this girl whose heart was dark to him and secret, there was perhaps something — yes, something — which surpassed the confines of his philosophy, something beckoning

him on out of his snug compound into the desert of divinity. If so, it was soon gone in the aching of his senses at the scent of her hair, and the longing to escape from this weird silence.

'Babs,' he said, 'have you forgiven me?'

Her answer came, without turn of head, natural, indifferent: 'Yes — I told you so.'

'Is that all you have to say to a fellow?'

'What shall we talk about — the running of Casetta?'

Deep down within him Harbinger uttered a noiseless oath. There was something that was making her behave like this to him! It was that fellow — that fellow! And suddenly he said, — 'Tell me something —' Then speech seemed to stick in his throat. No! If there were anything in *that*, he preferred not to hear it. There was a limit!

Down below, a pair of lovers passed, very silent, their arms round each other's waists.

Barbara turned and walked away towards the house.

XXXIII

The days when Milton was first allowed out of bed were a time of mingled joy and sorrow to her who had nursed him. To see him sitting up, amazed at his own weakness, was happiness; but to think that he would be no more wholly dependent, no more that sacred thing, a helpless creature, brought her the sadness of a mother whose child no longer needs her. With every hour he would now get further from her, back into the fastnesses of his own spirit. With every hour she would be less his nurse and comforter, and more the woman he loved. And though that thought shone out in the obscure future like a glamorous flow-

er, it brought too much wistful uncertainty to the present. She was very tired, too, now that all excitement was over — so tired that she hardly knew what she did or where moved. But a smile had become so faithful to her eyes that it clung there above the shadows of fatigue, and kept taking her lips prisoner.

Between the two bronze busts she had placed a bowl of lilies of the valley; and every free niche in that room of books had a little vase of roses to welcome Milton's return.

He was lying back in his big leather chair, wrapped in a Turkish gown of Lord Valleys's — on which Barbara had laid hands, having failed to find anything resembling a dressing-gown amongst her brother's austere clothing. The perfume of lilies had overcome the scent of books, and a bee, dusky adventurer, filled the room with his pleasant humming.

They did not speak, but smiled faintly, looking at one another. In this still moment, before passion had returned to claim its own, their spirits passed through the sleepy air, and became entwined, so that neither could withdraw that soft, slow, encountering glance. In mutual contentment, each to each, close as music to the strings of a violin, their spirits clung — so lost, the one in the other, that neither for that brief time seemed to know which was self.

In fulfillment of her resolution Lady Valleys, who had returned to town by a morning train, started with Barbara for the Temple about three in the afternoon, and stopped at the doctor's on the way. The whole thing would be much simpler if Eustace were in fit condition to be moved at once to Valleys House; and with much relief she found that the doctor saw no danger in this course.

The recovery had been remarkable — touch-and-go for bad brain fever — just avoided. Lord Milton's constitution was extremely sound. Yes, he would certainly favor a removal. His rooms were too confined in this weather. Well nursed — decidedly! Oh, yes! and as he spoke, the doctor's eyes became perhaps a trifle more intense. Not a professional, he understood. It might be as well to have another nurse, if they were making the change. They would have this one knocking up. Quite so! Yes, he would see to that. An ambulance carriage he thought advisable. That could all be arranged for this afternoon — at once — he himself would look to it. They might take Lord Milton off just as he was; the men would know what to do. And when they had him at Valleys House, the moment he showed interest in his food, down to the sea — down to the sea! At this time of year nothing like it! Then with regard to nourishment, he would be inclined already to shove in a leetle stimulant, a thimble-full perhaps four times a day with food, — not without, — mixed with an egg, with arrowroot, with custard. A week would see him on his legs, a fortnight at the sea make him as good a man as ever. Overwork — burning the candle — a leetle more would have seen a very different state of things! Quite so, quite so! Would come round himself before dinner, and make sure. His patient might feel it just at first! He bowed Lady Valleys out; and when she had gone, sat down at his telephone with a smile flickering on his clean-cut lips.

Greatly fortified by this interview, Lady Valleys rejoined her daughter in the car; but while it slid on amongst the multitudinous traffic, signs of unwonted nervousness began to overlay the placidity of her face.

'I wish, my dear,' she said sudden-

ly, 'that some one else had to do this. Suppose Eustace refuses!'

'He won't,' Barbara answered; 'she looks so tired, poor dear. Besides —'

Lady Valleys gazed with curiosity at that young face, which had flushed pink. Yes, this daughter of hers was a woman already, with all a woman's intuitions.

She said gravely, 'It was a rash stroke of yours, Babs; let's hope it won't lead to disaster.'

Barbara bit her lips.

'If you'd seen him as I saw him! And, what disaster? May n't they love each other, if they want?'

Lady Valleys swallowed a grimace. It was so exactly her own point of view. And yet —!

'That's only the beginning,' she said; 'you forget the sort of boy Eustace is.'

'Why can't the poor thing be let out of her cage?' cried Barbara. 'What good does it do to any one? Mother, if ever, when I am married, I want to get free, I will!'

The tone of her voice was so quivering, and unlike the happy voice of Barbara, that Lady Valleys involuntarily caught hold of her hand and squeezed it hard.

'My dear sweet,' she said, 'don't let's talk of such gloomy things.'

'Yes, but I mean it. Nothing shall stop me.'

But Lady Valleys's face had suddenly become rather grim.

'So we think, child; it's not so simple.'

'It can't be worse, anyway,' muttered Barbara, 'than being buried alive as that wretched woman is.'

For answer Lady Valleys only murmured, 'The doctor promised that ambulance carriage at four o'clock. What am I going to say?'

'She'll understand when you look at her. She's that sort.'

The door was opened to them by Mrs. Noel herself.

It was the first time Lady Valleys had seen her in a house, and there was real curiosity mixed with the assurance which masked her nervousness. A pretty creature, even lovely! But the quite genuine sympathy in her words, 'I am truly grateful. You must be quite worn-out,' did not prevent her adding hastily, 'The doctor says he must be got home out of these hot rooms. We'll wait here while you tell him.'

And then she saw that it was true: this woman was the sort who understood!

Left in the dark passage, she peered round at Barbara.

The girl was standing against the wall with her head thrown back. Lady Valleys could not see her face; but she felt all of a sudden exceedingly uncomfortable, and whispered, 'Two murders and a theft, Babs; was n't it "Our Mutual Friend"?''

'Mother!'

'What?'

'Her face! When you're going to throw away a flower, it looks at you!'

'My dear!' murmured Lady Valleys, thoroughly distressed, 'what things you're saying to-day!'

This lurking in a dark passage, this whispering girl — it was all queer, unlike an experience in proper life.

And then through the reopened door she saw Milton, stretched out in a chair, very pale, but still with that look about his eyes and lips which, of all things in the world, had a chastening effect on Lady Valleys, making her feel somehow incurably mundane.

She said rather timidly, 'I'm so glad you're better, dear. What a time you must have had! They never told me anything till yesterday.'

But Milton's answer was, as usual, thoroughly disconcerting.

'Thanks, yes! I have had a perfect time — and have now to pay for it, I suppose.'

Held back by his smile from bending to kiss him, poor Lady Valleys fidgeted from head to foot. A sudden impulse of sheer womanliness caused a tear to fall on his hand.

When Milton perceived that moisture, he said, 'It's all right, mother. I'm quite willing to come.'

Wounded by his voice, Lady Valleys recovered instantly. And while preparing for departure she watched them furtively.

They hardly looked at each other, and when they did, their eyes baffled her. The expression was outside her experience, belonging, as it were, to a different world, with its faintly smiling, almost shining gravity.

Vastly relieved when Milton, covered with a fur, had been taken down to the carriage, she lingered to speak to Mrs. Noel.

'We owe you a great debt. It might have been so much worse. You must n't be disconsolate. Go to bed and have a good long rest.' And from the door, she murmured again, 'Now do take a real rest.'

Descending the stone stairs, she thought: "'Anonyma,'" — yes, it was quite the name for her.' And suddenly she saw Barbara come running up again.

'What is it, Babs?'

Barbara answered, 'Eustace would like some of those lilies.' And, passing Lady Valleys, she went on up to Milton's chambers.

Mrs. Noel was not in the sitting-room, and going to the bedroom door, the girl looked in.

She was standing by the bed, drawing her hand over and over the white surface of the pillow. Stealing noiselessly back, Barbara caught up the bunch of lilies, and fled.

XXXIV

Milton, whose constitution had the steel-like quality of Lady Casterley's, had a very rapid convalescence. And, having begun to take an interest in his food, he was allowed to travel on the seventh day to Sea House in charge of Barbara.

The two spent their time in a little summer-house close to the sea, lying out on the beach under the groynes, and, as Milton grew stronger, motor-ing and walking on the Downs.

To Barbara, keeping a close watch, he seemed tranquilly enough drinking in from Nature what was necessary to restore balance after the struggle and breakdown of the past weeks. Yet she could never get rid of a queer feeling that he was not really there at all; to look at him was like watching an uninhabited house that was waiting for some one to enter.

During a whole fortnight he did not make a single allusion to Mrs. Noel, till, on the very last morning, as they were watching the waves, he said with his queer smile, —

'It almost makes one believe her theory, that Pan is not dead. Do you ever see the great god, Babs? or are you, like me, obtuse?'

Certainly about those lithe invasions of the sea-nymph waves, with ashy, streaming hair, flinging themselves into the arms of the land, there was the old pagan rapture, an inexhaustible delight, a passionate, soft acceptance of eternal fate, a wonderful acquiescence in the untiring mystery of life.

But Barbara, ever disconcerted by that tone in his voice, and by this quick dive into the waters of unaccustomed thought, failed to find an answer.

Milton went on: 'She says, too, we can hear Apollo singing. Shall we try?'

But all that came was the sigh of the sea, and the wind in the tamarisk.

'No,' muttered Milton at last, 'she alone can hear it.'

And Barbara saw once more on his face that look, neither sad nor impatient, but as of one uninhabited and waiting.

She left Sea House next day to rejoin her mother, who, having been to Cowes, and to the Duchess of Gloucester's, was back in town waiting for Parliament to rise, before going off to Scotland. And that same afternoon the girl made her way to Mrs. Noel's flat. In paying this visit she was moved not so much by compassion, as by uneasiness, and a strange curiosity. Now that Milton was well again, she was seriously disturbed in mind. Had she made an error in summoning Mrs. Noel to nurse him?

When she went into the little drawing-room that lady was sitting in the deep-cushioned window-seat, with a book on her knee; and by the fact that it was open at the index, Barbara judged that she had not been reading too attentively. She showed no signs of agitation at the sight of her visitor, nor any eagerness to hear news of Milton. But the girl had not been five minutes in the room before the thought came to her, 'Why! she has the same look as Eustace!' She, too, was like an empty tenement: without impatience, discontent, or grief — waiting! Barbara had scarcely realized this with a curious sense of discomposure, when Courtier was announced. Whether there was in this an absolute coincidence, or just that amount of calculation which might follow on his part from receipt of a note written from Sea House, — saying that Milton was well again, that she was coming up and meant to go and thank Mrs. Noel, — was not clear, nor were her own sensations; and she drew over her face that

armored look which she perhaps knew Courtier could not bear to see.

His face was very red when he shook hands. He had come, he told Mrs. Noel, to say good-bye. He was definitely off next week. Fighting had broken out; the revolutionaries were greatly outnumbered. Indeed, he ought to have been there long ago!

Barbara had gone over to the window; she turned suddenly, and said, — 'You were preaching peace two months ago!'

Courtier bowed.

'We are not all perfectly consistent, Lady Barbara. These poor devils have a holy cause.'

Barbara held out her hand to Mrs. Noel.

'You only think their cause holy because they happen to be weak. Good-bye, Mrs. Noel; the world is meant for the strong, is n't it?'

She meant that to hurt him; and from the tone of his voice, she knew it had.

'Don't, Lady Barbara; from your mother, yes; not from you!'

'It's what I believe. Good-bye!'

And she went out.

She had told him that she did not want him to go — not yet; and he was going!

But no sooner had she got outside, after that strange outburst, than she bit her lips to keep back an angry, miserable feeling. He had been rude to her, she had been rude to him; that was the way they had said good-bye! Then, as she emerged into the sunlight, she thought, 'Oh, well; he does n't care, and I'm sure I don't!'

Then she heard a voice behind her, 'May I get you a cab?' and at once the sore feeling began to die away; but she did not look round, only smiled, and shook her head, and made a little room for him on the pavement.

But though they walked, they did

not at first talk. There was rising within Barbara a tantalizing devil of desire to know the feelings that really lay behind that deferential gravity, to make him show her how much he really cared. She kept her eyes demurely lowered, but she let the glimmer of a smile flicker about her lips; she knew too that her cheeks were glowing, and for that she was not sorry. Was she not to have any — any — was he calmly to go away — without — And she thought, He shall say something! He shall show me, without that horrible irony of his!

She said suddenly, 'Those two are just waiting — something will happen!' 'It is probable,' was his perfectly grave answer.

She looked at him, then — it pleased her to see him quiver as if that glance had gone right into him; and she said softly, 'And I think they will be quite right.'

She knew she had spoken recklessly, not knowing whether she meant what she said, but because she thought the words would move him somehow. And she saw from his face that they had. Then, after a little pause, she said, 'Happiness is the great thing'; and with soft, wicked slowness, 'Is n't it, Mr. Courtier?'

All the cheeriness had gone out of his face; it had grown almost pale. He lifted his hand, and let it drop. Then she felt sorry. It was just as if he had asked her to spare him.

'As to that,' he said, "'two things stand like stone'" — and the rest of that little rhyme. Life's frightfully jolly sometimes.'

'As now?'

He looked at her with firm gravity, and answered, 'As now.'

A sense of utter mortification seized on Barbara. He was too strong for her — he was quixotic — he was hateful! And determined not to show a sign, to

be at least as strong as he, she said calmly, 'Now I think I'll have that cab!'

And when she was in the cab, and he was standing with his hat lifted, she only looked at him in the way that women can, so that he did not know that she had looked.

XXXV

When Milton came to thank her, Audrey Noel was waiting in the middle of the room, dressed in white, her lips smiling, her dark eyes smiling, still as a flower on a windless day.

In that first look passing between them, they forgot everything but happiness. Swallows, on the first day of summer, in their discovery of the bland air, can neither remember that cold winds blow, nor imagine the death of sunlight on their feathers, and, flitting hour after hour over the golden fields, seem no longer birds, but just the breathing of a new season. Swallows are no more forgetful of misfortune than were those two. His contemplation of her was as still as she herself; her look at him had in it the quietude of all emotion, fused and clear as in a crucible.

When they sat down to talk it was as if they had gone back to those days at Monkland, when he had come to her so often to discuss everything in heaven and earth. And yet, over that tranquil, eager drinking-in of each other's presence, hovered a sort of awe. It was the mood of morning before the sun had soared. Cobwebs enwrapped the flowers of their hearts — a smother of gray, but so fine that every flower could be seen, as yet a prisoner in the net of the cool morning.

Each seemed looking through that web at the color and the deep-down forms there enshrouded so jealously; each feared deliciously to unveil the

other's heart. And they were like lovers who, rambling in a shy wood, never dare stay their babbling talk of the trees and birds and lost blue flowers, lest in the deep waters of a kiss their star of all that is to come should fall and be drowned. To each hour its familiar spirit! The spirit of that hour was the spirit of white flowers in a bowl on the window-sill above her head.

They spoke of Monkland, and Milton's illness; of his first speech, his impressions of the House of Commons; of music, Barbara, Courtier, the river. He told her of his health, and described his days down by the sea. She, as ever, spoke little of herself, persuaded that it could not interest even him; but she described a visit to the opera; and how she had found a picture in the National Gallery which reminded her of him. To all these trivial things and countless others, the tone of their voices — soft, almost murmuring, with a sort of delighted gentleness — gave a high, sweet importance, a halo that neither for the world would have dislodged from where it hovered.

It was past six when he got up to go, and there had not been a moment to break the calm of that sacred feeling in both their hearts. They parted with another tranquil look, which seemed to say, 'It is well with us — we have drunk of happiness.'

And in this same amazing calm Milton remained after he had gone away, till, about half-past nine in the evening, he started forth, to walk down to the House. It was now that sort of warm, clear night, which in the country has firefly magic, and even over the town spreads a dark glamour. And for Milton, in the delight of his new health and well-being, with every sense alive and clean, to walk through the warmth and beauty of this night was sheer pleasure. He passed by way of St. James's Park, treading down the pur-

ple shadows of plane-tree leaves into the pools of lamplight, almost with remorse, so beautiful, and as if alive, were they. There were moths out, and gnats, born on the water, and a scent of new-mown grass drifted up from the lawns. His heart felt light as a swallow he had seen that morning, swooping at a gray feather, carrying it along, letting it flutter away, then diving to seize it again; so elated was he by the beauty of the night. And as he neared the House of Commons, he thought he would walk a little longer, and turned westward to the river.

On that warm night the water, without movement at turn of tide, was like the black, snake-smooth hair of Nature streaming out on her couch of Earth, waiting for the caress of a divine hand. Far away on the farther bank throbbed some huge machine, not stilled by night. A few stars were out in the dark sky, but no moon to invest with pallor the gleam of the lamps. Scarcely any one passed. Milton strolled along the river wall, then crossed, and came back in front of the Mansions where she lived. By the railing he stood still. In the sitting-room of her little flat there was no light, but the casement window was wide open, and the crown of white flowers in the bowl on the window-sill still gleamed out in the darkness like a crescent moon lying on its face. Suddenly, he saw two pale hands rise one on either side of that bowl, lift it, and draw it in. And he quivered as though they had touched him. Again those two hands came floating up; they were parted now by darkness; the moon of flowers had gone, in its place had been set handfuls of purple or crimson blossoms. And a puff of warm air rising quickly out of the night drifted their scent of cloves into his face, so that he held his breath for fear of calling out her name.

Again the hands had vanished —

through the open window there was nothing to be seen but darkness; and such a rush of longing seized on Milton as stole from him all power of movement. He could hear her playing. The tune was the barcarolle from 'The Tales of Hoffmann'; and the murmurous current of its melody was like the night itself, sighing, throbbing, languorously soft. It seemed that in this music she was calling him, telling him that she, too, was longing; her heart, too, empty. It died away; and at the window her white figure appeared. From that vision he could not, nor did he try to, shrink, but moved out into the lamplight. And he saw her suddenly stretch out her hands to him, and withdraw them to her breast. Then all save the madness of his longing deserted Milton. He ran down the little garden, across the hall, up the stairs.

The door was open. He passed through. There, in the sitting-room, where the red flowers in the window scented all the air, it was so dark that he could not see her, till against the piano he caught the glimmer of her white dress. She was sitting with hands resting on the pale notes. And falling on his knees, he buried his face against her. Then without looking up, he raised his hands. Her tears fell on them, covering her heart, that throbbed as if the passionate night itself were breathing in there, and all but the night and her love had stolen forth.

XXXVI

On a spur of the Sussex Downs, inland from Nettlefold, there stands a beech-grove. The traveler who enters it out of the heat and brightness takes off the shoes of his spirit before its sanctity; and, reaching the centre, across the clean beech-mat, he sits refreshing his brow with air, and silence. For the flowers of sunlight on the

ground under those branches are pale and rare, no insects hum, the birds are almost mute. And close to the border trees are the quiet, milk-white sheep, in congregation, escaping from noon heat. Here, above fields and dwellings, above the ceaseless network of men's doings, and the vapor of their talk, the traveler feels solemnity. All seems conveying divinity — the great white clouds moving their wings above him, the faint longing murmur of the boughs, and, in far distance, the sea. And for a space his restlessness and fear know the peace of God.

So it was with Milton when he reached this temple, three days after that passionate night, having walked for hours, alone and full of conflict. During those three days he had been borne forward on the flood tide; and now, tearing himself out of London, where to think was impossible, he had come to the solitude of the Downs to walk, and face his new position.

For that position he saw to be very serious. In the flush of full realization, there was for him no question of renunciation. She was his, he hers; that was determined. But what, then, was he to do? There was no chance of her getting free. In her husband's view, it seemed, under no circumstances was marriage dissoluble. Nor, indeed, to Milton would divorce have made things easier, believing as he did that he and she were guilty, and that for the guilty there could be no marriage. She, it was true, asked nothing of him, but just to be his in secret; and that was the course he knew most men would take, without further thought. There was no material reason in the world why he should not so act, and maintain unchanged every other current of his life. It would be simple, easy. And, with her faculty for self-effacement, he knew she would not be unhappy. But conscience, in Milton,

was a terrible and fierce thing. In the delirium of his illness it had become that Great Face which had marched over him. And though, during the weeks of his recuperation, struggle of all kind had ceased, now that he had yielded to his passion, conscience, in a new and dismal shape, had crept up again to sit above his heart. He must and would let this man, her husband, know; but even if this caused no scandal, could he go on deceiving those who, if they had knowledge of an illicit love, would no longer allow him to represent them in Parliament? If it were known that she was his mistress, he could no longer continue in public life; was he not therefore bound in honor of his own accord to resign it? Night and day he was haunted by the thought: How can I, living in defiance of authority, pretend to authority over my fellows? How can I remain in public life? But if he did not remain in public life, what was he to do? That way of life was in his blood; he had been bred and born into it; had thought of nothing else since he was a boy. There was no other occupation or interest that could hold him for a moment—he saw very plainly that he would be cast away on the waters of existence.

So the battle raged in his proud and twisted spirit, which took everything so hard—his nature imperatively commanding him to keep his work and his power for usefulness; his conscience telling him as urgently that if he sought to wield authority, he must obey it.

He entered the beech grove at the height of this misery, flaming with rebellion against the dilemma which Fate had placed before him; visited by gusts of resentment against this passion, which forced him to pay the price, either of his career, or of his self-respect; gusts, followed by remorse that he could so for one moment regret his love for that tender creature. The face

of Lucifer was not more dark, more tortured, than Milton's face in the twilight of the grove, above the kingdoms of the world, for which his ambition and his conscience fought.

He threw himself down among the trees; and stretching out his arms, by chance touched a beetle trying to crawl over the grassless soil. Some bird had maimed it. He took the little creature up. The beetle, it was true, could no longer work, but Fate had spared it that which lay before himself. For Fate, which was waiting to destroy his power of movement, would leave him conscious of wasted life. The world would not roll away down there. He would still see himself cumbering the ground, when his powers were taken from him. This thought was torture. Why had he been suffered to meet her, to love her, and to be loved by her? What had made him so certain from the first moment, if she were not meant for him? If he lived to be a hundred, he would never meet another. Why, because of his love, must he bury the will and force of a man? If there were no more coherence in God's scheme than this, let him too be incoherent! Let him hold authority, and live outside authority! Why stifle his powers for the sake of a coherence which did not exist? That would indeed be madness greater than that of a mad world!

There was no answer to his thoughts in the stillness of the grove, unless it were the cooing of a dove, or the faint thudding of the sheep issuing again into sunlight. But slowly that stillness stole into Milton's spirit. 'Is it like this in the grave?' he thought. 'Are the boughs of those trees the dark earth over me? And the sound in them the sound the dead hear when flowers are growing, and the wind passing through them? and is the feel of this earth how it feels to lie looking up forever at nothing? Is life anything but a

nightmare, a dream? and is not this the reality? And why my fury, my insignificant flame, blowing here and there, when there is really no wind, only a shroud of still air, and these flowers of sunlight that have been dropped on me! Why not let my spirit sleep, instead of eating itself away with rage; why not resign myself at once to wait for the substance, of which this is but the shadow!

And he lay scarcely breathing, looking up at the unmoving branches setting with their darkness the pearls of the sky.

'Is not peace enough?' he thought. 'Is not love enough? Can I not be reconciled, like a woman? Is not that salvation, and happiness? What is all the rest, "but sound and fury, signifying nothing"?'

And as though afraid to lose his hold of that thought, he got up and hurried from the grove.

The whole wide landscape of field and wood, cut by the pale roads, was glimmering under the afternoon sun. Here was no wild, wind-swept land, gleaming red and purple, and guarded by the gray rocks; no home of the winds, and the wild gods. It was all serene and silver-golden. In place of the shrill wailing pipe of the hunting buzzard-hawks half-lost up in the wind, invisible larks were letting fall hymns to tranquillity; and even the sea — no adventuring spirit sweeping the shore with its wing — seemed to lie resting by the side of land.

XXXVII

When on the afternoon of that same day Milton did not come, all the chilly doubts which his presence alone kept away crowded thick and fast into the mind of one only too prone to distrust her own happiness. It could not last — how could it!

His nature and her own were so far apart! Even in that giving of herself which had been such happiness, she had yet doubted. There was so much in him that was to her mysterious. All that he loved in music and nature, had in it something craggy and culminating, something with a menace which overtopped the spirit. The soft and fiery, the subtle and harmonious, seemed to leave him cold. He had no particular love for all those simple natural things, birds, bees, animals, trees, and flowers, that seemed to her precious and divine.

Though it was not yet four o'clock she was already beginning to droop like a flower that wants water. But she sat down to her piano, resolutely, till tea came; playing on and on with a spirit only half present, the other half of her wandering in the town, seeking for Milton. After tea she tried first to read, then to sew, and once more came back to her piano. The clock struck six; and as if its last stroke had broken the armor of her mind, she felt suddenly sick with anxiety. Why was he so long? But she kept on playing, turning the pages without taking in the notes, haunted by the idea that he might again have fallen ill. Should she telegraph? What good, when she could not tell in the least where he might be? And all the unreasoning terror of not knowing where the loved one is, beset her so that her hands, in sheer numbness, dropped from the keys.

Unable to keep still, now, she wandered from window to door, out into the little hall, and back hastily to the window. Over her anxiety brooded a darkness, compounded of vague growing fears. What if it were the end? What if he had chosen this as the most merciful way of leaving her? But surely he would never be so cruel!

Close on the heels of this too painful thought came reaction; and she told

herself that she was a fool. He was at the House; something quite ordinary was keeping him. It was absurd to be anxious! She would have to get used to this now. To be a drag on him would be dreadful. Sooner than that she would rather — yes — rather he never came back! And she took up a book, determined to read quietly till he came. But the moment that she sat down her fears returned with redoubled force—the cold, sickly, horrible feeling of uncertainty, of the knowledge that she could do nothing but wait until she was relieved by something over which she had no control. And in the superstition that to stay there in the window where she could see him come, was keeping him from her, she went into her bedroom. From there she could watch the sunset clouds wine-dark over the river. A little talking wind shivered along the houses; the dusk began creeping in. She would not turn on the light, being unwilling to admit that it was really getting late, but began to change her dress, lingering desperately over every little detail of her toilet, deriving therefrom a faint, mysterious comfort, trying to make herself feel beautiful. From sheer dread of going back before he came, she let her hair fall, though it was quite smooth and tidy, and began brushing it.

Suddenly she thought with horror of her efforts at adornment — by specially preparing for him, she must seem presumptuous to Fate. At any little sound she stopped and stood listening; save for her hair and eyes, as white from head to foot as a double narcissus flower in the dusk, bending towards some faint tune played to it somewhere out in the fields. But all those little sounds ceased, one after another — they had meant nothing; and each time, her spirit, returning within the pale walls of the room, began once more

to inhabit her lingering fingers. During that hour in her bedroom she lived through years. It was dark when she left it.

XXXVIII

When Milton came it was past nine o'clock.

Silent, but quivering all over, she clung to him in the hall; and this passion of emotion, without sound to give it substance, affected him profoundly. How terribly sensitive and tender she was! She seemed to have no armor. But though stirred by her emotion, he was none the less exasperated. She incarnated at that moment the life to which he must now resign himself — a life of unending tenderness, consideration, and passivity.

For a long time he could not bring himself to speak of his decision. Every look of her eyes, every movement of her body, seemed pleading with him not to tell her. But in Milton's character there was an element of rigidity which never suffered him to diverge from an objective once determined.

When he had finished telling her, she only said, 'Why can't we go on in secret?'

And he felt with a sort of horror that he must begin his struggle over again. He got up, and threw open the window. The wind had risen; the sky was dark above the river. That restless murmur, and the width of the night with its scattered stars, seemed to come rushing at his face. He withdrew from it; and leaning on the sill looked down at her. What flower-like delicacy she had! And there flashed across him the memory of a drooping blossom, which, in the spring, he had seen her throw into the flames, with the words, 'I can't bear flowers to fade, I always want to burn them.' He could see again those waxen petals yield to the fierce clutch of the little red creep-

ing sparks, and the slender stalk quivering, and glowing; and writhing to blackness like a live thing. And, torn in two, he began, —

‘I can’t live a lie. What right have I to lead, if I can’t follow? I’m not like our friend Courtier who believes in liberty. I never have, I never shall. Liberty? What is liberty? Only those who conform to authority have the right to wield it. Only a churl enforces laws when he himself has not the strength to observe them. I will not be one of whom it can be said, “He can rule others, himself —”!’

‘No one will know.’

Milton turned away.

‘I shall know,’ he said; but he saw clearly that she did not understand him. Her face had a strange, brooding, shut-away look, as though he had frightened her. And the thought that she could not understand angered him.

He said stubbornly, ‘No, I can’t remain in public life.’

‘But what has it to do with politics? It’s such a little thing.’

‘If it had been a little thing to me, should I have left you at Monkland, and spent those five weeks in purgatory before my illness? A little thing!’

She exclaimed with sudden fire, ‘Circumstances *are* the little thing; it’s love that’s the great thing.’

Milton stared at her, for the first time understanding that she had a philosophy as deep and stubborn as his own. But he answered cruelly, ‘Well! the great thing has conquered me!’

And then he saw her looking at him, as if, seeing into the recesses of his soul, she had made some ghastly discovery. The look was so mournful, so uncanonically intent, that he turned away from it.

‘Perhaps it is a little thing,’ he muttered; ‘I don’t know. I can’t see my way. I’ve lost my bearings; I must find them again before I can do anything.’

But as if she had not heard, or not taken in the sense of his words, she said again, ‘Oh, don’t let us alter anything; I won’t ever want what you can’t give.’

And this stubbornness, when he was doing the very thing that would give him to her utterly, seemed to him unreasonable.

‘I’ve had it out with myself,’ he said. ‘Don’t let’s talk about it any more.’

But again, with a sort of dry anguish, she murmured, ‘No, no! Let us go on as we are!’

Feeling that he had borne all he could, Milton put his hands on her shoulders, and said, ‘That’s enough!’

Then, in sudden remorse, he lifted her, and clasped her to him.

But she stood inert in his arms, her eyes closed, not returning his kisses.

XXXIX

On the next day, before Parliament rose, Lord Valleys, with a light heart, mounted his horse for a gallop in the Row. He was riding a blood mare with a plain snaffle, and the seat of one who had hunted from the age of seven, and been for twenty years a colonel of yeomanry. Greeting affably every one he knew, he maintained a frank demeanor on all subjects, especially of government policy, secretly enjoying the surmises and prognostications, and the way questions and hints perished before his sphinx-like candor. He spoke cheerily too of Milton, who was ‘all right again,’ and ‘burning for the fray’ when the House met again in the autumn. And he chaffed Lord Malvezin about his wife. If anything — he said — could make Bertie take an interest in politics, it would be she. He had two capital gallops, being well known to the police. The day was bright, and he was sorry to turn home. Falling in

with Harbinger, he asked him to come back to lunch. It had struck him that there had been something different lately, an almost morose look, about young Harbinger; and his wife's disquieting words about Barbara came back to him with a shock. He had seen little of the child lately, and in the general clearing up of this time of year had forgotten all about them.

Agatha was still staying at Valleys House with little Ann, waiting to travel up to Scotland with her mother, and join Sir William at his shooting, Garviemoore; but she was out, and there was no one at lunch but Lady Valleys and Barbara herself, so that conversation flagged, for the young couple were extremely silent, Lady Valleys, who had to preside at a meeting that evening, was considering what to say, and Lord Valleys rather carefully watching his daughter. The message that Lord Milton was in his lordship's study came as a surprise, and somewhat of a relief to all. To an exhortation to bring him in to lunch, the servant replied that Lord Milton had lunched, and would wait.

'Does he know there's no one here?'

'Yes, my lady.'

Lady Valleys pushed back her plate, and rose.

'Oh, well!' she said, 'I've finished.'

Lord Valleys also got up, and they went out together, leaving Barbara, who had risen, looking uneasily at the door.

Lord Valleys had recently been told of the nursing episode, and had received the news with the dubious air of one hearing something about an eccentric person which, heard about any one else, could have but one significance. If Eustace had been a normal young man his father would have shrugged his shoulders, and thought, 'Oh, well! There it is!' As it was, he had literally not known what to think. And

now, crossing the salon which intervened between the dining-room and the study, he said to his wife uneasily, 'Is it this woman again, Gertrude — or what?'

Lady Valleys answered with a shrug, 'Goodness knows, my dear.'

Milton was standing in the embrasure of a window above the terrace. He looked well, and his greeting was the same as usual.

'Well, my dear fellow,' said Lord Valleys, '*you're* all right again evidently — What's the news?'

'Only that I've decided to resign my seat.'

Lord Valleys stared.

'What on earth for?' he said.

But Lady Valleys, with the greater quickness of women, divining already something of the reason, flushed a deep pink.

'Nonsense, my dear,' she said; 'it can't possibly be necessary, even if —' Recovering herself, she added dryly: 'Give us some reason.'

'The reason is simply that I've joined my life to Mrs. Noel's. I can't go on as I am, living a lie. If it were known I should obviously have to resign at once.'

'Good God!' exclaimed Lord Valleys.

Lady Valleys made a rapid movement. In the face of what she felt to be a really serious crisis between these two utterly different creatures of the other sex, her husband and her son, the great lady in her became merged at once in the essential woman. Unconsciously both men felt this change, and in speaking, turned towards her.

'I can't argue it,' said Milton; 'I consider myself bound in honor.'

'And then?' she asked.

Lord Valleys, with a note of real feeling, interjected, 'By Heaven! I did think you put your country above your private affairs.'

'Geoff!' said Lady Valleys.

But Lord Valleys went on: 'No, Eustace, I'm out of touch with your view of things altogether. I don't even begin to understand it.'

'That is true,' said Milton.

'Listen to me, both of you!' said Lady Valleys. 'You two are altogether different; and you must not quarrel. I won't have that. Now Eustace, you *are* our son, and you have got to be kind and considerate. Sit down, and let's talk it over.'

And motioning her husband to a chair, she sat down in the embrasure of a window. Milton remained standing. Visited by a sudden dread, Lady Valleys said, 'Is it — you've not — there is n't going to be a scandal?'

Milton smiled grimly.

'I shall tell this man, of course, but you may make your minds easy, I imagine; I understand that his view of marriage does not permit of divorce in any case whatever.'

Lady Valleys sighed with an utter and undisguised relief.

'Well, then, my dear boy,' she began, 'even if you *do* feel you must tell him, there is surely no reason why it should not otherwise be kept secret.'

Lord Valleys interrupted her. 'I should be glad if you would point out the connection between your honor and the resignation of your seat,' he said stiffly.

Milton shook his head.

'If you don't see already, it would be useless.'

'I do not see. The whole matter is — is unfortunate, but to give up your work, so long as there is no absolute necessity, seems to me far-fetched and absurd. How many men are there into whose lives there has not entered some such relation at one time or another? The idea would disqualify half the nation.'

His eyes seemed in this crisis both

to consult and to avoid his wife's, as though he were at once asking her indorsement of his point of view, and observing the proprieties. And for a moment in the midst of her anxiety, her sense of humor got the better of Lady Valleys. It was so funny that Geoff should have to give himself away; she could not for the life of her help fixing him with her eyes.

'My dear,' she murmured, 'you underestimate — three quarters, at the very least!'

But Lord Valleys, confronted with danger, was growing steadier.

'It passes my comprehension,' he said, 'why you should want to mix up sex and politics at all.'

Milton's answer came very slowly, as if the confession were hurting his lips.

'There is — forgive me for using the word — such a thing as one's religion. I don't happen to regard life as divided into public and private departments. My vision of things is gone — broken — I can see no object before me now in public life — no goal — and no certainty.'

Lady Valleys caught his hand: 'Oh! my dear,' she said, 'that's too dreadfully puritanical!' But at Milton's queer smile, she added hastily, 'Logical — I meant.'

'Consult your common sense, Eustace, for goodness' sake,' broke in Lord Valleys; 'is n't it your simple duty to put your scruples in your pocket, and do the best you can for your country with the powers that have been given you?'

'I have no common sense.'

'In that case, of course, it may be just as well that you should leave public life.'

Milton bowed.

'Nonsense!' cried Lady Valleys. 'You don't understand, Geoffrey; I ask you again, Eustace, what will you do afterwards?'

'I don't know.'

'You will eat your heart out.'

'Quite possibly.'

'If you can't come to a reasonable arrangement with your conscience,' again broke in Lord Valleys, 'for Heaven's sake give her up, like a man, and cut all these knots.'

'I beg your pardon, sir!' said Milton icily.

Lady Valleys laid her hand on his arm. 'You must allow us a little logic too. You don't imagine that she would wish you to throw away your life for her? I'm not such a bad judge of character as that.'

She stopped before the expression on Milton's face.

'You go too fast,' he said; 'I may become a free spirit yet.'

To this saying, which seemed to her cryptic and sinister, Lady Valleys did not know what to answer.

'If you feel, as you say,' Lord Valleys began once more, 'that the bottom has been knocked out of things for you by this — this affair, don't, for goodness' sake, do anything in a hurry. Wait! Go abroad! Get your balance back! You'll find the thing settle itself in a few months. Don't precipi-

tate matters; you can make your health an excuse to miss the autumn session.'

Lady Valleys chimed in eagerly: 'You really are seeing the thing out of all proportion. What is a love-affair? My dear boy, do you suppose for a moment any one would think the worse of you, even if they knew? and really not a soul need know.'

'It has not occurred to me to consider what they would think.'

'Then,' cried Lady Valleys, nettled, 'it's simply your own pride.'

'You have said.'

Lord Valleys, who had turned away, spoke in an almost tragic voice: —

'I did not think that on a point of honor I should differ from my son.'

Catching at the word honor, Lady Valleys cried suddenly, 'Eustace, promise me, before you do anything, to consult your Uncle Dennis.'

Milton smiled. 'This becomes comic,' he said.

At that word, which indeed seemed to them quite wanton, Lord and Lady Valleys turned on their son, and the three stood staring, perfectly silent. A little noise from the doorway interrupted them. Barbara stood there.

(To be continued.)

TO A CHRISTIAN POET

BY LEE WILSON DODD

I HAVE been as one dead.
I have forgotten how the sun-rays dart;
I have ignored the glamour of the stars;
Cold, cold has been my heart.
Have I not often in derision said,
'Life is a little thing of little worth' —
The while beneath my feet a burgeoning earth
Healed with young herbage all her ancient scars?
Yea, I have sung this thing and deemed it true,
That life is a brief cruelty and death
An endless respite.

You

Have sung of Nazareth.

You have sung sweetly of the Light, the mild
Insistent Light that penetrates the dust,
And says unto the soul of man, 'My child,
Renew your child-like trust.'
And from your eyes have I not felt a Light,
A Light of mild, insistent power,
Defeat with gentleness my scornful vision?
Have I not learned the darkness of derision,
And from the calm grace of your spirit's might
Drawn strength and healing in my bitterest hour?

Your miracles, your ritual, your laws
Are to my unfaith as a dream-like play:
But radiant from your heart is that which draws
My spirit out of shadow to the day;
Draws with the silent tension of star on star
Till I am forced above
This wreck of system-faiths and borne afar
By flawless wafture of the wings of Love,

Most true that you have won me to rely
On the foreshadowing soul and to despise
All acrid cynic-thoughts — made hideous by
The grandeur of your deep rewarding eyes.

Ah, friend, your eyes have won me in despite
Of narrowing creed or doctrine's secular breath;
Your eyes have won me with unwavering Light
To sing the death of Death!

RECREATION THROUGH THE SENSES

BY PAUL W. GOLDSBURY

THE tale of Bruce and the spider has lost through repetition the force of its moral appeal; but it may still serve as the text of a physiological discourse. The physiologist may well say that the spider's affairs diverted the hero's attention from his own misfortunes, supplemented the physical rest in the little hut by checking the surge of his thoughts, and brought recreation by the exercise of a new corner of his mind. It was as if the wind had shifted.

We all know what recreation and play mean in general. It is familiar to all of us that we recreate body and mind by athletic amusements, changes of reading, travel, the theatre, and by a hundred other means. But it is very important that we should understand the wide range of the uses and functions of our separate senses which will enable us to influence the very source of our conscious life and activities. To understand these senses aright is to learn to develop, use, and direct the

movements and activities of our whole bodies.

We all know that we are influenced by our surroundings, but the manner in which they react on our minds and bodies, through the medium of our sense-organs, is not generally understood; the varying offices of the purely sense-organs — sight, hearing, touch, and the rest — are to a considerable degree ignored. Just as physical training ministers to many specific bodily ailments, so sense-education may contribute in a variety of ways, not only towards the maintenance of general health, but even to the relief of particular affections; and takes its place with massage, drugs, and electricity as an ally in the art of healing. We may go further, and say that if we will but yield to the little impulses of diversion which come to us through the avenues of the special senses, we may lessen or avert fatigue more effectually than through the medium of electricity or drugs

I

Fatigue, following long-continued exercise, is really a mild form of illness, which arises from over-exerting some one part of the body. Every strain, mental or physical, requires a certain amount of time for recovery; and if a sufficient period is not allowed between repeated efforts, there results a certain clogging or congestion of the tissues about the points of tension. In writing, for instance, the fingers move up and down hardly more than a quarter of an inch as they travel across the page. Yet this is hard work for their little muscles, and burns up tissue in the fingers very fast. If rest-intervals are too short and infrequent, there is not time for the removal of the waste products of this destruction through the normal channels of the body, and congestion results. This waste material is in effect somewhat poisonous, as it tends to decompose, that is, break up into several simple chemical elements and gases. The feeling of fatigue or pain that follows long-continued use of any of the muscles is due to the influence of such poisonous material, as well as to the stretching of the tissues caused by the pressure of the blood which settles there.

It is said that for horses the hardest road out of London is the most level one. There are no hills to climb and descend, and the tired horse has no chance to rest one set of muscles while another works. Monotony produces fatigue; and because this particular road is 'one dead, monotonous level, more horses die on it than on any other leading out of London.

The healthy child instinctively anticipates fatigue. He avoids tiring himself by taking a new tack; that is, by turning from one play to another. Watch a baby open his eyes when he hears a strange sound; or observe him

when he notices a new toy. As soon as he sees it he reaches out for it. If he gets it he pats it, shakes it, listens gleefully if it makes a noise, possibly smells it, and inevitably ends by trying to get it into his mouth. Then he throws it away and reaches out for something new. He has exercised all his senses, one after another; and through this rotative process of sense-play and training his healthy normal development goes forward. A larger child follows much the same plan in his play, modifying it by what he has gained through experience.

The adult is not so wise as the child. Sooner or later he is *trained* to disregard fatigue, and to keep at one task long after it begins to tire him. Take the stenographer who sits for hours at her machine. Her arms, shoulders, back, and head are kept in the same position, accommodated to the restricted field of her work. Her fingers are raised just so far, and strike just so hard. The interruptions in the use of her machine are mechanical. If a child of seven were confined to such a task it would not be long before every muscle in his little body would begin to clamor for exercise and change, and he would twist and turn in every direction. Unless we had given the matter special study we might call him restless; but the better we understood the various demands of his body, the more we should know of the kind of movements best designed to develop his muscles by diverting the circulation here and there over his entire body. Every part of him is clamoring for its natural development by exercise, just as at feeding-time every chicken in a flock joins in the cry for food. Every chick needs food; every muscle needs exercise.

The trouble with older people is that their muscles are over-disciplined. Nowadays every man is supposed to

have his own task, and the notion is too prevalent that it does him no harm to keep at it mechanically for a long time. We may take exception to the belief that hard work hurts nobody. Education has trained the brain to prod the muscles to work so continuously that the muscles become stale. Just as in a musical composition there are all sorts of intervals and rests, and little variations and excursions from the main theme, so in every man's work there should be a complementary amount of diversion to keep him in balance and tone.

It is not our muscles only, but our senses as well that are trained to over-endurance. The characteristic quality of a muscle is its power to put forth definite action; of a nerve, the capacity to receive and convey more or less intangible impressions. The movements of a muscle are visible, and can be easily demonstrated, while those of nerves or nerve-organs are not so apparent. The senses are specialized nerves, which, in the slow process of evolution, have been set aside to interpret the outside world to us. They are, in fact, our receiving apparatus, which admit stimulus under the five general heads of sight, hearing, smell, touch, taste. Each sense is adapted to register impressions varying in quality and intensity. Whether we are conscious of it or not, they are always at work; and the whole body often suffers from the over-strain which we carelessly allow our surroundings to impose upon these special organs. The decorator and the architect appreciate this fact, and by relieving sharp contrasts and promoting beautiful effects in color and design, avoid tiring the eye. Note, for example, the relief that pervades the entire body when, after resting on the dingy colors and ugly outlines of an ordinary city street, the eye is met by some bit of beautiful architecture.

After a day in the city, where all sorts of crude and contrasting colors have been forced upon the eye, exhaustion may seem general; but immediate relief is experienced in getting aboard a boat and letting the eye rest upon the soothing blue-green of the ocean, which, by counteracting the over-stimulation caused by a medley of glaring lights and colors, rests the eye, and thereby relieves the entire body.

II

In all these ways we suffer most, perhaps, through the abuse of the sense of sight. Touch, taste, smell, and hearing have narrower physical limitations; but the sweep of vision is wide, and necessarily includes a great variety of objects, both helpful and harmful. The eye is constituted to play over a wide range, and needs the exercise of gazing on distant and varied objects. Restricted to the limited focus of small rooms and narrow streets, it soon tires, just as the fingers tire from the short movements of the hand in writing, if not interrupted by larger swings and different plays. It is easy to imagine why the clerk who sleeps in a hall bedroom at night, and is penned in a small office during the day, finds refreshment in spending his evenings in spacious club-rooms, or at the theatre, with all its diverting lights and colors.

All print fatigues the eye after a short time, though this may not be consciously felt, because the eye is so accustomed to it; and though a headache may follow excessive reading, the reader may be quite unconscious of the cause. People often suffer fatigue from such over-application, while not aware of its source. The eye is tired by being restricted to black and white, and needs the stimulus afforded by a variety of colors. *Harmony of color, design, and form, ministers to health.*

Long-suffering as the eye is, it has a means of defense which the ear lacks; for while the eye can protect itself by dropping a quick curtain, the ear can place no effective barrier except distance between itself and its enemies. The ear of the city-dweller is subject to constant attacks from all sides; it is in a state of siege. The noise of the trolley-car may become a form of torture to a sensitive ear. The clatter of hoofs and wheels on the hard pavements tires it quickly by its sharp insistence; and the high-pitched screech and hiss of the locomotive letting off steam strain it. The lower-pitched rumble of steam and elevated trains wearies it more slowly; but just as surely. Every one recalls the clatter of the early milk-wagons and the rattling through the alley of the two-wheeled ash-cart which seems to take special delight in naming every cobble of the pavement. The whirl of machinery, the chug of the automobile, the monotonous click-clack of the typewriter, all produce a form of fatigue, even when *custom has rendered the hearer practically deaf* to their noises.

We are all familiar with the fatigue caused by listening to a scientific talk, sermon, or lecture given in a monotonous, high-pitched voice. The ear is wearied by the lack of modulation, and by the struggle to catch and interpret unfamiliar words and phrases. Listen, however, to a speaker who modulates his voice according to harmonic gradations; who lets it range over the third, the fifth, and even the octave. Let him further relieve the ear by the choice of familiar words, homely allusions, and phrases full of happy meaning. His listeners will feel less drowsy.

People rarely note the harmonic intervals of a good speaking voice. If the same note of a piano were struck fifty or a hundred times at regular inter-

vals, if even the same melodious phrase were repeated incessantly, the effect on a sensitive ear would be almost maddening. The organ of hearing, like the other sense-organs, naturally craves variety. It is a necessity to mental and physical well-being. Just as constant dropping will wear away a stone, so constant repetition of even a pleasant impression wears away the vitality of the strongest. Breathing-spells are a necessity.

This brings us to the consideration of that organ which has so much to do with breathing — the organ of smell. The nose is fatigued by breathing a dusty atmosphere, as the particles of dust not only irritate its linings near the nerves of smell, and thus interfere with their work and function, but may also contain a medley of odors. Mere absence of dust, however, does not always mean relief. We have banished it from our boulevards by the use of oil; but we have substituted a tiresome odor. A park policeman noticed after its introduction that the visits of certain tubercular sufferers became less frequent. He questioned one of them, and learned that the disagreeable smell of the oil had driven them away. They had found that, even with the dust, the stimulating fragrance of trees and growing things was more invigorating to them than the dustless air, impregnated with oil. Suggestion, too, may have had something to do with the benefit they received. The pleasure that we get from the odor of new-mown hay is multiplied by the hundred happy associations that it may call up. Where are the happy memories that are waked by an oil-can?

All dominating odors, such as those from burning rubber, or from heavily scented flowers, are fatiguing to the nose. Even in the best ventilated rooms the walls become the host of a varied assortment of odors, and the

sense of weariness in general is sometimes due to the fatigue of the organ of smell from being held to one particular odor, or to a medley of unpleasant odors. This may be relieved by going from such an environment to air that is saturated with fresh perfumes, such as those of growing plants. It is thus in part that we may account for the improvement of tuberculosis patients who go from life in a close room to life out of doors, where the air is filled with odors from the woods and fields. Think of a department store on a rainy day, with its mingled smells of different fabrics, dye-stuffs, and damp garments of shoppers; and then recall the fragrance of pine woods under a June sun.

The sense of taste is passed by quite as often as its fellows. It is often fatigued by unrelished food. Many people feel compelled to adhere to some article that is said to be good for them, whether they like it or not. The trouble with many of the manufactured foods, and those kept in cold storage, is that the original flavors are blunted. The present-day markets afford a great variety of staple foods, and the sense of taste will be less fatigued if it looks out for variety.

Finally, there is that hard-worked sense-organ, the skin. Sight, smell, and hearing are all sometimes in abeyance. There is no holiday for the sense of touch. Atmospheric conditions may change, but we cannot get away from them in some form. An even climate always becomes depressing. Continuous heat or cold, continued damp or dry weather, are all fatiguing to the skin. So is the weight of heavy clothing or the long-continued wearing of the same garment. Those Italian children whose mother refused to bathe them because she had just got them sewed into their winter underwear, must have been pretty tired before spring.

Feeling of any one thing for a long

time fatigues the skin of the hand. Suppose one sorts a quantity of papers and letters. They are dry, thin, and hard, and may contain certain dyes and other ingredients, unknown except to experts, which are in effect irritating to the tips of the fingers. After handling them for some time, stop and pick up an orange, and you will experience a soothing sensation, due to the fact that the soft moist skin and rounded shape of the orange offer a contrast to the dry, flat surface and sharp edges of the paper. The average person could handle a hundred oranges with less fatigue than a hundred sheets of paper.

No one who studies the congested portions of a large city, and notes what the human organism has to fight against, can be surprised at the mortality in those districts. The individual house-space is so limited that fresh and fragrant air is denied. Beauty of light and color is too expensive. Foul odors greet the nostrils; harsh cries and quarreling voices strike the ear; too often the roar and rumble of elevated trains add to the din. Food is stale and unpalatable; the body touches hard surfaces and coarse fabrics, and the eye sees dull, grimy colors, straight lines, and sharp angles. It is easy to understand the popularity of the hurdy-gurdy and the moving-picture show, and the relief sought in the saloon.

The high percentage of disease in a city slum cannot, of course, be laid entirely to adverse sensory conditions; but the nervous system does suffer from these conditions, and the body's power of resistance is consequently lessened.

III

It is my purpose in this paper to indicate some of the ways in which *stimulation* from the outside world may be utilized for mental and phys-

ical refreshment and recreation. For any effective treatment, we must analyze our surroundings, and see how sensory relief may be affected by the use and variation of stimulus; just as the business man must know what his real stock-in-trade is, what assets he has, and how to turn them to account at the right time. In fact, the personal equation must be solved; for people vary in their individual response to a given stimulus as widely as the different keys of a piano vary to the same touch of the finger; and the response of any one person to a given stimulus also varies from day to day. Just as a violin is affected by moisture, or by long-continued pressure on its strings, so the human organism is affected by external conditions, such as intense heat, glaring lights, or the noises of the street.

It has already been shown that overstimulation of any part generates fatigue-poisons. Lack of exercise also produces these poisons just as effectually as over-work; and the excessive stimulation of some organs, together with the disuse of others will cause fatigue, with all its attendant bad results. By stimulating the unused parts we may relieve those that are fatigued, and so promote the health and comfort of the whole body. Indeed the body may wisely be taken as a family of many members, who share the responsibility of its maintenance. The vigor and activity of each is a matter of concern to all the others. If one breaks down or fails to perform its duties, added work and responsibility are thrown upon the others; whereas, if all the members work in harmony, keeping at the maximum of their powers by a right adjustment of rest and exercise, and relieving each other when necessary, the family will be an efficient and prosperous one.

The senses are important members

of our corporal family, and much of its comfort is dependent on the careful adjustment of their use. Like the muscles, they must have a certain amount of exercise or stimulation to keep them in good working order. On the other hand, if any sense is overstimulated it suffers from fatigue, and must be relieved by a change in the kind of stimulation, or by the exercise of other senses. It is here that the intelligent coöperation of the individual comes in. The physician may direct and suggest, but the patient must learn for himself to see and use the many opportunities for sensory diversion which are within his reach. Each muscle has particular tasks, and is healthier with a certain amount of activity than without. This activity is dependent on the stimulus which comes through the nerves, and thus the tone of the muscle is dependent on the quality of that stimulus. Now, since nerves, sense-organs, and brain must have stimulation to keep them in order, we must study all kinds of stimulus, within and without the body, in order to see how they affect these delicate instruments which control its muscles.

To get the greatest benefit from any form of stimulus, the senses must be trained to keenness. They can all attain a high state of development. The artist rejoices in beauties of form and color to which the stock-broker may be blind. The ear of the musician detects harmonies unheard by the blacksmith, and the epicure gets a finer pleasure from his dinner than the hod-carrier. To be sure, while the highly-developed sense responds more fully to pleasant impressions, it also suffers more from disagreeable ones. But that is just where the will and intelligence of the individual must come forward to select from his surroundings the forms of stimulus which will

produce a helpful reaction, and avoid or eliminate the harmful so far as is practicable.

IV

As the efficiency of the muscles can be increased by well-directed and systematic exercises, so the efficiency of the senses can be increased by careful training and attention. Humboldt, while exploring in South America, found that his native Indian guide could discern the movements of a man on a mountain twenty miles distant, which he himself made out with difficulty, even with the aid of a glass.

Many examples will occur to the reader, of the capacity of the ear to detect very slight differences in voices and sounds. Any one can appreciate its sensitiveness who has noted the power of a voice that has not been heard for years. The eye cannot recognize a person as readily by a study of features as does the ear by the sound of the voice.

'The wind blowing through the leaves sounds like fall,' said a friend to me one morning early in September. When I asked her to give a reason she said, 'Why, they sound brittle, as though they were about ready to drop off.' There was a distinct difference to her sensitive ear between the soft, low sound of leaves in the breezes of June, when they are fresh and full of sap, and their crisp rustle when they are dead and drying. The sound of whistles, or the creak of wheels and runners on the snow on a cold winter morning, form an accurate index to the temperature of the outside air.

In smell discriminations the countryman, whose sense is continually exercised by the innumerable perfumes of plant life, which vary from day to day as flowers and fruits grow to maturity, has a great advantage over the city dweller, whose nose is con-

stantly subjected to a few monotonous and disagreeable odors. Sundry old salts along the coast will sniff the air as they go out of a morning, and tell you the exact quarter from which the wind comes, without taking the trouble to look at the weather-vane; and the nose of the accomplished chef tells him whether or not his roast is done to the right turn.

An ambassador to Russia, formerly a leather merchant in this country, discovered certain secret processes regarding a special kind of leather manufactured there. He would have been looked on with suspicion had it been suspected that he could learn anything of these methods. But during his sojourn he got near enough to certain factories to register, through his sense of smell, some impressions with which he was able to work out the formulas when he returned home.

The sense of taste has also possibilities for higher development. The habit of eating only to satisfy hunger may be too common, and the emphasis put upon the healthful or strengthening qualities of various foods leads us to overlook the fact that the sense of taste should be the true index to the kind of food that is really needed. The short periods of time ordinarily allowed for meals may interfere with the reasonable exercise of this sense, the cultivation of which would add greatly to the benefit and enjoyment to be derived from any diet.

Every housewife knows that foods kept too close together in small refrigerators, pantries, or cold storage places, neutralize each other to some extent. Their flavors get mixed. People in the country seldom complain as city people do that things all taste alike, for country cellars and storerooms are large, and permit a wholesome and natural method of ventilation. The best of our city hotels try

to attain a like excellence by a careful separation of foods during all stages of preparation for the table. Broiling, baking, and frying are done by different cooks, each with his special oven and utensils, and each becomes an expert in his own line.

Finally, of supreme importance is the sense of touch, from which all the other senses have been evolved. The nerves of touch cover the entire surface of the body. They take the place of eyes to the blind. The expert shopper develops an amazing keenness of their sense at the ends of the fingers. In paper mills ordinary workmen get such training by feeling the paper as it goes over the rollers that they are able to detect a variation of one ten-thousandth of an inch in its thickness. It is claimed that by constant training a difference of a forty-thousandth of an inch can be noted.

These illustrations are meant to call attention to the capacity of each sense for higher development. Perhaps their citation will awaken a keener interest in what our senses may teach us.

V

When a tired clerk or business man hears a sudden alarm of fire, all his faculties are at once aroused. His eyes have been wearied by monotonous desk-work, and the clang-clang of the gongs, the clatter of hoofs, and the shrill whistle of the engines all strike the ear, and through its activity promote a counter-stimulation which lessens the fatigue of the eye. All this is a welcome diversion, and he goes back to his work rested and refreshed. His blood has been drawn from accustomed ruts into new channels.

At an afternoon tea a person of delicate organization may begin to tire after half an hour or so. The insistent tones of some of the guests, the high-

pitched voices of others, and the continual medley of sounds have proved trying to the nerve of hearing. The confusing designs and colors of the ladies' gowns and ornaments have been forced upon the eye, and this also protests against its hard usage. In fact, a rapid and bewildering succession of light blows have been rained upon the eye and ear from all directions; and when refreshments are served we perceive that their name is truly chosen. The food produces a counter-stimulation by exciting the sense of taste, and through this the digestive organs; and the exercise of these helps to restore a normal balance.

The novelties of a circus parade excite and fatigue the eye; but the music of the bands, breaking in at frequent intervals, relieve it by stimulating the ear. Musical comedy of the present day offers an excellent example of the manner in which the tax imposed on the eye by lights and costumes is relieved by the interpolation of music and songs. Opera is, in fact, a complex harmony of song and color so adjusted as to balance admirably the strain of stimulation on the senses of sight and hearing.

This idea of counter-stimulation may serve to explain some of the benefits of the smelling-bottle, and the great variety of baths — salt, mineral, oxygen, Turkish, etc. — which are wisely used as subsidiary agencies of skin stimulation. The use of the bottle of aromatic salts brings into action the nerves connected with the sense of smell, thereby drawing the blood away from regions where there have been congestion and strain. The baths draw the blood to the skin, stimulating its activity, and relieving congested parts of the body. An interesting experiment illustrating this idea is to rub the face lightly about the nose, and then note the increased activity of the sense of

smell. The excitation of the skin there helps to promote the circulation, just as a bath creates a general feeling of refreshment and capacity for work.

The soothing effect of tobacco on the nerves, of which we constantly hear smokers speak, is largely due to the stimulation of the nose by the odor of the cigar or pipe. The nerves, here and there throughout the body, may be somewhat congested from overwork or other causes; and the excitation of the nerves of smell, which are but little used, gives them a form of exercise which counteracts fatigue in some other parts of the body. The man whose digestive apparatus has been taxed by a hearty meal welcomes the diversion furnished by smoking an after-dinner cigar.

VI

It is not always necessary, however, to set other senses to work to relieve the fatigue of one. Each sense has such a wide range of utility that counter-adjustments are possible within its own province. The tired eye may be refreshed by a simple variation of lights and colors, or a change of focus. A person who has been a proof-reader for twenty years believes his good eyesight to be due to the fact that he early formed the habit of looking up from his work every two or three minutes to gaze at some distant object.

The eye is affected differently by different colors owing to the varying quality of light-vibration. Under ordinary conditions, yellow can be seen farther than other colors, and red tires the eye sooner than green or brown. In the summer, the change from the glare of the city, and red brick walls, to the green of the country, or the greenish blue of the ocean, is most welcome. In the same way, the first snow of winter is pleasant and invig-

orating after the brownness of the fall. Children are particularly responsive to the change, and shout with glee to see the ground covered with snow when they get up in the morning. A new world has been opened up to them.

Too few of us realize the pleasure to be gained from the varying beauty of color in an early spring landscape. Its soft browns and grays are soothing and beautiful; but how rarely we observe the misty flush of violet or crimson over distant woods, where the sap is flowing to the tips of the branches, the golden green of young willows by the roadside, or the sun-flecked brook that ripples over a sandy bottom. These things all give rest and exercise to the tired eye and mind, if the eye is only encouraged to see them. A muddy New England road is not considered a source of joy; yet I have heard a New Jersey girl, used to the red clay of her home town, exclaim with delight at the rich, deep brown of New Hampshire mud.

From much the same reason, the entire prohibition of conversation during working-hours in some factories is unreasonable and foolish. If the privilege is not abused, a little talk will not decrease the output of work. Such restrictions probably work real harm to the majority of operatives; thereby lessening their value to their employers.

A college student, who heard only men's voices in the dormitory, at table, and in the class-room, used to find it a positive luxury to visit a classmate who lived in a private house, where his ear was refreshed and stimulated by listening to the higher voices of women. On the other hand, the girl whose ear has been subjected to the high-pitched conversation of women will find the lower tones of men soothing. Doubtless this forms part of the basis of sex-attraction.

VII

Even dressing for dinner has its physiological basis. A change of covering means a change of stimulation. The clothes worn through working-hours have wearied the nerves of the skin. What is worn nearest the body absorbs its poisonous waste products and secretions. When the garments are removed, a free movement of air is afforded to the surface of the body, and the clothes which replace them stimulate the skin in a different way, and so relieve it. Varying dyes and textures produce corresponding changes of feeling. Let any one who doubts this change his usual cotton night-apparel for flannel. His irritation after this experiment will lead him to discard the flannel with the alacrity of the boy who, for much the same reason, hustles out of his clothes at the swimming-pool in summer. Frequently in mental derangement there is such a desire of freeing the skin that it is almost impossible to keep clothing upon a patient. Nature is stronger than convention in such cases.

The lawyer who handles dry books all day long at his desk experiences a sense of actual relief when he strokes the soft, moist hair of his dog at night, although the action is prompted by his affection for the animal. We can even take a charitable view of the time taken daily by the typewriter-girl for the arrangement of her hair. Her fingers are congested by the work of writing, and tired by contact with the hard keys of her machine; and the different feeling of her hair, and the little plays and movements of her fingers in adjusting it, are a distinct stimulation and relief. Indeed, does not this explain the craving of many desk-workers to do a little gardening, and get their hands into contact with the damp, cool soil?

It may be difficult to see how the sense of smell gives benefit through the mere change of stimulus; but take the case of the man who goes South for a part of the winter. The feeling of relaxation which he experiences when he gets into the region of the palm and orange groves is largely due to the strong permeating fragrance exuded by the luxurious vegetation. The soft, moist air of these low latitudes, laden with pungent odors which almost swamp the sense of smell, furnishes a strong counter-stimulant to the foul and poisonous atmosphere of congested cities, by which this organ has been so long abused.

VIII

Most of our minor physical disorders arise from over-use or stimulation of some tissue, organ, or muscle. When over-stimulation and under-exercise are combined, as when a man underworks his muscles and overworks his brains, such complications as insomnia or dyspepsia are sure to result. The method of relief consists in a judicious adjustment of rest on the one hand, and exercise on the other. Rest of the over-stimulated part is of course necessary in its place, but restoration may be hastened by particular lines of counter-stimulation, or by the exercise of different groups of muscles and nerves. A man who has been at a desk all day finds the swinging of a golf club refreshing to the muscles of the arm, which have been fatigued so long by restricted movements. We little realize, though, how many persons reach such a state of fatigue that they are unequal to amusing themselves by such recreative sports. They need to resort to the theatre or ball-game, to be played upon through the eye and ear.

The following cases may serve to show to some degree the effectiveness

of *hygiene of the senses* in the prevention and cure of disorders.

A woman who was suffering from a complication of physical ailments had been advised by some physicians to undergo an operation. Others had counseled her against it, and she was upset by conflicting advice. Her husband had become blind, and she and her children were reduced to dependence. Strained relations with her family added to her worries, and her immediate surroundings so aggravated her mental depression that it was difficult to determine the exact connection between her physical condition and her nervous state. She lived in a dark tenement, and the noise of passing trains and the foul odors from the street brought on hysterical spasms. It was evident that change of environment was necessary to improvement, and arrangements were made to move the family into the country. The escape from drab walls and smoky surroundings to wide prospects and green foliage; from the rattle of teams and clatter of shrieking trains to the peace of the country; from heavy disagreeable odors to the fragrance of the woods and fields, brought about, by means of the change in sensory stimulation, immediate relief from pain. The 'pressure around the heart,' of which she had complained on rising, due probably to the dread of the daily round of irritation, soon entirely disappeared.

A floor-walker, who had been in the employ of a large department store for more than twenty years, had become thin and generally run down in health. His skin had become so sensitive that he could not even go out to cross the street on a cold day without throwing on an overcoat. His physician advised him to find an occupation that would not keep him indoors so constantly, and he undertook the management of a restaurant, which

necessitated his going outdoors for provisions many times a day. In five months he had gained twenty pounds, and grown hardened to all ordinary changes of temperature. What was depressing to him affects to some degree every one who has to live indoors. The skin is kept constantly relaxed by the high, even temperature, and the humidity of the air is relatively much lower than that outside. Spending much time in the open, where there are daily and hourly variations, and where the air is relatively softer on account of the higher average of moisture, tones up the skin and promotes general well-being.

A woman who suffered from neuralgia was directed, in addition to the regular treatment advised, to take daily walks during the spring days, and not only to look for fresh colors, but to take advantage of different odors. She passed buildings in process of construction, and noted the varying scents of the lumber used, and the differing fragrances of the buds and blossoms in the fields. This stimulation of the nerves of sight and smell relieved the congestion of other nerves, gave her pleasant things to think of, and, with other general hygienic measures, contributed to a marked general and local improvement.

A young man who was troubled with catarrh, and waked every morning with a headache and a dryness in the throat, was advised to try sleeping out of doors. Two weeks later he reported that the headaches had entirely disappeared, and that the catarrh and dryness of the throat were practically cured. The fragrance of the outdoor air had helped him by stimulating the sense of smell, and its moisture had acted favorably upon the skin, and the delicate lining of the nose and throat.

Another instance I may give is that of a teacher who, after a hard year in a city kindergarten, found herself

so tired that she feared she could not rest, even in the quiet country village where she usually spent her vacations. Acting upon medical advice, she went to the country for a week; then spent ten days in New York, and after that returned to the country for the remainder of the vacation. At the end of the summer her face gave the best evidence of the benefit of this plan. In this case the patient was too exhausted to respond immediately to counter-stimulation, and a period of absolute inaction was necessary to prepare her for the strenuous experience of sight-seeing, which, by contrast and variety, smoothed out the mental ruts which had been worn by the monotonous work of the year, and brought her nerves into a condition where rest was possible. Museums and art galleries effaced the impressions left by the narrow walls of her school-room; the many facial types of the great city printed new photographs on her brain; and the repetition of the high-pitched voices of women and children which she had endured day after day was pleasantly counteracted by the endless variety of tones heard on the street, in cars, cafés, and all public places.

It would be easy to multiply examples. A hundred times a day we smother our impulses because we feel that we lack time to indulge them; when, if we allowed them free play, we should find mind and body freshened and better fitted for effort. *Often a little wool-gathering, or timely imaginative fantasy, is a safety-valve.*

IX

The opportunities for the practical application of these principles to everyday life are innumerable. The writer has a box of bits of wood tinted with different paint-stains. Desk-workers, whose eyes are much upon black ink and white paper, would find, upon

shuffling over these chips two or three times a day, that the varied colors and grains of the wood afford a soothing and diverting exercise that will relieve eye-strain and prevent headaches. Flowers and growing plants, kept where the eye can occasionally rest on them, are 'liked,' of course, because they minister to and satisfy the natural demand of the eye for color. There are large fields of practical suggestion for the ear, and very definite prescriptions of music can be made which will keep the sense of hearing normal and efficient. Vocal, elocutionary, and dramatic studies, in addition to their general physical benefit, train the voice to produce richer tones, and make the ear more keenly sensitive to beauty of sound. The Negro's plantation songs were the best antidote to the monotony of his long day under the hot sun of the cotton-fields.

As for smell, the writer has made use of a little case of four bottles of mild selected odors. Occasional sniffs from each of these in turn constitute a simple form of gymnastics for the olfactory tract, and relieve congestion quite as effectively as the usual strong smelling-bottle. Almost all druggists' preparations have certain virtues in their appeal to smell, which account in some degree for their popularity. Mechanical contrivances for the stimulation and exercise of this sense are but poor substitutes, however, for the natural odors of the fresh country air.

A recent investigation of the conditions of the public schools of a Western city proved that a marked increase of the number of colds among the children followed the closing of the school-room windows and the resort to artificial means of ventilation during the winter months. This was due in a considerable measure to the greater dryness of the air. The body requires the moisture and fragrance of the free

outside air. It would seem more important to remedy by improved sanitary construction the depressing conditions which so often contribute to adenoids and tonsillar troubles, than to experiment too elaborately in the attempt to kill germs.

I have tried to show how the nerves, the sense-organs, and the brain must, like the muscles, have a certain amount of exercise, stimulation, and variety to keep them in order, and how we can select and use for this purpose plenty of simple apparatus from our surroundings. Health is largely a matter of intelligence. The brain is constantly receiving various impressions through the senses, but the will can determine to admit only the impressions that the intelligence selects. To give too much attention, however, to the shutting out of all disagreeable sensations, would seem like setting ourselves away in a glass case. Man is naturally a fighting animal; but although he needs friction and opposition to develop a healthy power of endurance, over-endurance is to be avoided.

Out of the multitude of impressions that knock daily at the door of our senses, it is possible and wise to admit enough pleasant and helpful ones to counteract the effect of the harmful ones that force their way in, and so to contribute to a reasonable mental and physical balance. Hunger is given to incite us to furnish the body with its necessary fuel; pain, that we may keep it from contact with destructive agencies. We do not fast for a week, and then devote a day to eating; we eat at frequent intervals, when we feel the need of food. Is there any reason why the hunger of the eye and ear for the impressions which relieve and refresh the brain should not be heeded and satisfied with corresponding frequency? Although we cannot always get away from unhealthy sensory conditions,

we can often modify them, and it is matter of common sense to do so. Some little thing in a shop-window may give more real pleasure, if there is a proper appetite for its absorption, than a couple of hours at the theatre; and the sound of pleasant voices on the street may be more refreshing to the ear than a symphony. The touch of a glove may call up the most delightful association; or a remembered melody may refresh a tired mind by filling it with happy recollections.

The brain has the power not only to receive, but to store up impressions which may be roused again by stimulus either from within or without the body. It seems wise, then, to have a pretty good supply on hand for use on either the actual or the figurative 'rainy day.'

Then, with the understanding that recreation through the special senses is an easy possibility, within the reach of every one, why not give it a chance? Why not take advantage of the little vacations and excursions that are practicable for eye and ear and mind, even when the body must keep on working under unhygienic conditions?

I do not mean to imply that work is to take a secondary place, or that adverse sensory conditions are to be wholly shunned. It is just for the sake of dealing wisely with such conditions, and of keeping mind and body in such trim that men may work, and work efficiently, that some attention to sensory recreation is to be urged. The sane and middle course of a proper adjustment of work and play is the course to be followed. Neither the ascetic nor the sybarite gets the greatest value out of life, nor gives the most in return. But the intelligent exercise of the special senses does minister to health and happiness, and the highest individual development. Recreation through the senses should have its place in both education and medicine.

THE SCENIC NOVEL

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

I HAVE just been at work on what will undoubtedly be my masterpiece when I get all the trimmings on it. At present I only have the framework up, but every day will see progress, from now on. I am thinking of having a lithographed picture of a pretty girl on the cover, as a novelty, but that is a mere detail.

In planning the novel I have avoided the commonplace. The ordinary method of writing a novel is brick by brick, as houses were built in the old days, but I have adopted the sky-scraper type of construction, erecting a steel frame first and then filling in the terracotta veneer. By this means I shall secure a strong, earthquake-proof novel, fireproof and carrying a low rate of insurance. That is one of the strong features. The other is that this is to be a scenic novel. I think it will be, probably, the most scenic novel ever written.

I have done this because I believe the public is pining for a great scenic masterpiece. Heretofore, it has been the custom to use scenery for the framework of the novel only, building a frame of local color, weather, hills, and houses, and then filling in with courtship and love, sudden death, happenings and events. But I believe the time has come when the love-novel is beginning to pall, and I have reversed the thing. I have turned the novel idea wrong side out. I am using the love and adventure for the inconspicuous frame, and am putting all the excitement into the scenery. Already I have

written some of the most exciting scenery ever written by the hand of man. I believe people will read my novel with the same intense desire to see what happens to the scenery in the next chapter as that with which they have heretofore followed the fortunes of mere heroes and heroines.

About all the attention scenery has received from the novelist lately is shown by the beginning of a recent great novel: 'The woods were as the Indians had left them, but the boys who were playing there—' And then come four hundred and thirty-four pages about the boys — and a girl or two; but the reader who feels an intense and hungry interest in scenery hardly gets ten cents' worth in the whole dollar-and-a-half novel, until the final pages are reached and a mill-pond arises in its might and does some drowning. Here the frame of the novel is scenery, and the novelist neglects it and mistreats it until the last chapter, and then he has to come on his knees and beg the poor, neglected scenery to rise up and drown the villain, making him an angel at last. That is not the right way to treat scenery.

The framework of my novel is so simple that it will hardly arouse any interest in the reader at all. I have made it so in order that the strong, virile scenery may, by contrast, grasp the reader with a terrific grip and give him thrills of joy. My framework, or plot, is this: My hero is invited out to tea, and in the first chapter he cannot decide whether he will go or not. He

sits thinking, silently. In the second chapter he decides to go to the tea, because the weather is fair, with a rising barometer. In the third chapter the barometer falls a point and he becomes doubtful of the advisability of going to tea that afternoon. Along toward the end of the novel he tries to make up his mind whether he wants to go out to tea or have tea at home, and decides he will have tea at home. In the last chapter he goes to the tea-caddy to get his tea ready, and discovers he is out of tea, and so he goes out to tea after all, and the novel ends happily.

The framework, you see, is strong and free from flaws. It has a beginning and a middle and an end, and works up to a surprise in the climax, yet ends happily. A pessimist would have him drop dead when he discovers he has no tea in his tea-caddy, but I do not require any such crude expedients. I get my thrills through my scenery.

Instead of beginning my novel with the woods, and then neglecting them, I begin with the hero: —

‘Horace looked out of the window. Dashed madly against the side of the hill, as if cast there by ten thousand wall-eyed giants, the gashed and gnarled oak trees struggled in a holocaust of upheaved geology. The western sky gushed fire. Adown the valley the stream leaped in globes of purple splendor and broke itself upon the mountain crest, where its spuming spray gathered new impetus and broke the dead inertia of the supine peninsula. It was Autumn!’

That is interesting scenery, I think. But the interest increases in Chapter II, where he decides to go to tea: —

‘With a sigh, Horace crossed his feet. Over the eastern ridge the hollyhocks bent in huge parabolas, now kissed by the purling plain, now caressed by the dazzling rainbow that struck the plateau amidships and

dashed down, down, down, until it lost itself on the narrow verge of the moss-covered crags. Beneath this and over the fen, an uprooted daisy — relic of some vast, prehistoric page — gave forth a glimmer of greenish gold, and echoed the mirroring face of the embattled hemlock. The intervale lay placidly palpitating under its garnered fringe of whispering sunbeams. All was peace! The hemlock twined around the clinging vine and gave forth its fragrance to the summer seas. Beyond the hollow of the sweeping sky the low-lying heights crumbled slowly into the gathering gloom, and a mighty knob, shaped not unlike an amethyst blue, seemed to rock the sturdy sunbeams in the hollow of their hands. They were not lost. Each, as it darted off, gathered them unto its, and theirs was theirs. Them was is. —’

Of course, that bit is not polished up yet. It will be a little better when I get the polish on, but it shows what can be done with scenery when the mind is set firmly on the task. This is what I call the Heroic Style, and it arouses a triumphal feeling in the soul. It holds the clash of arms and strains the English language to the breaking-point. After this burst, and in Chapter III, I work in some of what I call the Docile Style of scenery. This style calms the fevered mind, and renders it fit for the sharp change to the Chivalric Style, which I use in the next chapter. Chapter III begins: —

‘Horace yawned. The farm was wrapped in deep repose. Beyond the drowsy garden, which lay asleep in the afternoon sun, the fields lay in the afternoon sun, asleep; and still beyond, sleeping in the sun, lay the meadows. Beyond this lay the sun, asleep on the calm bosom of the sleeping pasture. Here lay the cows and kine, asleep in the shade of the drowsy trees, while the cattle slept in the shadows of the um-

brageous foliage, and the blades of grass bent drowsily in the heavy somnolence of the hour. A solitary bee, alone in that vast stillness, buzzed drowsily, swayed, and fell asleep in the heart of a nodding poppy.' (I hope the printer gets this 'poppy' and not 'puppy.' The last time I had a bee fall asleep it was in a nodding peony, and the printer got it 'pony.') 'Now all was peace. Not a movement disturbed the quiet of the earth, and thus all remained for one full un-wakeful hour. Then, suddenly and as if by magic, all remained exactly the same for another hour. It was now an hour later, and all remained unchanged for an hour. Peace now seemed about to reign o'er hill and dale when, like a thunder-burst, a blade of grass grew one one-hundred-thousandth of an inch. The drowsy bee opened one eye, sighed, and all was still!'

If that is not a peaceful rural scene I do not know one when I see it, and yet things are happening in that scenery all the time. It is jammed full of action. But, by this time, Horace has yawned, and the chapter closes. In the beginning of Chapter IV, his eye alights on his own tea-caddy, which is of tin, with a painted decoration of a tropical scene:—

'Above this shore the luscious palms sprang upward, and around it the lagoon swirled dizzily, beating its interminable rune upon the coral depths. But inward all was changed. Dank in the deep hollows of the sweltering mist the moist langoust climbed the lithe branches of the banyan tree and dipped its tips in the wraith of a by-gone day. Along the studding soil, here covered with unending vertebræ of insects, huge monolithic madrepores groped their sightless way and wrapped their crass coils about the dank verbiage.'

That is a good deal of scenery to have painted on one side of a tin tea-

caddy, and it is told in pretty fine language; but Horace turns the tea-caddy around and looks at the other side of it:—

'In the centre of this glowering mass shimmered an isochromatic pool. It seemed as if wrested out of the yester-days of some carboniferous age but to be planted here by some gigantesque hand. Here anthracite and hematite vied in common council, and locked themselves in an embrace of steely pangs. Their many-spored anticles swayed tremulously in the forbidding miasma, and wept sad tears of pale sickly collodion that fell with a nauseating splash into the humid coffer of the moor.'

Naturally, Horace decides he does not want any tea anywhere, but in the next chapter, as he is putting the tea-caddy back on the shelf, he sees the third side of the tea-caddy:—

'Not elsewhere on earth could the same riot of color and hue be seen. Vast splashes of indigo ran dazzlingly athwart the crimson greens, and cried aloud in purple ochre. Like shocks of arms, the blistering bistre stabbed the insurgent grays and burst in gold and copper—red as the rosy morn—against the general undertone. And yet—and yet—and yet mauve was everywhere! It tinged the orchids hanging from the silent baobabs and flashed in the raucous birds that darted glowingly among the tangent boughs. Huge lizards stared at monster newts, big-eyed and glowering, and in the silence clashed their fangs upon the doom of day.

'It was the tropic noon. The heat arose in burning clouds of gauze and swept the hill above with shuddering glance. Far, far up, the eagle swayed above the pallid crest and swooped to gash the passing of the morn. But in these depths no light of sun sank down; here all was dark!'

I'll bet that was hard to paint on a

tea-caddy! At any rate it made Horace hungry, and he decides to have tea at home with thin bread sandwiches. He looks into the tea-caddy, gasps, and faints.

While he is fainting the barometer falls steadily, with rain and gales predicted for Western Connecticut and Eastern New York. He comes to with the empty tea-caddy in his hand, fully resolved to go out for tea, just as the storm breaks: —

'It came unheralded, springing from whence nor where, wracking its dreadful teeth upon the undertones. The harsh wind howled among the piute trees, tossing the laden fruit in scores upon the same, and whirling ever to the rhythmic zones. The crash of mighty giants clashed the ear and wrested thus the peace that fled from

sight, sobbing and shuddering in the awful gloom, while splash on splash the lightning burst upon the haughty head of hematite and vox, and slang them upward with unwearying tangs. Chaos was loose, bold æons sank, and the black gross cosine of primeval days!'

But, as might have been expected, it all turns out to be a gentle little afternoon shower. The clouds drift over, the barometer rises, and —

'Swift, swift upon the deadened ear as sombre cymbal through the startled air, dull silence fell, awakened only by the moaning soul, side-swept from some ethereal subterfuge to pass completely by the sodden soil!'

Horace looks at the barometer, puts on a pair of rubber overshoes, takes his umbrella in his hand, and goes out to tea, and the novel ends happily.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

INVALIDS AND THEIR FRIENDS

INVALIDS, as invalids, are seldom rightly appreciated. In their common human individuality they may be coddled, even loved; but as a class they are anathema on every tongue. Practical uplifters of the world condemn them as a social burden; fastidious pleasure-seekers despise them as lacking 'vivacity'; and — worst fate of all — tender-hearted sentimentalists pity them because they 'cannot enjoy life.' Yet, in truth, though the given invalid is too often a vicious, uninteresting, or pitiable specimen, the type is something that the world could ill afford to lose. The essence of invalidism is not pain, or poulitices, or poverty, or peevishness — though any of these except

the last may profitably be among its incidentals. Like most of God's gifts to man, it may fulfill itself in various ways. But its necessary character is nothing more than an enforced limiting of the field of life's activities. Life being, at best, an affair of but a few score years, with a faculty of eating up its moments much more rapidly than it can exhaust their possibilities, it matters little where we set the limits of the field. A very small corner will absorb a vast amount of cultivation. In an unlimited field a man runs about feverishly, snatching at the complement of painful excitement which is the means of realizing his existence. The invalid, on the contrary, may rest serenely while his existence realizes itself.

This serene, quiescent receptivity of

the invalid, grateful as it may be subjectively, is undoubtedly an obstacle in the path of the social uplifter. Invalids, like the idle rich, are abhorrent to the social conscience. They are not of the producing classes. They toil not, neither do they spin. Their mouths are perpetually agape for unmerited miraculous loaves and fishes. They gather where they do not sow. Without possessing recognized authority they say to this man, 'Go,' and he goeth; to another, 'Come,' and he cometh; and to every man, their servant, 'Do this,' and he doeth it. The practical uplifter, with the narrow range of view so often characteristic of both practicality and uplift, may be pardoned if he finds these things objectionable. But his war against them is estopped because they are inevitable. No invalid boasts that he is 'not as other men.' If he did so — if he were an invalid by choice, and not by divine right — he might well be condemned as self-indulgent. But because his distinction is forced upon him he goes down to his house justified. He achieves the consecration and the glamour of martyrdom, not by having his body racked, but by having his will violated. Now the will, as the Hegelians teach us, is elastic; and violations, with the eternal rebound by which the will rises triumphant over them, constitute its very existence. The invalid, therefore, though a burden to the community, is such a burden as the poet, the philosopher, and the saint. He serves as they also who only stand and wait, setting before the world in his own person an example of how slight the exertion, and how few the external points of stimulus, required to keep burning in man's life that constant gemlike flame of pure sensation which is its fullness and, when rightly used, may be its joy.

Justified or not justified in his econo-

mic standing, the invalid is too often an uninteresting companion. Usually the individual, rather than the type, is at fault. Most invalids become peevish from mere convention, and in their peevishness they build an evil convention ever higher. But aside from this, the very advantages of the invalid's lot unfit him for fellowship with the pleasure-seeker. His pleasures are selfish pleasures, but justifiably selfish, because incommunicable. When he enjoys himself he seldom knows it, and he never can admit it. The very possibility seems an affront to his sympathetic neighbors. He rejoices, as pious Isaak Walton makes the Cynic say, 'Lord! How many things there are in this world of which Diogenes hath no need'; and this is hardly a sentiment to share with persons whose glory is in needing and seeking many things.

That which is at rest cannot impart momentum. Therefore the invalid is repulsive to those unquiet souls so characteristic of our own age, and yet so common to all ages that Montaigne could say three hundred years ago, 'Occupation is with certain minds a mark of understanding and dignity: they seek repose in agitation as babes are rocked to sleep in cradles.' For such the invalid can have but a negative value: viewing his condition they may thank God devoutly for what they have escaped, and may cultivate at his expense the sentiment of compassion, which is really a valuable possession for a busy man. A certain amount of idealization is necessary for fellowship with invalids; but lasting friendships must in any case rest upon some such foundation, for our friends, being human, can be fairly known to us only through charity, and our friendships are none the less real and precious when we have admitted that 'the best in this kind are but shadows' — unless imagination mend them.

But, after all, the practical uplifter and the fastidious pleasure-seeker must not be taken too seriously. It is the good-hearted, sensible, plodding sentimentalists who people and preserve the world; and the greatest danger of the invalid is that these should overwhelm him with their pity as the Sabines did Tarpeia with their shields. The sympathy, like the gratitude, of men will often leave him mourning. He will try in vain to escape the ministrations of those who are charitably determined to 'take him out of himself,' 'make him forget himself,' 'kill time for him,' and 'give him something to do,' — forgetting, in their zeal, that the wretchedness of a resourceful man consists in having too little time and a great deal too much to do.

Young people in particular — insolent young animals whom the thumping red blood of the brute whips constantly into purposeless activity — cannot understand how any one can live without action and without amusement. 'He owned that he enjoyed life very much, and that he had a great desire to live longer,' writes young Thomas Babington Macaulay, on the death of his father's friend, Wilberforce. 'Strange in a man who had, I should have said, so little to attach him to this world, and so firm a belief in another; in a man with an impaired fortune, a weak spine, and a worn-out stomach.' The aged Wilberforce might have retorted that in age he had, for the first time, an opportunity to look about and enjoy himself. To him it must have seemed that young Macaulay, with the weight of an Indian empire on him, a Whig revolution to glorify, his father's family to support, and all the wearisome duties of a London dandy to perform, was the man to be weary of living.

For, after every pain and deprivation, the invalid possesses three advan-

tages for which the able worker strives in vain. He has command of leisure, a quiet conscience, and a chance to see the best of other men. The able worker is tormented by a thousand labors he intends to perform, a thousand books he intends to read, and a thousand thoughts he intends to pursue to their finer implications. The invalid, on the contrary, can reasonably intend to do nothing; each new experience is to him an undiscounted miracle. The able worker has his own necessities to supply; a refractory world to keep in order; and, at lowest, he must work, as Diogenes beat his tub about the marketplace, because he is ashamed to be idle. But the invalid's work, being ineffectual, may be withheld with a clear conscience; his condition being recognized as miserable, he is not under the harrowing necessity of enjoying himself; his doctor being responsible, he is not even obliged to try to keep himself alive.

Lastly, the able worker is constantly exposing the ugly and vicious traits that flaw the nature of his fellows. But the invalid comes in contact with his fellows mostly when they are sanely at rest, or when they are in action only to do him good. Boast as he may, he touches here the wide, pervading charity which shows humanity to be greater than any of its parts. The love which the world hides from her abler children is unveiled to make him humble. Before the strong, gentle, tender, patient friends who bear with him, he stands in silence — perhaps the more abashed because he knows they are not strong, gentle, tender, and patient by necessity, or in their freer dealings with the rougher world. He feels that it would be good to be one of them, or — this being impossible — that it is good to be the object of their ministrations, and to be able to clasp hands with them, if only as an invalid.

BORN OUT OF TIME

By a thousand indubitable signs I realize that the time has come for me to grumble. The world does not altogether suit me, and I begin to say, with a dubious shaking of the head, that it was not so when I was young. Now and then, to be sure, it crosses my mind that in those far-off days things were not altogether to my liking; but this occasional twinge of memory I conceal from the young of to-day. Possibly the spring hats help me to realize how many are the present ways of life which I cannot understand. Certainly they are so fashioned as to strike home to any rational mind a sense of change, and I often rub my eyes, wondering if it is real, this world of the grotesque in straw, and of equally choice novelties in thought and in habit. Wide-eyed, I marvel at my juniors, at their language, their ways of thinking, their attitude toward their elders, their taste in the matter of doing their hair, and in literature, both of which seem a bit sensational.

I was born out of time! Lover of time-honored ways, inheritor of home-spun tastes in a world of shining, flimsy silk and sham velvet, — what place is there for me in the modern life? The world has grown smart, and I am unable to achieve even an admiration for smartness, for I like quiet corners, and the sound of old-fashioned ideas discussed at length therein. The duties of eld press upon me, and I feel that upon my shoulders is laid the burden, not of prophecy, but of loud lamentation over the passing of the past. The whole emphasis on things seems to have changed from inner to outer values, from faith in the indubitable realities of the unseen, to a belief in that which can be merely seen and touched.

As I write this, a certain feeling of

self-satisfaction enwraps me, and I revel in a fine oncoming sense of the all-too-great-wisdom of age. It is no small satisfaction to feel that so many of my contemporaries are blinded by the shows of things, which my more penetrating glance pierces; but this joy is short-lived, for, thinking more deeply, I find in myself a limitation and a lack. With apprehension I realize how far I lag behind the race, and I begin to wonder if I do not belong to an already extinct species, like the trilobite, which probably had no use for fresh ideas. I dislike new inventions. Why did they devise the telephone? Communication between individuals of the human race was much too free-and-easy before. What chance has a man now to think? to develop? to learn to know himself and to be himself? What privacy is there? Whither may he retreat? He goes, perchance, into the innermost sanctuary of his being; the world is upon him in a motor-car. He retires to the holy of holies of himself; the telephone bell jangles; wireless messages pursue him to the uttermost parts of the sea. The telegraph boy, the uniformed messenger, lurk by the portal of the human soul, waiting for it to come out so that they may pounce upon it.

My state of mind is foolish; I dare say my grandfather felt just this way about steam-cars and the doctrine of evolution, but I cannot help it. I resent new truths and new theories. It is no comfort to me that the leg of one animal will grow upon another, and, if one tenth of the stories of lingering agony be true, it is small comfort to either animal.

So I jog along in the old way, picking out the old footprints, living in a house with no telephone, and no approach for motor-cars. Imagine the lot of poor Job if his three friends had been able to arrive with present-day swift-

ness! Imagine how many more would have come if transit had been as rapid and as easy as in these days!

It is certainly most uncomfortable, this tendency of the human race to progress; I should like the world better if things stayed put. I had grown used to it, almost reconciled to it, and here it goes speeding like the wind away from me over leagues of roadway; fluttering into the air over my head, obscuring the infinite blue; and discovering in earth magic new elements that disturb the number of those I was taught years ago at a thoroughly good school. Perhaps each one of us in his own way lags behind his generation, and the habit is probably an old one. Doubtless the *ichthyosaurus* resented the way in which the dinosaur gained upon him, and I have no doubt that the Neanderthaler man, who with difficulty walked upright, — when you come to think of it we have not got much beyond that now, — made it extremely uncomfortable for whatever human thing it was that went before him on four legs.

Now that I remember, in the days of my youth my elders used to feel precisely as I do now about the manners and the ideas of the young. Can it be that anything was really wrong *then*? The one unchanging thing in this world of change is the way of the grandparent in discovering the limitations of the grandchild, and yet, in spite of all misgivings, the youngsters seem to make some progress for the race as they trudge on into middle age. It is just conceivable that there is growth down under the fantastic appearances of to-day; outward signs do not always fully reveal the shaping powers within.

I fancy that it has been thus with every organism in the long chain of being since the first *amœba* started shrinkingly on its fluid way. A bit

belated and a bit in advance, a bit ahead, a bit behind one's generation, — so we go stumbling on in the old fashion of any living creature seeking adjustment. Ah, if one could only find the secret plan in the seemingly illogical, irrational fashion in which life goes jogging on, dumb to the demand of the young that justice shall appear in all its workings, as to the prayer of the old that reason shall prevail; capable of working out splendid achievements by its droll methods of advance, retreat, concession, — going all ways at once. The shambling step of Mother Nature, after all, leads to glorious goals. Does each man feel a bit out of place in his generation? How, otherwise, could the ceaseless process go on? Endless becoming seems to be the principle on which this queer old universe is made; did anybody, or any living thing, ever exist which was not 'born out of time'?

'THE BOOTS'

THE Prince of Darkness! What a wealth of suggestiveness in that old phrase which once had only theological significance, but now is surely applicable only to him who shines in darkness, — 'The Boots.' There are few persons about whom I have so great a curiosity as about this the most serviceable being in Europe. Nobody else in England or on the Continent works so deftly by night, nobody else has such knowledge of human nature, or such accurate information about the details of travel. The Boots is, indeed, the very basic element in the traveler's comfort.

There is a kind of charm in the fact that he never has a proper name; not Tom or Will or Jack, but always the generalized term, 'the Boots.' We never call the cook 'the kettles,' nor the clergyman 'the sinners'; why should one member of society be singled out

to receive a poetic appellation? Is it not because we recognize something picturesque, poetic, unusual, in his relation to human kind? He makes no demand that we recognize his personality. He perfects his work in the generous silence of self-abnegation, willing to be hidden behind a figure of speech which most of us cannot identify.

Assuredly we take him too much as a matter of course, and accept his services thoughtlessly; we never pause to ponder over the strange life which he leads, this ruler over all the shades, who gives lustre to all he touches. Muddy, stained, demoralized though your shoes may be at ten P. M., at dawn they stand before your door so decorous, so statuesque, with shining morning faces, that you long to hear the tale of their midnight wanderings. The process calls for a bit of superstitious wonder, for it seems to realize the old legends about that 'merry wanderer of the night,' who may now use Puck's polish, following darkness like a dream.

Think of the Boots's experience in judging human nature by its shoes! He, if anybody, knows what is the chief end of man. Doubtless he reads character as subtly as Sherlock Holmes could, and might give extensive commentaries upon his acquaintances. From the shape and style and quality of your shoes, from the places which show wear, he can deduce your nationality, your age, your character, even your religion, for, flat as the joke is, the Boots distinguishes between soles and souls. He knows your

whole walk in life, — to the very last.

What is his outlook on the world? Is he a melancholy man inclined to look darkly at all things, or is it only over boots, shoes, and slippers that he casts the pall of his dark spirit? Is he jocund? Does he, with Herrick, love a careless shoestring? Is he a respecter of persons, has he preferences in boots, or are all equal in his sight? Does he grudge humanity two feet apiece, particularly muddy tourists, and does he join with Caligula and wish that 'all the Roamin' people had but one foot'?

Lest I make too much of a fetish of the Boots, I must turn to other aspects of his life. He polishes knives, he carries luggage, he is general factotum, and, in especial, a trustworthy and accurate source of information. He knows the difference between Carlyle and Carlisle, he can understand that when you say 'freight' you mean 'goods.' Last summer I asked a hotel proprietor how many feet there are in the English mile. He disappeared for an entire day. I realize now, that I should have asked the Boots. As a judge of hotels and lodging-houses, the Boots is unequalled. What do we not owe to the Boots at the Rothay for his suggestion about a lodging at Grasmere? Did not he recommend that bower of roses where we sat all day long beside the clear little river, watching the Wordsworthian hills? Quiet, respectful service he always renders you, yet sometimes there must be moments of despondency, for

Alas! what boots it with incessant care!

A CORRECTION

IN an article on 'Socialism and Human Achievement,' in the January *Atlantic*, the author stated that in Washington 'thousands of [government] employees go to work in the morning at nine or ten o'clock and go home at two or three in the after-

noon.' This statement is not in accord with the facts. In the clerical departments of the government service, a rigidly-enforced seven-hour day prevails, while in the government printing-office employees are required to work eight full hours. The *Atlantic* is glad to give space to this necessary correction. — THE EDITORS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

APRIL, 1911

THE TENDENCY OF MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES

BY GEORGE B. McCLELLAN

I

MUNICIPAL muck-rakers have insisted so constantly that the ever-increasing cost of municipal government in the United States is due to the waste and corruption of city officials, that there has been a general disposition to accept their charge as true. Fortunately the muck-raker seems to have had his day, and is rapidly losing the influence which he wielded a few years ago. While he has succeeded in discrediting our municipalities in the opinion of the foreigner, his excesses have discredited him in the opinion of the people of this country, so that at last and at least they are willing to discuss municipal problems with a certain amount of calmness.

It is as unfair to assume that the rapid increase which has recently taken place in the cost of municipal government has been due to criminal waste and corruption as it would be to make the same assumption in reference to the cost of governing the several states and the nation.

While it is perfectly true that the budgets of our cities have increased with startling rapidity during the last few years, it is no less true that the cost

of governing the states has increased with proportionate speed, and that in eighteen years the cost of governing the United States has exactly doubled. But no matter how little civic pride we may have, no matter how readily we may damn city officials who are trying to do their best, we always hesitate to believe that our governors and our presidents are corrupt.

The constantly increasing cost of municipal government is due to causes far more subtle and far more complicated than corrupt officials, dishonest bosses, or rotten political machines.

It is the fashion among those who throw stones at municipal government in this country to compare it, greatly to its disadvantage, with municipal government in England; the ultimate test always being the difference in cost. The statement that municipal government is far cheaper there than here, is predicated upon the total of budgets in English and American cities, which for purposes of comparison is of course valueless. So far as I know, the only effort that has been made toward a fair comparison is that of President Lowell (*The Government of England*, vol. ii, p. 195, note 1), who has worked out a very

satisfactory basis. President Lowell takes Boston as his typical American city, the *per capita* cost of government in Boston being almost the highest of any city in the Union. He finds the Boston tax rate for 1906 to be equivalent to an English rate of seven shillings in the pound. The rates for 1906 in the ten largest boroughs of England and Wales ranged from 7s. 4d. in Birmingham to 10s. 8d. in West Ham. 'In the various parishes that make up the County of London the rates vary a great deal. In one case alone they were in 1906 less than 6 shillings. In most of the parishes they were more than 7 shillings, in many cases more than 8 shillings; in several more than 9 shillings, and in the three parishes of Poplar they were 12 shillings.' In other words, the highest cost of municipal government in the United States was less than that of any of the large cities of England. It would, therefore, seem that there is the same tendency toward high cost of municipal government in England as here, and it is fair to suppose that the same causes of increasing expenditure are at work in the two countries.

One of the curious traits of our national character is that we have always assumed that we are a peculiar people, living under a special Providence, a law and an inspiration to ourselves; while in reality we are, like every other civilized nation on earth, responsive to the spirit and opinion of the time.

Although Jeremy Bentham began to obtain his hold upon the thought of the world early in the last century, it was not until after his death, in 1832, that the direct results of his philosophy were accomplished. Bentham applied practically, through legislation, Priestley's formula, that the one object of life is 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number.'

In the United States under the guidance of Jefferson, constitution-worship

had produced a general faith in the power of law. Yet side by side with the doctrine of constitutional infallibility was the belief in the social compact, and the so-called inalienable rights of man. Before he left the presidency, while still preaching the rights of man with all his old fervor, Jefferson had become, perhaps unconsciously, as had his followers, — and they included most of the people of the United States, — to all intents and purposes a practical and an ardent Benthamite. The belief in individualism became as all-pervading and as strong as the belief in the constitution. The direct consequences of Benthamism were the freedom and sanctity of contract, and the freedom of the individual.

The constitution-fetich of Jefferson, the statute-worship of Bentham, necessarily resulted in inculcating a firm belief in the efficacy of legislation. The right of every man to work out his own salvation in his own way, provided that in so doing he does not interfere with any one else, being conceded, it follows that absolute freedom of contract becomes an essential concomitant to such right. But for full contractual liberty, the help of the state is almost always necessary. Unless a contract once made is maintained by law, the right to contract is valueless. Absurd as it may seem, the Benthamite recognized the right of the individual to contract away his contractual freedom, in corporate or labor-union combinations. But to insure such freedom the support of the law is necessary. Both Jefferson and Bentham were inclined to consider the law an end in itself, and to forget that it is only the instrument through which public opinion speaks, that it is only the recognition of existing custom, that it merely prescribes a penalty for a preëxistent offense. From this consideration it was but a step to regard law as an omniscient consciousness, omnipotent to

accomplish whatever its authors might decree. When collectivism began to influence public opinion in the United States, this view of legislation made of it a ready vehicle for the expression of the new doctrine. As Professor Dicey has shown, the germ of collectivism, which was latent in the body of Benthamite individualism, was the belief it fostered in the efficacy of legislation, and in the possibility of accomplishing results collectively which it showed in the organization of corporations and labor-unions created under the right of free contract so ardently preached by Bentham.

The collectivistic movement began in the United States almost immediately upon the close of the Civil War. Events which occurred during the four years of hostilities had greatly increased the familiarity of the people with paternalism in government. Government contracts easily acquired and easily filled, government pensions and offices easily earned and obtained, a policy of tariff legislation followed far more in the interest of protection than of revenue, educated our people into the belief that government possesses every good and perfect gift which can be had by any man for the asking. Moreover, under the utilitarian individualism of Hobbes, Bentham, and Austin, public opinion gradually educated itself to the spending of great sums for philanthropic and benevolent objects. Early in the nineteenth century we already had habituated ourselves to large expenditures on hospitals, primary education, and poor relief, and to the existence upon our statute books of laws intended for the protection of human life among workmen in factories and in dangerous or semi-dangerous callings. It was not difficult to forget the purpose of philanthropic and restrictive legislation and to exaggerate the potency of the legislation by itself. Individualism, once the creed of almost

every American, was generally laid aside, at first quite unconsciously, then consciously and openly.

The utilitarian legislation of the Benthamite period sought to limit as little as possible the freedom of the individual, and only to limit the individual at all for the protection of his fellows. The Benthamite legislates merely for the safety of the state, while the collectivist legislates in any direction which he thinks will conduce to the general welfare, always influenced by a belief in the efficacy of legislation.

II

The practical expression of the collectivistic tendency of the day has been by means of State Socialism rather than through so-called Pure Socialism. I may make my meaning clearer if I explain what I conceive to be the difference between the two, by quoting somewhat freely from Ludwig Bamberger's very able article, 'Socialisme d'État' in Léon Say's and Joseph Chailley's *Nouveau Dictionnaire d'Economie Politique*. Pure Socialism seeks entirely to reconstruct the state upon the basis of a distributive justice founded upon the material equality of the means of existence. Labor alone produces and has the sole right to the thing produced. State Socialism on the other hand denies this hypothesis, and insists that the fundamental law of society is the protection of the weak against the strong. Pure Socialism would abolish the old order of society, State Socialism desires only to correct it. Pure Socialism strives for an absolute equality among individuals, while State Socialism strives for an equalization of their forces, and believes that the equality of the law is more or less an imaginary hypothesis. Under the old order of things, the law only protects the weak against violence and oppression. State Socialism seeks

to defend him against the legal superiority of those who enjoy greater intellectual or material advantages. It not only protects the individual against others stronger than he is, but even against himself and his own ignorance and weakness. The individualistic State knows only one condition of minority, due to childhood or mental deficiency, while State Socialism enlarges the idea of minority so as to include all humanity. Pure Socialism would have society consist of the slaves of the state, State Socialism would be satisfied with a society consisting entirely of minors. Under individualism, the adult may dispose of himself as he sees fit, but under Socialism he may not.

Although the origin of State Socialism as well as that of Pure Socialism is lost in antiquity, the theoretical and practical crystallization of the former dates only from the foundation of the German Empire. The real father of practical modern State Socialism was Prince Bismarck, the chief enemy of Pure Socialism, or social democracy. Napoleon III toward the close of his reign had made some tentative collectivistic experiments, but it remained for the Iron Chancellor to make of a somewhat vague theory a very definite political system. In 1878, with the help of an overwhelmingly conservative and obedient Reichstag, Bismarck substituted a high protective tariff for the existing system of near free-trade. The doctrine of protection depends upon the same principle as does State Socialism, for the original purpose of both is to protect the weak against the strong. In the case of protection the weak is the domestic producer, the strong is the foreign competitor; although it may be urged that ultimately protection is State Socialism in the interest of wealth at the expense of poverty.

Bismarck found it impossible to

apply State Socialism for the benefit of the rich, without some application of the same policy for the benefit of the poor. Moreover as a believer in a strong centralized government of which he was the head, he strove to strengthen his own hands in every possible way. The direct result of these two motives was the acquisition by government of the Prussian railroads; the institution of a complicated workmen's insurance and pension system; the enactment of an employers' liability law, and a rigorous factory act. The influence of Bismarck's example was felt almost at once in continental Europe, and somewhat later in England and the United States.

While the doctrine of State Socialism has been put in practice more directly and rapidly by the several states than by the nation, it is in the cities that it has flourished with the greatest vigor. So much so that it is no exaggeration to say that our urban population is composed entirely of State Socialists; that is, every one living in an American city, and the same is true of the cities of Europe, believes more or less strongly, more or less wittingly, in the doctrine of State Socialism. Of course it is very difficult, sometimes almost impossible, to draw the line at which individualism ends and State Socialism begins: so difficult that the individualist and the State Socialist may strive to accomplish exactly the same thing in exactly the same way, but from entirely different motives. The individualist justifies the expenditure of large sums on hospitals on the ground of protection to the entire community, while the State Socialist justifies it on the ground of equalizing the forces of the community by spending the money of the strong (the taxpayer) for the benefit of the weak, and by giving the weak a helping hand toward health. On the other hand, the simon-

pure individualist scarcely can justify the support by the community of absolutely free schools, while even the most diluted State Socialist is immensely proud of our free-school system. In short, no activity of government that does more than protect the community as a whole can be justified except under the doctrine of State Socialism. While the word socialist has for us an unpleasant meaning suggestive of the torch and of the bomb, the fact remains that the old-fashioned individualist whom our grandfathers knew is as dead as is Jeremy Bentham.

III

In this country we have only felt the full force of State Socialism during the last decade, the large cities having felt it more than the small. According to the statistical abstract for 1909, in 1907 the five city governments in the United States with the highest per capita cost of maintenance were: first, Washington, \$35.59; second, Boston, \$35.22; third, New York, \$24.51; fourth, Pittsburgh, \$21.80; and fifth, Cincinnati, \$19.87. According to the census special report on cities, in 1908 the five cities with the largest per capita of indebtedness were: first, New York, \$157.74; second, Cincinnati, \$128.61; third, Boston, \$119.48; fourth, Galveston, \$113.07; and fifth, Portland, Maine, \$107.41. For purposes of comparison the statistical abstract and the census report divide the 147 cities of over 30,000 inhabitants into four groups: Group I contains the 15 largest cities, of 300,000 inhabitants and over; Group II contains 25 cities of from 100,000 to 300,000 inhabitants; Group III, 46 cities of from 50,000 to 100,000 inhabitants; and Group IV, 61 cities of from 30,000 to 50,000 inhabitants. From 1902 to 1907 inclusive the per capita cost of maintenance of Group I

increased from \$18.76 to \$21.40; of Group II, from \$12.94 to \$16.22; of Group III, from \$12.88 to \$14.59; of Group IV, from \$11.55 to \$12.80; while the per capita cost of all 147 cities taken together increased during the same period from \$16.10 to \$18.58.

The per capita of indebtedness increased from 1902 to 1905 inclusive, in Group I, from \$75.68 to \$91.25; in Group II, from \$54.13 to \$56.32; in Group III, from \$46.78 to \$48.34; in Group IV, from \$40.10 to \$42.41; while in all 147 cities taken together it increased during the same period from \$63.62 to \$72.89.

The percentage of increase in per capita cost of maintenance from 1902 to 1907 was: Group I, 14 per cent; Group II, 25 per cent; Group III, 13 per cent; Group IV, 10 per cent; for all 147 cities, 15 per cent. The percentage of increase in per capita debts from 1902 to 1905 inclusive was: Group I, 20 per cent; Group II, 4 per cent; Group III, 3.34 per cent; Group IV, 5.7 per cent; for all 147 cities, 14 per cent. In other words, there was a constant increase for all cities both in maintenance and in indebtedness.

The proportionate increase in cost of maintenance was largest in Group II, and fairly uniform in Groups I, III, and IV; the proportionate increase in indebtedness was much larger in Group I than in Groups II, III, and IV. It is fair to assume that while the permanent public improvements have been much more numerous in the fifteen largest cities, the increase in the cost of their government has not been proportionately greater than in that of the smaller municipalities.

During 1905 these 147 cities paid out for all expenses, including loans, the enormous sum of \$1,030,797,319, or more than the cost of governing the nation — an increase of \$216,100,248, or 26.5 per cent in three years; while

in 1908, 158 cities paid out \$1,236,-782,824.

Every one of these cities maintained a free-school system, the largest per capita expenditure for this purpose in 1908 being that of Salt Lake City, \$8.18; the smallest, Montgomery, Alabama, \$1.63; the average for all cities being \$4.70. The largest gross sum expended for free education in 1910 was in New York, \$28,578,432. All of these cities owned and maintained public parks of some sort, and nearly all of them maintained alms-houses and hospitals. Forty-five cities had public playgrounds; seventeen, river or ocean beaches; thirty-one, public baths; and twenty-one, gymnasia. Forty-two cities owned zoölogical gardens; one owned and leased, and five owned and operated, gas plants; twenty-two cities owned and operated electric-light works. During the year 1908 the 158 largest cities expended for new properties or new work \$275,003,695, as against \$244,-117,298 during the previous year.

While in all cities the various transportation facilities are under the more or less rigorous control of either the state or the municipal government, New York is the only large city that has gone into the transportation business, not only as the owner of an underground railway leased to a private corporation, but also as the operator of two lines of municipal ferries. New York heads the list of cities engaged in municipal trading, having received, during 1908, from public-service enterprises, such as water-supply, toll-bridges, and the like, \$18,604,056; Chicago comes second with \$5,127,401; and Philadelphia third, with \$4,368,213.

IV

There is not a city in the Union that has not joined the procession toward collectivism. The typical American

city builds, owns, and operates bridges, ferries, docks, and water-supply; has built subways, gives free primary, secondary, and higher education to all boys and girls who apply, for which purpose it even maintains free colleges; supports libraries, museums, and collections of various kinds, nautical schools and observatories, free public baths, gymnasia, playgrounds and athletic fields, with free instruction in swimming, gymnastics, and athletics; all this besides its prisons, reformatories, work-houses, alms-houses, lodging-houses, asylums, laboratories, and hospitals of all sorts and kinds. Besides seeing to it that the citizen is law-abiding and moral, the city most carefully protects his health. It inspects his food and drink, attends to its quality, its measurement, and weight; it watches over his home or his tenement, sees that he has enough light, air, and space, and that his sanitary conditions are as they should be. It assumes toward the citizen at his birth the relation of a kind and generous, if somewhat fussy, grandmother, and continues this relationship until he has passed away.

Their experience of paternalism in municipal government has made the American people anxious for more. There are no people in the world more exacting, more captiously critical of the government of our cities than we are. We demand the extension of municipal activity in every direction, we are never satisfied even with the maximum of efficiency, and we denounce the extravagance of even the minimum of cost. Every extension of the function of government makes us eager for its further development. What was unheard-of a few years ago, we not only accept to-day as a matter of course, but are thoroughly dissatisfied with its insufficiency. Not so many years ago most of our free public schools limited their instruction to the three R's. To-day they not only car-

ry the pupil through a free college education, but maintain free trade-schools, and there is even a demand in some quarters for free professional education, while in other quarters a demand is being made seriously and vigorously for free meals for school-children, and for free medical attendance and inspection for their parents.

Not so many years ago the streets of our cities, if cleaned at all, usually were cleaned by the abutting property owners; to-day street-cleaning is a constantly expanding civic function. Thus in New York the mileage of streets cleaned increased from 971 in 1903 to 1210 in 1908, or 25 per cent; the amount of refuse collected increased during the same period 27.5 per cent, while the length of streets from which snow and ice were removed was increased from 241 to 471 miles. In the old individualistic days the citizen hesitated to accept the aid of government except as a last resort; in this state-socialistic era we not only accept, but demand as a matter of right, what our forbears would have refused. The majority of the parents whose children attend our free high schools and free colleges can afford to pay a tuition fee, many of those who are cared for at our free hospitals and free clinics are well to do, while the audiences who attend our free popular lectures are in no way different from those who may be seen at any of our theatres.

With our mixed population much of the paternalism in our municipal government is absolutely necessary. Our great cities receive annually vast accretions to their population from every country on earth. Most of these aliens come to us ignorant of our language, our customs, and our institutions; many of them have been subjected in the lands of their origin to unjust governmental restraint; almost all of them have been used to a more

or less oppressive governmental interference in every relation of life. If they are to become useful citizens of the United States, if they are to be absorbed into our nationality and made Americans, government must care for them, for they are unable to care for themselves. The city then must teach them, or at least their children, to read and write and think in English; must make them observe habits of health and cleanliness; must protect them from disease, and care for them when they are ill; must give them parks and playgrounds, baths and gymnasia; must, in short, fulfill toward them the parental relationship of State Socialism.

The marvelous results that have been attained by education and by wise governmental regulation and inspection, in transforming our aliens into Americans, have fully justified the enormous cost. Were Jeremy Bentham to return to earth and visit New York, he would doubtless deplore the abandonment of his principles, but he could not fail to approve the accomplishments of the last decade in social regeneration and human improvement. Even Jeremy Bentham would hesitate before returning to the straight and narrow path of individualism, by the abandonment of the almost innumerable public activities to which our cities are committed.

It being conceded that, because of the demand of almost all their citizens, our cities have adopted a policy of state socialism, the question naturally suggests itself, — 'Where will it all end?' It is easy enough to dismiss the subject, as the mayor of one of our largest cities is alleged to have done, with the cynical remark, 'What do I care? The taxpayers only number four per cent of the total vote.' But the devoted four per cent may be tried past endurance; there is a limit to the burden that the taxpayer can bear.

The public improvements now under

way or contemplated in our large cities, such as new water-supply, lines of rapid transit, sewers, bridges, public buildings, and the like, are intended in most cases to meet the needs or rather the demands of populations not much larger than those of to-day. The state-socialistic demand always keeps ahead of the possible government supply. Even when population remains nearly stationary, as in some European cities, the cost of government nevertheless constantly increases. Where population increases, the cost of government grows still more rapidly.

The chief source of municipal income in this country is a direct tax on real estate, a tax whose incidence is perfectly certain, for it is shifted directly to the consumer, that is, to the tenant. No relief can be hoped for in a reduction of the per capita cost of municipal government, and a consequent lightening of the burdens of taxation to the tenant; for while gross municipal expenditure at the present rate of increase (8.08 per cent *per annum*) will double in eleven years, the per capita cost is increasing at the rate of 3 per cent per annum, which, if maintained, will double in thirty-three years. In most of our cities real estate is assessed for purposes of taxation at almost if not quite its actual market value. The margin between market value and tax valuation is usually so slight that a continuance of 'hard times' would cause the former to fall below the lat-

ter.¹ On the other hand, even under normal conditions, if the present rate of increase in the cost of municipal government continues, the tax on city real estate must ultimately equal its rental value. Of course, the moment that this occurs taxation has become confiscation, and the dearest wish of the pure socialist has been realized.

The only alternative is retrenchment, retrenchment so merciless as to be beyond practical consideration until the pendulum of public opinion, having reached its collectivistic limit, begins to swing in the opposite direction.

Time alone can show whether we are on the eve of an individualistic reaction, or whether the present collectivistic tendency is destined to grow stronger and more widespread, until it commits us to a policy of governmental activity hitherto undreamed of, and only possible of realization through the repudiation of public debt, and the confiscation of private property.

¹ An estate consisting of twenty-three parcels, situated in different parts of the Borough of Manhattan (New York City), was recently sold at auction after great competition for a total of \$2,299,450, or six per cent more than the assessed tax valuations. Previous to the sale, the estate had been valued by various private appraisers, the highest valuation being \$35,000 less than the tax valuation. Since the sale, assessed valuations have been generally increased; the President of the Department of Taxes has recently stated that assessed valuations now generally equal actual market values.

THE NEW MISSIONARY OUTLOOK

BY HERBERT W. HORWILL

WHEN, a few years ago, the generosity of Mr. Alfred Mosely sent several English teachers on a tour in the United States, an American teacher contributed to a New York paper her impressions of those visitors whom chance had led to her own school. Her ungrudging tribute to their various excellent qualities reached a climax in her exclamation of delighted surprise: 'So different from the teachers in Dickens!' The discovery that Mr. Squeers is scarcely a type of the present-day English schoolmaster and that the methods of Dotheboys Hall do not fairly represent modern English pedagogics may appear somewhat belated. But one cannot very well describe this school-teacher's mental attitude as exceptional, when one remembers how many people, otherwise well-informed, still derive from the same source their ideas about foreign missions and foreign missionaries. By many intelligent persons Mrs. Jellyby's projects for the enlightenment of Borrioboola-Gha are taken as representing the real character of contemporary missionary enterprise, and a half-century-old caricature is seriously accepted as a faithful record of fact.

How amazed these *poco cognoscenti* would be if by any chance they should come across a few casual fragments of the official records of the World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh!¹

¹ *Reports of the World Missionary Conference, 1910.* New York, Chicago, & Toronto: Revell; Edinburgh & London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

And how their whole conception of the purpose, the methods, and the results, of foreign missions would be revolutionized if they would take the pains to study these nine volumes with the same care and freedom from prejudice as if they were candidates for a doctorate, investigating the science of missions with a view to the preparation of a thesis. We have here a collection of data of first-rate authority and value. In one respect it is admittedly imperfect, for the missions of the Roman Catholic and Greek Churches are outside its scope. As regards Protestant missions, however, the Conference was widely representative, delegates being invited from all societies which have agents in the foreign field, and which expend on foreign missions not less than \$10,000 a year. Hundreds of missionaries, themselves unable to be present at Edinburgh, contributed memoranda which, when sifted, summarized, and reported on by the several 'commissions,' provided material for the discussions. Almost every phase of the missionary problem was exhaustively considered, so that these published volumes of transactions constitute practically an encyclopædia to which students of missions will resort for many years, both for accurately ascertained facts and for carefully weighed opinions.

Nor is it unfriendly or apathetic outsiders alone to whom this publication would open up new vistas of thought and knowledge. Sympathizers, as well as critics and opponents,

need to revise their conceptions of the problem by its assistance. For even in the most ardent and aggressive sections of the Christian Church, it is only the specialists who have as yet understood how widely the conditions of the task have changed since the days of Moffat and Judson.

That the general missionary situation has been seriously modified during the last half-century is the first impression left upon the mind of the reader by a survey of the accumulated evidence. The new developments can be attributed in the main to one specific cause. If the missionary societies are compelled to-day to recast their methods in order to meet unfamiliar difficulties and to solve a problem that is almost bewildering in its novel complications, it is not on theologians, 'old' or 'new,' that they must cast the blame for the upheaval. The real creators of the revolution are James Watt, George Stephenson, and Robert Fulton. When we scrutinize the changes that make the most severe demands on missionary statesmanship, we find them nearly all reducible to the question of communications. Of course this shrinkage of the world works both ways. When a missionary can stand up before an audience in Edinburgh and remark incidentally that three weeks ago he was traveling in Mongolia, we can see as in a flash how the earlier difficulties of access have been simplified. It is no exaggeration to say that, by recent railway extensions alone, hundreds of millions of people — in the Levant, in Central Asia, in China, in the more populous parts of the East Indies, and in Africa — have been brought within comparatively easy range of Christian evangelistic effort. Yet, on the whole, the disadvantages of the quicker and cheaper means of transit seem, so far, to have outweighed the advantages.

In the first place, by these changes

many parts of the world, hitherto protected by their isolation, have now become exposed to the danger of military and imperialistic aggression by Western powers, with the natural consequence that the instinct of self-preservation prompts a cautious, not to say hostile, attitude to outside influences that previously excited little alarm. The conflict between Russia and Japan has revolutionized the situation in the Far East. To-day we find everywhere not merely, as before, a racial spirit, but a national spirit, which especially resents the introduction of any religion that arrives under foreign auspices. The cry has even been raised in some countries that Christianity, being universal in its aim, must necessarily be a foe to the spirit of patriotism. Again and again, stress is laid by the missionary correspondents on the significance of this awakening of a new national consciousness. Not only in China and Japan has this spirit received a strong impulse, but in India, we are told, 'it is now the conviction of many that everything Oriental, including their faith, must be conserved at all hazards, and everything Occidental, including Christianity, must be withstood to the uttermost.' Similar reports come from such diverse regions as Persia, Siam, Java, the Philippines, Egypt, and the native section of South Africa.

In the more progressive countries, such as Japan, one of the results of this more ardent patriotism has been the establishment of government systems of education on such a scale as to compel the missionary societies to revise from the foundation their policy of using schools and colleges as a means of spreading the Christian faith. The greater resources of the government institutions make competition with them difficult. At the same time the largely materialistic tendency of the teaching

in these state schools makes the need of definitely Christian schools more urgent than ever. Within the native churches themselves the leaven of nationalism is also working in aspirations for fuller powers of self-government and for liberation from the control of foreign missionaries or mission boards.

The railroad and the steamer have facilitated commercial and industrial, as well as political, changes. The expansion of modern trade has not left the mission field untouched. 'Scattered throughout Africa and the Pacific Islands, not to mention other sections of the world, are thousands of Western traders, large numbers of whom are exerting a demoralizing influence.' With every anxiety to beware of hasty generalizations, one is compelled to admit the conclusion that 'whenever an Eastern and a Western nation impinge upon one another, the contact in some mysterious way tends to bring out the worst there is in each.' A sample is the report from British East Africa that 'the railway is bringing up into the country men whose evil lives are positive hindrances to Christian work.'

Of late years the peril of injurious moral influences from industrial movement has taken a new form. The Fijian group, Christianized by the labors of the Wesleyan-Methodist missionaries, has been invaded by thousands of Indian coolies, many of them described as 'the sweepings of the Calcutta jails.' The Hawaiian natives, nearly all of them Christians, are now outnumbered three to one in their own islands by Japanese and Chinese immigrants. More serious still is the new problem created in many large communities by the introduction of Western industrial conditions. In South Africa the natives, when once they have worked in the mines for wages, 'go back to their tribal system

with their whole view of social relations and of duty transformed.' In Japan and India, home industries are being supplanted by the factory system with its usual accompaniment, the slum problem. As Bishop Bashford points out, China, with her hundreds of millions of inhabitants, is to-day confronted, all unawares, with the crisis of a transition from hand-labor to machine-labor, — a transition which in Western lands has often been attended by political as well as economic upheavals. Whether the foreign missionary confine himself strictly to his evangelistic message or offer the native communities the guidance in social developments which his wider education should have qualified him to give, such profound changes must inevitably affect the whole missionary outlook in these countries.

Another by-product of modern communications is the opportunity thereby given for the activity, in non-Christian countries, of those intellectual forces of the West which are antagonistic to Christianity. Half a century ago the religion brought by the missionary had no rival save the religion indigenous to the country. But the train or steamer that carries Bibles can carry also literature that is critical of the Christian revelation, even to the point of avowed hostility. 'The same problems of philosophy and theology,' says Dr. Lepsius, 'which come up at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, of Berlin and Jena, are discussed in Calcutta, Peking, and Tokyo, and in the daily papers of Cairo and of Constantinople.' The cities of Japan and China are to-day flooded with agnostic publications. A missionary from the Southern Mahratta country reports that the names of such writers as Schopenhauer and Haeckel are well known there. Delitzsch's 'Babel-Bibel' lecture was rendered into Marathi immediately on its delivery, and a widely-

circulated newspaper took it into every corner of the district. The more popular arguments of Ingersoll and Bradlaugh have been translated into the Indian vernaculars, and are being distributed in the public free libraries and throughout the villages. To this account of the hindrance caused by anti-Christian activities in the press must be added a note of the stimulus to materialistic ideas which has frequently been given by the temporary residence of Oriental students in Europe and America, where they are exposed to new and subtle influences which may weaken their old moral traditions without supplying any wholesome principles in their place.

These reports further bring out very clearly the aid given by improved methods of travel to the worship and propaganda of some of the leading non-Christian religions. By this means Mohammedanism has gained a new hold on the Malays of the Dutch East Indies. 'A generation ago their Mohammedanism was merely superficial, but it is daily becoming a more and more pervasive and dominant faith. The greatly increased pilgrimage to Mecca, brought about by cheap steamer-rates and better facilities, is consolidating Islam. The Hadji, or returned pilgrim, is thenceforth an ardent defender and propagator of the faith, which gives him peculiar honor.' In the same way, Buddhism has been able to revive the enthusiasm of its adherents by organizing on a larger scale pilgrimages to the sacred shrines. The Buddhists of Japan have also established a missionary society, which has sent workers to the mainland of Asia. As to Africa, 'Mohammedan traders are finding their way into the remotest parts of the continent, and it is well known that every Mohammedan trader is more or less a Mohammedan missionary.' Even among the natives of Cape Col-

ony 'there is a certain Moslem propaganda, to which the conditions of the situation are not unfavorable.'

It is evidence received direct from the field, let us remember, that has brought to light these new conditions. The missionaries reveal themselves in their own communications as keenly alive to every variation in national policy or social environment that tends to modify the character of their work. It is from the study of their letters that one of the commissions of the Conference draws the conclusion that 'the problems of the future differ in kind, as well as in scope and dimensions, from the problems of the past.' Everywhere the missionaries are eager that the campaign shall be planned with a more deliberate and careful strategy, and that the training and equipment of the recruits shall more closely match their task. They believe that the sacredness of their cause demands the devotion to it of the ripest judgment and shrewdest calculation. So far from excusing slipshod methods, their confidence that their work is divine and that it is assisted by the Spirit of God requires that the human coöperation shall be of the very highest quality.

The whole character of the Edinburgh Conference emphasizes this conviction that the missionary problem must henceforth be treated as a problem in applied science. These elaborate reports of the commissions, based on thousands of letters received from all parts of the world, mean an awakening to the fact that truly scientific research must precede any helpful generalizations on foreign missions, as on any other subject of inquiry, and that the results of these investigations must largely determine the course of further efforts. The appointment of a Continuation Committee, to carry on and extend the work of these commissions, is a guarantee that the scientific idea will be

a permanent factor in future policies of missionary expansion.

Too often in the past the enterprise of evangelizing the world has been regarded as a kind of guerilla warfare instead of as a unified campaign demanding thorough organization and prevision. Mere accident has often decided whether a new station shall be opened here rather than there. From this time forward a heavy responsibility will rest upon any mission board which distributes its resources of money or men without regard to the location of representatives of other societies, or to the comparative urgency of calls from various lands. In the disposition of the missionary forces, account must be taken of such matters as the density of the population, climatic conditions, the range of languages and dialects spoken, the temperamental characteristics of the people, their degree of culture, and the probability of raising up a strong staff of native workers. In some fields the concentration of several missionaries at one centre is the wiser policy; in others their diffusion over a wide area will be more effective.

Questions of time and opportunity have also a bearing on missionary strategy. For instance, at certain stages in the history of a country which has recently come into touch with the West, there are exceptional chances of influencing the young men who in a few years will become the national leaders. These and similar problems of generalship will compel the coördination of different societies and churches to a degree that has never yet been attempted. To avoid overlapping and friction there will be required in some instances such a reconstruction of traditional plans as will give an unrivaled occasion for the display of the truest Christian comity.

A scientific adaptation of means to ends will also determine the choice of

methods. Roughly speaking, the principal missionary methods may be classified as evangelistic (including not only preaching, but pastoral and other means of caring for the native church), educational, medical, literary, and industrial. There is probably no country in which each of these would not be of service, but their importance will naturally vary according to local conditions. Medical missions, which have done more than anything else to break down anti-Christian prejudice in Persia, count for comparatively little in a country like Japan, with its modern developments of medical science and its excellent provision of public hospitals. The industrial training so valuable in developing the powers of the South African native is practically useless as a way of approach to the Chinaman, already diligent and expert in the practice of the manual arts.

But the most finished strategy depends for its execution on the competence of 'the man behind the gun.' *The Preparation of Missionaries* is accordingly the subject of one of the largest of these nine volumes, and the questions with which it is concerned overflow into almost every other section also. It is here that we are especially impressed with one of the outstanding characteristics of the modern missionary. This demand for a more thorough special training — a demand most urgently pressed by men now on the field, who have discovered how the lack of such preparation has handicapped their own efforts — grows largely out of the sympathetic attitude of the missionaries toward the life of the people among whom they labor. So far from regarding the religion and social customs of these people with scorn and contempt, they show an almost painful anxiety to get into close touch with native tradition and native thought. They have undertaken their life-work, it is true,

with the deliberate aim of promoting the supremacy of the religion in which they themselves believe. But that does not necessarily mean that they are blind to the purifying and uplifting elements in other systems.

There are some forms of religion, no doubt, in which it is difficult to find much, either in doctrine or in practice, of which the friendliest student can say that the mission of Christianity is not to destroy but to fulfill it. After reading, for instance, the description of the beliefs and observances of Animism, one can easily understand the reluctance of some missionaries to apply the name 'religion' to them at all. Nor is one surprised to find from the discussions of the Conference that some missionaries of long experience hesitate to endorse the representations given by the Fourth Commission — that on 'The Missionary Message in relation to Non-Christian Religions' — of the extent to which these religions afford a foundation for Christian teaching. 'The Hinduism you have got in the report,' says one of them point-blank, 'is not the Hinduism which bulks largest in daily life.'

In a supplementary report the Commission make their position clearer by the following admirable statement: 'It is entirely true that Hinduism cannot be spoken of as a preparation for Christianity in anything like the same way as the Old Testament is such a preparation. No such view has ever been contemplated by the Commission. The analogy suggested in the report is not with the Old Testament but with Hellenism, which assuredly had the basest elements in it side by side with nobler things. It has its beautiful but poisonous mythology, its corrupt sexual morality, its cruel system of slavery, as well as its noble philosophy. Yet the presence of this base and cruel side of Hellenism did

not prevent St. John or the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews from using its highest categories of thought and transforming them through the vital power of the Spirit. . . . There is no reason whatever for Christian propaganda,' they conclude, 'unless the missionary has something new to proclaim; but it is equally certain that there is no basis whatever for the missionary appeal unless the missionary can say, "Whom therefore ye worship in ignorance, him declare I unto you."'

Even where the native faith itself seems to offer few 'points of contact' with Christianity, there is sure to be in the minds of the people some upward impulse, some desire for deliverance from evil powers, some vague aspirations for a higher life, which may in some measure be used as a *preparatio evangelica*. But this cannot be done except by a missionary who has acquired an insight into the working of the native mind on religious themes, and this insight is the fruit of a combination of an unprejudiced and kindly spirit and a long and careful study. Of these two qualifications it is only the second that is often lacking. Nothing could be more tactful than the general attitude of the missionary toward the people he addresses. His normal policy is constructive rather than destructive. The shrewd suggestion is made that, if any destructive work has to be done, it should be left to the native minister, who can say freely things that in the mouth of a foreigner would be regarded as insulting. In the same way, Principal Mackichan, of Bombay, refuses to call himself an iconoclast. 'It seems to me,' he says, 'that our mission is to present Christ to the people and win them from their idols, so that they, and not we, should become iconoclasts.' It is in the backing up of this kindly temper by an intelligent appreciation of native thought that the missionary has too

often come short, mainly through deficient opportunities of study.

If the plans outlined at the Conference are carried into effect, the missionary of the future will not be sent out to pick up this knowledge as best he can in the midst of the exhausting duties of his post, but will already have taken a general course of instruction in comparative religion, supplemented by special courses in the subjects most closely related to his own field. In certain cases recognition will be made of the high technical qualifications needed to meet the demands of a particular field at a particular juncture. Work among Hindu students, for instance, requires just now the services not simply of men of liberal culture, but of experts in philosophy competent to hold their ground against apologists for Hindu Pantheism. In another environment a scholarly acquaintance with the Koran or with the Confucian classics may be an almost indispensable condition of success. In every way the colleges and boards responsible for the curriculum must so study the problem of adaptation that, so far as possible, to the Arabs the missionary may become an Arab, to the Chinese he may become a Chinaman, and to the Kaffirs he may become a Kaffir.

The call for a blending of sympathy, knowledge, and judgment, is no less exacting in the region where religious faith is involved with social custom. It is often extremely difficult to determine the precise status of a particular usage, and to decide whether it is to be regarded as essentially part of a pagan cult, or as of neutral quality, and therefore capable of being perpetuated without harm if once it can be freed from its traditional associations. A typical example is the reverence paid in China and Japan to departed ancestors and national heroes, a reverence which is closely interwoven with the historic

civilization of those countries. There are certain elements in this 'ancestor worship' in its popular form which are plainly inconsistent with Christianity; for example, the belief that the welfare of the dead depends upon the offerings made to them by the living, and that likewise the welfare of the living depends upon the protection of the dead. Accordingly, both the native churches and the missionaries in China are agreed that the practice must not be continued by the Christian converts. At the same time the idea at the basis of this custom has an obvious kinship with the great Christian doctrine of the communion of saints, which binds the seen and the unseen in one vast fellowship, as well as with Christian teachings as to the dignity of family relationships. It is wisely recommended that these features of the Christian faith should be emphasized in the missionary propaganda in China, and especially that every Christian burial should be made an occasion of showing the falsity of the charge that Christians are guilty of an unfeeling disregard for the memory of their departed friends.

A more startling but quite reasonable suggestion is that the Oriental institution of the 'go-between' — a woman who makes a living professionally by arranging betrothals and marriages — should be explicitly recognized by the Christian churches, and that they should use their influence to secure that, in the case of Christian families, this important function be exercised by those persons only who are of approved character. This proposal is an admirable example of the alertness of the modern missionary to promote the Christianizing of any existing social customs, which, however strange to Western ideas, are not in themselves objectionable. Here, again, preliminary study of anthropology and kindred subjects, with special reference to the

field in which he is to labor, will go a long way to prepare the missionary for an intelligent handling of such problems. To this may well be added a training in sociology for the benefit of those missionaries at least who are likely to undertake work in communities where industrial and commercial changes are creating a new social environment.

It might seem a commonplace to include a knowledge of the vernacular among the necessary conditions of a really competent understanding of the religion and the life of a people. There is reason to believe, however, that in the past a standard of bare intelligibility has too often been considered sufficient. This has been due partly to the pedagogic incompetence of native teachers, and partly to the urgency of the demand for immediate service in the field, which has prevented newcomers from completing even such meagre courses of study as had been arranged for them. The missionaries themselves admit that to attempt to gain an insight into the native conceptions of things except through the medium of the vernacular is 'to hang a ladder in the air.' Even college students who can speak and read English can best be approached on the deepest subjects in the mother-tongue — the language of the heart and of the home. For this reason the Conference approves the practice of Christian schools in China of devoting considerable time to the Chinese classics, and recommends that efforts be made in every country to develop a native literature permeated with Christian ideas, which shall include not only books with a definite theological message, but biography, history, social science, and even fiction.

As regards the missionary's own language-training, it is urged by some high authorities that it should begin before he sails. It can be carried out at home,

so it is alleged, by more scientific methods and in a less distracting environment than on the field. On this point there is a conflict of opinion, but the Commission has no doubt of the value at any rate of instruction in the modern science of phonetics as preparatory to any subsequent linguistic work. And those who most doubt the wisdom of spending time in language-study at home are emphatic in their insistence upon the need of establishing in the various fields a really first-class system of training colleges in place of the happy-go-lucky methods of instruction with which so many missionary recruits in the past have had to be content.

The new missionary, the product of the training above outlined, will in some fields have to discharge very different functions from those of his predecessor. In many countries his primary task will no longer be that of a pioneer evangelist — for such duties will fall mainly to the lot of the native worker — but of a leader and educator. However expert he may become in his special studies the disadvantages of his alien origin and upbringing can never be entirely overcome. Only by indigenous thinkers and apostles can the interpretation of Christianity in terms of native thought, and its acclimatization in the life of the people on a large scale, really be brought about. To discover and train men capable of this service will be the foreign missionary's most critical and most fruitful occupation.

Regret is frankly expressed that hitherto the native preacher or teacher has been scarcely more than an echo. The native church has shown very little sign of 'any original or formative thought on the great questions of the Divine revelation and of spiritual life.' It has accepted not only the substance of the missionary's message, but the form also. In its delight at the new power and life communicated by the

spirit of the Gospel teaching, it has been conscious of no incongruity in the framework of creeds and confessions which has been fashioned in the ecclesiastical conflicts of the European churches. It seemed to him 'shocking,' said Bishop Gore at the Conference, that the native pastors should so largely have been trained by the aid of documents like the Thirty-nine Articles and the Westminster Confession, 'documents full of controversies which are partial, which do not belong to the universal substance of our religion.' But as yet no such thrill of indignant protest agitates the native churches. Indeed, many native correspondents candidly replied that they could not understand the meaning of the question asking whether they had been perplexed by 'the distinctively Western elements' in the missionary message as presented to them. The Western character of the missionary himself was obvious enough, and in some cases had aroused prejudice against him, but they were unaware of anything in the message which was especially difficult to assimilate. Perhaps if the question had been put to non-converts, a different answer might have been received.

The missionaries themselves are well aware of the handicap they suffer through the crystallization of Christian doctrine in shapes that are repugnant to the Oriental mind, and they tell us how practical experience in the field, while not in any way shaking their own faith, has profoundly modified their conceptions of the due proportion of the various elements in its content. The report of Commission IV, indeed, goes so far as to declare that 'Christian theology must be written afresh for every fresh race to which it comes, so that it may justify itself to all as the abiding wisdom that cometh from above, ever quick and powerful, and not be misrepresented as

if it were no more than a precipitation from the antiquated text-books of the West.'

There is something that appeals powerfully to the imagination in the prospect of what will happen when Oriental thought has had time to make its contribution to the rectifying of the traditional Christian theology and Christian ethics. 'What we desire to see,' says a correspondent of this Commission, 'is not simply Christianity in India, but an Indian Christianity.' For the present generation the desire will have to suffice. But before many decades are past the sight itself may gladden the eyes of our children, who will then become the contemporaries of an event in religious history worthy of being compared in its significance with the great Reformation. That new form of religion yet to be developed in Asia will not be an amalgam of Christianity and Buddhism, but will as fully deserve the name of Christianity as anything now preached from English or American pulpits. It will differ from Christianity, as we know it, not by any heretical omissions or substitutions, but by bringing into prominence certain phases of the Christian Gospel which have hitherto been obscured or overlooked through the peculiar development of Western civilizations and types of character. These elements have been existing all the time in the Christianity of the New Testament, but we have ignored them or underestimated their importance because they did not suit our own way of thinking.

'Eastern theology,' predicts the principal of a college in Bengal, 'will be more on the lines of the gospel of St. John than the Epistle to the Romans.' The Hindu, more contemplative and mystical than we, will find himself at home in regions of Christian thought where the most cultivated Western thinker moves with difficulty. Hence

the members of Commission IV look forward with eager anticipation to the time when 'whether through the Christianized mind of India, or through the mind of the missionary stirred to its depths by contact with the Indian mind, we shall discover new and wonderful things in the ancient Revelation which have been hidden in part from the just and faithful of the Western world.' China, again, by her intense feeling of the solidarity of the people, has a valuable contribution to make to the interpretation of the truth that if one member suffers all the members suffer with it. If these glowing forecasts are fulfilled, even in a moderate degree, will there not come back to the countries from which the missionaries were sent an enrichment of their spiritual life which, in its reward for the labors and gifts of the past, will illustrate once more the great law of blessing through sacrifice?

It is not only on its formularies and theological text-books that the conflicts of the Church have stamped a peculiarly Occidental mark. Systems of church government bear equally the impress of provincial conditions and temporary emergencies. Here again, the new missionary will be prepared to take the place of a learner as well as a teacher. Naturally, when the foreign evangelist has gathered around him sufficient converts to be grouped in a native church, he establishes an ecclesiastical system corresponding to that of the church which sent him out. Every church organization that has yet been devised has merits of its own as a practical working scheme, and it is scarcely surprising that in this point also the native converts have generally been quite willing to adopt, without serious criticism, whatever pattern of church order may have been commended to them. As in the case of doctrine, the native mind has hitherto done little

in the way of any original attempt to solve the problems of administration. But two forces are arousing it into activity. One is the general awakening, as already mentioned, of a national consciousness. This is bound to bring with it an impatience of foreign control, a readiness to assume those responsibilities of initiative and direction which have hitherto been borne by the missionary on the ground or the mission board at home, a desire to exercise in church government an independence parallel to that which is claimed in politics. The almost unanimous sympathy with these aspirations shown in the discussions at Edinburgh was a notable feature of the Conference.

Another impulse comes from the fact that the native Christians are discovering how sorely the progress of their faith is hampered by ecclesiastical divisions, which may have had sufficient justification in other lands and at other times, but which there is no excuse for perpetuating on the mission field to-day. The whole thing reaches its *reductio ad absurdum* in the story of a Hindu who is asked by a visitor to what church he belongs, and has just enough knowledge of English to be able to reply that he is a Scotch Presbyterian. To the converts from a non-Christian religion the difference between one form of church government and another seems so trifling that they cannot understand why it should be allowed to interfere with the united action that is required to make the Christian propaganda most effective. If the missionaries will lead them in the movement for union, so much the better; if not, the evidence is clear that in some countries at least the native churches will within a few years take the matter into their own hands.

An example of practical alliance has been set in West China, where the Protestant missions (1) have mapped

out the field so as to prevent overlapping, (2) have established a union university, and a common board of study and examination, (3) have united in the management of a mission hospital, (4) are coöperating in the working of a mission press with a common hymn-book, a common magazine, etc., and (5) have a standing committee on church union, whose aim is definitely expressed as 'one Christian Church for Western China.' The possible results of a widespread following of this example may be inferred from the deliberate statement of Mr. J. R. Mott, that a well-considered plan of coöperation in the missionary work of the societies represented in the Conference 'would be more than equivalent to doubling the present missionary staff.'

And just as the mission churches may be expected in the course of time to influence the thought of Occidental Christianity, so one may hope that before long their freedom from the ecclesiastical restraints imposed by tradition may lead the mother churches into the same liberty. 'It is a thought not without its grandeur,' said Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the President of the Conference, in his opening address, 'that a unity begun in the mission field may extend its influence and react upon us at home and throughout the older civilizations; that it may bring to us increased hope of international peace among the nations of the world, and of at least fraternal coöperation and perhaps a greater measure of unity in ecclesiastical matters at home.'

A WAVE

BY CHARLES LEMMI

FROM the vast surface of the ocean gray,
 'Neath leaden clouds banked o'er the wintry day,
 Silent I swell, and swelling silent glide
 Towards the beach that, gray as all beside,
 Stretches its endless length and on each hand
 Dies in the mist as dies the inward land.

The light glints dully on my rounded mass
 As o'er the shifting depths below I pass
 To add my note to the mysterious dirge
 That moans and mutters darkly, 'Surge on surge,
 From the unknown, amid perpetual roar,
 To the mute, half-known shore!'

NULLIFYING THE LAW BY JUDICIAL INTERPRETATION

BY HARRISON S. SMALLEY

I

ONE of the most familiar facts concerning our political system is the division of powers between the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of the government. Hardly less familiar is the conventional method of describing the respective spheres of these three branches, — that it is the function of the legislative department to *make* law; of the executive, to *enforce* law; and of the judicial, to *apply* law in the settlement of controversies or 'cases.' Yet it is obvious to all who have given the matter any thought that none of the departments keeps strictly within its own proper sphere, but that, on the contrary, whatever the theory may be, in practice each performs to a limited extent functions which belong to the others. Thus it is evident that when the Senate is engaged in the conduct of impeachment proceedings it is performing a judicial function, and that when the President vetoes a bill, or a department chief issues a ruling or order, the executive is concerned with lawmaking, and hence is discharging a legislative function.

But of the three, the judicial department is the one which is permitted by our system to encroach most deeply upon the others. Instead of being confined to the truly judicial function of applying law to cases, our courts exercise several great classes of powers, none of which is judicial in character.

One of these it is the purpose of this article to discuss.

The courts are constantly engaged in interpreting statutes which have been enacted by legislative authority. In a sense it is quite natural that they should do this; indeed, it is so natural that the propriety of the proceeding has remained practically unquestioned. A statute is enacted; a case arises under it; in connection with the case a difference of opinion appears as to the meaning or application of some word, or phrase, or clause. What is the court to do? Conceivably it might submit the controverted question to the legislature and ask that body to interpret its own act; but this the court would not be likely to do. The legislature might not be in session at the time; and moreover there is no precedent for so referring a question of statutory construction. But if the question is not to be submitted to the legislature, the court must itself shoulder the responsibility of furnishing the answer. Hence this is a sort of responsibility which it is the established practice of our courts to accept.

But however natural it may be that our courts should assume this duty, in the absence from our political system of any other convenient method of interpretation of statutes, it is nevertheless a fact that the function itself is legislative rather than judicial in character. Such a statement runs counter to the idea commonly held, that statutory construction is a prerogative of

the courts; but it must be remembered that this idea is derived wholly from the fact that the judiciary has for a long period exercised this type of authority, and does not inquire into the reasons which explain that fact. The truth is that in so far as they have exercised this function the courts have exercised it, not as a matter of right, but because they have been suffered to do so by the legislative branch of government. And the legislature has allowed them the privilege solely as a matter of convenience, in order to expedite the application of laws in the settlement of controversies. But the function is nevertheless purely legislative. This seems so obvious as hardly to need argument. To interpret law is to assist in making it. To expound the meaning of a statutory provision is virtually to amend and amplify the provision in question, and hence is legislative activity.

If a legislature, having enacted a law, should become convinced that its meaning was not sufficiently clear or precise, and should therefore proceed to revise or expand certain of its provisions, would not such supplementary action be strictly legislative? Yet that is in substance exactly what the judiciary does when it construes a statute. Interpretation subsequent to the passage of an act is essentially amendment of it.

That the interpretative function is legislative in its nature, is often implicitly recognized even by our courts. Frequently a legislature gives its own interpretation of a statutory provision. It embodies in the law a declaration that 'wherever the word — is used in this act it shall be taken to mean'. Or else a clause is inserted providing that 'nothing in this act contained shall be construed to forbid', or, 'this section shall not be construed to allow'. And in vari-

ous other ways the meaning and application of phrases and sections are specified. Now, when the legislature includes in a statute such an interpreting clause, the courts never fail to adopt the interpretation there given. And in so doing they recognize the superiority of the legislative voice in the matter; they admit that legislative construction controls; they concede, therefore, the fundamentally legislative character of the function.

But while the interpretation of statutes is thus a legislative matter, the courts are in the habit of attending to it, and all must admit that in some ways it is convenient that they should do so. Hence they will doubtless continue the practice unless weighty reasons are found why some other arrangement should be made. Do such reasons exist?

In a recent article Justice Lurton, of the Supreme Court, touched upon this subject, and although he upholds the judicial power to construe statutes, he nevertheless concedes that in the interpretative function there lurks an immeasurable power, which is all the more dangerous to the public welfare because under its cover it is possible for a bad or ignorant judge to defeat the legislative purpose. But this is not the only danger. Aside from the conduct of bad or ignorant judges, the practice of judicial interpretation has developed very serious evils, which are now beginning to make themselves felt. Four of these evils I wish to discuss at some length.

First. A fairly complete interpretation of an important statute can be obtained only after prolonged delay, and by the incurring of large expense.

Under our present system statutory construction is an incident of litigation. A question of interpretation can receive no official consideration until

it arises in connection with a lawsuit, and no answer can be regarded as authoritative until the case is settled, not by the trial court, but by the highest court which is competent to pass upon it. Thus the slow-moving 'wheels of justice' delay the answer for a year or more, — usually more, — and re-trials, appeals, and other supplementary proceedings are likely to postpone it for at least another year. And as in each case only the particular questions of construction necessarily involved in the controversy can properly be settled by the court, it frequently happens that a series of cases must be carried to final judgment before all the dubious points in an act, or even in one section of an act, can be fully cleared up. The expense of this litigation must be borne by some one, and is not an item to be ignored; but the more important phase of the matter is the delay. Many years must pass in which the people are in doubt as to the meaning of the statute; and if, as is often the case, it is an act which affects industrial interests, the prolonged uncertainty is a depressing factor in the business situation.

A capital illustration may be found in the Sherman Anti-Trust law. Passed by Congress in 1890, its meaning has not yet, after twenty years, been fully elucidated by the Supreme Court, although many cases have been tried under it. Some people are so discouraged by the failure of protracted litigation adequately to illuminate the act, that they are inclined to regard it as hopelessly obscure. President Taft, on the other hand, seems confident that the significance of the law has in the main been explained by judicial decisions. But, after all is said, the fact remains that under our present system twenty years have not sufficed for a full interpretation of a statute which was so important that a complete understanding of it should have been gained by

the people of the country with the least possible delay. Any number of other illustrations may be given, and some will be found in cases mentioned later in other connections.

Second. The existing practice compels our judges to assume an attitude on current economic and political questions.

As has been said, law-interpretation is law-making, and to the extent that judges are engaged in the exposition of statutes they are making laws for the people. They can no longer, therefore, maintain the position of arbiters, impartially applying rules of law to the controversies of litigants. They have become legislators, engaged in the determination of governmental policy in matters of a political and economic character.

A law is passed by the legislature for the regulation of corporations; but whether the regulation shall be mild or severe rests, within wide limits, with the judges who interpret it. By one construction they can nullify the law; by another, they can hold the corporations to a very strict account. And so it is necessary for judges to take an attitude, to reveal their personal convictions with reference to those 'problems of the day' which are the subject of so much important legislation. Almost inevitably their decisions disclose whether they are more in sympathy with the trusts, the financial 'interests' and those magnates popularly known as 'malefactors of great wealth,' who so loudly proclaim their 'vested interests' and 'property rights,' or with the great body of the people who urge in reply their claims of 'popular rights' and the 'public welfare.'

Similarly, judicial interpretation may well serve to indicate whether the judges sympathize with labor or with capital; whether they are in accord with movements for the alleviation of

the working conditions of labor; and, in general, whether they favor those modern measures which aim at the elevation of the moral plane of competition and of business, and which do not refuse to make some sacrifice of the traditional rights of liberty, contract, and property, when that is necessary in order to attain the end desired. Their decisions disclose these things because it is practically impossible for them to conceal their point of view in construing statutes dealing with such subjects.

But this necessity of descending from their judicial aloofness into the turmoil of present-day industrial and political struggles, is not a good thing from any point of view. It detracts from the dignity of the judges, and diminishes the respect which has so long been felt for our courts. Worst of all from their point of view, it exposes the judges to a new species of criticism, — a criticism not of their learning, nor of their judicial fairness, nor of their legal acumen, but of their economic policy. The wisdom and righteousness of their ideas in regard to great matters of public policy are being called in question, and from the effects of such criticism they should surely be protected, if any means of protection can be found. Moreover, as will presently appear, the entrance of the judges into the arena of industrial conflict is not helpful to the people in their efforts to solve the problems which perplex them.

Third. The existing practice promotes carelessness in legislation.

It is the duty of a legislative body to give to the people laws which are as precise and clear as possible; but this is a duty which is often neglected, for legislators know that any confusion, ambiguity, or uncertainty in a statute will in the long run be cleared up by the courts, and this knowledge is one of the

causes which are producing careless drafting of bills. Indeed it sometimes happens that legislators deliberately frame an act so that its meaning will not be clear, in order to throw on the courts the task of determining the question of policy involved, thereby avoiding the necessity of deciding it themselves.

An excellent illustration of this line of conduct was furnished by Congress in the passage of the Hepburn bill in 1906. Since that measure conferred on the Interstate Commerce Commission power to fix railroad rates on complaint, it was of the utmost importance to define precisely the limits of that power. Should the Commission be allowed to regulate rates freely except as limited by constitutional restraints, or should more narrow restrictions be placed upon it? Unable to agree on this question, the differing factions in Congress at last concurred in a phrasing of the law which left the matter unsettled. They adopted provisions which were capable of different interpretations, thereby compelling the courts to solve a legislative problem, to determine the nation's policy as to this important phase of the regulation of railway corporations. After what has been said as to the stately progress of judicial construction, need it be added that the problem is still unsolved?

Fourth. Frequently the legislative intent fails of recognition, and a statute is made to accomplish more or less than its authors purposed.

This is by all means the most serious result of the existing system of judicial interpretation. An act of legislation, however much demanded and needed by the public, may totally fail to accomplish its end, or at least may become such a feeble instrument as to be altogether disappointing, while on the other hand it may be applied to sit-

uations not contemplated at the time of its enactment. Such broadening of the scope of a statute is not common, but examples may be found, one of which is furnished by the Sherman Anti-Trust law. That statute was designed to meet the evils of the industrial trusts, but seven years after its passage the Supreme Court ruled that it should also be applied to *railway* agreements and combinations.

In a large majority of cases, however, judicial construction produces an opposite result, and operates to restrict the application of statutes. In fact, the tendency in this direction is so strong that in many cases provisions of law are actually nullified by judicial interpretation, — provisions, that is, which the courts uphold as perfectly valid and constitutional, but upon which they place so peculiar a construction as to deprive them of all their vitality. Thus many a law admirably designed for the alleviation of some distressing social or economic ill gives little, if any, of the relief desired.

Before proceeding to enforce the seriousness of this evil by reference to important laws which have been weakened or nullified by the courts, we shall do well to pause and ask why our judges exhibit so marked a tendency to interpret statutes in this manner. Two potent reasons may be suggested.

While contemplating a statute, judges are thinking of legal technicalities, and not of the social conditions which called forth the law and which it was intended to ameliorate. Often judges have but an imperfect understanding of such conditions; but however complete or limited their knowledge may be, when called upon to give a judicial ruling on the statute, the technicalities of the law control their thoughts. This is a most natural result of the character of the law in which they have

been trained. When James I tried to convince Lord Coke that the king was competent to dispense justice, because the law was supposed to settle cases through reason, and the king had reason as well as the judges, Lord Coke replied, —

‘True it is that God has endowed your Majesty with excellent science as well as great gifts of nature, but your Majesty will allow me to say, with all reverence, that you are not learned in the laws of this your realm of England, and I crave to remind your Majesty that causes which concern life, or inheritance, or goods, or fortunes of your subjects are not decided by natural reason, but by the artificial reason and judgment of the law.’

In this statement Lord Coke expressed an important truth. The reasoning of the law, and hence the thinking of judges, is in a high degree artificial. Its course is determined by fictions, presumptions, precedents, technical definitions; and hence the interpretation of a statute by a judge may be far from that which one would give to it who endeavored, in a plain, common-sense way, to effectuate the purpose of the statute. Judges are more intent on upholding the technicalities of the law, and on preserving the harmony of judicial definitions and *dicta*, than they are on accomplishing the social object contemplated by the legislative mind.

A second reason why judicial interpretation so often proves fatal to the effectiveness of an act is to be found in the fact that much modern legislation is designed for the regulation of industry; and in the further fact that, in principle and spirit, the system of law which prevails in this country, and which we inherited from England, is hostile to such legislation. For the regulation of industry invariably means the limitation of personal and property

rights in commercial enterprise; while it is the traditional policy of the law to preserve such rights inviolate. The great body of the people clearly recognize that during the last century, and especially during the last generation, serious social and industrial evils have come into existence, to the injury of the general public; and they also plainly see that, to mitigate or destroy these evils, some distinct limitations must be placed on private rights of contract and property. But our system of law has not followed the course of industrial evolution, or at best has followed it with slow and reluctant step. In the main our system of law is still lingering in the eighteenth century. Indeed, it has been so little impressed by the evils with which the public are struggling that it has modified little, if at all, its ancient declaration in favor of the protection of private rights against interference. And hence judges still proclaim, as in the language of the late Justice Brewer, that 'the protection of vested rights of property is a supreme duty of the courts,' that, indeed, 'the primary duty of the courts is the protection of the rights of persons and property,' — having in mind, not the social or popular rights which are today struggling for recognition through government regulation of industry, but rather those strictly private, selfish rights which it is the object of public control to limit in the interest of the general welfare.

If such is still the avowed purpose of the law, and the declared duty of the courts, it is but natural that judges who are trained in the law, and filled with its spirit, should look askance at modern industrial legislation, and should think of it, not as a body of rules which should be applied with a firm hand, but as a body of rules all out of harmony with the traditions and ideals of the law, — designed, in fact, to

invade those 'sacred rights' which, in the eyes of the law, it is the very purpose of government to preserve. Looking at industrial legislation in this way, it is only natural that judges in their interpretations should tend both consciously and unconsciously to moderate the rigor of the statutes. It would hardly be humanly possible for them to give any more force than they felt absolutely obliged to give to statutes which, from their eighteenth-century point of view, are fundamentally wrong. In brief, the legal and judicial bias against legislation of this type must be and is manifested in statutory interpretation.

To show that this is practically as well as theoretically true, several instances will now be cited in which judicial construction has destroyed, or at least emasculated, provisions of important statutes.

The Interstate Commerce Act, as passed in 1887, contained no provision which declared in precise terms that the Commission should have power to regulate railway rates. But the act did declare that all rates must be reasonable and not unjustly discriminatory, and did authorize the Commission to investigate rate-conditions, and to issue orders requiring railways to desist from violations of the act. These provisions clearly admitted of the interpretation that the Commission could regulate rates. Such was the understanding at the time, and the Commission assumed it to be true. But in the decisions rendered in 1896 and 1897, the Supreme Court placed an opposite construction on the act and refused to permit the Commission longer to regulate rates. Thus the Commission was bereft of its authority until Congress restored it in 1906.

Among the evils which the Interstate Commerce Act aimed to prevent was that form of discrimination which con-

sists in charging more for a short than for a long haul. Railways had been in the habit of reducing rates at competitive points without making corresponding reductions at intermediate points, thus placing the latter towns at a serious disadvantage in comparison with the former. To prevent such practices, the act provided that it should be unlawful 'to charge or receive any greater compensation in the aggregate for the transportation of passengers or of like kind of property, under substantially similar circumstances and conditions, for a shorter than for a longer distance over the same line, in the same direction, the shorter being included 'within the longer distance.' But to obviate the danger that rates might become too rigid, or that other injury might result from the too strict application of this clause, Congress gave the Commission power to relieve railways from the application of the clause in specific cases in which good cause could be shown.

The intent of this 'Long and Short Haul Clause' was obvious, but unfortunately at least two phrases admitted of differing constructions. Certain lower federal courts began to construe 'over the same line' in such a way as to destroy much of the effectiveness of the clause. They held that when a shipment passed over tracks of two or more railway companies, it was not carried 'over the same line' as a shipment not passing over the same combination of tracks. Thus if A and B were two connecting railways, a long haul over A and B and a short haul over A alone were said not to be over the same line, although they passed over the same rails, perhaps in the same car. It seems incredible that so strained and artificial an interpretation should have gained even momentary acceptance, yet it was adopted

by the lower courts until the Supreme Court finally held to the contrary, in 1896 — nine years after the act was passed.

But while the Supreme Court thus renounced an interpretation which was limiting the usefulness of the clause, one year later the same tribunal construed another phrase in such a manner as to annul the clause entirely, for all practical purposes. It held, in 1897, that two hauls do not take place 'under substantially similar circumstances and conditions,' when the longer is between two towns at which the railway company is subject to competition, while the shorter is between two towns at which there is no such competition. As these were the very circumstances under which the discriminations aimed at by the clause were taking place, as the lower charges for longer hauls were being made almost exclusively at competitive points, this construction meant that there were practically no cases to which the clause could apply. In other words, the Supreme Court interpreted the clause as allowing the very abuses which it was intended to prohibit! As a result the famous 'Long and Short Haul Clause' became a dead letter and remained such until 1910, when Congress made an effort to revitalize it by eliminating the phrase, 'under substantially similar circumstances and conditions.'

In 1903, Congress passed the Elkins law, which, though it dealt with railway rates, was really designed as an anti-trust measure. On the theory that one of the strong props supporting the trusts is the use of railway discriminations, the act endeavored to prevent such practices, especially those personal preferences which are awarded in the shape of rebates. In the famous 'twenty-nine million dollar' Standard Oil case, the Circuit Court of Appeals gave to the act two disastrous con-

structions. Under the rules of federal procedure, the case could not be appealed to the Supreme Court, so a final judgment was not rendered; but if the rulings of the Court of Appeals are finally sustained, the Elkins law will be enormously weakened, notwithstanding the fact that an amendment passed by Congress has dulled the edge of one of the rulings.

The act was construed by the Court of Appeals as requiring the government to prove, not only that the shipper received a concession, but also that he knew at the time that he was receiving a concession. To secure legal proof of such knowledge is an extremely difficult task, and to throw the burden of proof on the government would mean that it would fail in a great many cases in which it ought to succeed. This interpretation therefore was calculated to impair very seriously the efficiency of the act.

The other construction related to the 'unit of offense.' The act imposed as a penalty a fine of not less than one thousand nor more than twenty thousand dollars for each offense, but unfortunately did not indicate precisely what should constitute an offense. Now, in connection with discriminations any one of the following acts may be thought of as the misdeed: —

The formation of an agreement to give and receive a concession.

The making of a settlement under such an agreement; that is, the payment by the favored shipper of a sum less than would be due under the established rates; or the payment by the railway of an amount of money constituting a rebate.

The making of a consignment of goods under such an agreement.

The shipment of a hundredweight, or of a ton, or of a carload, or of a train-load of goods under such an agreement.

In the trial court Judge Landis interpreted the act to mean that the shipment of each carload constitutes a separate offense, and he accordingly endeavored to inflict on the Standard Oil Company of Indiana the 'twenty-nine-million-dollar fine.' But the Circuit Court of Appeals rejected his construction and held that an actual settlement is to be regarded as the unit of offense. Whether shipments are large or small, whether violations of the act are serious or slight, were held to be matters of no consequence. The number of payments determines the guilt of the parties. If the rebate is paid in small sums each week, there will be fifty-two offenses in the year; but if it is paid in one lump sum, there will be but one offense.¹

Now it is easy to see what the effect of the decision would have been, if finally sustained, had not Congress passed an amendment which meets the situation. Its effect would have been to encourage the very thing which the act was designed to prevent. Under the interpretation given by the Court of Appeals large shippers would have found it possible to violate the law, but small shippers, not so. For a shipper, by receiving his rebates only once or twice annually, would be guilty of only one or two offenses a year; and even if he were apprehended, indicted, tried, and convicted for every offense, — which, of course would never happen, — the advantages derived from the rebates by a large shipper would more than offset the fines which could be imposed upon him. This, however, would not be the case with a small shipper, to whom the concession would not be of such great importance.

This construction of the Elkins act, therefore, was one under which large

¹ In the Standard Oil case there had been but thirty-six settlements for the shipment of fourteen hundred and sixty-two cars.

shippers would be permitted to enjoy preferential advantages as against small shippers, thereby accelerating the very tendency which it was the purpose of the act to retard—the tendency toward monopoly. In his opinion Judge Baker pronounced the supposedly established doctrine that ‘the purpose of all canons of interpretation is to discover and effectuate the will of the lawmakers’; yet he concurred in a construction the inevitable tendency of which would have been to cause the act to accomplish the very opposite of what was intended by the lawmakers. This case admirably illustrates the point that sometimes a court utterly ignores the social or industrial conditions which prompted the passage of a law.¹

The ‘commodities clause’ of the Hepburn act furnishes another illustration. For many years the railroads which serve the eastern coal-fields have themselves been engaging in the coal business either directly or through the agency of subsidiary coal corporations owned and controlled by themselves. The independent coal producers have complained bitterly of this expansion of the railways’ activities, for, of course, a railway company can carry its own coal to market at the bare cost of transportation, but will naturally see to it that the independents pay a rate which puts them at a disadvantage in the market, as compared with the railway. To relieve this situation the Hepburn act sought to divorce the railways from their coal properties, and to compel them to confine them-

selves to their proper functions as public-service corporations. To that end the following ‘commodities clause’ was enacted:—

‘It shall be unlawful for any railroad company to transport from any State, Territory, or the District of Columbia, to any other State, Territory, or the District of Columbia, or to any foreign country, any article or commodity, other than timber and the manufactured products thereof, manufactured, mined, or produced by it, or under its authority, or which it may own in whole or in part, or in which it may have any interest direct or indirect, except such articles or commodities as may be necessary and intended for its use in the conduct of its business as a common carrier.’

The railways made it manifest that they would not willingly obey this law, whereupon test cases were started and carried to the Supreme Court. In settling these cases that tribunal practically annihilated the clause by its interpretation of the words ‘any interest, direct or indirect.’ It held that a railway which owns the stock of a coal company has no interest, direct or indirect, in the coal! This amazing construction was received with great satisfaction by the railways, for most of them had already formed subsidiary coal companies, and the rest hastened to do so at once. Thus the clause is utterly impotent, and cannot affect the evils it was designed to correct.

It is true that Congress might have included in the clause a specific reference to property owned by subsidiary companies,—as was, indeed, proposed while the bill was under discussion. But Congress felt that it had covered the ground completely when it not only mentioned commodities ‘manufactured, mined, or produced by it [the railroad], or under its authority, or which it may own in whole or in part,’

¹ The amendment passed by Congress to which reference has been made, adds the penalty of imprisonment to the bare punishment by fine, and thereby creates a real deterrent to prevent the large shipper from taking advantage of the loophole made by the decision of the Court of Appeals. He will often feel safe, however, because of the burden, cast upon the government, of proving his knowledge of the concession.

but even included articles in which the railway 'may have any interest, direct or indirect.' Surely such a provision would seem to be thoroughly inclusive, and the failure of Congress to go further into detail can hardly justify the judiciary in adopting a construction which is not only extraordinary in itself, but which prevents the clause from accomplishing its avowed object — even from accomplishing anything at all.

Many other illustrations could be given, but perhaps those which have been presented sufficiently enforce the truth of the proposition that judicial interpretation often weakens and sometimes nullifies acts of legislation.

II

If there is even moderate force in the points which have thus far been made, two things seem evident.

First, that greater care should be taken by our legislative bodies in drafting statutes. Each law should be made as clear and precise as possible, so that the number of questions of construction to be afterwards passed upon will be reduced to a minimum. To this end it would be advisable for each lawmaking body to maintain a standing committee on phraseology, charged with the duty of revising and perfecting the language of all bills before their final passage. But even under the most favorable circumstances our legislators cannot be expected to do their work so perfectly as to avoid entirely the necessity of later interpretation. However careful they may be, they cannot possibly foresee every question which may arise. And hence it is certain that, however excellent the legislative work may be, statutes will usually require more or less interpretation. Therefore, —

Secondly, in view of the manifest

evils connected with judicial interpretation, the suggestion is at least deserving of consideration, that the system might advantageously be replaced by some other not so open to objection. In the light of the preceding discussion, it is easy to see what the essential features of a more satisfactory system would be. Such a system would be one in which statutes could be interpreted promptly and without unnecessary expense to the people, and in which interpretations would be rendered by a non-judicial authority, — a body, in fact, composed of persons outside of the legal profession.

If the delay and expense of the present system were its only defects, they could be removed without a fundamental change. Nothing would be required beyond a modification of judicial practice in the direction of a more business-like procedure. If, *without resorting to litigation*, people were privileged to raise questions of construction before the highest court competent to pass upon a statute, and the court were authorized to answer such questions, prompt and inexpensive interpretations could be secured. But while such a reform would be highly useful, it would not meet all the requirements of the situation. It would not relieve our judges of the necessity of assuming an attitude on public problems, nor would it relieve the people of the evils resulting from the legalistic bias against industrial regulation and from the judicial penchant for technicalities. If these difficulties are to be met, a radical change is necessary. Judicial interpretation must be abandoned, and the function must be assumed either by the legislative or by the executive branch of the government.

Now, since the function is essentially legislative in character, it would seem quite natural and proper to transfer it to the lawmaking authority; but inas-

much as legislative assemblies are not in session the greater part of the time, such a proceeding would obviously be out of the question. On the other hand it is conceivable that the interpretative function might advantageously pass to the executive department of the government. Indeed, an administrative body would seem to be a most desirable agency for the discharge of this important class of duties. Such an authority could proceed as soon as possible after the enactment of a law to make it the subject of study, and to interpret any passages which were found to be obscure. All persons would be allowed to present inquiries to this authority, with reference to the meaning of any statutory provision; and in case a question of construction not already settled should arise in the course of litigation, the court would at once refer it to the same authority for decision. Of course, all rulings in the nature of interpretations would be made public, and printed copies would be sent free to all persons applying for them. Moreover all rulings would be regarded as part and parcel of the acts to which they applied, and hence would be final unless later amended by legislative action.

Under such a system it is probable that within a few weeks — at most a few months — after the passage of an act, all the more important points would have been suggested and settled. Thus would be saved the expense of litigation, and the tedious delay and uncertainty characteristic of the present system; the courts also would be saved the time which they are now compelled to give to such matters, and would be spared the necessity of disclosing their ideas on current questions; while the public at large would be secured from the serious results which flow from judicial nullification of important statutes.

An authority, then, such as has been described, is highly to be desired, but how is it to be constituted? Several suggestions might be made, but the following two seem to offer the greatest promise of success.

So far as national legislation is concerned, Congress might confer on the heads of the administrative departments the power and duty of interpreting all acts pertaining to their respective departments, with final authority vested in the President; except that interstate commerce legislation would naturally be interpreted by the Interstate Commerce Commission rather than by a member of the Cabinet. Or else Congress might provide for a permanent Commission on Statutory Construction, which would devote itself exclusively to this work.¹

Of these two plans probably the latter would prove the more successful, provided that the commission was small; provided also that so far as possible it was composed of persons outside of the legal profession, who would have the attitude of the publicist rather than that of the lawyer; and provided further that the salaries were made so large, and the circumstances surrounding the commission so dignified, that men of large calibre would be attracted to it — men fully of cabinet grade.

It is essential that the commission should be composed largely, if not wholly, of laymen, for otherwise the legalistic attitude and processes of thought would continue to control the construction of statutes. But it must be noted that there would be one important limitation upon the usefulness of a body so constituted. The nature of this limitation will be perceived when it is understood that there are two kinds or classes of statutes, which,

¹ A similar arrangement could be made in each state, for the interpretation of local legislation.

for lack of better names, may be called 'social' and 'legal.' The former class embraces all statutes pertaining to political, economic, and sociological subjects. Examples may be found in the laws relating to the tariff, the census, the regulation of railway rates, the control of trusts, the determination of labor conditions in factories, and so on. It is legislation of this important type which has been held in mind in the preceding discussion. But there are numerous other statutes which pertain merely to matters of law. Such, for example, are the acts which modify the common-law rules on real property, wills, bailments, damages, and so forth. For the intelligent interpretation of such statutes one obviously needs a broad comprehension of legal principles and a knowledge of their historical development; and hence a tribunal composed of men without training in the law could not properly deal with legislation of this class.

An administrative body, then, while exactly the sort of authority needed for the interpretation of 'social' measures, would not be ideal when 'legal' statutes were to be passed upon. A difficulty thus arises, which is serious but not by any means insuperable. At least two methods of overcoming it may be suggested. On the one hand a legislative body, in enacting 'legal' statutes, might definitely assign them to the courts for interpretation, rather than to the commission. On the other hand the commission might be provided with competent legal advisers whose duty it would be to make clear the legalistic significance of provisions under consideration. This would prevent the commission from falling into error because of ignorance of the legal background of statutes, while at the same time it would also permit the 'common-sense' rather than the purely legalistic frame of mind to control the situation.

The same results could be accomplished, perhaps as well, by providing that one member of the commission should be a lawyer.

It will, of course, be objected that a law transferring the power of interpretation from the courts to an administrative body would be declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court; but this is not by any means certain. If such a law were passed, the question which that court would have to decide would be the following: To which department of government does the power of statutory interpretation properly belong? The court might hold, on the legalistic basis of precedent, that since the courts have so long exercised the power, it is judicial in character. If such were its ruling, the law would of course be declared an unconstitutional attempt to deprive the courts of a part of the judicial authority conferred on them by our fundamental law. But if the court were to regard the power as administrative, the law would be upheld. If, however, the court were to hold the power to be legislative, a new problem would arise, involving the question as to whether the lawmaking body can delegate this phase of its authority to an administrative body. The general principle is that legislative powers cannot be delegated, but one may nevertheless hold that administrative interpretation could be established without a constitutional amendment. It would seem that if the power of interpretation is now being delegated to the courts without impropriety, it could be delegated to administrative officers without impropriety. Furthermore, a somewhat analogous case has long been familiar. Legislative bodies pass laws declaring in general terms that railway rates must be just and reasonable, but delegate to commissions the task of determining what that declaration means,

specifically, in the case of the railways subject to the laws; and this delegation of power has long been upheld by the courts as valid. By analogy, therefore, it would seem proper for a legislative body to pass a law leaving to a commission the duty of rendering it precise and clear.

Of course, if such administrative interpretation is unconstitutional, it is highly improbable that it can ever be established, since constitutional amendments are so difficult to secure in this country. But there seems to be sufficient reason for believing in its validity to warrant the enactment of a law which would raise the question and

secure an answer from the federal Supreme Court.

That there would be problems to solve in connection with the establishment of such a system, is of course true. That the system would meet with difficulties and, especially at first, become involved in complications, is likewise true. It would unquestionably take time to determine clearly the exact relation of the administrative authority to the legislature and the courts. But whether all of these difficulties would not be much less serious than the evil results of the present system, is a question which deserves the earnest attention of the American people.

AFTER HE WAS DEAD

BY MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

AN hour before sunset the man, who had been at work all day, turned out of the cornfield. He crossed the furrows to the rail fence, with the hoe in his hands. At the bars leading into the field a squirrel rifle, with a long wooden stock reaching to the end of the barrel, stood against the chestnut post; beside it lay a powder-horn attached to a pouch of deerskin containing bullets. The man set his hoe against the fence. He wiped his hands on the coarse fox-grass growing in the furrows, examined the sun for a moment, then took up the rifle, removed an exploded cap from the nipple, and began to load it.

He poured the black powder into his palm, and bending his palm emptied it into the barrel. The measure of powder was a sufficient charge, but he

added to it half the quantity again, emptied into his palm from the horn. Then he took a handful of bullets out of the pouch, selected one of which the neck was squarely cut, and placing a tiny fragment of calico over the muzzle of the rifle, drew out the hickory ramrod and forced the bullet down. He got a percussion cap out of a paper box, examined it, placed it on the nipple, and gently pressed it down with the hammer of the lock.

When the gun was thus carefully loaded the man threw it across his shoulder and, taking the horn and pouch in his hand, left the field. He went along a path leading through a wood to the valley below. Midway of the wood he stopped and concealed the horn and pouch in a hollow tree. Then

he continued on his way with the rifle tucked under his arm.

The country below him was one of little farms, skirted by trees lining the crests of low hills. The man traveled for several miles, keeping in the shelter of the wood. Finally, he crossed a river on a fallen tree and sat down in a thicket behind a rail fence. Beyond this fence was a pasture field and a score of grazing cattle. In this field, some twenty paces from where the man sat, the earth was bare in little patches where the owner of the cattle had been accustomed to give them salt.

The sun was still visible, but great shadows were beginning to lengthen across the valley. Presently an old man, riding a gray horse, entered the field from the road. When he came through the gate, the man concealed in the brush cocked his rifle, laid the muzzle on a rail of the fence, and waited, with his jaw pressed against the stock. The old man rode leisurely across the field to the place where he had been accustomed to 'salt' his cattle. There he got down, opened a bag which he carried across the pommel of his saddle, and began to drop handfuls of salt on the bare patches in the pasture. From time to time he called the cattle, and when he did so he stood up with his back toward the fence, looking at the bullocks approaching slowly from another quarter of the field.

There was a sharp report. The old man turned stiffly on his heels with his arms spread out. His face was distorted with amazement, then it changed to terror. He called out something, in a thick, choked voice; then he fell with his arms doubled under him.

A thin wisp of smoke floated up from the rail fence; the horse, however, did not move; it remained standing with its bridle-rein lying on the earth. The cattle continued to approach. The man in the brush arose. The dead man

had called out his name 'Henry Fuget.' Of that he was certain. That he had distinctly heard. But of the other words he was not so certain. He thought the old man had said, 'You shall hear from me!' But the words were choked in the throat. He might have heard incorrectly. He looked carefully about him to be sure that no one had heard his name thus called out; then he took up his rifle, crossed the river on the fallen tree, and returned toward the cornfield.

He was a stout, compactly-built man of middle life. His hair was dark, but his eyes were blue. He was evidently of Celtic origin. He walked slowly, like one who neither delays nor hurries. He got the horn and pouch from the hollow tree as he passed, reloaded his rifle, shot one or two gray squirrels out of the maple trees, took them in his hand, and went down the ridge through the little valley, to a farmhouse. He had traveled seven miles, and it was now night.

After the evening meal, which the laborer ate with the family of his employer, he went to his bed in the loft of the farmhouse. On this night Fuget ate well and slept profoundly. The stress which had attended his plan to kill Samuel Pickens, seemed now to disappear. The following morning he returned to his work in the cornfield. But as the day advanced he became curious to know if the body of Pickens had been found, and how the country had received the discovery. He had no seizure of anxiety. He had carefully concealed every act in this tragic drama. He was unknown in this part of the country. Pickens had not seen him before the shot. He had come here quietly, obtained employment as a farm laborer, under the name of Williams, located his man, watched, and killed him. True, Pickens had realized who it was who had fired the shot when

the bullet entered his body, but he was dead the following moment, and before that he had believed Fuget in another part of the world.

As Fuget remembered the scene, he found himself trying to determine what, exactly, it was that Pickens had said, after he had called his name. It seemed to Fuget that he must have heard incorrectly. He labored to recall the exact sounds that had reached him. If not these words, — 'You shall hear from me,' — what was it that Pickens had said? And as he puzzled, he became more curious to know how Pickens had been found, and what the people were saying of the murder. Such news travels swiftly.

As the day advanced, Fuget's curiosity increased. He paused from time to time in the furrow, and remained leaning on his hoe-handle. Finally he thrust the blade of the hoe under a root, broke it at the eye, and returned to the farmhouse, with the broken hoe in his hand.

At the door he met the farmer's wife. She spread out her arms with a sudden, abrupt gesture.

'La! Mr. Williams,' she said, 'have you heard the news? Somebody shot old Sam Pickens.'

Fuget stopped. 'Who's Sam Pickens?' he said.

'Bless my life!' said the woman; 'I forgot you're a stranger. Sam Pickens? Why, he's a cattle-man that come over the mountains about two year ago. He bought the Carpenter land on the River.'

Fuget had now his first moment of anxiety.

'I hope he ain't much hurt,' he said.

'Hurt!' replied the woman. 'Why, he's dead. They found him a-layin' in his pasture field, where he'd gone to salt his cattle.'

Fuget stood for a moment, nodding his head slowly.

'Well, that's a terrible thing. Who done it?'

The woman flung up her hands.

'That's the mystery,' she said. 'He did n't have any enemies. He was curious, but he was a good neighbor, folks say. They liked him. He lived over there by himself.'

Fuget ventured a query.

'Did they see any signs of anybody about where they found him?'

'There would n't be any signs in a pasture field,' said the woman, 'an' the person that shot him must have been standin' out in the pasture field, because he was a-layin' a-facin' the river. An' he'd been shot in the back. They could tell that for a certainty,' she added, 'because a bullet tears where it comes out, an' it carries in stuff with it where it goes in.'

Fuget made some further comment, then he held up the pieces of the hoe.

'I come in to get another hoe,' he said. 'I broke the blade on a root.'

Then he went out to the log barn, selected a hoe from a number hanging in a crack of the logs, and returned to the cornfield.

He had now a sense of complete security. Even chance had helped. The turning of the old man in the act of death had diverted inquiry from the direction of the river, where some broken bushes might have indicated his hiding-place. He worked the remainder of the day in the cornfield. He had the profound satisfaction of one who successfully shapes events to a plan. Nevertheless, he found himself pausing, now and then, to consider what it was that Pickens had said. The elimination of all anxieties seemed somehow to have brought this feature of the tragedy forward to the first place. It seized his attention with the persistent interest of a puzzle.

That evening at supper the farmer related the gossip of the countryside.

There was nothing in this gossip that gave Fuget the slightest concern. No clue of any character had been observed, and there were no conjectures that remotely approached the truth. Fuget talked of the tragedy without the least restraint. That anxiety which he had feared to feel when the matter would come to be discussed did not present itself. The old wives' tales of tortured conscience and the like, while he had not believed them, had, nevertheless, given him a certain concern. They were like tales of ghosts, which one could laugh at, but could not disprove until one had slept in the haunted house. He now knew that they were false.

He went to bed with the greatest composure. He was even cheerful. But he did not sleep. His mind seemed unusually clear and active. It reverted to the details of the tragedy, not with any sense of anxiety, but with a sort of satisfaction, as of one who contemplates an undertaking successfully accomplished. He passed the incidents in review, until he reached the words which Pickens had uttered. And, keenly alert, like a wrestler in condition, his mind began to struggle with that enigma. He endeavored to compose himself to slumber. But he could not. He was intensely awake. His mind formulated all the expressions that might resemble in sounds those words which Pickens seemed to have said, but they were of no service. He turned about in his bed, endeavoring to dismiss the problem. But his mind seemed to go on with it against every effort of his will. He concluded that this sleeplessness was due to the coffee which he had taken at supper, and he determined to abandon the use of it. Now and then he fell asleep, but he seemed almost instantly to awaken. He was glad when the daylight began to appear.

The following night he drank no coffee, and he fell asleep. But some time in the night he awoke again to the besetting puzzle. He sat up in the bed, and determined to dismiss it. He had believed Pickens to say, 'You shall hear from me'; very well then, that was what he had said. And he lay down. But, instantly, upon that decision, there appeared another phase of the puzzle that fascinated his attention. Why had Pickens used that expression? Why should he say, 'You shall hear from me'? He was in the act of death when he spoke. He knew that. The realization of it was in his face. These words were inconsistent with a sense of death.

He lay for a long time, intent upon this new aspect of the matter. Did the dying man intend this as a threat which he expected to carry out? But how could one hear from a dead man. And there arose a medley of all the tales that he had ever heard, relating to messages transmitted to the living from the spirit world. He dismissed these tales as inconsistent with the sane experiences of men. But the effect of them, which he had received as a child, he could not dismiss. Moreover, how could one be certain that, under some peculiar conditions, such messages were not transmitted? Learned men were, themselves, not absolutely sure.

And intent upon this thing he remembered that those about to die were said sometimes to catch glimpses of truths ordinarily hidden. Men plucked from death had testified to a supernal activity of the mind. And those who had watched had observed the dying to use words and gestures which indicated a sight and hearing beyond the capacities of life.

He reflected. When Pickens had said, 'You shall hear from me,' it was certain that he meant what he said.

Men did not utter idle threats when they were being ejected out of life. The law, ordinarily so careful for the truth, recognized this fact. He had heard that the declarations of those who believed themselves in dissolution, were to be received in courts of law without the sanctity of an oath. It was the common belief that the dying did not lie. Then, if he had heard correctly, this business was not ended. But had he heard correctly? And here the abominable thing turned back upon itself. And he began again on this interminable circle, as a fly follows the inside of a bowl, from which it can never escape.

In the realities of daylight, he was able to assail this thing, and, in a measure, overcome it. The dead did not return, and their threats were harmless. But in the insecurity of darkness, it possessed him. In the vast, impenetrable, mysterious night, one could not be so certain. One seemed then on the borderland of life where things moved that did not venture out into the sun, or in the sun became invisible. And, under the cover of this darkness, the dead man might somehow be able to carry out his threat. This was the anxiety that beset him. And in spite of his disbelief and the assurance of his reason he began to expect this message. And he began to wonder from what quarter it would approach him, and at what hour, and in what form. This thing appalled him: that one, whom he did not fear from the activity of life, should thus disturb him from the impotency of death.

Fuget was preparing quietly to leave the country when, about a week later, the farmer inquired if he wished to go with him, on that morning, to the county seat. It was the day on which the circuit court convened, — 'court day,' — and by custom the country peo-

ple assembled in the village. The farmer had been drawn on the grand jury.

'The judge will be chargin' us about the Pickens murder,' he said. 'You'd better go in an' hear him; the judge is a fine speaker.'

It was the custom of these circuit judges to direct the attention of the grand jury to any conspicuous crime, and they usually availed themselves of this custom to harangue the people.

That curiosity which moved Fuget to seek the earliest news of the murder now urged him to hear what the judge would say, and he went with the farmer to the village. The court-room was crowded. Fuget remained all the afternoon seated on one of the benches. After the assembling of the grand jury, the judge began his charge. He reviewed the incidents of the assassination. Fuget found himself following these details. Under the speaker's dramatic touch the thing took on a more sinister aspect.

It could not avail the assassin that no human eye had seen him at his deadly work. By this act of violence he had involved himself with mysterious agencies that would not permit him to maintain his secret. It was in vain that human ingenuity strove against these influences. One might thrust his secret into the darkness, but he could not compel the darkness to retain it. These agencies would presently expel it into the light: as one could cast the body of the dead into the sea, but could not force the sea to receive it; it would be there when he returned, ghastly on the sand. And the hideous danger was that one never could tell at what hour, or in what place, or by what means, these mysterious agencies would reveal the thing which he had hidden.

While the judge spoke, Fuget thought of the strange words which Pickens had uttered, and he felt a sense of in-

security. He moved uneasily in his seat, and the perspiration dampened his body. When the court adjourned, he hurried out. He passed through the swinging doors of the court-room, and descended the stairway into the corridor below. As he elbowed his way through the crowd, he thought some one called out his name, 'Henry Fuget,' and instinctively he stopped, and turned around toward the stairway. But no one in the crowd coming down seemed to regard him, and he hurried away.

He was now alarmed, and he determined to leave the country at once. He returned with the farmer. That night, alone in the loft of the farmhouse, he packed his possessions into a bundle and sat down on the bed to wait until the family below him should be asleep. He did not cease to consider this extraordinary incident. And it presently occurred to him that if some one had, in fact, recognized him, and he should now flee in the night, his guilt would be conclusively indicated. And side by side with that suggestion, there arose another. Had he, in fact, heard a human tongue call out his name? He labored to recall the sounds which he seemed to have heard, as he had labored to recall those which Pickens had uttered. The voice had seemed to him thin and high. Was it a human voice?

He rose, unpacked the bundle, and went over to the window. The night seemed strange to him. The air was hard and bright, thin clouds were moving, a pale moonlight descended now and then on the world. There was silence. Every living thing seemed to have departed out of life. He thought of all the persons whom he had this day seen alert and alive, as now no better than dead men, lying unconscious, while the earth turned under them in this ghostly light. And it

seemed to him a thing of no greater wonder, that the dead should appear or utter voices, than that these innumerable bodies, prone and motionless, should again reënter into life.

The following morning the farmer reassured him. No witness had come before the grand jury, and the prosecuting attorney had no evidence to offer.

'I reckon nobody will ever know who killed ol' Pickens,' he said. Then he added, 'The grand jury's goin' to set pretty late, an' I may have to stay in town to-night. I wish you'd go in with me, an' bring the horse home.'

Fuget could not refuse, and he returned to the village. Again he sat all day in the crowded court-room. Loss of sleep and fatigue overcame him, and occasionally, in the heat of the room, in spite of his anxiety, he would almost fall asleep. And at such times he would start up, fearful lest some word or gesture should escape him. And always, when the judge turned in his chair, or an attorney spoke, he was anxious. And when any one passed the bench on which he sat, he appeared to be watching something in the opposite corner of the court-room, or, by accident, to screen his face with his hat.

But as the day advanced, he became reassured, and when the court adjourned he went out quietly with the crowd. On the stairway and in the corridor below, he was anxious lest he should again hear his name called out. But when it did not occur and he approached the exit of the court-house, his equanimity returned. On the steps, in the sun, he stopped and wiped his face with his sleeve. He seemed to have escaped out of peril, as through a door. He was glad now of the good judgment that had turned him back from flight, and of the incident that had brought him here to face the thing that he had feared. He came forth,

like one who had braved a gesticulating spectre and found its threatening body to be harmless and impalpable.

He descended the long stone steps leading down from the portico of the ancient court-house, with that sense of buoyant freedom peculiar to those who are lifted out of danger. At the street, as he was about to walk away, some one touched him on the shoulder. He turned. The sheriff of the county was beside him.

'Will you just step into the Squire's office,' he said.

Fuget was appalled.

'Me!' he stammered. 'What does the Squire want with me?'

But obedient to the command, he followed the sheriff into the basement of the court-house, and through a corridor into the office of the justice of the peace. Here he found himself come into the presence of the prosecuting attorney, the justice, and a little man with sharp black eyes, and a thin, clean-shaven face. He remembered having seen this man enter the court-room, on the first day, while the judge was speaking. He had carried then a pair of saddle-pockets over his arm and had seemed to be a stranger, for he had stopped at the door and looked about, as if the court-room were unfamiliar to him. Fuget had observed this incident, as with painful attention he had observed every incident occurring in the court-room during these two days of stress. He had not seen this man again. But he now distinctly recalled him.

The justice of the peace sat at a table. Before him lay a printed paper, certain blank lines of which had been written in with a pen. He put his hand on this paper; then he spoke.

'Is your name Henry Fuget?' he said.

Fuget looked around him without moving his head, swiftly, furtively,

like an animal penned into a corner. The eyes of the others were on him. They seemed to know all the details of some mysterious transaction that had led up to this question, and of which he was ignorant. He felt that he had entered some obscure trap, the deadly peril of which these men had cunningly hidden that he might the more easily step into it. Nevertheless, he realized that he could not remain silent.

'No, sir,' he said, 'my name's Silas Williams.' Then he added, 'I work for Dan'l Sheets, out on the ten-mile road. You can ask him; he'll tell you.'

The justice continued, as though following a certain formula, —

'Did you know Samuel Pickens?'

'No, sir.'

The justice seemed to consult a memorandum in pencil on the margin of the written paper.

'Were you not convicted of arson, on the testimony of Samuel Pickens, and sentenced to the penitentiary; and have you not repeatedly threatened to kill him when your term of penal servitude should have expired?'

Fuget was now greatly alarmed. How did these exact facts come to be known in this distant community? Here Pickens alone knew them, and he was dead. He saw that his security lay in denying that he was Henry Fuget.

'No, sir,' he said.

'And your name's nōt Henry Fuget?'

'No, sir.'

The justice turned to the stranger.

'This man denies that he is Henry Fuget,' he said.

Then it was that the words were uttered that dispossessed the prisoner of composure, and cast him into panic.

'If the communication which I have received from Samuel Pickens is true,' said the stranger, 'Henry Fuget has the scar of a gunshot wound on his right arm above the elbow.'

The muscles of Fuget's face relaxed. His mouth fell into a baggy gaping. Then he faltered the query that possessed him.

'Did *you* hear from Sam Pickens?'

'Yes.'

'After he was *dead*?'

The stranger reflected. 'Yes,' he said. 'Pickens was dead then.'

Fuget's mouth remained open. A sense of disaster, complete and utter, descended on him. The dead man had carried out his terrible threat. He began to stammer, unconscious that he was completing his ruin.

'That's what he said — that's what he said when I shot him — but I thought I'd hear, — I did n't think somebody else would hear.'

He caught hold of the table with his hand, and lowered himself into a chair. But he continued to regard this sinister stranger. And presently he spoke again.

'How did he tell you?' he said.

A crowd had begun to gather at the door and at the windows, — a rumor had gone out.

The stranger put his hand into his pocket, and drew from it a folded paper.

'I will tell you,' he said. 'I am an attorney at law; my name is Gordon, and I reside in Georgia. On the third day of November, I received this paper, inclosed in an envelope, and addressed to me. It was dated in October, but when I got it, Pickens was dead.' He unfolded the paper and began to read in a thin, high-pitched voice: —

In the name of God, Amen! I, Samuel Pickens, do make, publish, and declare this to be my last will and testament. I hereby appoint Horatio Gordon my executor, and I direct and charge him as follows, to wit: Henry Fuget, a convict about to be discharged from the penitentiary of Georgia, has

repeatedly threatened my life. I have come here to avoid him, but I fear that he will follow and kill me. Now, therefore, if I should be found dead, be it known that Henry Fuget is the assassin, and I direct my executor to expend the sum of one thousand dollars in order to bring him to the gallows. Fuget is to be known by a scar on the fleshy part of his right arm where he was shot in an attempt to escape from the penitentiary. The residue of my estate, both real and personal, I bequeath to my beloved daughter, Selina Pickens, now Mrs. Jonathan Clayton, of Jackson, Miss.

Given under my hand and seal, Oct. 14, 1850.

SAMUEL PICKENS. (Seal)

The stranger looked up from the paper.

'When I heard that Pickens was dead,' he said, 'I came here immediately. The circuit court was sitting when I arrived. It occurred to me that the assassin might be present in this crowd of people. To determine that, I placed myself at the head of the stairway, and as the crowd was going out, I called the name. This man turned, and I knew then that he was Henry Fuget.'

Fuget sat with his hands on the arms of the chair, his big body thrown loosely forward, his eyes on the stranger. Slowly the thing came to him. The atmosphere of ghostly and supernatural agencies receded. He saw that he had been trapped by his own fancy. The hand that had choked this confession out of him had been born of his own flesh; the bones of it, the sinews of it, he had himself provided.

And a madness seized him. He sprang up, and rushed out of the door. The crowd gave way before the bulk of this infuriated man. But the corridor was narrow, and as he fought his

way, persons began to seize him. He staggered out into the courtyard. The crowd of people wedged him in, clung to him, and bore him down. He rose. Under the mass of men who had thrown themselves upon him, the

bones of his legs seemed about to snap; his muscles to burst; his vertebræ to crumble. For a dozen steps he advanced with this crushing burden, but every moment it increased, and finally he fell.

FIDDLER'S LURE

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

OLD KING COLE is known to most of us as a mere sybarite, lolling forever in a luxuriously Parish foreground while others fetched and fiddled for him.

He has been grossly misrepresented. The true key to his famous *Gemüthlichkeit* lies in the fact that he played the 'cello. For what more could any amateur of chamber-music desire than what lay at his beck and call? In one of his posthumous poems the king declares, —

A Stradivarius underneath the bow,
A pipe, a stein, to give the music 'go,'
My fiddlers three and opus fifty-nine:
This is the merriest paradise I know.

What I most admire in Cole is that he was not carried to these musical skies 'on flow'ry beds of ease,' like Hermes, who, as Jacob Grimm declares, 'was born early in the morning, and played the lute at mid-day.' He idled along no royal road to opus fifty-nine. There was none. In his day there was as yet no telo-melo-'cello to be operated by an electric button. In the sweat of his youthful brow he earned his merry old soul. Alone, with bow in hand, it was his to do battle with those giants Grützmacher and Giese, the Czernys of the 'cello. He

waded *solo*, in the wake of his humblest subjects, through the 'bloody seas' of Duport and Romberg. For him the raw finger-tip, the twice furrowed thumb, and the chronic crick in the back of the neck. Not only this. He was actually handicapped in the race. For corporate expansion had already passed so far beyond the royal control that when he played, his arms stuck straight out in front like those of the huge 'cellist in the Thomas Orchestra whom we used to call 'The Frog.'

Such were King Cole's difficulties, such his incentives for toil, — and they were the most dazzling incentives that any learner of musical lore could have. Before his eyes hovered fiddlers three, with the Beethoven parts waiting on the racks, and merely a 'cellist lacking to complete the magic circle. It was a goal more glamorous than any vision of initialed sweaters that ever lured the sore, disheartened little quarter-back to let himself be battered about on the scrub a week longer. Only there was this difference, — that the royal pilgrim toward Beethoven's candy-kitchen had been sustained, almost from the first step, on crumbs of the bulky sweets of his aspiration,

And how luscious and satisfying such crumbs are! How far more indulgent is 'Papa' Haydn to weak, groping fingers and stiff wrists than is the man of wrath who divided all Gaul into 'three halves,' to the tender victim of '*amo, amas, amat.*' As for me, I know that when I began the 'cello I never could have weathered the blasts of Dotzhauer, or the fogs of Franchomme, or held a middle course between the scales of Scylla and the double-stops of divine Charybdis, without the tender pilotage of those makers of music, great and small, whose it is to inspire and guide little keels through the troubled sounds of apprenticeship.

I was not born with a silver spoon in my mouth, but with a flute at my lips; and, until the age of fifteen, tootled what I thought the divinest of instruments. Then, one morning, I chanced upon an old 'cello in the attic, and an instruction-book with a long strip of paper which, pasted under the strings, promised a short-cut to virtuosity; for it pointed out exactly where to put each finger.

A week of furtive practice convinced me that I could play the 'cello, though I now remember grasping the bow like a tennis-racket and the fingerboard like a trolley-strap. I found one of those jolly trios which dear old Gurlitt so obligingly wrote in notes of one syllable, foregathered with a couple of schoolmates, — a brother and sister who played the violin and piano, — and leaped like a flash into King Cole's paradise.

No effect of the concert stage has ever enthralled me more than that first chord of ours, when I heard the 'cello tone mingle deliciously with the violin tone, and realized that my bow had made such blending possible. The flute notes had never really mixed with others, but had stood apart by themselves, crystalline, cold, aloof; and per-

haps my nature had taken its cue from the flute. But that first trio venture changed everything. There first I tasted the delights of real harmony, — and sealed eternal friendship, before parting, with the little girl who played the piano. Along with democracy and puppy-love, the 'cello came into my life. Heralded so impressively, no wonder it tangled its strings hopelessly among those of my young heart.

For a time I went on indulging in Gurlitt and considering myself a master. Then I went to live with a Western cousin, an enthusiastic amateur violinist, — and experienced a severe shock. For I learned what real chamber-music was. Gurlitt fell from my eyes like scales, and the conviction came that once I could hold a part in the trios of Gade or the quartettes of Rubinstein I might be gathered contentedly to my fathers; I should have warmed both hands before the fire of life, and could then anticipate nothing but carrying out the ashes.

Spurred thus, I found a teacher and unlearned the empirical method with groanings which cannot here be uttered; while ambition was kept in vigorous health by my cousin's nightly *séances* of chamber-music with more accomplished players than I.

Finally the dreamed-of moment came. I was permitted to try my hand. The others suffered in silence. As for me, from then on life held a gluttonous measure of unalloyed bliss. The delights of that performance could not have been more thrilling to me if, with true Orphic cunning, my instrument had caused the dining-table to rustle its leaves and the cat to perform on the hearth-rug the dance of the seven veils. I could play the notes — most of them — loud and clear. What more does the hardened amateur demand from life? For the second time I supposed myself a master, and was ready to sing my

Nunc dimittis, — and to practice cheerfully three hours a day.

Then I heard a professional quartette. The flame of mere sound and fury set for me. Kneisel and Schroeder with the host of heaven came. And lo! creation widened in my view. With amazement I began to realize the subtle potentialities of tone-color, the fascinations of dynamics. It dawned on me that to most young amateurs *pianissimo* was an almost meaningless expression; and I began to count that musical self-assertiveness almost indecent which fiddles away forever with three *f*'s. My heart leaped up in response to that complete *ensemble*, — four bows with but a single thought, — to the infinite variety of the tonal effects, to the technic so taken for granted that it never revealed itself or its basal sheep-gut, horsehair, and resin. Here at last, to set final bounds for aspiration, was the authentic oracle of Apollo, — and the practice hours aspired accordingly from three to six.

Since those first callow months at my cousin's, his musical palate and mine have grown more discriminating. It takes a Brahms to-day to brim the cup of joy which a Raff then sweetly overflowed. As for those garbled symphonies and operas, — the transcriptions at which we once fiddled away so happily and in such good faith, — we brand them now as 'derangements' and had as lief perform *The Messiah* on a couple of Jew's-harps.

Nevertheless, as I look back through the years to that time, three significant facts emerge. In the first place, it is clear that I never should have persevered in all that painful practice without the weekly reward of 'virtuosity' when, every Saturday afternoon, little Miss Second Violin and dear big Mr. Viola came from town and were rushed out of their overcoats and had their hands warmed with jubilant massage

and then were plumped down before the G major Mozart and hardly allowed time for preliminary caterwaulings before my cousin's firm command came, 'No ante-mortems!' and his 'three-four' detonated, and at last we were outward bound for fairy-land.

Yet even that Mozartian reward — joyous as it was — would scarcely have kept me so long on the rack of the thumb-positions, or doubled up in the chromatic treadmill, had it not been for the 'far-off, divine event' symbolized by the opus fifty-nine, gleaming just within the portals of King Cole's paradise.

Ah, there is nothing like a taste of chamber-music to make the idle apprentice industrious. It is the real fiddler's lure, — the kindly light that has the power to lead him o'er musical moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the dusk of mere technic merges into the dawn of attainment. I sometimes wonder why American parents do not realize what kind of love it is that makes the musical world go round. German parents do — and that leads to my secondly.

German parents know, also, that there is nothing better for the unity of the home than the sport of chamber-music. To associate the hearth in the children's minds with the intimate, exquisite democracy of *ensemble*, with the rapture of perpetually new achievement, with the spirit of beauty and an ever growing appreciation of that spirit, is to go far toward insuring the success of the family, and even the solidarity of the neighborhood.

Chamber-music as a home sport can accomplish more yet. Who can doubt, in the third place, that fiddler's lure helps in smoothing the child's way through life? For the experienced amateur of chamber-music, go where he will, even in our semi-musical country, is sure of a welcome. His bow is

a master key to all doors. And the welcome is not always for the fiddle alone, — as the violinist thought who declined an invitation to dine on the ground that he had hurt his second finger. For the democracy, the constant give-and-take of the quartette and the sonata has extracted a deal of the stiffness and conceit and dogmatism from him and left him more human and more diplomatic.

Besides all these advantages, his talent adds a perpetual sparkle of romance — real or potential — to what might otherwise have turned out a hopelessly dun existence. You never can tell what friend-ever-after may not come rushing up to you after a concert with glowing face and outstretched hand, to announce himself. (I understand that my father first beheld my mother as he was ending an amateur flute solo.) A certain 'cellist was once snowbound for three hours at a small railroad station. He unpacked his 'cello and played his dozen fellow sufferers a request programme, with the result that one of them took him to Europe for a year. You never can tell as you bear your precious fiddle-case through the streets, what magic case-moment may not open on the foam (of steins), and what faery hand may not beckon you within to do the one thing needful to opus fifty-nine, or draw a valiant bow in the battle of Schumann Quintette.

True amateurs of chamber-music do not often have to be formally introduced. Theodore Thomas used to declare that he could tell a violinist from a 'cellist on the street by the swing of his arms. By kindred signs so subtle as to escape the layman, initiates recognize each other everywhere. And it is this world-wide confraternity of fiddlers that makes travel for the true amateur a joyous series of adventures.

It is particularly joyous, of course,

in Germany, where every third house holds a devotee ready to welcome a brother chamber-musician with open arms. In Dr. Hale's famous story, the belated traveler through a hostile countryside had merely to murmur 'In His name,' and hospitable hearths blazed for him like magic. But in certain German villages, if you are really of the elect, you need not say a word. You have merely to whistle some theme from opus fifty-nine.

During many years I have cherished an alluring plan for a sort of musical Inland Voyage. The outfit would comprise fiddlers three who would have to be kindred spirits of mine, a house-boat, a complete library of chamber-music, — and a cook. Then we would float down some beautiful German river, the Elbe, say, or the Neckar, and sit playing quartettes on the sunny deck until we came to a village that looked unmistakably chamber-musical. There we would land and invite all the local members of our great confraternity to repair to us. With them — even to the limits of the loathed nonet — we would perform mightily before the populace assembled on the shore, until it pleased us to cast off and drift down to adventures new.

Our craft should bear two inscriptions. Round about the prow we would write, —

To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign.

The Faerie Queene would furnish the motto astern: —

Ne care, ne feare I, how the wind do blow,
Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow.

Perhaps we should be arrested as unofficial vagrants and haled on shore to pay a fine of twelve cents and a half. Perhaps, even more delightful, some mighty composer whom we had all loved from afar might be summering at one of the river *Dörfer*, and might board us and enter into the spirit of the quest,

and, with his revered feet, like as not, trailing in the water back by the tiller, would then and there compose and dedicate with heartfeltest representations of his imperishable esteem to the high-well-born Fiddlers four, his destined-to-be-world-famous Vagabondia Quartette. But alas! I fear me that the Musical Inland Voyage, fraught as it is with rich possibilities in the way of music and life, — and magazine articles, — is destined to be the booty of fatter purses and more golden pens than mine.

At any rate, let us have done with the utilitarian side of fiddler's lure, — its toil-persuading, home-solidifying, friend-attracting, romance-compelling attributes. The royal sport I would sing for its own sake.

Why is *ensemble* music the sole recreation definitely promised us in the future life? Obviously because it combines the most fun with the fewest drawbacks. Milton, indeed, goes so far as to give the angelic musicians 'harps ever tuned,' thereby reducing the drawbacks to zero. True, we hear something of these harps being played *en masse*, which smacks more of orchestral than of chamber-music; though I cherish a hope that these masses are merely proportioned to the size of the chambers in the upper mansions. However this may be, we can rest assured that there wait above, the nobler delights of the string quartette, though reserved, perhaps, for those sainted capitalists, those plutocrats, of bliss who have on earth laid up the fattest dividends in heaven through dynamic self-abnegation when it was the other fellow's turn for a solo. For has not Melozzo da Forlì immortalized for us on the walls of St. Peter's a small combination of angelic amateurs who are having a simply heavenly time —

Where quartette-parties ne'er break up
And evenings never end?

By referring to 'the nobler delights of the string quartette,' I mean that chamber-music has a number of advantages over orchestral. There is the literature, for example. The majority of the classic composers have been more happily inspired when writing in the smaller forms than in the larger, and I know of three quartettes and one trio for every symphony of equal musical worth. *Vivitur parvo bene* indeed in the musical *camera*.

The string quartette possesses another little realized advantage over the orchestra: it can play in perfect tune. It can follow the natural law decreeing that G sharp is eternally different from A flat. It does not have to 'temper' the wind to the shorn bassoon like the orchestra, which finds its tonal life by losing it. For the latter, to secure concord among those baser instruments worked by keys, compromises by taking a nondescript, hybrid note and declaring it to be *both* G sharp and A flat, that is, both white and black, though its mongrel gray is palpable.

Besides these literary and scientific advantages, — the boon of playing 'where Art and Nature sing and smile,' — the quartette has the added advantage of democracy. Now, the orchestra is a monarchy, if not a tyranny, and is aristocratic to its very bow-tips; but in the republic of the string quartette there are no wretched hewers of wood and drawers of water. All men are free and equal. And though the first violin may sparkle, the 'cello wear its heart on its sleeve, and the viola sigh out its mystic soul to the moon with more abandon, perhaps, than the fourth member, yet *Secondo* knows that he is quite as important as any of his brothers. *Liberté, égalité, fraternité*. These make the quartette as fertile of friendships as the rush-line. There is a constant give-and-take among the members, a constant pocketing of one's

personal thunder in favor of the man with the message of melody.

And then the humor of the thing, — the infinite varieties of incongruity that are always popping up. There are the accidents, for instance; as when grave and reverend signor 'cello sits plump into a musical puddle; or, at the uttermost tension of his fine, careless rapture, the first violin's E slips slowly to earth with a most unmusical, most melancholy yowl. There is the endless play of humor in the music itself (which, by the way, deserves a separate essay), and the sudden droll resemblances of the players to non-musical groups of the philistine world outside, as when the amateurs in *Somehow Good* reminded De Morgan of a court scene, in 'the swift pertinence of the repartees of the first violin to the second, the apt *résumé* and orderly reorganization of their epigrammatic interchanges by the 'cello and the double-bass, the steady typewritten report and summary of the whole by the piano-forte, and the regretful exception to so many reports taken by the clarinet.'

A most convincing proof of the joy-giving qualities of chamber-music is the attitude of the professional musician toward it. One rarely hears of the reporter haunting the police court during off hours, or of the mail-carrier indulging in a holiday walking-tour. But many a jaded teacher and slave of the orchestra finds his real *raison d'être* in playing chamber-music 'for fun.'

I crossed once on a German liner which had an excellent orchestra among the stewards. This was kept at a surprisingly high standard, though the members were overwhelmed with menial occupations as hard on a fiddler's fingers as on his temperament; I still remember the pang it cost to see the artist who had just been leading the Unfinished Symphony so divinely, staggering along with a pail of slops.

But the spirit of the true chamber-musician is Antæan. I found that the men had formed a quartette, and every evening that they were in port they practiced together after the severe toil of the day, 'just for fun.' My old viola-playing steward touched me not a little when he inquired if I had ever come across 'the miracle-quartettes of Mozart.' With the flashing eye of youth, he told how he and his comrades had discovered them a few weeks before. 'Und now,' he cried 'to blay dem over eveninks — dat iss all we live for!' When it comes to comparative capacities for pleasure, however, the amateur, with his fresher, keener musical appetite and unimpaired digestion, can usually give odds to the professional. In my opinion, the real earthly paradise is the amateur quartette party.

I have a perfect memory of such an experience in one of the loveliest parts of Canada, at the home of two brothers, good friends, good fiddlers, and good fellows. As second violinist we had the best professional in that part of the Dominion. For one swift fortnight in that old mansion, girt with lawns and woods and waters, surrounded by congenial souls and the rare warmth of old-time Canadian hospitality, I tasted an experience that now seems like a visit to the Avilion of some former existence. Quartettes were interwoven with larcrosse; eager talk with forest excursions and trios and tennis; sonatas with swims; poetry with pantry-parties; canoeing with quintettes. Though our standards were not quite as lofty as those of professionals — such as they were, we were actually attaining them; and what artist ever does that?

Never, since our bows trembled on that last, lingering, poignant cadence of opus fifty-nine, have I enjoyed another such musical lark. And I wonder sometimes why it is that we Americans are so long-faced, so academic, over our

music; why we do not extract more fun from it. Certainly we possess three of the prime requisites for enjoying the quartette: love of adventure, good nerve, and that ready sympathy for the other fellow's point of view, which is vulgarly known as 'sporting blood.'

One of the chamber-musician's chief delights is to 'read,' — to spread out on the racks the crisp new parts, take a deep breath, and together voyage forth into uncharted waters, tensely strung as a captain in the fog, now shaving a sunken rock, now becalmed on a languorous mirror, now in the grip of a hurricane off a lee shore. Or, if the adventure prove not so desperate as this, at least one feels the stimulus, the constant exciting variety as in a close game of tennis, where — no matter what the emergency — one can exultantly depend upon himself to take measures not wholly inadequate to the occasion.

And, as in tennis doubles, there is that same strange, wireless, telepathic something shuttling back and forth between the comrades in the venture, — urging, cautioning, praising, advising with lightning speed, saving the other from utter disaster by a hair, adding, bar for bar, the ineffable commentary of the subliminal, — a thing more akin than aught else I can imagine to the communion of disembodied spirits.

More memorable yet, the experience when the mysterious waves of these soundless words break beyond the little excited circle of players, seemingly so intent upon the notes alone, — and compel the listeners; bending them to the music's mood.

Most other-worldly of all it is when, in playing with those near and dear, these waves go forth and find among

the hearers such capacious spirits that they recoil in tenfold volume to overwhelm the players, so that time and space and the feel of bow and finger-board go utterly lost and the very presence of the instrument passes, and, rapt out of touch and sight, one's self is only such another medium for the soul's expression as are the throbbing strings themselves. Then it is that

In ways unlike the labored ways of earth —
One knows not how —
That part of man which is most worth
Comes forth at call of this old sarabande
And lays a spirit hand
With yours upon the strings that understand.

Your painter-friend over yonder in the corner with closed eyes, — how he is offering all the tender, sonorous, melting, glowing resources of his young palette to color the music that stirs beneath your unconscious fingers. And there in the doorway leans the pale sculptor, the wonder-worker who can 'from the sterile womb of stone, raise children unto God.' In every fibre you feel that he is there, —

To make that sarabande in form more fair.

See in the far window-seat our lady of song. How the string voices broaden, turn canorous under her silent gaze! Brother, can you not feel the very heart of the music pulse faster, —

As our dear poet with the glowing eyes
Brings to the shrine of tone his evening sacrifice?

Ah! lure of lures indeed — the memory of incomparable hours like these

When our sheer souls, in the immortal way,
Have uttered what our lips might never say;

— the hope of hours yet in store when
— as in no other way earth offers —
we may 'feel that we are greater than we know.'

MYSELF AND I

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

MYSELF and I went wandering to-day.
We walked the long white webbed roads away,
Saw much green marsh-land, much blue splendid sea.
The wind was happy with Myself and me.

Now we had read a book whose burden blew
With a brave honest air of being true.
It said, 'Express Thyself, Thyself alway.
True to Thyself, thou canst not go astray.
Ask of the inner Voice, the inner Light,
And heaven-clear shall be thine outer sight.
Obey, — and thou shalt always seek and find
God in the clay, the Spirit on the wind.'

So said I, 'To Myself I will be true.
Speak on, Myself, what I to-day shall do.'
Myself, thereat rejoicing, crowed aloud.
We were elate as angels on a cloud!
The day was ours. Myself with merry mien
Said, 'Thou shalt wear thy gown of shoal-sea green:
Thy curious gown, and plaited in thy hair
Grasses and glistening sea-weeds dank and rare.
To-day thou shalt a mermaid-creature be,
And skip along the surges of the sea.'

Then must I labor with Myself. 'Indeed
I love the green gown and the wreathed weed.
But every one would turn and stare at me
As I ran down the marshes to the sea!
And if beside the surf alone I go
What strange bad folk may meet me there? Dost know? —
Oh, dear Myself, such joys we cannot take,
Or every tongue will wag and head will shake!'

Myself, demurring, yet did give consent.
Discreetly garbed, on sober roads we went.

The wind came up from out the gleaming west,
And shook the poplar trees, and downward pressed
The bright gray-headed grasses, and the bay
Bristled its blue hair like a hound. Straightway
Myself, long throbbing in my throat, cried out,
'Run with the wind! Oh race with him and shout!
Sing to the sun! be merry as the grass!
Now all the gladness of the earth doth pass.
Thou wouldst not be my wild green mermaid-thing,
But oh, I prithee, laugh, and fun, and sing!'

Then must I labor with Myself. 'But lo,
Along the road much people pass us. No. —
If I should sing and run, to-morrow we
In durance with the Crazy Folk might be.
Wouldst thou, strait-jacketed, be fain to sing?
Oh, dear Myself, ask not so mad a thing!'

Upon a porch with scarlet vines o'errun
A darling baby tottered to the sun.
With little cooing cries he greeted us.
'See!' said Myself, 'he is more glorious
Than all the sun. Go up and kiss him, thou.
He is more sweet than bloom on any bough.'

Then must I labor with Myself. 'But stay!
His mother by the lattice hid away
Doth watch him. She will hate me if I dare
To touch him. Look, already doth she stare
Because we loiter by the little wall.
Myself, that was the maddest thing of all.'

Myself made outcry. 'Shame! Thou hast not done
Of all the things I bid a single one.
If to Thyself thou art not ever true,
How shall the eyes of God come piercing through
This maskèd world?'

I had no answer pat.
Myself had caught me, I admitted that: —
And to atone, I swore by wind and sky,
To do Myself's next bidding, should I die!

Myself triumphant, I not too content,
Down divers white and sunny ways we went.

All suddenly across the curving road
A youth as tall as plummy Hector strode;
As tall, as brave in fashion. Faith, he seemed
A hero-shape some epic minstrel dreamed!
With proud high step and level sea-blue eyes,
He looked a god on gallant enterprise.

Up leapt Myself. 'Oh, make him turn thy way!
Stumble, or swoon! oh, somehow make him stay!
Thy blood and his are kin, thy heart doth beat;
Surely, ah surely, he would find thee sweet.
Let him not pass, he is so brave to see!' —
He passed. I know not if he glanced at me.

Then must I truly labor with Myself.
I said, 'O vain, preposterous! Thou elf,
Thou wicked witch, thou monstrous mischief, thou
Consummate little mock at conscience, how
Dost thou expect obedience to such
Unseemly promptings? I have borne too much.
Out on thee (yet I love thee)! Now be still.
God help me if I work thy naughty will.'

At eve Myself and I came home. That book
Down from its high and portly place we took,
And read, 'Express Thyself, Thyself alway.
True to Thyself thou canst not go astray.'
— I looked Myself between the dancing eyes:
They dazzled me, they were so wild and wise,
'Myself,' I said, 'art thou a naughtier one
Than any other self beneath the sun?

Or why, why, why, — could I not once obey
Thine innocent glad bidding, all this day?’

Myself’s bright eyes were clouded o’er with tears,
Myself’s gay voice was dim as dust of years.
‘Ah,’ said Myself, ‘the book is true. And I
Am very naughty sometimes. See, I cry
Repentance. Yet so mad I needs must be
Or else the world would choke and smother me.
The world must choke me. No more like a faun
The Spirit, running free, takes dusk and dawn
With earth-simplicity. Thou canst not do
These sudden happy things I call thee to. —
And yet, young Puritan, be kind to me!
I am more precious than thy treasury
Of maxims. Yes, deny me often. Go
The sober road. Yet always deep below
Thy silent days, remember I am here
Defiant, singing, shadowed not by fear
Of Change or Death. Remember me, although
I am so wild, and wanton with thee so. —
For I, though all the world throw stones at me,
Am Light, am Voice, am God’s own spark in thee!’

— We laid the great book back upon its shelf.
Between two tears I smiled in at Myself.

CHRIST AMONG THE DOCTORS

BY GEORGE HODGES

WHEN Holman Hunt painted *The Light of the World*, his clear intention was to make a symbolic picture. Every detail was designed to carry a spiritual meaning. Hoffmann's Christ among the Doctors seems, in comparison, a piece of realism. The ideal figure of the eager Child is surrounded by rabbis attired with archaeological accuracy, whose faces seem to reproduce the features of actual Semitic persons. But this picture is as symbolic as the other. It is a portrayal of contemporary intellectual attitudes.

The difference is plain between the treatment of the theme by Hoffmann and its treatment by any mediæval painter. A mediæval master would have made the Christ the centre of adoration. There would have been kneeling figures in the lower corners, and angels in the upper ones. Hoffmann's men are both hearing Him and asking Him questions, but the questioners are in majority. The context, 'And all that heard Him were astonished at his understanding and answers,' enters but slightly into the picture. The doctors are for the most part independent persons, superior and critical. Some of them are kindly disposed and sympathetic, even reverent; but others are indifferent or hostile. There is little indication of discipleship. They are like the philosophers who listened to St. Paul at Athens, intellectually interested, but remote from any probability of conversion.

The picture might have been used for a frontispiece for Schweitzer's

Quest of the Historical Jesus,¹ for this review of the endeavors to write a Life of Christ shows a series of questioning doctors most of whom are antagonistic. 'There is no historical task,' says Schweitzer, 'which so reveals a man's true self as the writing of a Life of Jesus. No vital force comes into the figure unless a man breathes into it all the hate and all the love of which he is capable. The stronger the love, or the stronger the hate, the more lifelike is the figure which is produced. For hate as well as love can write a Life of Jesus, and the greatest of them are written with hate.'

For many centuries after the apostolic age, neither of these impulses directed men to undertake this work. The Apostles' Creed represented the emphasis of interest. Of the ministry of Christ, and of his teaching, the creed says nothing. And therein it reflects the whole New Testament, except the Gospels. When St. Paul said that he had no great desire to know Christ according to the flesh, he expressed the common feeling. His concern was in the death rather than in the life of Christ; in the death of Christ as related to the doctrine of the Atonement, and in the resurrection of Christ as an assurance of the life everlasting. He was interested in Christ doctrinally, not historically.

The same emphasis appears in the sermons of St. Peter in the Acts. There

¹ *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*. By ALBERT SCHWEITZER. London: Adam and Charles Black. 1910.

is hardly a reference either to the ministry or to the teaching of Jesus. No endeavor is made to continue his characteristic messages. Instead of trying to teach what He had taught, the whole effort is to set forth his personality. The emphasis is upon his person, not upon his instruction. Indeed, this interest is so strong and so exclusive that the wonder is, not that the Gospels tell us so little about his life, but that they tell us anything at all. The appearance of these historical Gospels in an age intent on doctrine is a remarkable phenomenon.

This feeling about the facts of the ministry of Jesus continued until recent times. The shrines of Italy and Germany represent to this day the general mind: in Italy, the shrines show the Madonna; in Germany, the crucifix. Inside the churches, the lives of the saints are depicted with much more detail than the life of Jesus. As for the construction of a coherent narrative, harmonizing the accounts given in the different Gospels, Luther said that the endeavor was not worth the effort. 'The Gospels,' he said, 'follow no order in recording the acts and miracles of Jesus, and the matter is not, after all, of much importance. If a difficulty arises in regard to the Holy Scripture, and we cannot solve it, we must just let it alone.' This is the method which Mr. Moody advised when he compared reading the Bible to eating fish. 'Don't try,' he said, 'to eat the bones; put them on the side of the plate.'

The study of the Gospels as historical documents with the purpose of finding the true order of events, and of interpreting the life of Christ in the light of contemporary literature and history, was begun only about a hundred years ago.

Indeed, as is pointed out by Montefiore, in the introduction to his com-

mentaries on the Synoptic Gospels,¹ it was not safe, until very recent times, for one to set about the free study of the Gospels. Suppose that he were to come to conclusions counter to the customary beliefs; suppose that his studies were to contravene the conventional doctrine of the inspiration of the Scriptures: he would find himself in a position of considerable discomfort, if not of immediate peril. As for the central faith of all, the faith in the divinity of Christ, any hesitation at that point would have exposed him to the stake or to the sword; at the least and gentlest, to loss of place and opportunity, and to the disesteem of his neighbors. Thus Strauss said of his *Life of Jesus*, 'I might well bear a grudge against my book, for it has done me much evil.'

The result was that when the historical study of the life of Christ was actually undertaken, a century ago, the men who engaged in it did so in the spirit of revolt. They reacted from the universal and oppressive reign of dogma. Their purpose was controversial. They were interested in the Gospels; not for the sake of their own souls, but in the hope that by means of the Gospels they might be able to disprove the creeds. They brought forward the Christ of history that He might dispossess the Christ of dogma. 'They were eager to picture Him as truly and purely human, to strip from Him the robes of splendor with which He had been appareled, and clothe Him once more with the coarse garments in which He had walked in Galilee.'

The effort of the new biographers to commend their work to their own consciences was pleasantly satirized by Semler in his reply to Lessing. Lessing had begun the whole movement by his publication of papers found among the manuscripts of Reimarus.

¹ *The Synoptic Gospels*. By C. G. MONTEFIORE. Macmillan & Co. 1909.

Disregarding the advice of his friends, and 'inwardly trembling for that which he himself held sacred, he flung the torch with his own hand.' Semler said that he was like the man who was arrested on the charge of burning down a house. There was no denial of the cardinal fact. He admitted that he had gone into the house and put a bundle of hay over a burning candle. But he defended himself stoutly. 'Yesterday,' he said, 'about four o'clock, I went into my neighbor's store-room, and saw there a burning candle which the servants had carelessly forgotten. In the course of the night, it would have burned down, and set fire to the stairs. To make sure that the fire should break out in the daytime, I threw some straw upon it. The flames burst out at the sky-light, the fire-engines came hurrying up, and the fire, which in the night might have been dangerous, was promptly put out.' 'But why,' asked the judge, 'did you not pick up the candle yourself, and put it out?' 'Because, your honor, had I put the candle out, the servants would not have learned to be more careful!' The judge committed the defendant to an asylum for persons of disordered mind, and this seemed to Semler a proper disposal of Lessing and all the others who were trying to preserve the Gospels by destroying them.

Anyhow, the fire was kindled, and the straw at least was burning briskly; it remained to be seen whether the fire companies could save the house, or not.

In the opinion of Reimarus, the story of Jesus was founded upon a deliberate imposture on the part of the disciples. Jesus, indeed, really lived, and the Gospels are right in the main features of their account of Him; for the records show a career of failure, ending on the cross. But the apostles invented the resurrection, and all the super-

natural elements of the narrative came with it. Strauss found the basis of the Gospels, not in imposture, but in myth. He attributed the supernatural events to what he gently called 'creative reminiscence.' For example, the transfiguration which Paulus had explained as the impression made on the half-awake disciples by the sight of the Master coming down the hill in the first brightness of the rising sun, was ascribed by Strauss to a bringing over of the old story of the shining face of Moses. Bauer's theory was that of literary invention: some imaginative person wrote a Life of Jesus, and the evangelists copied it.

The honest purpose of these students of the Gospels was to cut away the ground beneath the feet of dogma. Their motive was frank hostility to the current faith in the supernatural. They were followed by a considerable company of ingenious writers who were impelled not so much by hostility as by the interest of novelty. The earlier critics, after some experiences of martyrdom, had demonstrated the fact that the time had come when one might say whatever one pleased, even in contradiction of the central positions of orthodoxy, and suffer no great harm. And this gave access to a new field. It disclosed a new liberty. It was like opening to occupation a new territory, and settlers swarmed in by hundreds, some for purposes of settlement, some for purposes of speculation.

Many clever students were desirous to contribute to a better knowledge of the Bible, and had, at the beginning, no other intention. But a contribution consists of that which we did not possess before. The aim of the ambitious student was to make discoveries, to propose a theory which nobody had thought of, to tell us something positively new. This process materially depreciates the old. Between two

possible interpretations, one of them supported by councils and commentaries, and the other appearing at that moment at the open door of the student's mind, the novel interpretation was given the 'glad hand' of hospitality. The privilege of difference had been so long denied, that men now made the most of it. Propositions had been prized in proportion to their age. So they were still, but the advantage now was on the side of youth. It was perceived that it was no longer possible to make an interesting book by quoting from the fathers. Then Bahrdt and Venturi suggested that the true hero of the gospel story was Nicodemus, the head of a secret order of Essenes who made Jesus their instrument. And Noach proposed the theory that the Fourth Gospel was written by the beloved disciple — Judas!

It can hardly be said that this destructive work went on under the protection of any policy of toleration. The conservatives would gladly have silenced these defiant persons, by the old methods. But the times had changed. It was possible to fling the stones of controversy, but the use of actual paving material was discredited. Somehow, by common consent, the final argument of Saul in his debate with Stephen was no longer held to be a fair resort. It therefore became possible at last to test the effect of free speech by experience. The main value to-day of the long series of lives of Christ is in the opportunity thus afforded to see how so perilous a liberty really works.

It must be confessed that at the beginning it seemed like the opening of the bags of contrary winds by the sailors of Ulysses. There was an immediate storm. Under the impulse of hostility and of novelty, men attacked everything in sight. The conclusions of the past became points of departure. Find-

ing themselves free to disagree with the Bible, the critics disagreed jubilantly. They had a certain joy in contradicting the prophets and apostles. As for the fathers and the councils, what they believed was discredited by the fact that they believed it. If they ascribed the Gospels to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, the presumption was that Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John had nothing whatever to do with them. Conservative people were grievously alarmed. Even the stoutest maintainers of the doctrine of the inerrancy of Scripture felt that there was something amiss in the proposal to give the tares a chance. They could not believe that it was good gardening.

But gradually the situation changed. It appeared that the early freedom was for the sake of freedom. It was like the irresponsible independence of youth. It was the audacity of adolescence. It seemed menacing enough, at the moment, and was distressingly destructive, but it had its place in those patient processes according to whose wise providence destruction is one of the natural exercises of new strength. All proper children are destructive. That is their way of finding out what things are made of. But they get over it. It is not well to take their inconvenient activities too seriously. The critics, too, get over it.

At first, in the season of revolt, they only were accounted 'liberal' whose minds were open to the new ideas. It was presently perceived, however, that genuine liberalism is an attitude, not toward novelty, but toward truth. He alone is liberal who welcomes truth under all conditions, and is as ready to recognize it in the formularies of the past as in the theories of the present. And he is the best 'conservative' who is so sure of the truth that he is not nervous about it. He watches the critic digging at the Bible, as he watches

the geologist digging at the hill. He has no fear that either of these monuments will fall down.

The critics dug away with great fierceness, and reinforced their picks and spades with occasional charges of dynamite, and for a good while the conservatives stood by, holding their breath. But, after all, nothing happened. And at last it became pretty plain that nothing was likely to happen.

Of course, there were times when the violence of the explosions seemed to signify tremendous destruction. Before the smoke had cleared away, men felt that the very foundations of the faith had been blown up. But, on examination, there they were as ever. The critics who had contracted to remove the mountain made enthusiastic reports of progress. Now they had taken away the Gospel of St. John, now they had reduced the other three to two chief sources, an account mainly of the life of Christ in Mark, and an account mainly of the teachings of Christ in Matthew; now Schmiedel had cleared everything away except nine texts, the 'foundation-pillars,' as he said, 'of a really scientific Life of Jesus,' authenticated by the fact that they 'could not have been invented.' But readers of these reports who went out expecting to find in the place of the everlasting hill only these nine flat stones, discovered to their surprise that no serious alterations had taken place in the landscape.

Thus, after all the activities of hostile criticism, Dr. Hastings issues his *Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels*,¹ Dr. Fairbairn publishes his *Studies in Religion and Theology*,² and the fellows and scholars of the Hartford Seminary

complete their translation of Zahn's *Introduction to the New Testament*.³ The writers are men the competency of whose scholarship is unquestioned. They are fully acquainted with all the operations of destructive criticism. They are honest men, who may not be suspected of thinking one thing and saying another. And their minds are undisturbed. They perceive, indeed, that there are difficulties which were not so evident before. Some of them they solve, some they do not solve. It appears, even in these conservative pages, that the critics have demolished the old doctrine of the inerrancy of Scripture. But that was only a wooden fence which cautious persons had built around the hill. The hill itself remains, from whose heights, as of old, men see God.

That is, after a hundred years of free criticism, much of it hostile, the changes in the old positions are mostly in detail. It has been proved by long experience that even the life of Christ may be subjected to rigorous analysis, not only with impunity, but with profit. The critics disclosed new aspects of the work of Christ. Moreover, as the early antagonists lost their bitterness, and criticism ceased to be a partisan contention with orthodoxy, the critics reëxamined the conservative and traditional positions with a new respect. Gradually, the dates given to the Gospels were set further back. Harnack's return to the Lukan theory of the authorship of the Third Gospel is significant and representative.

Thus the progress of criticism vindicates the free study of religion. The students of the Gospels grow continually more patient, more appreciative, more conservative, and more religious. They are less inclined to dogmatic negation.

¹ *A Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels*. By JAMES HASTINGS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1909.

² *Studies in Religion and Theology*. By A. M. FAIRBAIRN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1910.

³ *Introduction to the New Testament*. By THEODOR ZAHN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1909.

In fact, almost everything has now been said which even the most radical or the most hostile critic can find it in his heart to say. How much better to have it frankly said! How much wiser the policy of free speech than the policy of prudent repression! For the conservation which grows in the field of freedom strikes its roots deep into the soil, and is a part of the abiding nature of things. The conservation which is maintained by authority is a tender plant, which needs constant and anxious care, and even then may perish in a night. Free conservatism is a slow growth, but it is worth the expenditure of any amount of pain and patience.

When Johannes Weiss, in 1892, published his work on *The Preaching of Jesus concerning the Kingdom of God*, his readers were amazed to find that it was all contained in seventy-six pages. They were at first disposed to doubt the value of so brief a writing. However, they argued, has a message of importance, will intrust it to the hands of a grown man. The small book seemed informal and undignified, like a small boy. But Weiss's brevity was highly significant. It meant that criticism was passing from the study of the documents to the study of the essential mission of Jesus.

Schweitzer specifies three alternatives in this discussion. There is, first, the debate between those who hold that the central Person of the Gospels was purely historical, and those who hold that He was purely supernatural. This discussion is fairly represented by the papers reprinted from the *Hibbert Journal* under the title "Jesus or Christ?"¹ One phase of it appears in such books as Meyer's *Jesus or Paul*,²

and Weiss's *Paul and Jesus*.³ The second alternative is the choice between the first three Gospels and the fourth as the ultimate source of knowledge concerning the meaning and mission of Jesus. This is represented by Scott's *Historical and Religious Value of the Fourth Gospel*,⁴ and Bacon's *Fourth Gospel in Research and Debate*.⁵ The third question is as to the definition of the Kingdom of God. Did Jesus proclaim a Kingdom to be realized gradually by increasing obedience to the will of God, or to be realized suddenly by the appearance of the Son of Man, and the ending of all terrestrial things?

It is contended by some German theologians that between these alternatives one must be taken and the others left. But this is not acceptable to most thoughtful persons in this country or in England. The Germans, who make fun of a 'qualifying-clause' theology, and deride such saving phrases as 'yes, but,' and 'on the other hand,' and 'notwithstanding,' do not commend their thorough-going assertions to our minds. Such positiveness seems to us an academic fallacy, made possible by residing altogether in a library and a lecture-room, without much acquaintance with the larger course of human life. We like better the saying of Frederick Robertson that truth is to be found not by choosing one extreme to the denial of the other, still less by a compromise whereby neither extreme shall retain its original meaning, but by a holding of the two extremes together. Why must the Person of Christ be either historical or super-

³ *Paul and Jesus*. By JOHANNES WEISS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1909.

⁴ *The Historical and Religious Value of the Fourth Gospel*. By ERNEST F. SCOTT. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1909.

⁵ *The Fourth Gospel in Research and Debate*. By BENJAMIN W. BACON. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. 1910.

¹ *Jesus or Christ*. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. 1910.

² *Jesus or Paul*. By ARNOLD MEYER. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1909.

natural? Why not historical and supernatural at the same time? Why, if we take the first three Gospels, must we reject the fourth? Why must the two theories of the mission of Christ be mutually exclusive?

As a matter of fact, the great debates go on because both sides are right. Each contributes to the fuller knowledge of the truth. The formula 'either—or' is for lawyers, whose business is to leave the other side out of account, not for scholars who desire the truth. We approach to-day a better understanding and a better theology by its formula 'yes, but': 'yes' being an acceptance of the truth which is newly brought to our attention by those who differ from us; and 'but' being a maintenance still of our own previous truth which the new truth does but enrich and illuminate. The fathers at Nicæa very likely knew their own business better than we do, but they appear to have acted as politicians rather than as statesmen when they deliberately searched for a creed-word which Arius could not possibly accept. What we need for our better unity in faith and order is a comprehensive statement which shall have room for varying emphases and temperaments, and differences of opinion. The note is set by the doctrine of the Incarnation, that Jesus Christ is at the same time God and Man.

The heart of the whole matter is a certain spiritual attitude. The Gospels were not composed by individual authors, but by companies of Christian believers. They represent the impression which Jesus made upon his disciples. There is a social element in them which of necessity produces differences, because differences existed in the human nature of the believers. They reported what they saw and heard, some more, some less. The accounts of the discourses of Christ in the Fourth

Gospel differ much from the accounts in the First and Third, but the difference is scarcely greater than that which appears between the preaching of St. Paul as it is reported in the Acts and as it is given in his own words in the Epistles. Such variations do not present serious difficulties to persons who are living under the social conditions out of which the Gospels proceeded. The books are alive, and the mystery which pervades them is the elusive and indefinable mystery of life. The trouble with many of the German scholars is that they live in closets. They are professional persons who do not come into close contact with people. They were first pupils and then teachers, without the instructive intervention of any parochial experience. They have preached no sermons, and ministered to no souls. Thus they come to the study of these documents, and of Him concerning whom the documents were written, somewhat as Sir Christopher Wren might have undertaken a commentary on Shakespeare's Sonnets. Wren was an architect and thought in terms of length and height; Shakespeare thought in terms of passion and emotion.

The most reassuring recent book for those who are perplexed between the alternatives of criticism is Dr. Denney's *Jesus and the Gospel*.¹ He undertakes to answer two vital questions: 'Has Christianity existed from the beginning only in the form of a faith which has Jesus as its object, and not at all in the form of a faith which has had Jesus simply as its living pattern?' and 'Can Christianity, as even the New Testament exhibits it, justify itself by appeal to Christ?' Thus he encounters two ideas which are present, more or less consciously, in many minds: the idea that the early disciples

¹ *Jesus and the Gospel*. By JAMES DENNEY. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. 1910.

in their enthusiasm for a noble teacher exalted their admiration into adoration; and the idea that such adoration is remote from Christ's own conception of Himself. These are at the centre of negative criticism. The critic who arrays the Christ of History against the Christ of Dogma honestly believes that a Galilean saint, against his own will and in disregard of his own teachings, was lifted by his disciples into the clouds. Dr. Denney finds no basis for this supposition, either in history or in psychology.

At the same time, he insists upon the difference between faith and doctrine, between a certain spiritual relation to Christ and the expression of it in the changing phrases of contemporary thought. He would substitute

for all clerical subscriptions the form which was used by the assembly which made the Westminster Confession:— 'I will maintain nothing in point of doctrine but what I believe to be most agreeable to the word of God: nor in point of discipline but what may make most for God's glory, and the peace and good of this Church.' And for all creeds, this comprehensive statement: 'I believe in God through Jesus Christ His only son, our Lord and Saviour.' For creeds and subscriptions are intended mainly for defense, and to put an end to the assaults of debate. But the best approach to truth and peace and unity is to follow Wesley's maxim: 'Think and let think.' It seems a fair conclusion from the actual results of the free criticism of the life of Christ.

TOLSTOI AND YOUNG RUSSIA

BY ROSE STRUNSKY

To Russia there are now two Tolstoïs — the Tolstoï who was alive and the Tolstoï who is dead.

The Tolstoï alive was looked upon with bitterness and pain, as a father who denied his love. Tolstoï sat within reach of all Russia on his estate in Yasnaya Polyana, looking out upon the infinite, 'applying his soul and meditating on the law of the Most High,' and the youth would come to him with questions and demands. 'Leo Nicholaievitch,' they would say, 'they are hanging us on every cross-road, they are starving and flogging the peasants to death, they are massacring the Jews, and all Russia is red with

blood. What are you going to say? What are you going to do?'

And Leo Nicholaievitch would answer, 'I do not like to speak on such matters, for I am a religious thinker and not a politician, but in so far as Russia disrupts union and harmony, she is in error, and in so far as you do so, you, too, are in error. We must all live in union and harmony — that is the reason of life.'

Then the youth would go away and look upon that wolf he was asked to lie down with, and anger and even distrust against Tolstoï — that great lover of mankind — would fill his heart.

But it is different with the dead Tol-

stoi. There is no rushing to him now to get his help or advice at each repetition of iniquity and calamity. He is no longer a figure living in Yasnaya Polyana in the nineteenth century, but a wise man, one of the great sons of Wisdom whom she has exalted. It took but the first footfall of Death for all Russia to realize this. A sob broke from them. They were bereft. Their glory had departed.

Yet because he lived on this earth only eighty-two years and three months, while as dead he may live many hundreds of years as one of the world's great men, it is interesting from an historical standpoint to see what were his thoughts and Russia's at the various periods of the eighty-two years they lived together.

I

The nineteenth century in Russia is characterized by periods of revolutionary outburst, — the aftermaths of the French Revolution, of the European unrest of 1848 and 1870 which found their way into that far country, — coupled with causes native to Russia itself; and by periods of reaction, of ebb-tides as it were, when the ardent youth, no longer ardent and no longer young, sat down passive and hopeless with folded arms. It was in such an ebb-tide that Tolstoi was born and reared.

The Decembrists of 1825 had fought and lost; the cynical cloak of Byronism, though rather threadbare, was still much in use even up to the forties. The result was that Tolstoi's detached, individualistic nature was not diverted from its natural groove as it might have been had he been born twenty years later, when the sense of social solidarity was developed and the energies and passions of the youth found their outlet through political and propagandist groups.

How different from the youth of the sixties was Tolstoi's own youth as he described it in the book of that name! Prince Nekludoff and the hero, who is Tolstoi, make a compact while at the university to tell each other every experience and emotion. The result was extreme self-analysis and introspection. Here we can almost see the foundation for that insulation of mind which was his increasingly to the very end. But it can only be fully understood through a definite picture of that cauldron of dreaming, thinking, fighting Russia into which he threw his writings, and which he did not seem to see or feel.

The Crimean War had destroyed the last shreds of Byronism, and the democratic movement of 1848 had rolled its waves into Russia. The country in the middle fifties was fired with the spirit of educational and political reform. The women broke away from their homes and demanded education; the young men rose to help spread education and encourage the women. The country was bent on freeing the serfs. Emancipation commissions were sitting, and there were rumors of great political changes. Not only was the serf to be free, but the landlord was to be divested of land, and Russia was to be turned into one glorious commonwealth!

But Tolstoi was already thirty and immune from contagion. He was in St. Petersburg leading the frivolous life of a nobleman, made more frivolous still by the fact that he was a fêted hero returned from the war and already a writer of good reputation. He makes no mention of this great political and educational movement, nor did he make friends with any of its leaders, not even with the editors of the *Contemporary* for which he wrote, Dabrolubeff, Michailloff and Tchernyshefsky, who kept up the fire of the agrarian reform and practically forced the issue

upon Alexander II. Even Turgenieff left him cold. He 'despised him,' he said, and it was only a few years later that he even sent him a pair of pistols and a challenge because of a petty quarrel over the education of Turgenieff's daughter. As for the revolutionary sheet, *The Bell*, which Turgenieff edited with Herzen for the purpose of hammering away at the system of serfdom, Tolstoi ignored it entirely.

No matter what his inner struggles were, — and his writings show that they were many, — he did not openly deny the class to which he belonged, an almost conventional thing to do at this time. This utter lack of sympathy with the movement of 'Fathers and Sons,' as this period is called in Russian history, had its effect upon his writings. His books dealt with situations and emotions already outgrown, and appeared like anachronisms to the Russia which read them.

His *Morning of a Landed Proprietor* deals with attempts at improving the condition of the serfs, and speaks of their intelligence. No doubt Tolstoi was telling of his experiences and feelings when he went down to Yasnaya Polyana as a lad of nineteen; but the story appeared at a time when almost all were agitating, not for the improvement of the condition of the serfs, but for the absolute abolition of serfdom, and were already beginning to recognize the peasant as an important factor in Russian progress as well as an intelligent being. The only question then raging was, how was this abolition to be accomplished, and in what form should the land be held — in communal or in private ownership?

His novel *Youth*, mentioned above, also created an unfavorable impression, because, although Tolstoi described faithfully in minute detail the ill effects of introspection and self-analysis, he nevertheless seemed to hold them

up as an ideal to be attained. The youth of this time were abandoning themselves to a great cause, and Tolstoi's ideal appeared egotistical and useless.

But the book which created the most violent discussion was the *Cossacks*, which appeared in 1860. It was begun eight years earlier, but it came out just when the country was struggling to get the last word of civilization and at great personal sacrifice was passing it on to the people. The book, showing as it did in strong colors the vital, virile, primitive life of the Cossacks as compared to the young effete hero who goes down among them, was misunderstood and thought to be a call to the primitive on the part of Tolstoi. It sounded reactionary. To overthrow serfdom meant to let the winds of western civilization sweep into Russia; it was obvious to all that it could not be done by a return to the primitive.

The misunderstanding took place in thinking that Tolstoi was writing to prove a point. He was writing of things which had made the greatest impression on him. But the difficulty for the Russian mind was to understand that the things which had made the greatest impression on him had nothing to do with the social whole at all, but with himself.

This accounts for the fact that at the time when emancipation was finally accomplished in 1861, he was away altogether from Russia and was busy writing that masterpiece, *War and Peace*, which was an epic poem of the year 1812.

Yet this individualistic type of mind did not mean callousness to the world at large, it only meant an inverted reaching out to it. Great as his mind and heart were, they were isolated. Reach out to the world as he would, he could not overtake the last thought of that most advanced country, Russia.

The task was beyond this greatest human soul, and all his life he gave the appearance of lagging after the current thought.

II

Thus we see Russia in 1863 — disappointed and angered; the serf freed, but with a burden of sixty years' taxes for arid, worthless patches of land. The need of organization for the purpose of gaining that for which one is educated became apparent. Unorganized peasant uprisings were general, and the authorities were quenching them with fire and sword. Back into this cauldron came Tolstoi, and began where Russia had left off five years before, with educational reform. He opened a school in Yasnaya Polyana, and his ideas were brilliant and valuable and made a sensation. But the police came and destroyed his school and took his notes.

It did not throw him into the revolutionary camp. He took the post of arbiter between peasant and landlord, and tried to enforce some justice even under the iniquitous standards. He listened to the complaints and arbitrated. But when his decisions were in favor of the peasants, the decisions were reversed from above. Nor did this throw him with the more advanced thought. Instead, we find him writing to the Grand Duke Constantine, urging him to grant land reforms and pointing out that such reforms would safeguard the autocracy against the revolution!

And for fifteen years he went on, struggling within, but outwardly at peace. He stayed on in Yasnaya Polyana, seeing that the carp did not escape from the lake, or sending horses for sale to Samara. Around him the struggle of 'Fathers and Sons' had begun. Russia was uttering that great cry, 'To the people!' 'It is the movement of the Will of the People! A hundred million souls were given glorious hopes and

then mocked, a hundred million souls were robbed and beaten and oppressed. If you love one another, go to one another, join hands with the hundred million, teach them all you know, fight with them.' It is hard to believe that Tolstoi did not know of this movement going on about him. The trials of the Netchaev groups, the Dolgushin groups, the 'Moscow Fifty,' the 'Trial of the Hundred and Ninety Three,' had full reports in the papers. The spirit that lay behind them could be told by the speeches of the men and women tried, it could be told by Turgenieff's *Virgin Soil*. And yet Tolstoi remained untouched. But all this time he was struggling with the question of how to live in harmony with the world. He was like a colossus walking blindfold through the jungle of life, and he had to grope solitary and unaided, to come to the same position in 1883 which the Russian youth had held in theseventies.

But before this great thing happened to him, before his 'crisis,' as it is called, his novel *Anna Karenina* appeared. It was received with open arms abroad, but again it was looked on with disfavor by the majority at home. Already in 1863 the question of love and marriage, and of separation after marriage, had been discussed in all circles of Russia. Tchernyshefsky, in his novel of that year, *What Is To Be Done*, had discussed this question with the utmost frankness, and had come to the conclusions which were accepted by all Russia, namely, that there were times when separation after marriage is inevitable, and that there are instances when a real love for a third person comes after marriage and that this love should be followed. Now in 1875 Tolstoi issued this masterpiece *Anna Karenina*, with the inscription, 'Vengeance is Mine. I Will Repay.' Russia felt that *Anna Karenina's* tragedy was due to man-made conditions and her

own nature, and not, as the inscription suggests, to a supernatural law which could not be avoided. Thus it was received with great displeasure by nearly all Russia, and hailed by the conservatives as the work of a Daniel come to Judgment.

III

It was at this time that the great crisis in his life took place, a crisis that had been foretold by several Russian critics. All these years he had searched for the answer to the problem of life, and when it came it was the same as the youth had found for themselves more than ten years before, — To the People! Love the People!

'The only reason for life,' said Tolstōi, 'is the universal desire for welfare which, in reasoning man, becomes expanded to a desire for universal welfare — in other words, to love. It (this universal desire for welfare) expands its limits naturally by love, first for one's family, — one's wife and children, — then for friends, then for one's fellow countrymen; but Love is not satisfied with this, and tends to embrace all!'

The youth of the eighties had not repudiated this doctrine of love for all, for the people, but by this time they had reached different territory. By the continued oppressions and persecutions of the government, this love for the people drove them in the name of the people into a militant attitude toward the government. It drove them to Terrorism. For Tolstōi it led, for the first few years, to the philosophical position of absolute non-resistance to evil. 'I know that the enemy and the so-called malefactors are all men like myself, they love good and they hate evil, and if they do an apparently evil thing, it has to be corrected by good; and in this way the immediate work of the world, which is the substi-

tution of union and harmony for division and discord, can be carried on.'

But he could not long continue his absolute non-resistance to evil. He found that when he said that government, which is coercion and force, is evil, and that resistance is evil, both tending to disrupt the union and harmony which is the universal desire, he was nevertheless himself abetting this evil, which was the government. It was not to the non-resistance to evil that the government took exception. That doctrine sounded almost as good as a ukase from the Czar. It was only when he modified his theory, 'Resist not evil,' to 'Resist not evil *by violence*,' that the government grew uneasy about him. For a while his passive resistance sounded threatening. 'Take no part in violence,' he reiterated. 'The government is violent, therefore it is evil. Take no part in it. Pay no taxes, refuse to serve in the army.' But even these treasonable words were more than mitigated by their corollary. To take no part in violence at all meant that when the authorities sent down Cossacks to beat the peasants and raze the villages for not paying taxes, or for refusing to send recruits, the peasants should not resist, but receive this scourging with humility and patience and thus carry on the 'universal desire of union and harmony.' No wonder Tolstōi was left alone in Yasnaya Pol'yana, no wonder there was misunderstanding between him and the ardent youth whose whole life was dedicated vigilantly and zealously to the task of resisting evil.

IV

But Tolstōi's position was anomalous even to himself, and he could not carry it out to its full logical sequence. Every now and then he stopped his 'applying his soul and his meditating on the law of the Most High,' to burst

forth in protest against the conditions around him. In fact his last years were spent in vigorous protest against evil, though always with a half apology. Thus his letter on the Kishineff massacre of the Jews begins, that although purely a religious thinker and a philosopher and unwilling to speak on temporal things, yet he cannot help raising his voice at this moment to cry out against this great iniquity which has been committed. His letter, 'I cannot be silent,' has the same ring to it. He does not justify the revolutionists for their acts of violence, but he condones their acts because of their youth, their passions, and the extreme provocations by the government, composed of older and more experienced men with infinitely more power to do both evil and good than the youth. And with this power the government is bestializing its people — making hangmen where there were no hangmen before, and setting up gallows for the youth on all the cross-roads in the land. Would that he, too, were considered one with the youth and could suffer the penalty with them, rather than live unharmed on his estate and protected by the government!

It was a reaching out of his hand to the youth, an almost forced acknowledgment that there is no neutral ground in Russia — nor in all life, for that matter. This great universal thinker had to think and feel and act in a limited, temporal period. His heart kept on bleeding for the present, while his philosophy pulled him into the infinite. This is the reason for his seeming inconsistency: in his continuous reiteration, on the one hand, of his moral truths which take no cognizance of their practical relation to everyday conditions, and which say that each individual can make his own world, and his ever-ready outbursts of indignation and protest against wrongs

which were being committed about him, and which he saw were beyond the control of the individual.

And herein lies the pathos and the tragedy of Tolstoi — that he was great in a great time, but that the time and the man did not fit. Herein lies the glory of death, that he can now be measured by the scope and the strivings of his soul.

At one moment he did fit into the thought of his own country, and that was when he issued *What is Art?* But here, too, — as with his educational reform, his going to the people, his ideas of simplicity, his conceptions of property and labor, — the ideas he set forth were already part and parcel of current Russian thought. The difference in this case was that Russia since the later twenties had never changed its position in regard to art, but had always held that the one purpose of art was the service of humanity. Tolstoi's confirmation of that principle was gratifying to Russian critics, for heretofore their opponents had considered Tolstoi as belonging to them. The real field of battle into which Tolstoi's *What is Art?* was cast was abroad, where German metaphysical aesthetics held sway. Abroad his *What is Art?* was iconoclastic, in Russia its significance was historical, and this differentiation is true of almost all his life and work.

As to Tolstoi himself, there was no dualism in his nature at all. He was not a hedonist one year and an ascetic the next. The problems of the boy of twelve were the same as those of the man of seventy. The years only brought their answers to him; and the answers came from within himself and not from life. Alone he took up the god-like task of creating man and life anew. That he should seemingly have left no impress on his family and his

fatherland is but natural. They did not belong to him, he belonged to himself, worked upon himself; he was his own material.

v

As one who had been in relation with his country for eighty-two years, Tolstoi was a failure. A scene in his own garden with his family, as the writer remembers it, is symbolic of the larger picture of himself and the Russia of his day.

It is May. A long table stands under a tree in an old garden surrounding a large country-house painted white. The place is suggestive of a nobleman's estate. About the table are seated Tolstoi, his eldest daughter, Tatyana, his son, Sergei, and his son's wife (a Swedish noblewoman), their two small sons dressed in white costumes with large sailor collars, and Tolstoi's youngest son, a rather portly young fellow in a silk pongee costume. Our little party of three completes the group.

A samovar is singing on the table. Tatyana is pouring tea at the head, and there is a bowl of Metchnicoff's curds on the table. Tolstoi sits on the right near the foot, eating curds. His first appearance is of one very old. He is slight and emaciated. His cheek-bones protrude, his chin is sunken, his eye-brows are thick and shaggy, and he lisps from toothlessness. One feels that he is but bones under that long peasant blouse. But the impression of age vanishes after a few minutes. He is sprightly in his movements, and his eyes are piercing under his shaggy brows. He talks animatedly, and seems conscious in a simple dignified way that it is he whom we have come to see, and that it is he who is the centre of interest. His children, too, know that he is of great importance, and their conversation centres around his home,

his house, his family, his tenets, his thoughts.

Sergei (rather slight, with a small beard, exquisitely groomed, sitting on my left). — Yes, Gorky got what he deserved in America. Why, the man does not even believe in private property!

Tolstoi (at the foot). — Of course I do not like to talk about politics; I am a religious thinker, but if you want to know what I think of the revolution and the Duma, I'll tell you: — it is a five-act drama, and you'll have to stay fifty years to see it through, and the Duma is the first scene of the first act and is high comedy.

Tatyana. — You know my husband is a deputy to the Duma. He is a Constitutional Democrat. You see, though, I don't always agree with my father. I am more in sympathy with him than these two here. Now, my brother [points to the youngest] says he is a monarchist.

The Young Man (looking up from his glass of tea). — Of course I am a monarchist. If we would all stand loyal by the Czar and not pull this way and that, and be good to the peasants, there would be no trouble at all. [Sips his tea again.]

Tolstoi (passing me a bowl of curds). — That's to live two hundred and fifty years.

Sergei. — I think I'll go to America and give a course of lectures on my father. I'll wager I'll be received differently from Gorky.

Tolstoi (to my brother-in-law). — I said to the Duma leader, if you have any better solution than that of Henry George, stand for it. But those labor people are n't really representative. Look at their hands.

My Brother-in-law. — But there are several good ones. Anikine, for example.

Tolstoi. — Yes; so I am told; my son-in-law said so.

Tatyana. — My husband was a widower with six children when I married him. You know my father believes in large families, we were thirteen ourselves.

Tolstōi. — The land question in Russia is the economic side of the problem, but it all goes back to the government question, to violence and the tax-gatherer. The agrarian programme of the labor group is socialistic, and I have no objection to Socialism if you take it broadly like the judge, who, when the witness said Socialism was the working together for the welfare of mankind, said he, too, was a Socialist.

Some One. — What about anarchism?

Tolstōi. — That too is all right, but the building-up afterwards, that is the trouble. And now I am going to tell you something you may not understand. I don't know whether I can make myself clear. The organization of the work of the world, that is the problem — it is difficult in the country, but much worse in towns.

My Sister. — And the solution of the problem is —

Tolstōi (shrugs his shoulders). — At present I am writing tracts on religion. Come to my room and I will give you some. Did you know that Garrison was a passive-resistance man? And also Thoreau? I'll wager you have n't read —

I. — His *Civic Disobedience*; yes, we have.

Tolstōi. — The first Americans I have met who have.

[We all rise and go to his room.]

Tolstōi (walking with arms folded over his chest). — No; I can't say I see

my way to the solution of the problem, but the solutions given by others are absurd. But yet if you stay long enough you will even see it — the revolution. It will come. But I do not speak of it. It will not bring with it that which I want.

Tatyana (to me). — Let me go with you. I can show you the whole house. There are wonderful busts and portraits of my father in the drawing-room, done by the greatest artists. And when we come back I'll show you the kitchen.

[We see the kitchen with the tile-oven large enough 'to cook banquets on,' and the *chef* in his white cap and coat as befits the household of a count. We leave the family smiling and bowing to us from the veranda steps.]

How absolutely detached he was from all, this great master of Negation!

He had risen in his negations from pinnacle to pinnacle, negator of his class, negator of his art, negator of his teaching, lover of all yet never one with all, until this arch-individualist wandered off on that memorable pilgrimage which ended at Astopova, to merge himself into the common whole and make the greatest sacrifice of all, the negation of his very self.

Like a mediæval Christian, like a follower of Buddha, Tolstōi found himself by his last act of Negation. He who had been detached from man in spirit was brought back to men by the hand of Death. Through Death he became himself, through Death was he made visible to those nearest him. Death took him and returned him to the world.

EDUCATIONAL EFFICIENCY

BY HENRY DAVIS BUSHNELL

To minds open and progressively inclined, the general topic of improvement and advance in educational methods is received with an interest measured only by the vast importance and far-reaching influence of the subject. It is, then, before broad-minded judges and to a prepared audience that Bulletin Number Five of the Carnegie Foundation makes its case for methods and means intended to increase efficiency in higher education. The suggestions of this publication, presented with persuasiveness and worked out with infinite and painstaking detail, may briefly be summed up (without intending to belittle the vast labor of the research) as an attempted application of the most modern, advanced, and best methods of industrial activity to the problems of education, to the end that less 'moss' shall exist upon the portals of our places of higher education. In other words, the business test of accounting is to be applied for the purpose of ascertaining with some degree of certainty whether each dollar expended in the cause of learning is reaping its dollar's worth of return on the investment. Taking all things into consideration, it is believed that this is a fair statement of the purpose and scope of the publication to which we have referred.

Now, it is obvious to all *alumni* who are worthy of the educational advantages that they enjoyed, that the cause of learning, training, culture — whatever name it may be desirable to use — must not lag behind the general march

forward of civilization in the generic sense. On the contrary, those entrusted with the problems of teaching must, to be entitled to consideration, be in the forefront of the advance, leading the advance, and more than that, willing to be led whenever and wherever light from any source shows clearly the way of advance to be.

No graduate of our universities, if he has obtained at the knee of his *Alma Mater* the best she has to give, — an open mind, a judgment in suspension, an abhorrence of the attitude of fixed and definitive opinion, — but will readily concede that there are serious shortcomings and wants in his own university, and, therefore, probably in all others; although when he is honest with himself, as he reviews his own personal experience and that of his intimates, he will be compelled to admit that many of the points he regrets are chargeable to his own indifference or indolence rather than to inefficient management.

But the faults of higher education in this country, which may be granted by all who know the facts, are present; and the problem is, how to correct them.

The author of Bulletin Number Five, approaching the subject from the point of view of business management, must necessarily see even at first sight much that distresses an orderly, systematic mind. He cites such instances as 'gardeners refraining from work about college grounds until professors' hours in class or lecture-rooms begin,

and on afternoons of intercollegiate games; he points out that some lecture-rooms are never fully in use or used fully only part of the time, causing a waste measured by a 'student-per-foot-per-hour' standard; he objects to professors writing by hand what should be dictated; he observes students loitering on the way to lectures, and so on. Granted the premises, there is inexorable logic and there are true conclusions in the argument, set forth so exhaustively and ably. But in spite of broad-mindedness, or rather, let us be not afraid to say, because of it, many of the graduates of American colleges and universities, men prominent in every department of enterprise, searching for the most up-to-date methods of doing business, — 'scrapping' machinery, men, or processes the instant that their efficiency is impaired below a standard, — will pause in their analysis of the proposed invasion of academic fields, and firmly if courteously deny the truth of the premises.

To apply the rule of false analogy to the argument in behalf of the innovation, will satisfy and convince many minds of the fallacy in the reasoning. We of this complexion of thought will gladly see gardeners and janitors, bookkeepers and others, who carry on the true business machinery of the university, caused to labor under conditions of the least waste and greatest efficiency; let supplies be standardized (if that be possible in the face of such diverse activities as experimental chemistry and the study of Chaucer in the original), but never with equanimity can we grant that there exists a parallel, an analogy between the processes of turning out steel rails and those of turning out men of the widely diversified capacities of our A.B. degree-holders — scholars, thinkers, leaders of men, mere gentlemen of cultured

tastes, the vast body of alumni who perhaps are distinguished by nothing more than that they have learned their own limitations and have found out how best to apply their individual capabilities.

In this body the ablest business man himself is not attracted by the idea of impressing upon the undergraduate the thought, baldly stated, that every hour that he occupies two square feet of lecture-room space he must be expected to produce so many dollars' worth of lecture-room-professor-student-hours' worth of education in money value. 'Produce?' That is not what he is there for, and that is what makes the fallacy in the argument apparent; industrial methods of efficiency look to the production of a commodity at the least expense for the greatest profit; all is subordinated to that theory.

Not so, however, do the results of higher education evolve. As the New York *Evening Post* suggested, the personality of instructors cannot be standardized,¹ and it is largely that which leads fathers to send their sons to this or that college — not in the hope of acquiring for each student-hour of instruction a tangible equal standardized block of learning. Human hands may be compelled to dig so many feet of ditch per hour, but human minds, to say the least, may be affected to-day by some loss of sleep last night, spent in the pursuit of some innocent but valuable aspect of life, better learned in the epitome of college days than in the shelved volume of later years.

More pernicious even is this invasion of material, monetary standards likely to be in the work of professor or instructor. Are the free play of his individuality, his painstaking research work, — often necessarily barren of results but no less valuable to learning,

—his maturing judgment and opinion, to be cramped and shriveled by the thought of profit-and-loss on the page of the ledger which bears his record?

It ever seems an ungracious task to criticize and tear down with no offer of a substitute for that which is attacked, yet that is the situation in which the present writer finds himself, and he must perforce cry *peccavi*. The subject of economical administration is, and has been too long, the burden of able and experienced men, for a layman to attempt suggestions of any value. But if the above outlined argument is valid, then the proposed adaptation of industrial methods, the plan of systematization, is wholly inapplicable, and we are left where we were at the beginning, or nearly so, although there are many excellent ideas brought to light in the pages of the Report.

In the last analysis, the efficiency of an institution of education depends upon the ability of its teachers, and that this is not and never can be measured by industrial or monetary values, witness the salaries paid, — as a general rule smaller in the older and better-known universities, which without prejudice may be said to be at least equally as efficient as the younger ones which pay higher salaries. Heaven and the professors know that not in *this* regard may charges of extravagance or waste be preferred!

As regards excess or non-use of floor-space in lecture-halls or laboratories, it is maintained that upon a true theory of education more loss or waste will occur where there is overcrowding and bad ventilation, distraction of attention and noise by reason thereof, than where each student has more than enough room for himself, whether in laboratory, library, or lecture-hall. In this view of the matter it would appear to be a short-sighted

policy of financing a college plant to attempt to make supply exactly equal to demand, for the demand is variable, both as to courses, and by years; and it would be impossible precisely to expand and contract floor-space as needs might grow or diminish. Let there be an excess or even a non-use; so much the better for comfort and health, which are in some respects alone things of value.

Furthermore, observing that the cost per student-hour is directly affected by the presence or absence of the individual at a given time and place, and waiving argument upon the point that "cuts" are sometimes justified by circumstances, or that the liberty of judgment in that regard may on the other hand be abused, it is certainly true that to urge, or insist that a student shall be in his place at lectures or recitations *for the reason* that if he is not a money loss, a lowering of return on investment, will result from his absence, is to set before him a motive that he can never respect, one subversive of all ideals of true scholarship, and humiliating to the instructor. What progressive educators are trying to attain is the growth from within of a greater respect for high scholarship, and it is maintained that the application of mill methods upon the undergraduate body will react in a manner that will push back the attempted attainment as little else could.

Looking at the subject broadly, it would appear that only general principles of economy could be invoked to correct such financial evils as may exist in our colleges and universities. There is no real unit upon which to standardize, nor is it desirable that all colleges should even be similar in their organization and service. The man who goes to a University of Wisconsin does so with a different object from that of the man who decides for a Dartmouth. Is there no room for both?

These questions present themselves to the majority of lovers of the traditional benefits of higher education, and can be answered for them in only one way. At the risk of being set down as reactionaries, as non-progressives, this large conservative element finds this reply: Better a thousand times that waste should exist, than that it should be checked by methods derogatory to the creation of ideals, the setting high of spiritual standards of thought and conduct, appreciation and understanding, among the youth of the land. These attributes are among the best products of our learning-factories, and these come slowly; uncertainly: now educated by contact with the personality of this professor, now chastened by association with that fellow classman, again originated by the new-lighted flame of inspiration from research in chemistry or history.

Granted that we should insist upon more diligence in study by the student body, that high scholarship should receive somewhat the same amount of acclaim that athletics does, we *cannot* grant that these results will flow from

setting the dollar-mark over against things of the intellect, or of the spirit. The rough hand of commercialism too soon strips off the illusions of life when our lad leaves academic shades, and forthwith he becomes a disregarded, dispensable factor in the world's work. Therefore let every watch be set to keep the influence of commercialism out of the formative years, as well as out of the sight of those whose unselfish service it is to educate—to draw forth from the hearts and minds of their pupils a spark of the divine fire.

May the day never come when American students punch a time-clock, or instructors produce by the hour for their daily wage. The money donated by benefactors, so spent, would be money better not spent, for it would defeat its own purpose of spreading liberalizing education. Let us have more, rather than less, of the English theory of education for its own sake and the general enrichment of life. Its value should be measured, not by the money spent in obtaining it, but by the life and works of its possessor.

THE PATRICIANS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

XL

LEFT by her father and mother to the further entertainment of Harbinger, Barbara had said, 'Let's have coffee in here,' and passed into the withdrawing-room.

Except for that one evening, when together by the sea wall they stood contemplating the populace, she had not been alone with him since he kissed her under the shelter of the ragged box-hedge. And now, after the first moment, she looked at him calmly, though in her breast there was a fluttering, as if an imprisoned bird were struggling ever so feebly against that soft and solid cage. Her last jangled talk with Courtier had left an ache in her heart. Besides, did she not know all that Harbinger could give her?

Like a nymph pursued by a faun who held dominion over the groves, she, fugitive, kept looking back. There was nothing in that fair wood of his with which she was not familiar, no thicket she had not traveled, no stream she had not crossed, no kiss she could not return. His was a discovered land, in which, as of right, she would reign. She had nothing to hope from him but power, and solid pleasure. Her eyes said, How am I to know whether I shall not want more than you; feel suffocated in your arms; be surfeited by all that you will bring me? Have I not already got all that?

She knew, from his downcast, gloomy face, how cruel she seemed to him, and was sorry. She wanted to be good to

him, and she said almost shyly, 'Are you angry with me, Claud?'

Harbinger looked up.

'What makes you so cruel, Babs?'

'I am not cruel.'

'You *are*. Where is your heart?'

'Here!' said Barbara, touching her breast.

'Ah!' muttered Harbinger; 'but *I'm* not joking.'

She said gently, 'Is it as bad as that, my dear?'

But the softness of her voice seemed to fan the smouldering fires in Harbinger.

'There's something behind all this,' he stammered; 'you've no right to make a fool of me!'

'And what is the something, please?'

'That's for you to say. I'm not blind. What about this fellow Courtier?'

At that moment there was revealed to Barbara a new acquaintance—the male proper. No, to live with him would not be quite lacking in adventure!

Harbinger's face had darkened; his eyes were dilated, his whole figure seemed to have grown. On his fists, clenched in front of him, Barbara suddenly noticed the hair which covered them. All his suavity had left him. He came very close.

How long that look between them lasted, and of all there was in it, she had no clear knowledge; thought after thought, wave after wave of feeling, rushed through her. Revolt and attraction, contempt and admiration,

queer sensations of disgust and pleasure, all mingled — as on a May day one may see the hail fall, and the sun suddenly burn through, and steam from the grass.

Then he said hoarsely: 'Oh! Babs, forgive; you madden me so!'

Smoothing her lips, as if to regain control of them, she answered, 'Yes, I think I have had enough,' and went out into her father's study.

The sight of Lord and Lady Valleys so intently staring at Milton restored her self-possession.

It struck her as slightly comical, not knowing that the little scene was the outcome of that word. In truth, the contrast between Milton and his parents at this moment was almost ludicrous.

Lady Valleys was the first to speak.

'Better comic than romantic. I suppose Barbara may know, considering her contribution to this matter. Your brother is resigning his seat, my dear; his conscience will not permit him to retain it, under certain circumstances that have arisen.'

'Oh!' cried Barbara; 'but surely —'

'The matter has been argued, Babs,' Lord Valleys said shortly; 'unless you have some better reason to advance than those of ordinary common sense, public spirit, and consideration for one's family, it will hardly be worth your while to reopen the discussion.'

Barbara looked up at Milton, whose face, all but the eyes, was like a mask.

'Oh, Eusty!' she said, 'you're not going to spoil your life like this! Just think how I shall feel!'

Milton answered stonily, 'You did what you thought right; as I am doing.'

'Does *she* want you to?'

'No.'

'There is, I should imagine,' put in Lord Valleys, 'not a solitary creature in the whole world but your brother

who would wish for this consummation. But with him such a consideration does not weigh!'

'Oh!' sighed Barbara; 'think of Granny!'

'I prefer not to think of her,' murmured Lady Valleys.

'She's so wrapped up in you, Eusty. She always has believed in you intensely.'

Milton sighed. And, encouraged by that sound, Barbara went closer.

It was plain enough that, behind his impassivity, a desperate struggle was going on in Milton. He spoke at last:

'If I have not already yielded to one who is more to me than anything, when she begged and entreated, it is because I feel this in a way you don't realize. I apologize for using the word comic just now; I should have said tragic. I'll enlighten Uncle Dennis, if that will comfort you; but this is not exactly a matter for any one, except myself.'

And, without another look or word, he went out.

As the door closed, Barbara ran towards it; and, with a motion strangely like the wringing of hands, said, 'Oh, dear! Oh, dear!' Then, turning away to a bookcase, she began to cry.

This ebullition of feeling, surpassing even their own, came as a real shock to Lord and Lady Valleys, ignorant of how strung-up she had been before she entered the room. They had not seen Barbara cry since she was a tiny girl. And in face of her emotion any animus they might have shown her for having thrown Milton into Mrs. Noel's arms, now melted away. Lord Valleys, especially moved, went up to his daughter, and stood with her in that dark corner, saying nothing, but gently stroking her hand. Lady Valleys, who herself felt very much inclined to cry, went out of sight into the embrasure of the window.

Barbara's sobbing was soon subdued.

'It's his face,' she said. 'And why? Why? It's so unnecessary!'

Lord Valleys, continually twisting his moustache, muttered, 'Exactly! He makes things for himself!'

'Yes,' murmured Lady Valleys from the window, 'he was always like that, uncomfortable. I remember him as a baby. Bertie never was.'

And then the silence was only broken by the little angry sounds of Barbara blowing her nose.

'I shall go and see mother,' said Lady Valleys suddenly. 'The boy's whole life may be ruined if we can't stop this. Are you coming, child?'

But Barbara refused.

She went to her room, instead. This crisis in Milton's life had strangely shaken her. It was as if Fate had suddenly revealed all that any step out of the beaten path might lead to, had brought her sharply up against herself. To wing out into the blue! see what it meant! If Milton kept to his resolve, and gave up public life, he was lost! And she herself! The fascination of Courtier's chivalrous manner, of a sort of innate gallantry, suggesting the quest of everlasting danger — was it not rather absurd? And — was she fascinated? Was it not simply that she liked the feeling of fascinating him? Through the maze of these thoughts darted the memory of Harbinger's face close to her own, his clenched hands, the swift revelation of his dangerous masculinity. It was all a nightmare of scaring, queer sensations, of things that could never be settled. She was stirred for once out of all her normal philosophy. Her thoughts flew back to Milton. That which she had seen in their faces then had come to pass! And picturing Agatha's horror, when she came to hear of it, Barbara could not help a smile. Poor Eustace! If only he would not take things so hard! If he really

carried out his resolve — and he never changed his mind — it would be tragic! It would mean the end of everything for him!

Perhaps he would get tired of Mrs. Noel, now! But she was not the sort of woman a man would get tired of. She would never let him! She would never try to keep him! Why could n't they go on as if nothing had happened? Could nobody persuade him? She thought again of Courtier. If he, who knew them both, would talk to Milton, about the right to be happy, the right to revolt? Eustace ought to revolt. It was his duty. She sat down and wrote; then, putting on her hat, took the note and slipped downstairs.

XLI

The flowers of summer in the great glass house at Ravensham were keeping the last afternoon-watch when Clifton summoned Lady Casterley with the words, 'Lady Valleys is in the white room.'

Since the news of Milton's illness, and of Mrs. Noel's nursing, the little old lady had possessed her soul in patience; often, it is true, afflicted with poignant misgivings as to this new influence in the life of her favorite, affected too by a sort of jealousy which she did not admit, even in her prayers. Having small liking now for leaving home, even for Catton, her country place, she was still at Ravensham, where Lord Dennis had come up to stay with her as soon as Milton had left Sea House. But indeed Lady Casterley was never very dependent on company. She retained unimpaired her intense interest in politics, and still corresponded freely with prominent men. Of late, too, a slight revival of the June war-scare had made its mark on her in a certain rejuvenescence, which always accompanied her contemplation

of national crises, even when such were a little in the air. At blast of trumpet her spirit still leaped forward, unsheathed its sword, and stood at the salute. At such times, she rose earlier, went to bed later, was far less susceptible to draughts, and refused with asperity any food between meals. She wrote too with her own hand letters which she would otherwise have dictated to her secretary. Unfortunately the scare had died down again almost at once; and the passing of danger always left her rather irritable. Lady Valleys's visit came as a timely consolation.

She kissed her daughter critically, for there was that about her manner which she did not like.

'Yes, of course I am well!' she said. 'Why did n't you bring Barbara?'

'She was tired!'

'H'm! Afraid of meeting me, since she committed that piece of folly over Eustace. You must be careful of that child, Gertrude, or she will be doing something silly herself. I don't like the way she keeps Claud Harbinger hanging in the wind.'

Her daughter cut her short: 'There is bad news about Eustace.'

Lady Casterley lost the little color in her cheeks; lost too all her superfluity of irritable energy.

'Tell me, at once!'

Having heard, she said nothing; but Lady Valleys noticed with alarm that over her eyes had come suddenly the peculiar filminess of age.

'Well, what do you advise?' she asked.

Tired herself, and troubled, she was conscious of a quite unwonted feeling of discouragement before this silent little figure, in the silent white room. She had never before seen her mother look as if she heard Defeat passing on its dark wings. And moved by sudden tenderness for the little frail body that

had borne her so long ago, she murmured almost with surprise, 'Mother, dear!'

'Yes,' said Lady Casterley, as if speaking to herself, 'the boy saves things up; he stores his feelings — they burst and sweep him away. First his passion; now his conscience. There are two men in him; but this will be the death of one of them.' And suddenly turning on her daughter, she said, 'Did you ever hear about him at Oxford, Gertrude? He broke out once, and ate husks with the Gadarenes. You never knew. Of course — you never have known anything of him.'

Resentment rose in Lady Valleys, that any one should know her son better than herself; but she lost it again looking at the little figure, and said, sighing, 'Well?'

Lady Casterley murmured, 'Go away, child; I must think. You say he's to consult Dennis? Do you know *her* address? Ask Barbara when you get back and telephone it to me.' And at her daughter's kiss, she added grimly, 'I shall live to see him in the saddle yet, though I *am* seventy-eight.'

As the sound of the car died away, she rang the bell.

'When Lady Valleys rings up, Clifton, don't take the message, call me.' And seeing that Clifton did not move, she added sharply, 'Well?'

'There is no bad news of his young lordship's health, I hope, my lady.'

'No.'

'Forgive me, my lady, but I have had it on my mind for some time to ask you something.'

And the old man raised his hand with a peculiar dignity, seeming to say, 'You will excuse me that for the moment I am a human being speaking to a human being.'

'The matter of his attachment,' he went on, 'is known to me; it has given me acute anxiety, knowing his lord-

ship as I do, and having heard him say something singular when he was here in July. I should be grateful if you would assure me that there is to be no hitch in his career, my lady.'

The expression on Lady Casterley's face was strangely compounded of surprise, kindness, defense, and impatience, as with a child.

'Not if I can prevent it, Clifton,' she said sharply; 'you need not concern yourself.'

Clifton bowed.

'Excuse me mentioning it, my lady,' a quiver ran over his face between its long white whiskers, 'but his young lordship's career is more to me than my own.'

When he had left her, Lady Casterley sat down in a little low chair — long she sat there by the empty hearth, till the daylight was all gone.

XLII

Not far from the dark-haloed indeterminate limbo where dwelt that bugbear of Charles Courtier, the great Half-Truth Authority, he himself had a couple of rooms at fifteen shillings a week. Their chief attraction was that the great Half-Truth Liberty had recommended them. They tied him to nothing, and were ever at his disposal when he was in London; for his landlady, though not bound by agreement so to do, let them in such a way that she could turn any one else out at a week's notice. She was a gentle soul, married to a socialistic plumber twenty years her senior. The worthy man had given her two little boys, and the three of them kept her in such permanent order that to be in the presence of Courtier was the greatest pleasure she knew. When he disappeared on one of his missions, explorations, or adventures, she inclosed the whole of his belongings in two tin trunks, and placed

them in a cupboard which smelled a little of mice. When he reappeared the trunks were reopened, and a powerful scent of dried rose-leaves would escape. For, recognizing the mortality of things human, she procured every summer from her sister, the wife of a market gardener, a consignment of this commodity, which she passionately sewed up in bags, and continued to deposit year by year in Courtier's trunks. This, and the way she made his toast — very crisp — and aired his linen — very dry, were practically the only things she could do for a man naturally inclined to independence, and accustomed from his manner of life to fend for himself.

At first signs of his departure she would go into some closet or other, away from the plumber and the two marks of his affection, and cry quietly; but never in Courtier's presence did she dream of manifesting grief — as soon weep in the presence of death or birth, or any other fundamental tragedy or joy. In face of the realities of life she had known from her youth up the value of the simple verb '*sto — stare* — to stand fast.'

And to her Courtier was a reality, the chief reality of life, the focus of her aspiration, the morning and the evening star.

The request, then, — five days after his farewell visit to Mrs. Noel, — for the elephant-hide trunk which accompanied his roving, produced her habitual period of seclusion, followed by her habitual appearance in his sitting-room bearing a note, and some bags of dried rose-leaves on a tray. She found him in his shirt-sleeves, packing.

'Well, Mrs. Benton: off again!'

Mrs. Benton, plaiting her hands, for she had not yet lost something of the look and manner of a little girl, answered in her flat, but serene voice, 'Yes, sir; and I hope you're not going

anywhere very dangerous this time. I always think you go to such dangerous places.'

'To Persia, Mrs. Benton, where the carpets come from.'

'Oh! yes, sir. Your washing's just come home.'

Her apparently cast-down eyes stored up a wealth of little details: the way his hair grew, the set of his back, the color of his braces. But suddenly she said in a surprising voice, 'You have n't a photograph you could spare, sir, to leave behind? Mr. Benton was only saying to me yesterday, we've nothing to remember you by, in case you should n't come back.'

'Yes, here's an old one.'

Mrs. Benton took the photograph.

'Oh!' she said; 'you can see who it is.' And holding it perhaps too tightly, for her fingers trembled, she added, 'A note, please, sir; the messenger boy is waiting for an answer.'

And while he read the note, she noticed with concern how packing had brought the blood into his head.

When, in response to that note, Courtier entered the well-known confectioner's called Gustard's, it was still not quite tea-time, and there seemed to him at first no one in the room save three middle-aged women packing sweets; then in the corner he saw Barbara. The blood was no longer in his head; he was pale, walking down that mahogany-colored room, impregnated with the scent of wedding-cake. Barbara, too, was pale.

Being so close to her that he could count every eyelash, and inhale the scent of her hair and clothes, to listen to her story of Milton, so hesitatingly, so wistfully told, seemed very like being kept waiting, with the rope already round his neck, to hear about another person's toothache. He felt this to have been unnecessary on the part of Fate! And there came to him

perversely the memory of that ride over the sun-warmed heather, when he had paraphrased the old Sicilian song, 'Here will I sit and sing.' He was a long way from singing now; nor was there love in his arms. There was instead a cup of tea; and in his nostrils the scent of cake, with now and then a whiff of orange-flower water.

'I see,' he said, when she had finished telling him: "'Liberty's a glorious feast?'" You want me to go to your brother, and quote Burns. You know, of course, that he regards me as dangerous.'

'Yes; but he respects, and likes you.'

'And I respect and like him,' answered Courtier.

One of the middle-aged females passed, carrying a large white cardboard box; and the creaking of her stays broke the hush.

'You have been very sweet to me,' said Barbara suddenly.

Courtier's heart stirred, as if it were turning over within him; and gazing into his teacup, he answered, 'All men are decent to the evening star. I will go at once and find your brother. When shall I bring you news?'

'To-morrow at five.'

And repeating, 'To-morrow at five,' he rose.

Looking back from the door, he saw her face puzzled, rather reproachful, and went out gloomily. The scent of cake and orange-flower water, the creaking of the female's stays, the color of mahogany, still clung to his eyes, and ears, and nose. It was all dull, baffled rage within him. Why had he not made the most of this unexpected chance? why had he not made desperate love to her? A conscientious fool! And yet — the whole thing was absurd! She was so young! God knew he would be glad to be out of it. If he stayed he was afraid that he would play the cad. But the memory of her

words, 'You have been very sweet to me!' would not leave him; nor the memory of her face, so puzzled, and reproachful. Yes, if he stayed he would play the cad! He would be asking her to marry a man double her age, of no position but that which he had carved for himself, and without a rap. And he would be asking her in such a way that she might have some little difficulty in refusing. He would be letting himself go. And she was only twenty — for all her woman-of-the-world air, a child! No! He would be useful to her, if possible, this once, and then clear out!

XLIII

When Milton left Valleys House he walked in the direction of Westminster. During the five days that he had been back in London he had not yet entered the House of Commons. After the seclusion of his illness, he still felt a yearning, almost painful, toward the movement and stir of the town. Everything he heard and saw made an intensely vivid impression. The lions in Trafalgar Square, the great buildings of Whitehall, filled him with a sort of exultation. He was like a man who, after a long sea voyage, first catches sight of land, and stands straining his eyes, hardly breathing, taking in, one by one, the lost features of that face. He walked on to Westminster Bridge, and going to an embrasure in the very centre, looked back.

It was said that the love of those towers passed into the blood. It was said that he who had sat beneath them could never again be quite the same. Milton knew that it was true — desperately true, of himself. In person he had sat there but three weeks, but in soul he seemed to have been sitting there hundreds of years. And now he would sit there no more! And there rose up in him an almost frantic desire to free

himself from the coil around him. To be held a prisoner by that most secret of all his instincts, the instinct for authority! To be unable to wield authority because to wield authority was to insult authority. God! It was hard! He turned his back on the towers, and sought distraction in the faces of the passers-by.

Each of these, he knew, had his struggle to keep self-respect! Or was it that they were unconscious of struggle or of self-respect, and just let things drift? They looked like that, most of them! And all his inherent contempt for the average or common welled up as he watched them. Yes, they looked like that! Ironically, the sight of those from whom he had desired the comfort of compromise, served instead to stimulate that part of him which refused to let him compromise. They looked soft, soggy, without pride or will, as though they knew that life was too much for them, and had shamefully accepted the fact. They so obviously needed to be told what they might do, and which way they should go; they would accept orders as they accepted their work, or pleasures. And the thought that he was now debarred from the right to give them orders rankled in him furiously. They, in their turn, glanced casually at his tall figure leaning against the parapet, not knowing how their fate was trembling in the balance. His thin, sallow face and hungry eyes gave one or two of them perhaps a feeling of interest or discomfort; but to most he was assuredly no more than any other man or woman in the hurly-burly. That dark figure of conscious power struggling in the fetters of its own belief in power, was a piece of sculpture they had neither time nor wish to understand; having no taste for tragedy, for witnessing the human spirit driven to the wall.

It was five o'clock before Milton left the bridge, and passed, like an exile, before the gates of Church and State, on his way to his uncle's club. He stopped to telegraph to Mrs. Noel the time he would be coming to-morrow afternoon; and in leaving the Post Office, noticed in the window of the adjoining shop some reproductions of old Italian masterpieces, amongst them one of Botticelli's *Birth of Venus*. He had never seen that picture of everlasting love and joy; and, remembering that she had told him it was her favorite picture, he stopped to look at it. Ordinarily well versed in such matters, as became one of his caste, Milton had not the power of letting a work of art insidiously steal the private self from his soul, and replace it with the self of all the world. He examined this far-famed presentment of the heathen goddess with detachment, even with irritation. The drawing of the body seemed to him crude, the whole picture a little flat and Early; he did not like the figure of the *Flora*. That golden serenity, and tenderness, of which she had spoken, left him cold. Then he found himself looking at the face, and slowly, but with uncanny certainty, began to feel that he was looking at the face of *Audrey*. The hair was golden and different, the eyes gray and different, the mouth a little fuller; yet — it was her face; the same oval shape, the same far-apart arched brows, the same strangely tender, elusive spirit. And, as though offended, he turned and walked on.

In the window of a little shop was that for which he had bartered his life: the incarnation of passive and entwining love; that gentle creature who had given herself to him so utterly, for whom his senses yearned and his heart ached at the least thought, for whom love, and the flowers, and trees, and birds, music, the sky, and the slow-flowing river, were

all-sufficing; who, like the goddess in the picture, seemed wondering at her own birth. He had a sudden glimpse of understanding, strange indeed in one who had so little power of seeing into others' hearts. She was touching because of her dim wonder that into a world like this she should ever have been born! But this flash of insight quickly yielded to that sickening consciousness of his own position, which never left him now.

Whatever he did, he must get rid of that malaise! But what could he do? Write books? What sort of books could he write? Only such as expressed his views of citizenship, his political and social beliefs. As well remain sitting and speaking beneath those towers! He could never join the happy band of artists, those soft and indeterminate spirits for whom barriers had no meaning, content to understand, interpret, and create. What should he be doing in that galley? The thought was inconceivable. A career at the Bar — yes, he might take that up; but to what end? To become a judge! As well continue to sit beneath those towers! Too late for diplomacy. Too late for the army; besides, he had not the faintest taste for military glory. Bury himself in the country like Uncle Dennis, and administer one of his father's estates? It would be death. Go amongst the poor? For a moment he thought he had found a new vocation. But in what capacity — to order their lives, when he could not order his own; or, as a mere conduit pipe for money, when he believed that charity was rotting the nation to its core!

At the head of every avenue stood an angel or devil with drawn sword. And then there came to him another thought. Since he was being cast forth from Church and State, could he not play the fallen spirit like a man — be Lucifer, and destroy! And instinctively he

at once saw himself returning to those towers, and beneath them crossing the floor; joining the revolutionaries, the radicals, the freethinkers; scourging his present party, the party of authority and institutions. The idea struck him as supremely comic, and he laughed out loud in the street.

The club which Lord Dennis frequented was in St. James's, untouched by the tides of the waters of fashion — steadily swinging to its moorings in a quiet backwater, and Milton found his uncle in the library. He was reading a volume of Burton's travels, and drinking tea.

'Nobody comes here,' he said, 'so, in spite of that word on the door, we shall talk. Waiter, bring some more tea, please.'

Impatiently, but with a sort of pity, Milton watched Lord Dennis's urbane movements, wherein old age, pathetically, was trying to make each little thing seem important, if only to the doer. Nothing his great-uncle could say would outweigh the warning of his picturesque old figure! To be a bystander; to see it all go past you; to let your sword rust in its sheath, as this poor old fellow had done!

The notion of explaining what he had come about was particularly hateful to Milton; but since he had given his word, he nerved himself with secret anger, and began, 'I promised my mother to ask you a question, Uncle Dennis. You know of my attachment, I believe?'

Lord Dennis nodded.

'Well, I have joined my life to this lady's. There will be no scandal, but I consider it my duty to resign my seat, and leave public life alone. Is that right or wrong according to your view?'

Lord Dennis looked at his nephew in silence. A faint flush colored his brown cheeks. He had the appearance of one traveling in mind over the past.

'Wrong, I think,' he said, at last.

'Why, if I may ask?'

'I have not the pleasure of knowing this lady, and am therefore somewhat in the dark; but it appears to me that your decision is not fair to her.'

'That is beyond me,' said Milton.

Lord Dennis answered firmly, 'You have asked me a frank question, expecting a frank answer; is that so?'

Milton bowed.

'Then, my dear, don't blame me if what I say is unpalatable.'

'I shall not,' said Milton.

'Good! You say you are going to give up public life for the sake of your conscience. I should have no criticism to make, if it stopped there.'

He paused, and for quite a minute remained silent, evidently searching for words to express some intricate thread of thought.

'But it won't, Eustace; the public man in you is far stronger than the other. You want leadership more than you want love. Your sacrifice will kill your affection; what you imagine is your loss and hurt will prove to be this lady's.'

Milton smiled.

Lord Dennis continued very dryly and with a touch of malice, 'You are not listening to me; but I can see very well that the process has begun already underneath. There's a curious streak of the Jesuit in you, Eustace. What you don't want to see, you won't see.'

'You advise me, then, to compromise?'

'On the contrary, I point out that you will be compromising if you try to keep both your conscience and your love. You will be seeking to have it both ways.'

'That is interesting.'

'And you will find yourself having it neither,' said Lord Dennis sharply.

Milton rose. 'In other words, you, like the others, recommend me to desert

this lady who loves me, and whom I love. And yet, Uncle, they say that in your own case —'

But Lord Dennis had risen, too, having lost all the appanage and manner of old age.

'Of my own case,' he said bluntly, 'we won't talk. I don't advise you to desert any one; you quite mistake me. I advise you to know yourself. And I tell you my opinion of you — you were cut out by Nature for a statesman, not a lover! There's something dried up in you, Eustace; I'm not sure there is n't something dried up in all our caste. We've had to do with forms and ceremonies too long. We're not good at taking the lyrical point of view!'

'Unfortunately,' said Milton, 'I cannot, to fit in with a theory of yours, commit a baseness.'

Lord Dennis began pacing up and down. He was keeping his lips closed very tight.

'A man who gives advice,' he said, at last, 'is always a fool. For all that, you have mistaken mine. I am not so presumptuous as to attempt to enter the inner chamber of your spirit. I have merely told you that, in my opinion, it would be more honest to yourself, and fairer to this lady, to compound with your conscience, and keep your love and your public life, than to pretend that you were capable of sacrificing what I know is the stronger element in you for the sake of the weaker. To that I can add nothing.'

Milton turned to the window. In the little side street over which the club looked, a man was sorting his evening papers before returning to the sale of them. And at the sight of that other creature quietly wrapped-up in his own life, Milton turned abruptly and said, 'I am sorry to have troubled you, Uncle Dennis. A middle policy is no use to me. Good-bye!' And without shaking hands, he went out.

XLIV

As he crossed the hall a man rose from a sofa. It was Courtier. 'Run you to earth at last,' he said: 'I wish you'd come and dine with me. I'm leaving England to-morrow night, and there are things I want to say.'

There passed through Milton's mind the rapid thought, Does he know? But he assented, and they went out together.

'It's difficult to find a quiet place,' said Courtier; 'this might do.'

He led the way into a little hostel, frequented by racing-men, and famed for the excellence of its steaks. As they sat down opposite each other in an almost empty room, Milton thought, Yes, he does know! Can I stand any more of this? And he waited savagely for the attack he felt was coming.

'So you are going to give up your seat?' said Courtier.

Milton looked at him a long time, before replying.

'From what town-crier did you hear that?'

But something in Courtier's face had checked his anger; its friendliness was too transparent.

'I am about her only friend,' said Courtier earnestly; 'and this is my last chance; to say nothing of my feeling toward you, which, believe me, is very cordial.'

'Go on, then,' muttered Milton.

'Forgive me for putting it bluntly. But her position — have you considered what it was before she met you?'

Milton felt all the blood in his body rushing to his face, but he sat still, clenching his nails into the palms of his hands.

'Yes, yes,' said Courtier, 'but this pharisaism — you used to have it yourself — which decrees either living death, or spiritual adultery to women, makes my blood boil. You can't deny

that those were the alternatives, and I say you had the right fundamentally to protest against them, not only in words but deeds. Well, I know, you did protest. But this present decision of yours is a climb-down; as much as to say that your protest was wrong.'

Milton half-rose from his seat. 'I cannot discuss this,' he said; 'I cannot.'

'For her sake, you must. If you give up your public work, you'll spoil her life again.'

Milton sat down again. At the word 'must' a steely feeling had come to his aid; his eyes began to look like the old Cardinal's. 'Your nature and mine, Courtier,' he said, 'are too far apart; we shall never understand each other.'

'Never mind that,' answered Courtier. 'Admitting those two alternatives to be horrible, which you never would have done unless the facts had been brought home to you personally —'

'That,' said Milton icily, 'I deny your right to say.'

'Anyway, you do admit them — if you believe you had not the right to rescue her, on what principle do you base that belief?'

Milton placed his elbow on the table, and leaning his chin on his hand, regarded the champion of lost causes without speaking. There was such a turmoil going on within him that it was with difficulty he could force his lips to obey him.

'By what right do you ask me that?' he said at last.

He saw Courtier's face go scarlet, and his fingers twisting furiously at those flame-like moustaches; but his answer was as steadily ironical as usual.

'I can hardly sit still, my last evening in England, without lifting a finger, while you half-murder a woman to whom I feel like a brother. I'll tell you what your principle is: authority, unjust or just, desirable or undesirable, must be implicitly obeyed. To break

a law, no matter on what provocation, or for whose sake, is to break the commandment —'

'Don't hesitate — say, of God.'

'Of an infallible fixed Power. Is that a true definition of your principle?'

'Yes,' said Milton between his teeth, 'I think so.'

'Exceptions prove the rule.'

'Hard cases make bad law.'

Courtier smiled sardonically. 'I knew you were coming out with that. I deny that they do with this law, which is behind the times and rotten. You had the right to rescue this woman.'

Milton's eyes had begun to burn.

'No, Courtier,' he said, 'if we must fight, let us fight on the naked facts. I have not rescued any one. I have merely stolen sooner than starve. That is why I cannot go on pretending to be a pattern. If it were known, I could not retain my seat an hour; I can't take advantage of an accidental secrecy. Could you?'

Courtier was silent; and with his eyes Milton pressed on him, as though he would dispatch him with that glance.

'Yes,' said Courtier at last, 'in such a case I could. I do not believe in this law as it stands. I revolt against it. It is tyrannical; it is the grave of all spirituality in the married state. I should not lose my self-respect, and that is all I care about.'

In Milton there was rising that vast and subtle passion for dialectic combat, which was of his very fibre. He had almost lost the feeling that this was his own future being discussed. He saw before him in this sanguine man, whose voice and eyes had such a white-hot sound and look, the incarnation of all that he temperamentally opposed.

'That,' he said, 'is devil's advocacy. I admit no individual as judge in his own case.'

Courtier rose, 'Ah!' he said, 'now

we're coming to it. By the way, shall we get out of this heat?'

They were no sooner outside in the cooler street than the voice of Courtier began again.

'Distrust of human nature, fear — it's the whole basis of action for men of your stamp. You deny the right of the individual to judge, because you've no faith in the essential goodness of men; at heart you believe them bad. You give them no freedom, you allow them no consent, because you believe their decisions would move downwards, not upwards. Well, it's the whole difference between the aristocratic and the democratic view of life. As you once told me, you hate and fear the crowd.'

Milton eyed him sidelong, with one of his queer, smouldering looks.

'Yes,' he said, 'I do believe that men are raised in spite of themselves.'

'You're honest,' muttered Courtier. 'By whom?'

Again Milton felt rising within him a sort of fury. Once for all he would slay this red-haired rebel; he answered with almost savage irony, 'Strangely enough, by that Being to mention whom you object — working through the medium of the best.'

Courtier gave him a no less sardonic look.

'High-Priest!' he said. 'Look at that girl slinking along there, with her eye on us; suppose now, instead of withdrawing your garment, you went over and talked to her as a human being, and got her to tell you what she really felt and thought, you'd find things that would astonish you. At bottom, mankind is splendid. And they're raised, sir, by the aspiration that's in all of them. Haven't you ever noticed that public sentiment is always in advance of the law?'

'And you,' said Milton, 'are the man who is never on the side of the majority?'

The champion of lost causes uttered a short laugh.

'Not so logical as all that,' he muttered; 'the wind still blows; and Life's not a set of rules hung up in an office. Let's see, where are we?' They had been brought to a standstill by a group on the pavement in front of the Queen's Hall. 'Shall we go in and hear some music, and cool our tongues?'

Milton nodded, and they went in. The great lighted hall, filled with the faint bluish vapor from hundreds of little rolls of tobacco-leaf, was crowded from floor to ceiling.

As Milton took his stand among the straw-hatted crowd, he heard Courtier's voice murmuring, '*Profanum vulgus!* Come to listen to the finest piece of music ever written! Folk whom *you* would n't trust a yard to know what was good for them! Deplorable sight, is n't it?'

But Milton did not answer, for the first slow notes of the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven came stealing forth across a bank of flowers; and, save for the steady rising of that bluish vapor, as it were incense burnt to the god of melody, the crowd had become deathly still, as though one mind, one spirit, possessed every pale face and cranny of the hall, to listen to that music rising and falling, like the sighing of the winds, welcoming from death the freed spirits of the beautiful. When the last notes had died away he turned on his heel and walked out.

'Well,' said Courtier's voice behind him, as he emerged into the air, 'has n't that shown you how things swell and grow; how splendid the world is?'

Milton smiled.

'It has shown me how beautiful the world can be made by a great man.'

And suddenly, as if the music had loosened some band within him, he began pouring out a stream of words.

'Look at the crowd in this street,

Courtier! Of all crowds in the whole world it can best afford to be left to itself; it's secure from pestilence, earthquake, cyclone, drought, and from extremes of heat and cold, in the heart of the greatest and safest city in the world; and yet, see the figure of that policeman! Running through all the good behavior of this crowd, however safe and free it may look, there is, there always must be, the central force holding it together. Where does that central force come from? From the crowd itself, you say. I answer, no. Look back at the origin of human states. From the beginnings of things, the best man has been the unconscious medium of authority, of the controlling principle, of the divine force; he felt that power within him, — physical, at first, — he used it to take the lead, he has held the lead ever since, he must always hold it. All your processes of election, your so-called democratic apparatus, are only a blind to the inquiring, a sop to the hungry, a salve to the pride of the rebellious. They are merely surface machinery, they cannot prevent the best man from coming to the top; for the best man stands nearest to the Deity, and is the first to receive the waves that come from Him. I'm not speaking of heredity. The best man is not necessarily born in my class. I, at all events, do not believe he is any more frequent in that class than in other classes.'

He stopped as suddenly as he had begun.

'You need n't be afraid,' said Courtier, 'that I take you for an average specimen. You're at one end and I at the other — and very likely both wide of the golden mark. But the world is not ruled by power, and the fear which power produces, as you think; it is ruled by love. Society is held together by the natural decency in man, by fellow-feeling. The democratic principle,

which you despise, at root means nothing at all but that. Man left to himself is on the upward lay. If it were n't so, do you imagine for a moment your "boys in blue" could keep order? A man knows unconsciously what he can and what he can't do, without losing self-respect. He sucks that knowledge in with every breath. Laws and authority are not the be-all and end-all, — they are conveniences, machinery, conduit pipes, main roads. They are not of the structure of the building — they're only scaffolding.'

Milton lunged out with the retort, 'Without which no building could be built.'

Courtier parried : —

'That's rather different, my friend, from identifying them with the building. They are things to be taken down as fast as ever they can be cleared away, to make room for an edifice that begins on earth, not in the sky. All the scaffolding of law is merely there to save time, to prevent the temple, as it mounts, from losing its way, and straying out of form.'

'No,' said Milton, 'no! The scaffolding as you call it is the material projection of the architect's conception, without which the temple does not and cannot rise; and the architect is God, working through the minds and spirits most akin to Himself.'

'We are now at the bed-rock,' cried Courtier; 'your God is outside this world; mine within it.'

"And never the twain shall meet!"

There followed silence. They were now in Leicester Square — quiet at this hour, before the theatres had disgorged; quiet yet waiting, with the lights, like yellow stars low-driven from the dark heavens, clinging to the white shapes of the music-halls and cafés; and a sort of flying glamour blanching the still foliage of the plane trees.

'A "whitely wanton" — this square!'

said Courtier suddenly: 'alive as a face; no end to its queer beauty! And, by Jove, if you go deep enough, you'll find goodness even here.'

But Milton did not answer; he had begun to move on again towards the Temple. He felt weary all of a sudden, anxious to get to his rooms, unwilling to continue this battle of words, that brought him no nearer to any relief from his position.

It was with strange lassitude that he heard Courtier again speaking:—

'We must make a night of it, since to-morrow we die. You would curb license from without — I from within. When I get up and when I go to bed, when I draw a breath, see a face, or a flower, or a tree — if I did n't feel that I was looking on my God, I believe I should quit this palace of varieties, from sheer boredom. You, I understand, can't look on your God, unless you withdraw into some high place. Tell me, is n't it lonely there?'

But again Milton did not answer, and they walked on perforce in silence, till he suddenly broke out, 'You talk of tyranny! What tyranny could equal this tyranny of your freedom? What tyranny in the world like that of this "free," vulgar, narrow street, with its hundred journals, teeming like ants' nests, to produce — what? In the entails of that creature of your freedom there is room neither for exaltation, discipline, nor sacrifice; there is room only for commerce, and license.'

Courtier did not answer for a moment, looking dubiously back at those tall, narrow houses, as they turned down towards the river. 'No,' he said at last; 'for all its faults, the wind blows in that street, and there's a chance for everything. By God, I would rather see a few stars struggle out in a black sky than any of your perfect artificial lighting.'

But the flame had died down again

in Milton, and he heard that answer with indifference.

The river's black water was making stilly, slow recessional under a half-moon. Beneath the cloak of night the chaos of the far bank, the forms of cranes, high buildings, jetties, the bodies of the sleeping barges, a million queer dark shapes, were invested with emotion. All was religious out there, all beautiful, all strange. And over this great quiet friend of man, lamps — those humble flowers of night — were throwing down the faint continual glamour of fallen petals; and a sweet-scented wind stole along, from the west, very slow as yet, bringing in advance the tremor and perfume of the innumerable trees and fields which the river had loved as she came by.

A murmur that was no true sound, but like the whisper of a heart to a heart, accompanied this voyage of the dark water.

Then a small blunt skiff manned by two rowers came by under the wall, with a thudding and creaking of oars.

'You said, "To-morrow we die,"' said Milton suddenly. 'Did you mean that "public life" was the breath of my nostrils, and that I must die, because I give it up?'

Courtier nodded. 'That, and other things.'

'We shall see. I am right, I suppose, in thinking it was my young sister who sent you on this crusade?'

Courtier did not answer.

'And so,' went on Milton, looking him through and through, 'to-morrow is to be your last day, too? You're right to go. *She* is not an ugly duckling, who can live out of the social pond; she'll always want her native element. And now, we'll say good-bye! Whatever happens to us both, I shall remember this evening'; and smiling wistfully, he put out his hand: '*Moriturus te saluto.*'

XLV

Courtier sat in Hyde Park waiting for five o'clock.

The day had recovered somewhat from a gray morning, as if the glow of that long hot summer were too burnt-in on the air to yield to the first assault. The sun, piercing the crisped clouds, those breast-feathers of heavenly doves, darted its beams at the mellowed leaves, and showered to the ground their delicate shadow stains. The first, too early, scent from leaves about to fall, penetrated to the heart. And sorrowful sweet birds were tuning their little autumn pipes, blowing into them fragments of spring odes to liberty.

And Courtier thought of Milton and his mistress. What strange fate had thrown those two together? to what end was their love coming? The seeds of grief were already sown: what flowers of darkness or of sorrow would come up? He saw her again as a little, grave, considering child, with her soft eyes, set wide apart under the dark arched brows, and the little tuck at the corner of her mouth that used to come when he teased her. Milton! A strange fellow — worshipping a strange God! A God that stood with a whip in hand, driving men to obedience. An old God that even now Courtier could conjure up staring at him from the walls of his nursery. The God his own father had believed in. A God of the Old Testament, that knew neither sympathy nor understanding. Strange that He should be alive still; that there should still be thousands who worshiped him. Yet, not so very strange, if, as they said, man made God in his own image! Here indeed was a curious mating of what the philosophers would call the Will to Love and the Will to Power.

A soldier and his girl came and sat down on a bench close by. They cast sidelong glances at this trim and up-

right figure with the fighting face; then, some subtle thing informing them that he was not of the disturbing breed called officer, they ceased regarding him, abandoning themselves to dumb and inexpressive felicity. Arm in arm, touching each other, they seemed to Courtier very jolly, having that look of living entirely in the moment, which always especially appealed to one whose blood ran too fast to allow him to speculate much upon the future, or brood much over the past.

A leaf from the bough above him, loosened by the sun's kisses, dropped and fell yellow at his feet. The leaves were turning very soon! It was characteristic of this man, who could be so hot over the lost causes of others, that, sitting there within half an hour of the final loss of his own cause, he could be so calm, so almost apathetic. This apathy was partly due to the hopelessness, which Nature had long perceived, of trying to make him feel oppressed; but also to the habits of a man incurably accustomed to carrying his fortunes in his hand, and that hand open. It did not seem real to him that he was actually going to suffer a defeat, to have to confess that he had hankered after this girl all these past weeks, and that to-morrow all that would be wasted, and she as dead to him as if he had never seen her. No, it was not exactly resignation, it was rather sheer lack of commercial instinct. If only this had been the lost cause of another person! How gallantly he would have rushed to the assault, and taken her by storm! If only he himself could have been that other person, how easily, how passionately, could he not have pleaded, letting forth from him all those words, which had knocked at his teeth ever since he knew her, and which would have seemed so ridiculous and so unworthy, spoken on his own behalf. Yes, for that other

person he could have cut her out from under the guns of the enemy, he could have taken her, that fairest prize.

And in queer, cheery-looking apathy — not far removed perhaps from despair — he sat, watching the leaves turn over and fall, and now and then cutting with his stick at the air, where autumn was already riding. And, if in imagination he saw himself carrying her away into the wilderness, and with his love making her happiness to grow, it was so far a flight, that a smile crept about his lips, and once or twice he snapped his jaws together.

The soldier and his girl rose, passing in front of him down the Row. He watched their scarlet and blue figures, moving slowly towards the sun, and a couple close to the rails crossing those receding forms. This new couple came nearer and nearer. Straight and tall, there was something exhilarating in the way they swung along, holding

their heads up, turning towards each other, to exchange words or smiles. Even at that distance they could be seen to be of high fashion; in their gait was the indescribable poise of those who are above doubts and cares, certain of the world and of themselves. The girl's dress was tawny brown, her hair and hat too of the same hue, and the pursuing sunlight endowed her with a hazy splendor. Then Courtier saw who they were.

Except for an unconscious grinding of his teeth, he made no sound or movement, so that they went by without seeing him. Her voice, though not the words, came to him distinctly. He saw her hand slip up under Harbinger's arm, and swiftly down again. A smile, of whose existence he was unaware, settled on his lips. He got up, shook himself, as a dog shakes off a beating, and walked away, with his mouth set very firm.

(To be concluded.)

THE EMBARRASSED ELIMINATORS

BY E. V. LUCAS

We were talking about Lamb.

'Supposing,' some one said, 'that by some incredible chance all the essays except one were to be demolished, which one would you keep?'

This kind of question is always interesting, no matter to what author's work or to what picture gallery it is applied. But for the best resulting literary talk it must be applied to Shakespeare, Dickens, or Elia.

'Why, of course,' at once replied H., whose pleasant habit it is to rush in

with a final opinion on everything at a moment's notice, with no shame whatever in changing it immediately afterwards, 'there's no doubt about it at all — Mrs. Battle. Absolutely impossible to give up Mrs. Battle. Or wait a minute, I'd forgotten Bo-Bo. "The Dissertation on Roast Pig," you know. Either Mrs. Battle or that.'

The man who had propounded the question laughed. 'I saw that second string coming,' he said. 'That's what every one wants: one or another. But

the whole point of the thing is that one essay and one only is to remain: everything else goes by the board. Now. Let's leave H. to wrestle it out with himself. What do you say, James?"

"It's too difficult," said James. "I was going to say 'The Old Actors' until I remembered several others. But I'm not sure that that is not my choice. It stands alone in literature almost more than any of its companions; it is Lamb inimitable. His literary descendants have done their best or worst with most of his methods; but here, where knowledge of the world, knowledge of the stage, love of mankind, gusto, humor, style, and imaginative understanding unite, the mimics, the assiduous apes, are left behind. Miles behind. Yes, I vote for 'The Old Actors.'"

"But, my dear James," said L., "think a moment. Remember James Elia, in 'My Relations'; remember Cousin Bridget, in 'Mackery End.' You are prepared deliberately to have these forever blotted out of your consciousness? Because, as I understand it, that is what the question means: utter elimination."

James groaned. "It's too serious," he said. "It's not to be thought of, really. It reminds me of terrible nights at school when I lay awake trying to understand eternity — complete negation — until I turned giddy with the immensity of dark nothingness."

Our host laughed. "You were very positive just now," he said. "But have you forgotten a wistful little trifle called 'Old China'?"

"Or, more on your own lines," said W., who hates actors and acting, "'The South Sea House' or 'The Old Benchers'?" I will grant you the perfection — there is no other word — of the full lengths of Dicky Suett and Bannister and Bensley's Malvolio. There is nothing like it — you are quite right.

Not even Hazlitt comes near it. One can see one's self with a great effort doing something passably Hazlittian in dramatic criticism if one were put to it; but Lamb, Lamb reconstructs life and dignifies and enriches it as he does so. In my opinion that essay is the justification of footlights, grease-paint, and the whole tawdry business. And yet' — W.'s face glowed with his eloquence, as it does always sooner or later every evening — "and yet if I were restricted to one Elia essay — dreadful thought! — it would not be 'The Old Actors' that I should choose, but — I can't help it — 'Captain Jackson.' I know there are far more beautiful things in Elia: deeper, sweeter, rarer. But the Captain and I are such old friends; and it comes to this, that I could n't now do without him."

"Of course," cried H., "I had forgotten. You remind me of something I simply must keep — the Elliston."

He snatched the 'Essays' from our host's hands and read the following passage, while we all laughed a double laughter, overtly with him and covertly at him, for if there is one man living who might be the hero to-day of a similar story it is H. himself, who has a capriciousness, an impulsiveness, a forgetfulness, and a grandiosity that are Ellistonian or nothing.

"Those who know Elliston," he read, "will know the *manner* in which he pronounced the latter sentence of the few words I am about to record. One proud day to me he took his roast mutton with us in the Temple, to which I had superadded a preliminary had-dock. After a rather plentiful partaking of the meagre banquet, not unrefreshed with the humbler sort of liquors, I made a sort of apology for the humility of the fare, observing that for my own part I never ate but of one dish at dinner. 'I too never eat but

one thing at dinner,' — was his reply; then, after a pause, — 'reckoning fish as nothing.' The manner was all. It was as if by one peremptory sentence he had decreed the annihilation of all the savoury esculents which the pleasant and nutritious-food-giving Ocean pours forth upon poor humans from her watery bosom. This was *greatness*, tempered with considerate *tenderness* to the feelings of his scanty but welcoming entertainer."

'No,' said H. emphatically as he closed the book. 'I stick to that. Elliston. That's my ultimate choice.'

'Well,' said our host, reclaiming the book, 'my vote if I had one would be "Mackery End in Hertfordshire," and I make the declaration quite calmly, knowing that we are all safe to retain what we will. James will of course disagree with the choice; but then you see I am a sentimentalist, and when Lamb writes about his sister and his childhood I am lost. And "Mackery End" delights me in two ways, for it not only has the wonderful picture of Bridget Elia in it, but we see Lamb also in one of his rapturous walks in his own country. I never see a field of wheat without recalling his phrase of Hertfordshire as "that fine corn country."'

'All very well,' said James, 'but if you talk like this, how are you going to let "Dream Children" go?'

'Ah, yes,' sighed our host, "'Dream Children'" — of course. How could I let that go? No, it's too difficult.'

'What about this?' said the grave incisive voice of K., who had not yet spoken, and he began to read: —

"In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away 'like a weaver's shuttle.' Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of

mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets." — Who is going to turn his back forever on that passage?'

We all sighed.

K. searched the book again, and again began to read: —

"In sober verity I will confess a truth to thee, reader. I love a *Fool* — as naturally as if I were of kith and kin to him. When a child, with child-like apprehensions, that dived not below the surface of the matter, I read those *Parables*, — not guessing at the involved wisdom, — I had more yearnings towards that simple architect that built his house upon the sand, than I entertained for his more cautious neighbour: I grudged at the hard censure pronounced upon the quiet soul that kept his talent; and — prizing their simplicity beyond the more provident, and, to my apprehension, somewhat *unfeminine* wariness of their competitors — I felt kindness, that almost amounted to a *tendre*, for those five thoughtless virgins."

'Who is going to forswear that passage?' K. asked sternly, fixing his eyes on us as if we were one and all guilty of a damnable heresy. 'No,' he went on, 'it won't do. It is not possible to name one essay and one only; therefore I have an amendment to propose. Instead of being permitted to retain only one essay, why should we not be allowed a series of passages equal in length to the longest essay — say to "The Old Actors"? Then we should not be quite so hopeless. That for example would enable one to keep the page on Bensley's Malvolio, the description of Bridget Elia, a portion of the Mrs. Battle, Ralph Bigod, a portion of Captain Jackson,

the passages I have read, and — what personally I should insist upon including, earlier almost than anything — the fallacies on rising with the lark and retiring with the lamb.'

'Well,' said the suggester of the original problem, 'it's a compromise, and therefore no fun. But you may play with it if you like. The sweepingness of the first question was of course its merit. James is the only one of you with courage enough really to make a choice.'

'Oh no,' said our host, 'I chose one, and one only, instantly — "Old China."'

'Nonsense,' said James, 'you chose "Mackery End."'

'There you are,' said K. 'That shows.'

'Well, I refuse to be deprived of "Old China" anyway,' said our host, 'even if I named "Mackery End." How could one live without "Old China"? Our discussion reminds me,' he added, 'of a very pretty poem. It is by an American who came nearer Lamb in humor and "the tact of humanity" than perhaps any writer — the Autocrat. Let me read it to you.'

He reached for a volume and read as follows: —

Oh for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy,
Than reign, a gray-beard king.

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age!
Away with Learning's crown!
Tear out life's Wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And, calmly smiling, said,
'If I but touch thy silvered hair
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

'But is there nothing in thy track,
To bid thee fondly stay,

While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?'

'Ah, truest soul of womankind!
Without thee what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I'll take — my — precious — wife!'

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,
*The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!*

'And is there nothing yet unsaid,
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years.'

'Why, yes'; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
'I could not bear to leave them all —
I'll take — my — girl — and — boys.'

The smiling angel dropped his pen, —
'Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!'

And so I laughed, — my laughter woke
The household with its noise, —
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

'We,' said our host, 'are like that: we would eliminate most of Elia and have our Elia too.'

'Yes,' said K. 'Exactly. We want them all. And we value them the more as we grow older and they grow truer and better! For that is Lamb's way. He sat down — often in his employer's time — to amuse the readers of a new magazine and earn a few of those extra guineas which made it possible to write "Old China," and behold he was shedding radiance on almost every fact of life no matter how spiritually recon-dite or how remote from his own practical experience. No one can rise from Elia without having his nature deepened and enriched; and no one having read Elia can ever say either offhand or after a year's thought which one essay he will retain, to the loss of all the others.'

MY FIRST SUMMER IN THE SIERRA¹

BY JOHN MUIR

August 4. [1869.]—It seemed strange to sleep in a paltry hotel chamber after the spacious magnificence and luxury of the starry sky and Silver Fir grove. Bade farewell to my friend and the General. The old soldier was very kind, and an interesting talker. He told me long stories of the Florida Seminole war in which he took part, and invited me to visit him in Omaha. Calling Carlo, I scrambled home through the Indian Cañon gate, rejoicing, pitying the poor Professor and General bound by clocks, almanacs, orders, duties, etc., and compelled to dwell with lowland care and dust and din where Nature is covered and her voice smothered, while the poor insignificant wanderer enjoys the freedom and glory of God's wilderness.

Apart from the human interest of my visit to-day, I greatly enjoyed Yosemite, which I had visited only once before, having spent eight days last spring in rambling amid its rocks and waters. Wherever we go in the mountains, or indeed in any of God's wild fields, we find more than we seek. Descending four thousand feet in a few hours, we enter a new world; climate, plants, sounds, inhabitants, and scenery all new or changed. Near camp the gold-cup oak forms sheets of chaparral on top of which we may make our beds. Going down the Indian Cañon, we observe this little bush changing by regular gradations to a large bush, to a

small tree, and then larger, until on the rocky taluses near the bottom of the valley we find it developed into a broad, wide-spreading, gnarled, picturesque tree from four to eight feet in diameter, and forty or fifty feet high. Innumerable are the forms of water displayed. Every gliding reach, cascade, and fall has characters of its own. Had a good view of the Vernal and Nevada, two of the main falls of the valley, less than a mile apart, and offering striking differences in voice, form, color, etc.

The Vernal, four hundred feet high and about seventy-five or eighty feet wide, drops smoothly over a round-lipped precipice and forms a superb apron of embroidery, green and white, slightly folded and fluted, maintaining this form nearly to the bottom, where it is suddenly veiled in quick flying billows of spray and mist, in which the afternoon sunbeams play with ravishing beauty of rainbow colors.

The Nevada is white from its first appearance as it leaps out into the freedom of the air. At the head, it presents a twisted appearance by an overfolding of the current from striking on the side of its channel just before the first free outbounding leap is made. About two thirds of the way down, the hurrying throng of comet-shaped masses glances on an inclined part of the face of the precipice, and is beaten into yet whiter foam, greatly expanded, and sent bounding outward, making an indescribably glorious show, especially when the afternoon sunshine is pouring into it. In this fall,

¹ Earlier portions of this journal were published in the January, February, and March *Atlantic*. — THE EDITORS.

one of the most wonderful in the world, the water does not seem to be under the dominion of ordinary laws, but rather as if it were a living creature full of the strength of the mountains and their huge, wild joy.

August 5. — We were awakened this morning before daybreak by the furious barking of Carlo and Jack, and the sound of stampeding sheep. Billy fled from his punk-bed to the fire, and refused to stir into the darkness to try to gather the scattered flock, or ascertain the nature of the disturbance. It was a bear attack, as we afterward learned, and I suppose little was gained by attempting to do anything before daylight. Nevertheless, being anxious to know what was up, Carlo and I groped our way through the woods, guided by the sound made by fragments of the flock, not fearing the bear, for I knew that the runaways would go from their enemy as far as possible, and Carlo's nose was also to be depended upon.

About half a mile east of the corral we overtook twenty or thirty of the flock, and succeeded in driving them back. Then turning to the westward we traced another band of fugitives and got them back to the flock. After daybreak I discovered the remains of a sheep carcass still warm, showing that Bruin must have been enjoying his early mutton breakfast while I was seeking the runaway. He had eaten about half of it. Six dead sheep lay in the corral, evidently smothered by the crowding and piling up of the flock against the side of the corral wall when the bear entered. Making a wide circuit of the camp, Carlo and I discovered a third band of fugitives, and drove them back to camp. We also discovered another dead sheep half-eaten, showing there had been two of the shaggy freebooters at this early breakfast. They were easily traced. They had each caught

a sheep, jumped over the corral fence with it, carrying them as a cat carries a mouse, laid them at the foot of fir trees a hundred yards or so back from the corral, and eaten their fill. After breakfast I set out to seek more of the lost, and found seventy-five at a considerable distance from camp. In the afternoon I succeeded with Carlo's help in getting them back to the flock. I don't know whether all are together again or not. I shall make a big fire this evening and keep watch.

When I asked Billy why he made his bed against the corral in rotten wood when so many better places offered, he replied that he 'wished to be as near the sheep as possible in case bears should attack them.' Now that the bears have come, he has moved his bed to the far side of the camp, and seems afraid of being mistaken for a sheep.

This has been mostly a sheep day, and of course studies have been interrupted. Nevertheless the walk through the gloom of the woods before the dawn was worth while, and I have learned something about these noble bears. Their tracks are very telling, and so are their breakfasts. Scarce a trace of clouds to-day, and of course our ordinary midday thunder is a-wanting.

August 10. — Another of those charming, exhilarating days that make the blood dance, and excite nerve-currents that render one unweariable and well-nigh immortal. Had another view of the broad ice-ploughed divide, and gazed again and again at the Sierra temple and the great red mountains east of the meadows.

We are camped near the Soda Springs on the north side of the river. A hard time we had getting the sheep across. They were driven into a horseshoe bend and fairly crowded off the bank. They seemed willing to suffer death rather than risk getting wet, though they swim

well enough when they have to. Why sheep should be so unreasonably afraid of water, I don't know, but they do fear it as soon as they are born, and perhaps before. I once saw a lamb only a few hours old approach a shallow stream about two feet wide and an inch deep, after it had walked only about a hundred yards on its life journey. All the flock to which it belonged had crossed this inch-deep stream, and as the mother and her lamb were the last to cross I had a good opportunity to observe them. As soon as the flock was out of the way, the anxious mother crossed over and called the youngster. It walked cautiously to the brink, gazed at the water, bleated piteously, and refused to venture. The patient mother went back to it again and again to encourage it, but long without avail. Like the pilgrim on Jordan's stormy bank, it feared to launch away. At length, gathering its trembling, inexperienced legs for the mighty effort, throwing up its head as if it knew all about drowning and was anxious to keep its nose above water, it made the tremendous leap and landed in the middle of the inch-deep stream. It seemed astonished to find that instead of sinking over head and ears, only its toes were wet, gazed at the shining water a few seconds, and then sprang to the shore safe and dry through the dreadful adventure. All kinds of wild sheep are mountain animals, and their descendants' dread of water is not easily accounted for.

August 12. — The sky-scenery has changed but little so far with the change in elevation. Clouds about .05. Glorious pearly cumuli tinted with purple of ineffable fineness of tone. Moved camp to the side of the glacier meadow mentioned above. To let sheep trample so divinely fine a place seems barbarous. Fortunately they prefer the

succulent broad-leaved triticum and other woodland grasses to the silky species of the meadows, and therefore seldom bite them or set foot on them.

The shepherd and the Don cannot agree about methods of herding. Billy sets his dog Jack on the sheep far too often, so the Don thought, and after some dispute to-day, in which the shepherd loudly claimed the right to dog the sheep as often as he pleased, he started for the plains. Now I suppose the care of the sheep will fall on me, though Mr. Delaney promises to do the herding himself for a while, then return to the lowlands, and bring another shepherd, so as to leave me free to rove as I like.

Had another rich ramble. Pushed northward beyond the forests to the head of the general basin, where traces of glacial action are strikingly clear and interesting. The recesses among the peaks look like quarries, so raw and fresh are the moraine-chips and boulders that strew the ground in Nature's glacial workshops.

Soon after my return to camp we received a visit from an Indian, probably one of the hunters whose camp I had discovered. He came from Mono, he said, with others of his tribe, to hunt deer. One that he had killed a short distance from here he was carrying on his back, its legs tied together in an ornamental bunch on his forehead. Throwing down his burden, he gazed stolidly for a few minutes in silent Indian fashion, then cut off eight or ten pounds of venison for us, and begged a 'lill' (little) of everything he saw or could think of, — flour, bread, sugar, tobacco, whiskey, needles, etc. We gave a fair price for the meat in flour and sugar, and added a few needles.

A strangely dirty and irregular life these dark-eyed, dark-haired, half-happy savages lead in this clean wilderness; starvation and abundance, death-like

calm, indolence, and admirable indefatigable action succeeding each other in stormy rhythm, like winter and summer. Two things they have that civilized toilers might well envy them — pure air and pure water. These go far to cover and cure the grossness of their lives. Their food is mostly good berries, pine-nuts, clover, lily-bulbs, wild sheep, antelope, deer, grouse, sage-hens, and the larvæ of ants, wasps, bees, and other insects.

August 13. — On my return after sunset to the Portuguese camp after a grand ramble along the Yosemite walls, I found the shepherds greatly excited over the behavior of the bears that have learned to like mutton. 'They are getting worse and worse,' they lamented. Not willing to wait decently until after dark for their suppers, they come and kill and eat their fill in broad daylight. The evening before my arrival, when the two shepherds were leisurely driving the flock toward camp half an hour before sunset, a hungry bear came out of the chaparral within a few yards of them and shuffled deliberately toward the flock. 'Portuguese Joe,' who always carries a gun loaded with buck-shot, fired excitedly, threw down his gun, fled to the nearest suitable tree, and climbed to a safe height without waiting to see the effect of his shot. His companion also ran, but said that he saw the bear rise on its hind legs and throw out its arms as if feeling for somebody, and then go into the brush as if wounded.

At another of their camps in this neighborhood a bear with two cubs attacked the flock before sunset just as they were approaching the corral. Joe promptly climbed a tree out of danger, while Antone, rebuking his companion for cowardice in abandoning his charge, said that he was not going to let bears 'eat up his sheep' in daylight, and

rushed toward the bears, shouting and setting his dog on them. The frightened cubs climbed a tree, but the mother ran to meet the shepherd, and seemed anxious to fight. Antone stood astonished for a moment, eying the on-coming bear, then turned and fled, closely pursued. Unable to reach a suitable tree for climbing, he ran to the camp and scrambled up to the roof of the little cabin; the bear followed, but did not climb to the roof, only stood glaring up at him for a few minutes, threatening him and holding him in mortal terror, then went to her cubs, called them down, went to the flock, caught a sheep for supper, and vanished in the brush. As soon as the bear left the cabin the trembling Antone begged Joe to show him a good safe tree, up which he climbed like a sailor climbing a mast, and remained as long as he could hold on, the tree being almost branchless.

After these disastrous experiences the shepherds chopped and gathered large piles of dry wood, and made a ring of fire around the corral every night, while one with a gun kept watch from a comfortable stage built on a neighboring pine that commanded a view of the corral. This evening the show made by the circle of fire was very fine, bringing out the surrounding trees in most impressive relief, and making the thousands of sheep eyes glow like a glorious bed of diamonds.

August 14. — Up to the time I went to bed last night all was quiet, though we expected the shaggy freebooters every minute. They did not come till near midnight, when a pair walked boldly to the corral between two of the great fires, climbed in, killed two sheep, and smothered ten, while the frightened watcher in the tree did not fire a single shot, saying that he was afraid he might kill some of the sheep, for the

bears got into the corral before he got a good clear view of them. I told the shepherds they should at once move the flock to another camp. 'Oh, no use, no use,' they lamented. 'Where we go the bears go too. See my poor dead sheeps, soon all dead. No use try another camp. We go down to the plains.' And as I afterwards learned, they were driven out of the mountains a month before the usual time. Were bears much more numerous and destructive the sheep would be kept away altogether.

It seems strange that bears, so fond of all sorts of flesh, running the risks of guns and fires and poison, should never attack men except in defense of their young. How easily and safely a bear could pick us up as we lie asleep! Only wolves and tigers seem to have learned to hunt man for food, and perhaps sharks and crocodiles. Mosquitoes and other insects would, I suppose, devour a helpless man in some regions, and so might lions, leopards, wolves, hyenas, and panthers at times, if pressed by hunger; but under ordinary circumstances perhaps only the tiger among land animals may be said to be a man-eater, unless we add man himself.

Clouds as usual about .05. Another glorious Sierra day, warm, crisp, fragrant, and clear. Many of the flowering plants have gone to seed, but many others are unfolding their petals every day, and the firs and pines are more fragrant than ever. Their seeds are nearly ripe, and will soon be flying in the merriest flocks that ever spread a wing.

On the way back to our Tuolumne camp, enjoyed the scenery if possible more than when it first came to view. Every feature already seems familiar, as if I had lived here always. I never weary gazing at the wonderful Cathedral. It has more individual character than any other rock or mountain I ever

saw, excepting perhaps the Yosemite South Dome. The forests too seem kindly familiar, and the lakes and meadows and glad, singing streams. I should like to dwell with them forever. Here with bread and water I should be content. Even if not allowed to roam and climb, tethered to a stake or tree in some meadow or grove, even then I should be content forever. Bathed in such beauty, watching the expressions ever varying on the faces of the mountains, watching the stars, which here have a glory that the lowlander never dreams of, watching the circling seasons, listening to the songs of the waters and winds and birds, would be endless pleasure. And what glorious cloud-lands I would see! storms and calms, a new heaven and a new earth every day, aye, and new inhabitants. And how many visitors I would have! I feel sure I would not have one dull moment. And why should this appear extravagant? It is only common sense, a sign of health, — genuine natural all-awake health. One would be at an endless Godful play, and what speeches and music and acting and scenery and lights! sun, moon, stars, auroras. Creation just beginning, the morning stars 'still singing together and all the sons of God shouting for joy.'

August 22. — Clouds none, cool west wind, slight hoar-frost on the meadows. Carlo is missing; have been seeking him all day. In the thick woods between camp and the river, among tall grass and fallen pines, I discovered a baby fawn. At first it seemed inclined to come to me, but when I tried to catch it, and got within a rod or two, it turned and walked softly away, choosing its steps like a cautious, stealthy, hunting cat. Then as if suddenly called or alarmed, it began to buck and run like a grown deer, jumping high above the fallen trunks, and was soon out of

sight. Possibly its mother may have called it, but I did not hear her. I don't think fawns ever leave the homethicket or follow their mothers until they are called or frightened. I am distressed about Carlo. There are several other camps and dogs not many miles from here, and I still hope to find him. He never left me before. Panthers are very rare here, and I don't think any of them would dare touch him. He knows bears too well to be caught by them, and as for Indians, they don't want him.

August 23. — Cool, bright day hinting Indian summer. Mr. Delaney has gone to the Smith Ranch on the Tuolumne below Hetch Hetchy Valley, thirty-five or forty miles from here, so I'll be alone for a week or more; not really alone, for Carlo has come back. He was at a camp a few miles to the northward. He looked sheepish and ashamed when I asked him where he had been, and why he had gone away without leave. He is now trying to get me to caress him, and show signs of forgiveness, — a wondrous wise dog. A great load is off my mind. I could not have left the mountains without him. He seems very glad to get back to me.

Rose and crimson sunset, and soon after the stars appeared the moon rose in most impressive majesty over the top of Mt. Dana. I sauntered up the meadow in the white light. The jet-black tree-shadows were so wonderfully distinct and substantial-looking, I often stepped high in crossing them, taking them for black charred logs.

August 28. — The dawn a glorious song of color. Sky absolutely cloudless. A fine crop of hoar-frost. Warm after ten o'clock. The gentians don't mind the first frost, though their petals seem so delicate; they close every night as if going to sleep, and awake fresh as ever in the morning sun-glory. The grass is

a shade browner since last week, but there are no nipped, wilted plants of any sort as far as I have seen. Butterflies and the grand host of smaller flies are benumbed every night, but they hover and dance in the sunbeams over the meadows before noon with no apparent lack of playful, joyful life. Soon they must all fall like petals in an orchard, dry and wrinkled, not a wing of all the mighty host left to tingle the air. Nevertheless new myriads will arise in the spring, rejoicing, exulting, as if laughing cold death to scorn.

August 30. — This day just like yesterday. A few clouds, motionless and apparently with no work to do beyond beauty. Frost enough for crystal-building, — glorious fields of ice-diamonds destined to last but a night. How lavish is Nature, building, pulling down, creating, destroying, chasing every material particle from form to form, ever changing, ever beautiful.

Mr. Delaney arrived this morning. Felt not a trace of loneliness while he was gone. On the contrary, I never enjoyed grander company. The whole wilderness seems to be alive and familiar, full of humanity. The very stones seem talkative, sympathetic, brotherly. No wonder when we think that we all have the same Father and Mother.

August 31. — Clouds .05. Silky cirrus wisps and fringes so fine they almost escape notice. Frost enough for another crop of crystals on the meadows, but none on the forests. The gentians, goldenrods, asters, etc., don't seem to feel it; neither petals nor leaves are touched, though they seem so tender. Every day opens and closes like a flower, noiseless, effortless. Divine peace glows on all the majestic landscape, like the silent, enthusiastic joy that sometimes transfigures a noble human face.

September 6. — Still another perfectly cloudless day, purple evening and morning, all the middle hours one mass of pure, serene sunshine. Soon after sunrise the air grew warm, and there was no wind. There is a suggestion of real Indian summer in the hushed, brooding, faintly hazy weather. The yellow atmosphere, though thin, is still plainly of the same general character as that of Eastern Indian summer. The peculiar mellowness is perhaps in part caused by myriads of ripe spores adrift in the sky.

Mr. Delaney now keeps up a solemn talk about the need of getting away from these high mountains, telling sad stories of flocks that perished in storms that broke suddenly into the midst of fine innocent weather like this we are now enjoying. 'In no case,' said he, 'will I venture to stay so high and far back in the mountains as we now are later than the middle of this month, no matter how warm and sunny it may be.' He would move the flock, slowly at first, a few miles a day until the Yosemite Creek Basin was reached and crossed; then while lingering in the heavy pine woods, should the weather threaten, he could hurry down to the foothills, where the snow never falls deep enough to smother a sheep. Of course I am anxious to see as much of the wilderness as possible in the few days left me, and I say again, — May the good time come when I can stay as long as I like with plenty of bread, far and free from trampling flocks, though I may well be thankful for this generous, foodful, inspiring summer. Anyhow, we never know where we must go, nor what guides we are to get, — men, storms, guardian angels, or sheep. Perhaps almost everybody in the least natural is guided more than he is ever aware of. All the wilderness seems to be full of tricks and plans to drive and draw us up into God's light.

September 9. — Weariness rested away, and I feel eager and ready for another excursion a month or two long in the same wonderful wilderness. Now, however, I must turn toward the lowlands, praying and hoping Heaven will shove me back again.

The most telling thing learned in these mountain excursions is the influence of cleavage joints on the features sculptured from the general mass of the range. Evidently the denudation has been enormous, while the inevitable outcome is subtle, balanced beauty. Comprehended in general views, the features of the wildest landscape seem to be as harmoniously related as the features of a human face. Indeed, they look human, and radiate spiritual beauty, divine thought, however covered and concealed by rock and snow.

Mr. Delaney has hardly had time to ask me how I enjoyed my trip, though he has facilitated and encouraged my plans all summer, and declares I'll be famous some day, — a kind guess that seems strange and incredible to a wandering wilderness lover with never a thought or dream of fame, while humbly trying to trace and learn and enjoy Nature's lessons.

The camp stuff is now packed on the horses, and the flock is headed for the homeranch. Away we go, down through the pines, leaving the lovely lawn where we have camped so long. I wonder if I'll ever see it again. The sod is so tough and close it is scarce at all injured by the sheep. Fortunately they are not fond of silky, glacier meadow grass.

The day is perfectly clear, not a cloud or the faintest hint of a cloud is visible, and there is no wind. I wonder if in all the world, at a height of nine thousand feet, weather so steadily, faithfully calm and bright and hospitable may anywhere else be found.

We are going away fearing destructive storms, though it is difficult to conceive weather changes so great.

September 17. — Left camp early, ran over the Tuolumne divide and down a few miles to a grove of sequoias that I had heard of, directed by the Don. They occupy an area of perhaps less than a hundred acres. Some of the trees are noble, colossal old giants surrounded by magnificent sugar pines and Douglas spruces. The perfect specimens not burned or broken are singularly regular and symmetrical, though not at all conventional, showing infinite variety in general unity and harmony. The noble shafts, with rich brown, purplish, fluted bark, are free of limbs for one hundred and fifty feet or so, and are ornamented here and there with leafy rosettes. The main branches of the oldest trees are very large, crooked, and rugged, zigzagging stiffly outward, seemingly lawless, yet unexpectedly stopping just at the right distance from the trunk and dissolving in dense bossy masses of branchlets, thus making a regular though greatly varied outline, — a cylinder of leafy, outbulging spray masses terminating in a noble dome that may be recognized while yet far off, upheaved against the sky above the dark bed of pines and firs and spruces: the king of all conifers, not only in size but in sublime majesty of behavior and port. I found a black charred stump about thirty feet in diameter, and eighty or ninety feet high, a venerable, impressive old monument of a tree that in its prime may have been the monarch of the grove; seedlings and saplings growing up here and there, thrifty and hopeful, giving no hint of the dying-out of the species. Not any unfavorable change of climate, but only fire threatens the existence of these noblest of God's trees. Sorry I was not

able to get a count of the old monument's annual rings.

Camp this evening at Hazel Green, on the broad back of the dividing ridge near our old camp-ground when we were on the way up the mountains in the spring. This ridge has the finest sugar-pine groves, and finest manzanita and ceanothus thickets, I have yet found on all this wonderful summer journey.

September 21. — A terribly hot, dusty sun-burned day, and as nothing was to be gained by loitering where the flock could find nothing to eat save thorny twigs and chaparral, we made a long drive, and before sundown reached the home ranch on the Yellow San Joaquin plain.

September 22. — The sheep were let out of the corral one by one this morning and counted, and strange to say, after all their long adventurous wanderings in bewildering rocks and brush and streams, scattered by bears, poisoned by azalea, kalmia, alkali, all are accounted for. Of the two thousand and fifty that left the corral in the spring lean and weak, two thousand and twenty-five have returned fat and strong. The losses are, ten killed by bears, one by a rattlesnake, one that had to be killed after it had broken its leg on a boulder-slope, and one that ran away in blind terror on being accidentally separated from the flock; thirteen all told. Of the other twelve doomed never to return, three were sold to ranchmen, and nine were made camp mutton.

Here ends my forever memorable first High Sierra excursion. I have crossed the Range of Light, surely the brightest and best of all the Lord has built. And, rejoicing in its glory, I gladly, gratefully, hopefully pray I may see it again.

(The End.)

A LITTLE BABY

BY CAROLINE BRETT McLEAN

'I won't have no lump of a child,' said Judith tremulously.

'An' I won't have no squallin' baby,' retorted her husband. He spoke with the air of a man goaded by the unreasonableness of one he was willing to indulge to almost any limit. 'A child three or four year old, now. Surely that 'ud be young enough for you, an' no trouble to what a reel young 'un 'ud be, an' good comp'ny for you all day. Not but that I think a kid ten or eleven year old 'ud be best to adopt. But I'm willin' to take one three or four, if yer that dead set on havin' a young 'un.' There was a pleading note in his voice.

Judith's was sullen as she answered, 'I won't have no child three or four years, any more than one ten or eleven.'

Mason grew more nearly angry with Judith than he had ever been in his life before.

'I won't have no kid a couple o' months old,' he cried. 'I don't want one at all, but if you do, I'm willin' to take one. But it'll have to be one three or four year old. I won't have no young babies, an' that's flat.'

In the newspaper he had been reading there was an advertisement offering for adoption a little girl four years old. After reading it aloud, Mason had cut out the address to which inquiry was to be made, remarking as he did so, 'I'll call there when I'm in town on Saturday. A lump of a child like that is what we're lookin' for.'

And Judith had cried with tremulous defiance, 'I won't have no lump of a child.'

Presently she left the kitchen and went into the bedroom leading off it. She was trembling as she sat on the edge of the bed in the darkness. She had been entirely submissive toward her husband during all their married life. She had had no will apart from his. Now to find herself opposed to him was bewildering, even terrifying, to her. She knew that he looked upon her as a helpless being, incapable of judging for herself, requiring thought to be taken for her in every relation of life. Judith had accepted this estimate of herself without resentment. It seemed to her an entirely natural attitude. Her husband practically managed the household. He bought all Judith's clothes as well as his own, and his preference ruled in the choice of the former as of the latter. Judith never expressed dissatisfaction with what he purchased for her. He spent probably twice as much on anything he bought for her as she would have spent. The price was to him a guarantee that what he bought was much more desirable than the cheaper something which perhaps Judith had expressed a preference for. His desire was always to please his wife. He was essentially a good husband, but he took his own way of pleasing her, not hers. Nothing in his knowledge of Judith had prepared him for the tenacity with which she clung to her idea that the child they proposed to adopt should not be more than a couple of months old at the most.

In not having children, Mason had never felt any loss, and until Judith

had fallen sick, he did not know that she had felt any. A young doctor, lately settled in the neighborhood, had been called in to attend her. After prescribing medicine, he said to James Mason at the door, 'She has never had any children?'

'No,' the husband said, adding, 'an' a good thing, too. She ain't never been what you'd call a reel strong woman.'

'But she might have been a happier one if she had,' the young doctor rejoined.

James Mason looked after the re-treating figure of the doctor in vague perplexity. The idea that Judith was not entirely happy and satisfied was a new one to him.

A day or so later, their nearest neighbor, the hurried mother of a large family, who ran over when she could spare a minute, to do what she could for Judith, said something that seemed a corroboration of the doctor's opinion.

'I think it's just mopin' here alone all day that's the matter with her. Sometimes it seems as if I'll be drove distracted with the noise of my six. But when I come over here, it's that quiet, I just want to get back to the noise again. I could n't stand the quiet and bein' alone all day. As ye ain't likely to ha' none o' yer own now, I'd think you an' her 'ud be thinkin' of adoptin' a child. Have ye ever thought of adoptin'?'

'I ain't never thought of it, an' I'm sure Judith ain't,' Mason said emphatically. 'Other folks' children ain't much in my line, or in hers either, I guess.'

'Other folks' children is all right when wimmen can't ha' none o' their own,' rejoined the woman. 'An' if it was n't for nothin' but not bein' alone when ye get old, I'd think ye'd be wantin' to 'dopt one. She'd be a lot sight happier havin' some one to look after, and be comp'ny for her.'

James Mason pondered over his pipe for a long time after the woman had gone, and then went into the room where Judith lay.

'Sally Forsyth's been talkin' 'bout us 'doptin' a kid. I ain't never thought of it. But, I guess, there ain't nothin' to prevent it, if you wanted one,' he said doubtfully.

Judith raised herself on her elbow. 'If I wanted one,' she said. Rapture and hunger were on her face.

'Why, I never knowed you cared for kids that much,' Mason cried, in vexed perplexity that a desire so vital as Judith's face showed this to be should have been kept from him. 'We could ha' 'dopted one long ago, if ye'd only said so.'

'I did n't think so much 'bout adoptin'.' I wanted one o' me own. An' when I did think of it, I did n't know whether you'd ha' been willin'.'

'I'd ha' been willin' enough if I knew that you wanted it. But how was I to know when you never said a word? An' you never was one to take up much with kids, kissin' them an' all that.' He looked at Judith with sudden suspicion, as if he found it hard to believe in the existence of so strong a desire without some outward manifestation of it.

Judith lay back on her pillow. It was true that she had never manifested any particular delight in the children that came across her path. She was even diffident with them. Mason himself was on easier terms with children than she. But from her window she would watch them for hours, until she knew every trick and charm of childhood by heart, tricks and charms to be brooded over in her solitary days. The child she had never had would have had all those diverting little ways and more. Because of her very hunger for a child of her own, she could not easily caress the children of happier women.

'Well, there ain't nothing to hinder us from gettin' one right away,' Mason said after watching his wife for a while. 'There's always lots for adoption. Twelve year old 'ud be about the right age, I guess. One that old 'ud be nice comp'ny for you, and able to help you some, too. Would you fancy a boy or a girl?'

Judith raised herself on her elbow again. Her eyes were very bright. 'I don't care whether it's a boy or a girl. But I don't want one twelve year old. I don't want one any age at all. I mean, I want a little, little baby — a baby just born.'

'A baby just born,' Mason almost shouted. 'Yer crazy. What would you do with a kid that young, an' you sick half the time. You don't know what yer talkin' about.'

That was the beginning of the trouble. From twelve years, Mason came down by successive degrees to three or four, but a child younger than that he declared he would not have.

'If you won't let me have the kind I want, I don't see what you want to be always talkin' about it. I don't want one three or four years old; you say you don't want one at all. Then ha' done talkin' about it. Things'll be just the same as they always was,' Judith exclaimed one day, when at breakfast Mason had again broached the subject.

'But I know now that you want one, an' I did n't then. Ain't I always tried to get you what you wanted?' the man demanded in genuine grief and wrath.

'I ain't ever wanted anything *bad* that you ever got me,' Judith flung back at him. 'I guess, if I'd wanted anything reel bad, I would n't ha' got it.'

'An' you that sick last night that you could n't get my supper. Supposin' ye'd had a kid to 'tend to? Yer clean crazy.'

'I would n't be sick then.' Judith's voice was piteous.

'I don't see that that 'ud keep you from bein' sick,' Mason said, rising from the table. 'Ye'd likely be sicker than ever. A kid's a lot more trouble than you think. You don't know when yer well off.'

Judith watched him out of the house with a dull resentment in her heart. She thought that she would not have his supper ready for him to-night either. It had not been sickness so much as some strange new feeling that was growing in her heart against him that had kept her from having his supper ready the night before. Yet, as she watched the plodding figure going down the road to the adjacent market-garden where he worked, a sudden sense of the futility of such warfare on her part came to her. Some men might show impatience or resentment coming home to an unlit fire and an uncooked meal. Mason never showed either. He had lit the fire and cooked the supper and waited on his wife solicitously; and he would do the same to-night and every night, uncomplainingly, patiently, if she chose to carry on the warfare, accepting without question and with sympathy her plea of sickness.

But this willingness to acknowledge his good qualities did not soften Judith toward him. His question, 'Ain't I always tried to get you what you wanted?' had not been without a certain pathos. Judith had recognized the pathos. She knew why he could n't let the matter drop, and allow things to go on as they had been before. Knowing now her desire, he could not be content while it was ungratified. Ready to credit him with a desire for her happiness, willing to admit that his refusal to agree to the adoption of a very young child arose from apprehension of trouble for her, yet all his good qualities were in danger of becoming as naught in Judith's eyes, because of his inability to understand that the trouble

and pains of motherhood go to make up its joys. In her heart was a sense of growing estrangement from him, deepening at times to a feeling she could not name, but of which she was afraid. He was a stranger to her, in that he was incapable of understanding or sympathizing with her deepest feelings.

For Judith would not forego one jot or tittle of all that went with motherhood. She was avid of all its experiences, pain as well as joy. A child so young even as three years could do little things for itself, help itself in some degree, be to a certain extent independent. Judith wanted the utter helplessness and futility of earliest infancy. To take a child three years old would be to cut short by that many years the chapter of life that was the sweetest. Judith would not cut it short by one moment. At best it was too short. The little helpless baby grew so quickly into a romping child, and the romping child into sturdy boy or girl, and the boy or girl into man or woman. Doubtless, there was happiness and satisfaction in every stage of parenthood, but to Judith no after-happiness could compare with the days of clinging helplessness and utter dependence of little children.

When Mason was out of sight, she went into the bedroom. From a drawer she took out a long parcel carefully wrapped in a sheet. Within the sheet there was a further wrapping of tissue paper, as if the contents were very precious. Judith sat down on the edge of the bed, the parcel on her lap. The look on her face was reverent. The parcel held a variety of little garments, some yellowed as if they had been there a long time, some fresh as if just from the needle. That was Judith's life — that part of her to which her husband was a stranger. Those tiny garments had not been prepared in the expectation of a child. Very shortly after her marriage,

Judith had known she would never have a child. But her yearning must have some outlet, some expression. And in the surreptitious fashioning of those tiny garments, it had found expression. Her hands hovered over them now, smoothing, folding, straightening.

In saving the money to procure the material and in the procuring of the material, there was a certain element of excitement which Judith found pleasurable. It required some strategy to evade the constant care of her husband. The material was of the finest that self-denial on Judith's part had been able to procure, but the workmanship was crude. Judith was as little skilled with her needle as she was in other womanly craft. Stitches were long and clumsy, and seams were not always straight; but in the making of them Judith had found much joy. The long hours when she was alone, which Sally Forsyth deplored, were not always unhappy ones for Judith. The door locked, safe from interruption, lawn and lace about her, Judith was transported to another world, a world in which the hours slipped by unheeded. Oftentimes, lawn and lace had to be hastily thrust into the nearest hiding-place at the click of the gate announcing her husband's return from his work. If Mason had been given to voicing his impression of his wife's manner at such times, he would have described it as 'dazy.' But he never did so voice it. Her dazedness and his unprepared supper were accepted with the patience with which he accepted all Judith's incapacities.

But to-day the going over of those tiny garments did not bring any joy to Judith. She could not shut out realities; could not conjure up the child for whom those garments had been fashioned. At times as her needle went in and out, that child had seemed to become actual flesh and blood. Her im-

agination had gone beyond the making of the garments to the putting them on the child. With what gentleness must the soft body be handled, little arms inserted into sleeves, tiny, tiny feet, that she could hide in her hand, covered with socks. Judith, childless, had not been without some of the happiness of motherhood.

But now as she sat there folding and unfolding the little clumsily-made garments, she remembered suddenly that not since the subject of adoption had been broached had she experienced that secret joy that had in some measure been compensation for her childlessness. She had not been able to evoke a form to fill those little garments, as she so long had done. It had been but a counterfeit of happiness at best, but never expecting to have the real happiness, Judith had made it suffice. Then had come the suggestion of adoption, and in the prospect of the real the counterfeit had been swept away, and swept away forever, Judith felt. The little dresses were empty and would remain empty. She would never feel again in her hands round, soft little limbs; little soft, soft crushable hands and feet to be touched so gently.

And with the conviction, the vague, nameless feeling that had been in her heart towards her husband, took on definiteness, became a resentment so fierce as for the moment to be almost hate. He had done this. She might have cherished her counterfeit to the end, getting the most out of it that she could. If there had been many, many hours in which she could not pretend, there also had been many in which the pretense had seemed real. Now all the hours would be desolate. She could never pretend again. For to have a child whose first years of life had not been with her, would be worse than having no child at all. Deep-rooted as her instinct was for the utter helplessness

of the tiny infant, there would be joy, too, in growth and strength. But Judith wanted to see each leaf unfold, to gloat over dawning intelligence, to receive the first conscious smile and touch. Only then, she felt, could she be truly mother to one not of her own flesh.

That night Mason came home again to a disordered house and an unprepared supper. Judith did not plead sickness. He assumed it for her.

'You ain't been well, then, to-day, either,' he said; then, as moved less by his forbearance than by some remote sense of duty she owed to this man, her husband, Judith began to set about preparation for supper, he added, 'You sit quiet. I'll get what I want to eat. I ain't very hungry, anyway.'

After supper, Mason lit his pipe and went out and leaned over the gate to smoke. He had not eaten with any appetite, and now he smoked without any enjoyment. With not the faintest conception of what was in Judith's heart against him, he yet felt something which caused him a vague uneasiness. 'She ain't happy,' he said to himself as he leaned over the gate. Her unhappiness came as a reproach to him. He searched his mind for an instance of anything on his part that could have caused her unhappiness, but could find none.

'Cept it's not givin' in to her 'bout the kid. But what could she do with a kid so young as she wants? I guess I know what's best for her.'

Presently, he left the gate and strolled down the road in the direction of Sally Forsyth's cottage. A swarm of children played noisily about the door. The mother, hot and tired-looking, sat on the porch, a sleeping child in her lap. Mason sat down beside her.

'How's Judith?' she asked.

'She ain't no better. That is — I don't think she's sick — not sick like

she was a while ago. She's just — He did not finish, but sat looking before him.

'You remember what you said 'bout adoptin'?' he said after a while. 'Me an' Judith talked about it. She'd like one, but she wants a young 'un — younger than that.' He touched the six-months-old child in her lap. 'Babies that young ain't no good for comp'ny, an' they're an awful trouble, an' she could n't look after one, bein' sick so much, but she's that set on havin' a young 'un. I want her to take one three or four year, but she won't; an' she ain't happy,' he concluded miserably.

The mother pressed the little head more closely against her breast.

'Young babies is a lot o' trouble,' she admitted. 'What with havin' to be up at night and teethin' later on, an' one thing an' another. I guess Judith don't know anything about the trouble they'd be. I'd think one three or four year old 'ud suit her best.'

'That's what I say,' Mason exclaimed eagerly. 'One like yer little Katie, now. There was a advertisement in the paper the other night, a little girl four year old. 'I was thinkin' o' callin' at the place to-morrow when I'm in town.'

Sally Forsyth nodded concurrence.

He added slowly, 'Judith never found fau't with nothin' I ever done before, an' if she was suitable — the little girl — I was thinkin' I'd just bring her along 'thout any more to-do. I guess she'd like it all right? She's allus been easy to please an' to get on with. You think it 'ud be better than havin' a reel young baby?' he questioned anxiously.

'I'd think so,' Sally Forsyth said. 'A young baby 'ud be a awful trouble to Judith. 'Tain't as if she ever had none of her own. Babies take a awful lot o' lookin' after an' doin' for. I'd

think it 'ud be far better to have one three or four year old.'

On his way home, presently, fortified by the opinion of one whom he looked upon as an authority on such matters, Mason made his resolution. He knew what was best for Judith better than she herself could. He would call to-morrow at the address given in the advertisement and see the child. If she were not suitable, some other child could be procured. He would end the situation, and end it in the best possible way for Judith. He recalled occasions when he had been commissioned by Judith to procure something in town — a dress, a hat, style and color specified. If anything of a different style or color had seemed to him handsomer or richer, he had never hesitated to disregard the instructions. And Judith had never complained. As he told Sally Forsyth, she had always been pleased with anything he had ever done before. Once this thing was accomplished, she would be as peaceable as she had always been. He should have done it before.

Just before he blew out the light that night, preparatory to getting into bed, he said to Judith in as casual a tone as he could command, 'I'm goin' to see that little girl that was advertised for adoption to-morrow. If she don't suit, I'll look 'round for another that age.'

Judith made no answer, and Mason got into bed and was soon asleep.

But Judith could not sleep. She had reached the point where she could no longer resist. Her heart was hot within her. She got as far from him as the limits of the bed would allow. She thought that the feeling surging in her heart against him must be hate. Presently, when the late moon shining through the uncurtained window fell on his face, she raised herself on her elbow and looked at him. Judith had been in love with Mason when she mar-

ried him. For a long time she had not been sure whether he cared for her or not. She remembered that time of hope and fear now, as she leaned on her elbow watching his face. And it seemed unbelievable that she was the same person as the girl who had been transported when he had declared himself; unbelievable that he could ever have inspired that rapturous joy in her.

'Girls don't know,' she said to herself. 'They think if they're in love with a man an' he marries them, they'll never want anything else. Oh, they don't know.'

For her longing for a child had been of an intensity compared to which the girl's longing for her lover had been as nothing. And now she would never know again even the vicarious joy that had at last come in some measure to satisfy her. He had decreed that. She would find no joy in the child he forced upon her; whose helplessness had not been her care. She flattened herself against the wall, shrinking from any contact with him, and she, too, thought of the dresses and hats she had desired and had never had, because they had not seemed desirable to him. Such trivial things she had let go without murmur or complaint; she had thought none the worse of him in those instances for substituting his desires and tastes for hers; but this she could not forgive.

When the moonlight had faded and it was time for him to get up, as he did abnormally early on the mornings he went to market, she turned her face to the wall and lay very still. He never required her to rise to get him off, however early he had to start, and for perhaps the first time in her married life she appreciated this; not in acknowledgment of any merit in his so doing, but because it saved her from speech with him. As she heard him, heavy with sleep, move clumsily about, she quivered in every nerve,

lest, after all, he should come in and rouse her. She felt that she could not bear to speak to him or look at him. Yet, she knew things would have to continue as they always had been; that he would probably see no difference in her; but for this once, she let repugnance have full sway. When finally, she heard him close the door with an elaborate carefulness, she drew a long breath of relief.

It was always late when James Mason came home on market-days, dead-tired and ready for bed. To-night he reached home about his usual hour, but the heaviness of fatigue that always sat upon him was absent. As he sat down to the supper which Judith had ready for him, he said, 'Well, I saw her, an' she's a little daisy. I said I'd take her. The papers 'll be ready to sign on Saturday, an' I'll bring her out then.'

Judith sat as if turned to stone.

'You'll like her, Judith,' went on Mason pleadingly. 'I ain't no great hand for kids, as you know, but I declare I'm fond o' her already; a lovin' little thing, with her little soft hands on my cheek when she kissed me. Purty, too, like a picture. An' comes o' respectable folks. Father an' mother killed in a accident. You'll like her, Judith? You'll be good to her?' he said in sudden anxiety for the happiness of the little child who had won him.

'I guess I ain't one to be bad to a poor little orphan child,' Judith said slowly, 'an' I guess I'll get to like her, all right. But,' she got up and came close to him, 'James Mason, you won't never know what you've done. P'raps, bein' a man, you ain't to blame for not understandin' why it was I wanted as young a baby as I could get, but understandin' or no, you might 'a' let me have what I wanted.'

His look was uneasy. 'Aw, a little baby! What's the good of a little baby, that don't know nothin'; would n't

even know you? D'ye think any one could take to a little baby like I took to this little girl? 'Tain't in reason that any one could like a baby so well. When the people told her I was goin' to be her father, she put her little soft hands on my cheek and kissed me, an' called me father. A baby could n't do nothin' like that. An' a baby 'ud grow, anyhow, so what dif'rence does it make? When you see her, you'll be glad that I did n't get no little baby.'

Voice and look pleaded with her, but Judith's face remained hard. When she began to clear away the dishes, he offered to do it, alleging that he felt wonderfully fresh. Heretofore, Judith had always been willing to let him take such tasks upon himself even after a hard day's work; but now she declined. In this moment of infinite separation from her husband, she recognized, as she had never recognized before, her shortcomings as wife and housekeeper; and her movements as she cleared away had a briskness and quickness about them that was evidently puzzling to Mason as he sat and watched her. Judith's mind, going over all the many things in which as housekeeper she had been remiss, realized his patience and forbearance with her manifold shortcomings with an almost startling vividness. Few men would have been so patient, would have taken on themselves the duties that quite plainly belonged to the wife. But hereafter she would do her part to the best of her ability. There was no longer anything between them that would justify her acceptance of more than she gave.

And in the few following days, Mason was made more materially comfortable than he had ever been made before. In the morning Judith rose to get his breakfast, against his protest. Supper was ready on the table when he came home at night. None of the household

tasks, so prone to be left for him, were now left. But Mason was not comfortable. His state of mind toward Judith was conciliatory. He would fain have taken upon himself all the household tasks, waited upon her hand and foot, as the only means of conciliation he knew. But Judith in her new-found competency baffled as well as bewildered him. She gave him no opening for conciliation.

On the morning that he was to go to town, wakened by the alarm that he had set at his usual hour, he heard from the kitchen the rattle of dishes. Judith was not beside him. Getting out of bed, he went to the door that opened to the kitchen. It was so early that although it was summer a lamp was lighted; but the table was spread, and Judith, bending over the stove, was frying meat. She turned at some sound he made.

'Yer up. I was thinkin' o' callin' you,' she remarked.

'There was no call for you to rise,' Mason said. 'I could 'a' got a bite for mysel', same as I've allus done.'

'A bite would n't be much good with that long drive ahead o' you,' Judith said as casually as if for years he had not taken the long drive on what he had been able to pick up for himself. 'Better hurry. Everything's ready,' she advised.

Mason did not enjoy his substantial breakfast. Judith, sitting opposite him, looked small and thin and tired, and her smallness and thinness and tiredness reproached him.

'The idea o' gettin' up at this time o' the morning,' he muttered. 'Ye'd best go to bed again, soon's I've gone.' He swallowed a great gulp of tea, and looked away from Judith. 'Ye'll have to stay up for me to-night. I'll be bringin' her home, an' she'll be wantin' some lookin' after, I guess. Best take all the rest you can in the day.'

When he was gone and Judith had put the house in order, she went to the secret place, and took out the little garments. She would have to find a place yet more secret for them; a place that even she herself could not have access to. When it was dark, she would go out in the garden and dig a grave and bury them. Burial, following upon death and loss, would be a fitting disposition of them. Judith felt that something within her had died; that the spiritual happiness which the fashioning and contemplation of those little garments had brought to her would never be hers again. She must put out of sight the things that had stood for that dead happiness.

She sat on the floor, with the little garments spread out around her. Some of them doubtless would fit the little girl her husband was bringing home to her. Preparation had been made for the growth and development of the child of her imaginings. But Judith had no thought of putting these apart. She could as little bear to see this real child wear anything that had been made for that visionary child, as a mother could bear to see another dressed in the garments of her dead child. Sitting on the floor, she sorted and folded the little garments for the last time, one moment with feverish quickness as if eager to get her task done, the next lingeringly, unfolding what she had folded, to smooth out each crease and straighten each fold. And she knew what mothers suffer when they fold up and put away the clothes of their little dead children.

She did not expect her husband home before his usual time. When it grew dark, she took the bundle she had made to the bottom of the garden. On her way back to the house for a spade, she heard Mason call her loudly, 'Judith, Judith!' He had returned earlier than usual. Judith stood motion-

less outside the kitchen door. He called again, and she heard his steps receding as he went to the unused front room to look for her. As she stood out there in the darkness, breathing quickly, Judith thought again of the time when Mason had been her undeclared lover, and again she was swept with an incredulous wonder that he had ever been able to evoke in her emotions of joy. When he came back to the kitchen she stepped inside.

The lighted kitchen, after the darkness outside, dazed her. She could not see for a moment or two.

'I did n't think you'd be home so soon; I was down in the garden,' she said. Then she looked about her. 'Did n't you — did n't you bring her?'

A bundle lay upon the table, and Mason began to unwrap it.

'I did n't bring her, but I brought this.' He threw back the shawl, — 'I could n't find a littler 'un,' he grinned.

The child wrapped up in the shawl was very little, not more than a week or two old apparently. Judith, speechless, bent over it, and inserted a finger in the little curled-up fist. Immediately the tiny fingers closed upon it. Countless times in imagination had Judith felt her finger thus held, but imagination had never brought the ecstasy that flooded her whole being at the touch of actual baby fingers upon hers. Still speechless, she raised her eyes to where Mason stood, and they widened with sudden wonder. For the glamour of the days of courtship had fallen upon him again, and as he stood there watching her, with an expression half shamefaced, half anxious, he seemed in all things as he had seemed then — the man desirable, the man to make her happy. She smiled at him as long ago she had smiled at her lover; and Mason smiled back in relief.

'I could n't get a littler 'un,' he repeated.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION: AN APOLOGIA

BY ANNE HARD

. . . non quia crasse
Compositum inlepidè putetur, sed quia nuper.
HORACE.

I

THE Master-BUILDER spoke not alone of his own time when he said: 'Just you see, Doctor, presently the younger generation will come knocking at the door!' He voiced the eternal dread of displacement, that most terrible tragedy of Age.

Age sometimes seems to see itself surviving in a sort of earthly immortality of influence, an exquisite wraith whose sustenance is human opinion. Like sounds which can vibrate to birth only upon strings of fixed length and thickness, so this influence must find a human organism responsive to itself or it must vanish with the mind which gave it birth. Age desires not to survive only in an epitaph. Age demands that Youth shall be its earthly immortality.

Youth knocks at the door of the House of Life and presents its passport to-day just as it always has; it will enter on its own terms whether the Warder will visé its passport or not. Just as once Youth gave the warm humanity of Euripides when the Warder asked for the sombre majesty of Æschylus; as it gave the vernacular Bible when the Warder demanded the decrees of all the councils; as it gave chemistry and physics and biology when the Warder demanded the classics, so to-day it offers a determined spirit of inquiry instead of loyalty to accepted standards; a broader instead of a more deeply

thoughtful intellectual life; a more socialized ethics instead of stronger individual virtues.

It is easy to see why Age distrusts us. Broader spaces, fewer interests, beliefs more single, combined with a perhaps not less important inheritance of unmixed blood, gave to an earlier generation in this country a stability, an unbendable quality which stands as one of the supreme monuments to the possibilities of human character. It is little wonder that it hopes for the worst from a generation born of blended racial strains into crowded areas, multifarious occupations and conflicting opinions.

Age expects to find our manners as formless as our environment. And it does find them so. I can remember how carefully, for example, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart taught us the correct attitude for the drawing-room. I can see us walking gingerly across those highly polished floors, seating ourselves with carefully distributed weight, finally achieving a pose which in retrospect looks very Egyptian-monumental, but which at the time indicated ease combined with a determination never never to admit the presence of knees by crossing them. I can see, too, that long refectory with two rows of young-ladies-in-training, each one carefully eliminating her elbows. And the very first thing we found when we emerged into 'the world' was that every beautiful lady in the most lustrant of the illustrations not only owned knees, but crossed them, and the lady who was

so beautiful that she burst out on to the cover, invariably had elbows, which she rested on a table.

There are only two conditions which keep formal manners alive. One is the importance of ceremonial, — such a symbol of the vicarious performance of leisure for example as the uncut finger nails of the high-class Chinese, the necessity, in short, for impressing others in order to maintain a caste or a cult. The other is an intense belief in one's personal dignity.

Of the many elements which have gone to wipe out both these conditions for the young, none, I believe, is more powerful than the substitution of an objective interest in which young men and young women are equally engaged, for the purely personal interest which but a short time ago was the basis of all intercourse between the sexes. They grow used to being together without awareness of one another's personality. You may see it in the laboratory: young men and young women checking results by test tube or microscope. You may see it again on the links or on the tennis court.

Or it may be a September day, all sapphires and pure light, when the wind is like a teasing school-boy and every boat that sets a prankish sail does so to test the hearts that laugh at courage. More things go down than ships and men. Many a fine distinction, many a delicate phrase, many a pretty dignity — and Kit and Tom emerge.

Is it because we are becoming more socialized, that we approach in tone a state of society where people cry 'Comrade' to each other? Certainly we do not feel that our manners must support a caste, and to the younger generation nothing among its contemporaries is so sure a mark of an 'unarrived' person as any suspicion that an effort of the sort is being made.

Almost too defiantly perhaps youth

longs to make a sacrifice of everything to Revelation. It is perfectly aware of the genuineness of that greater dignity in its parents and yet it cannot help a secret feeling that the old-fashioned manner covered up something just for the sake of the covering. They believed in closed parlors, in heavy hangings at the windows, in tidies, and feather-dusters. They desired above all that things should 'look nice.'

Just as their manners were genuine for them, our manners are genuine for us. We do not believe in concealment. We want a great many windows all wide open. We have burned up tidies and heavy curtains. A feather-duster will soon be as interesting a domestic antiquity as a warming-pan. If the vacuum cleaner is being mended we leave the dust right where we can find it when we are ready to clean up.

It is not only among people of the same age that there is greater frankness. Fathers are talking more plainly to their sons; mothers to their daughters. We are beginning to see that the eighth deadly sin and the worst of all is Ignorance. Many of our mothers were held in restraint by a sort of a general terror of they knew not what. We are not afraid to go ahead, because we know all the implications of each step. The result is significantly a boldness of manner, founded on a consciousness that we have nothing to conceal.

The rising generation has heard of 'fine reserve' and 'noble reticence,' but it refuses to believe in them as ends in themselves. If they are to form a sort of spiritual antimacassar, concealing worn places in the mental furniture, — unworthy suspicions, base unbeliefs, false interpretations — they would better be thrown into the flames of self-examination. In Mr. Galsworthy's *Fraternity*, the situation is completely suggested by Stephen's jest: 'If young

people will reveal their ankles, they'll soon have no ankles to reveal.'

A woman of an older generation, a gentlewoman, whose life has brought her into contact with the young people of two coeducational universities, admitted this greater freedom and informality. But she got from it a hopeful interpretation:—

'I find greater frankness—and more purity!' she said; 'less putting girls upon a pedestal, — and less smashing them afterwards!'

In short these manners, crudely, perhaps, are of a piece with a passionate belief in its own intellectual honesty, which is to the new generation the most essential element in its self-respect. They are of a piece with a determined seeking after truth, whithersoever the argument may lead; with a conviction that uncleanness is the child of ignorance, and that once the white light of frank simplicity is turned upon the darker corners of the mind, much that was once thought a moral dust heap will turn out to be but floating-scintillant particles, soon dissipated. The younger generation is ashamed to be ashamed.

II

If from a half-conscious longing for recognizing only the big and strong elements, our manners lose something, they are in this respect symbolic of another characteristic of the spiritual life of the young. It would be folly to deny that many of the older religious sanctions which had broken down for our parents have not been reërected by their children. But from that wreck of the religious sense which followed closely upon the scientific movement of the middle nineteenth century, those children are reclaiming for themselves two powerful principles. One is a broad but sincere acceptance of those spiritual beauties common to all beliefs, and

the other, the socialization of its system of ethics.

'I believe we are just as earnest!' said a College Secretary of the Young Woman's Christian Association in one of the largest of our Universities; 'but it is often hard to convince our elders because we are broader in our definitions. We can have a good time without doing wrong. We can combine religion and pleasure.'

Because we wear our philosophies easily, because we have enlarged our inheritance from some unknown drop of foreign blood, or from our spreading out into warmer places than the chilly rocks where our Puritan forefathers 'rescued this land from the Devil,' because we can jest even at things we secretly hold sacred, we are often inexplicable to our parents. It was not a part of their manners so to do. And it is hard for many of them to believe in our sincerity when we do it. And yet in our own extraordinary fashion we are probably reconstructing under new forms some resemblance to the light-hearted singleness of primitive Christianity.

'These early Roman Christians received the Gospel message, a command to love all men, with a certain joyous simplicity. The image of the Good Shepherd is blithe and gay beyond the gentlest shepherd of Greek mythology,' Miss Addams says, as she pauses at her fiftieth milestone to interpret that life into which she has read so deeply; . . . 'I believe there is a distinct turning among many young men and women toward this simple acceptance of Christ's message.'

Left free in our choice by the rulelessness of our upbringing, early allowed to conclude that there was in every creed much that could never be assuredly proven, we have come to judge creeds by their output in action and to unite upon lines of conduct

rather than upon lines of belief. Religious determinations which a few years ago were followed simply because they were the recognized aims of definite sects, which one had 'joined,' on quite other grounds, now unite the offspring of many different creeds or of no creed at all.

Missionary enthusiasm for example caused about four thousand college students, most of them undergraduates, to give up their Christmas holidays for the sake of attending a recent convention of the Student Volunteer Movement. Last year four thousand three hundred and seventy-seven *more* young college men and college women offered themselves as missionaries to the foreign field than could be accepted. Growing with extraordinary rapidity in membership, in financial ability, in enthusiasm, this is a young people's movement; its very founders and its great names are the names of persons still in their early thirties.

And yet note that the content of this movement is a content which has always been most intimately identified with certain dogmatic systems. The younger generation takes out of the separate theologies one object and unites on that.

One can hardly note such facts as these, and others like them, and still maintain that the older sanctions have not their followers and their thousands of followers among the younger generation.

III

The difference of emphasis, however, which distinguishes the younger from the elder time, is that ours is an emphasis not upon *form* but upon *content*.

The younger generation is far more concerned with what you have to say than with how you wish to say it. It is not much interested in personal impression, general theory. It is pro-

foundly interested in first-hand studies carefully made, in new or more vigorous interpretations of well-known facts. The 'mob of gentlemen who write with ease' is tailing the gray beaver and the hoop-skirt around the corner while the band just passing is playing for the man who writes because he has something to say.

You expect that such a shift of stress as this would profoundly affect our theories of the proper education to give our children. And it has so affected it. No better illustration could be made of the difference between two generations than is to be found in a comparison of the questions our fathers had to answer when they sat down to write an examination in geography with those which confront the children of to-day.

'Why does the St. Lawrence never have floods?'

'Give causes for the difference in climate between England and New England.'

'Why has New York become the greatest commercial centre in the United States?'

'Why, why, why?' that is the question we constantly set before our children. Not 'define,' not 'name,' no rhymed lists of capital cities and principal rivers, no 'What sea lies east of Cochin China?' or 'In what direction does the St. Lawrence flow?'

In most of the comparisons of our time with another we are at one painful disadvantage. Our fathers confute us by combining what they remember of themselves with what they guess about us. But in these often made and quite unfounded assertions that the youth of to-day is deficient in the three R's because he is proficient in a fourth R — Raffia, — we can reply to their personal impressions with a few actual facts. For several schoolmasters, smarting under these stings, have been at pains to poultice themselves and us.

Proceeding in the modern experimental method, they have first unearthed such monuments of the alleged golden age in American spelling as could be found in their several school safes. Under conditions designed to promote the greatest fairness, if they did not even put our children at a disadvantage, those same questions in geography and history, those same spelling lists, were dusted and inserted into the intellectual quick of the infant minds of Springfield in Massachusetts, Norwich in Connecticut, and Cleveland in Ohio.¹

The average *gain in efficiency* in spelling of the children of to-day was from 4.5 to 9.6 per cent, the combined *average gain in efficiency* in arithmetic, history, geography and grammar, was 20 per cent.

In other words, in spite of the fact that we do not apparently care so much about these things as our fathers did we actually do them better. And I believe that it would be safe to make the same assertion for our knowledge of the classics, although I could not so easily prove it.

You can however prove for yourself how different is the standard of work required in the classical departments of our universities from that of a few decades ago. And it is only fair to remember that of the armies of youth who on entering college desert the humanities for the utilities, a large proportion have already done much of the Latin which would have been called 'college work' by our Fathers. There are so many of us who have done much more than that, 'even in the Latin or the Greek,' that we do not pride ourselves on having read only Virgil and Cicero. We forget to mention it and

thereby lose much credit. To have read so much was a fair Latinity to our grandfathers in America. But Germany has caught our youth by the wing and applies the grindstone of the cuneiform syllabary of Cyprian or the velar *q* to the edge of our classical appetite. In other words unless we specialize in the classics we are n't classical. Even when we do specialize we are not always classical in the old sense. As soon as we specialize we begin to become scientific.

In this respect we are perfectly consistent. Education, man's greatest luminal, seems in another aspect to be the shadow of the life of man; — it is always just one lap behind, panting after life in a never-ending race to catch up with life's always accumulating, changing demands.

In other words, the knowledge of the time that is past was as the life of that time. Our knowledge is as our life. In place of the few books which it was serviceable to have in one's private collection, we have a card on the circulating library, where any sort of book leaps conformably to hand to meet our need of information or to share our hours of ease. In place of the three simple professions which had, since Adam delved, adorned the life of our grandfathers, all life has become a profession, commerce an art. Our souls demand study, and there are psychological laboratories; typhoid oppresses us, and there are bacteriological laboratories; we eat, and there are special laboratories for the chemical analysis of foods; animal life is all about us, and there are biological laboratories; we read, and there is a workshop for library science. Physical science impinges upon chemistry; here is an electrical furnace! We must have newspapers; here is a school of journalism! Men live in groups apparently under the dominance of certain forces; we

¹ "The Norwich Tests." By HENRY A. TERRILL, in *The School Review*, May, 1910.

"The Springfield Tests." By JOHN LAWRENCE RILEY.

"The Three Rs." By WILLIAM H. ELSON.

will begin studies leading to a true establishment of Sociology!

Through elementary school and high school giving hours to making wooden toys or gingham aprons as well as to Greek and mathematics; through colleges giving hours to horticulture or cookery as well as to early Gothic; through all the seethe of struggling elements, is there any one clue which one may hold fast to bring one safe to daylight? I think there is. Just as our manners are adapted to the newer thought of Pureness in Revealment; just as we unite on the content rather than on the form of religious teaching, so our education ministers to a society which feels that its greatest interest is in investigation. We need to acquire the power of independent thought. For that purpose there are many things as valuable as a remembrance of the fact that the genitive of *supellex* is not *supellicis*, but *supellectilis*.

IV

The demand that we shall get our intellectual nourishment from one source is of a piece with the demand that we shall get our spiritual nourishment from one source. We are glad that the day is gone which believed in only one avenue to culture; we are glad that the day is come which believes that in the house of beauty there are many mansions.

Some people seem to look at life through a sort of mental opera-glass, which, when directed upon the extraordinary range of experience surrounding the youth of to-day, encircles only those elements which are debasing or demoralizing, which permits them to see in our manners only their element of vulgarity, in our spiritual life only the quality of negation, in our education only a lack of discipline. Still more restricted does that encirclement ap-

pear to us when it finds in our drama only the lower form of vaudeville, in our art only the 'Sunday Sup.'

It is not grandmother, it is the young mamma who hurries to the front porch to tear from the morning newspaper its brilliant stuffing. It is the young mamma who believes that such pictures are 'unmoral.' Indeed, one of the most successful Sunday editors in the country asserts that the 'Sunday Sup' is a 'circulation-getter' among the mature of the crowded quarters rather than among the American-born of tender years.

The Sunday Supplement however is a fact. It is a disagreeable fact. But more significant we think is the fact that the simple performances of our daily lives can be carried on constantly under increasingly beautiful conditions. Children may see cheap and ephemeral pictures. Salvation lies in this, that they are ephemeral. But those same children sit long hours in school rooms hung with fine reproductions of Corot or of Millet, or set with the winged Niké dimly wonderful against a background carefully studied to give just the proper value. Their hands are trained to execute what their minds are trained to work out, in color, in pottery, in textiles. Even the children of careless or busy parents have their chance to receive the finer, nobler impressions when their class is taken on little 'gallery tours' in the great centres; when they can see and talk over a 'loan exhibition' sent out to the smaller communities.

As a work of pure art compare 'the little red school house' with such public schools as those of Mr. Perkins in Chicago, Mr. Sturgis in Boston or Mr. Ittner in St. Louis. Compare the carefully modeled shafts from which depend the lights in our finer streets with the T-shaped lamp posts of a few years ago. Compare the brown stone hor-

rors of the seventies, the ornate furniture, the involuted draperies, the flowered carpets, the fringes, the tassels, with a domestic art based upon the idea that form must follow function, with our adaptations of the best in our native colonial houses, with our simple lines, our spare furnishings, our devotion to the gradual acquisition of the money for a really good rug. When you have made that comparison, do you conclude that public taste is really degenerating? Do you not rather see that there is at work a new spirit in American art, a spirit which allies it to the brightest time of the art of other countries, the spirit of youth which is one with that spirit of joy without which the best in art is never born? Moreover, the younger generation, listening to the Friday afternoon concert of the Theodore Thomas orchestra, — as it does, — or to the Boston Symphony, — as it does, — or to the Cincinnati festival chorus, — as it does, — is having its taste trained and satisfied by Bach and Strauss, by Beethoven and Brahms. And listening to those unworded revealings of the human soul, the younger generation is aware that in half a million homes throughout the country those same strains, less true perhaps, but existent still in some resemblance to their first great artistry, are heard and heard again.

More than a handful of the younger generation are the supporters, more than a handful are the admirers of Volpe, of Horatio Parker, of Arthur Foote, of Chadwick, of Damrosch, Grover, Stock, Lutkin, and Hadley. Where in the generation of our fathers and mothers there were at most but two cities in America where the best music was constantly interpreted by competent musicians, there are now at least a dozen. Musical Art or Choral Societies, string quartettes, full orchestras in New York and Boston, — yes,

but also in Seattle, in Chicago, in St. Louis, in Minneapolis, St. Paul, Cincinnati, and — with occasional interruptions — in Pittsburg! Add to this the children's choruses, singing really good music extraordinarily well; add to this such an organization as the A Cappella Choir of Northwestern University; add to it sustained musical departments in almost every university of consequence, and one reaches some suggestion of the reason why many of the greatest singers now before the public are Americans, why even 'Herr This' and 'M. That' in Berlin and Paris, with waiting lists of pupils and an acknowledged position in the musical life of the continent, are 'Old Chicago boys,' or 'Used to live in Albany.'

V

It is, however, confusing to dismiss in a paragraph the total effect of our æsthetic surroundings on the younger public, because there is not one public, there are a score. And true as this may be of the artistic or the musical public it is quite as true of the dramatic. Not only can we get the rug, the picture, the jewel, the preserved fruit, the bit of lace, — from north, from south, from next state, from far country; that this one, that that one, momentarily needs; but there is also a commercial response to the dramatic tastes of every section of the community.

Those who demand cheap and vulgarizing exhibitions may have their tastes satisfied just as they always have had them satisfied, but with the greater competence made possible by the superiority of our commercial organization. But those who demand a fine interpretation of the best plays can find the best plays also. It is completely unfair to the influences which bear upon the youth of to-day, to turn a jaundiced gaze upon one of these and

to disregard entirely the other. We have heard that our mothers and fathers spent some of their time in laughing at the extraordinary humor of such lines as 'I learn, on inquiry, that cows do not give sardines,' when lisped off by the elder Sothern, or in fascinated attention to the writhings of the comical Mr. Muldoon about the legs of a high chair, as well as in attending upon occasional performances of Booth or Barrett. And we call attention in turn to the fact that we derive some entertainment from *The Blue Bird*, and *The Faun* and *Peter Pan* as well as from *Mme. Sherry*, from *Herod* and *Everyman* as well as from *The Girl in the Taxi*, and that both the scenically glorious Shakespeare of Miss Marlowe and the scenically barren Shakespeare of Mr. Ben Greet have been applauded with some enthusiasm in recent years.

It is not merely the varying tastes of different publics which are met, but the varying moods of the individual. And to the young it seems a misfortune for you if you have not varying moods. Granted that the spectacle be clean, — it seems to them a misfortune if you cannot get enjoyment out of many differing kinds of dramatic effort. You cannot yourself be close to all sorts of the wonderful ranging life of to-day; but you can get just a little closer to it through the theatre. And this is the point at which vaudeville, the best vaudeville, makes its appeal to us. Remember, not all of us by any means are devotees of the 'top-liners.' But don't despair of us if we are!

While we pause to observe that we did not invent the entertainment, we may nevertheless also insist that there is variety in vaudeville. You may thrill to an act of daring, or take your joy in that magnificent display of human physique which indicates not only skill but years of abstemiousness which would do credit to an anchorite. You

may hear the sort of 'stunts' that good musicians do when they lay aside their professional manner and play with their art among their friends. Is n't it worth noticing that the house-filling popularity of the 'most beautiful woman in the world' is equaled by that of a serious, uncompromising study of real life such as Mr. J. M. Patterson's *Dope* or by that of such an artistic presentation of a social message as Mr. George Beban's *The Sign of the Rose*?

The element in it all which is terrifyingly new to our discouraged ancestors is that we who ought to be the children of light are enjoying every bit of it. Of course we are! and rightly! It mirrors back to us our environment. Just so the great Elizabethan drama lived through the dreary days of Anne even to our own time, most surely because it was Elizabethan. It was *alive*. It was written by live people about live people. It reproduced its own environment through all classical disguise. It was as good and as bad as itself. Our drama seems to us to do the same thing. *Paid in Full*, *The Fourth Estate*, *The Man of the Hour*, — you know them and the many others like them, — studies of our day, they may be called. They may be called studies of our environment. And in that respect they seem not only to be most unlike the drama of a generation ago but to reflect and to present therein a similar unlikeness in ourselves.

VI

The complete lack of *recognition of the public point of view* is to us one of the most amazing disclosures as we pursue our researches into the history of the era just preceding us. More menacing, it seems to us, than individual greed, than poor little aldermen taking a job for brother-in-law in consideration of a 'right' vote on a gas franchise; more menacing than poor little legis-

lators 'holding-up' the rich gun-club's game-preserve bill till a few dollars trickle into their silly little pockets; more menacing than any number of examples of individual 'graft,' is the widespread existence of that social attitude which saw in politics only a 'cess-pool'; which placed the rewards of private business above those of public service; which would make our government the handmaid of special privilege — in short, the social attitude into which we were born.

Here acres of state land quietly handed over to a steel mill, there a city's lake front given over to a railroad; here a stream — of all the wonderful universe, one would think, most sacred gift to all, — poisoned its length, there the very air noxious with unnecessary vapors; forests and mines which should have been the bread of the future children of America made the wine of the women of the Riviera, — these are the conditions, into which we were born. These are the conditions for which the noble Romans of another generation are responsible. Having made these conditions they tremble to think how we are going to face them.

Our forbears, preoccupied with ideals of individual beauty, seem to us to have failed to realize their environment. We resent an individual virtue which exists in the midst of social wrong. Therefore we resent that interpretation of our conduct which calls us individualistic. For it seems to us that never before has a sense of social ethics been so widespread.

There are various signs you may read if you doubt that statement. Try for example the one-time heard argument that because a man is good to his family he will probably make a good United States Senator; you will arouse the rude and violent laughter of to-day.

One illustration may be found in a recent incident in the newspaper busi-

ness. A letter of Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, written during the war to his wife, and printed last fall for the first time, told of having received a check from the manufacturer of a certain cannon, and says that he 'will boom this cannon in the future.' In its editorial comment, the *Chicago Tribune* pointed out how far the ideals of the newspaper profession had progressed since the sixties, that a man of Mr. Stedman's undoubted honesty and character could, without a thought, do what no self-respecting reporter could do to-day — and retain his self-respect.

VII

The talk of 'temperament' and 'self-expression' was much more characteristic of those who were young at the feet of Whitman than it is of those who are young at the feet of Mr. Dooley. The test of effect upon individual character was then the only test by which to try even social conduct. For like an unperfumed rose, that penitential spirit which led to countless mystical expressions in the middle ages, grew up again unlovely in the individualistic interpretations of earlier America. It survives among us in that attitude of mind which demands a certain drawing-room posture partly because it is uncomfortable, not because it is beautiful; which prescribes certain studies because they are disciplinary, not because they teach anything worth knowing; which finds something intrinsically valuable in cleaning lamps, even though the room may be better lighted by pressing a button; which cannot believe that you really want to make the world better unless you have a private individual tear to shed at each of its miseries.

For a mediæval saint to wash the feet of twelve poor old men was a sanctified act because it cleansed not the

feet of the old men, but the soul of the saint. If Saint-of-To-day were to be assigned that task his entire thought would be the better preparation of those twelve old men for their next necessary walk, with a mental reservation in favor of so constituting society that it would never be necessary for some one else to do it for them.

We are glad that the time is gone which in the words of Simon Patten 'endeavored to extract nobility of character out of domestic maladjustments.' We are going to use for social service the leisure created by business organization and by mechanical invention.

We are perfectly willing that you call this a 'sense of duty,' — this newly awakened social conscience. In fact we don't care in the least what name you call it by. You may come as a Socialist, a single-taxer, a neighborhood-improver, an art-leaguer, a charity-organizer. You need not have 'a passion of Christ-like pity,' you may merely think it is better business policy. It does n't, to the youngsters, make very much difference by what name you choose to be called, — any more than it made any difference in what order you entered a drawing-room, or whether you studied mathematics or bacteriology, — provided, PROVIDED — you get to making life more livable for *most people*. We demand a sort of race-patriotism.

Patriotism to the human race will include the old patriotism and the old religion in one. No age of religion ever recoiled more from blood, ever came closer to a conception of ultimate peace, than this age. No age has produced greater martyrs to religion than this age has dedicated to humanity.

And you think that the broadening notion of service has not its glories of individual character, that the new has not its martyrs like the old? I like to think of the woman who has given up wealth and lives meanly, willingly enduring not only material discomforts but to be misjudged, insulted and abused, in order to give to those social causes in which she believes not only her money but the influence of her extraordinary personality. I might mention her name. But she has many names. She is in every city.

I like to think of Lazear, — thirty-four years old, happily married, widely loved, at the gate of his profession, scientist and soldier, embracing death gloriously, hurrying to meet it, that he might rip but by a little thread this veil of ignorance which so enshrouds mankind. To us he seems hardly less glorious because his life was given not for the sake of single creed nor for the hope of future unspeakable reward, but simply that other men might *know* one fact, — one fact about one disease — simply that other men might even in a small degree come closer to a right relationship to their environment.

For however light-heartedly this generation may try to take its fundamental philosophies it is always conscious of the underlying pathos of its position. It cannot name the port whither, it seems, our bark is set. With the ship under full sail our fathers first tore up the sailing orders and then steered into uncharted seas. This generation, with no sailing orders, voluntarily must unite for charting those seas. It must be for some other generation to bring the ship to port.

CRITICISM

BY W. C. BROWNELL

I

CRITICISM itself is much criticized, which logically establishes its title. No form of mental activity is commoner, and, where the practice of anything is all but universal, protest against it is as idle as apology for it should be superfluous. The essentially critical character of formularies alleging the inferiority to books of the books about books that Lamb preferred, finding the genesis of criticism in creative failure, and so on, should of itself demonstrate that whatever objection may be made to it in practice there can be none in theory. In which case the only sensible view is that its practice should be perfected rather than abandoned. However, it is probably only in — may one say? — ‘uncritical circles,’ notoriously as skeptical about logic as about criticism, that it encounters this fundamental censure. ‘Nobody here,’ said Lord Morley recently, addressing the English Association, ‘will undervalue criticism or fall into the gross blunder of regarding it as a mere parasite of creative work.’ And, indeed, I should be conscious of slighting just proportion and intellectual decorum in laying any particular stress on the aspersions of the sciolists of the studios, such as, for example, the late Mr. Whistler, and of literary adventurers, such as, for another instance, the late Lord Beaconsfield.

As a matter of fact these two rather celebrated disparagers of criticism were greatly indebted to the critical faculty,

very marked in each of them. It is now becoming quite generally appreciated, I imagine, — thanks to criticism, — that Degas’s admonition to Whistler about his conduct cheapening his talent, which every one will remember, was based on a slight misconception. Whistler’s achievements in painting, however incontestable their merits, would certainly have enjoyed less of the vogue he so greatly prized had his prescription that work should be ‘received in silence’ been followed in his own case by himself. And it was certainly the critical rather than the creative element in Disraeli’s more serious substance that gave it the interest it had for his contemporaries, and has now altogether lost.

More worth while recalling than Disraeli’s inconsistency, however, is the fact that in plagiarizing he distorted Coleridge’s remark, substituting ‘critics’ for ‘reviewers’ as those who had failed in creative fields. The substitution is venial in so far as in the England of that day the critics were the reviewers. But this is what is especially noteworthy in considering the whole subject: namely, that in England, as with ourselves, the art of criticism is so largely the business of reviewing as to make the two, in popular estimation at least, interconvertible terms. They order the matter differently in France. Every one must have been struck at first by the comparative slightness of the reviewing in French journalism. One’s impression at first is that they take the business much less seriously

than one would expect in a country with such an active interest in art and letters. The papers, even the reviews, concern themselves with the current product chiefly in the 'notice' or the *compte rendu*, which aims merely to inform the reader as to the contents of the book or the contributions to the exposition, whatever it may be, with but a meagre addition of comment either courteous or curt. The current art criticism even of Gautier, even of Diderot for that matter, is largely descriptive. In the literary *revues* what we should call the reviewing is apt to be consigned to a few back pages of running *chronique*, or a supplementary leaflet.

Of course one explanation is that the French public reads and sees for itself too generally to need or savor extensive treatment of the essentially undifferentiated. The practice of reviewing scrupulously all the output of the novel factories, exemplified by such periodicals as even the admirable *Athenæum*, would seem singular to it. But with us, even when the literature reviewed is eminent and serious, it is estimated by the anonymous expert, who at most, and indeed at his best, confines himself to the matter in hand and delivers a kind of bench decision in a circumscribed case. And in France this is left to subsequent books or more general articles, with the result of releasing the critic for more personal work of larger scope. Hence, there are a score of French critics of personal quality for one English or American. Even current criticism becomes a province of literature instead of being a department of routine. Our own current criticism, anonymous or other, is, I need not say, largely of this routine character, when it has character, varied by the specific expert decision in a very few quarters, and only occasionally by a magazine *article de fond*

of a real synthetic value. This last I should myself like to see the Academy, whose function must be mainly critical, encourage by every means open to it, by way of giving more *standing* to our criticism, which is what I think it needs first of all.

For the antipathy to criticism I imagine springs largely from confounding it with the reviewing — which I do not desire to depreciate, but to distinguish from criticism of a more positive and personal order and a more permanent appeal. The tradition of English reviewing is almost august, and it is natural that Coleridge should have spoken of reviewers as a class, and that Mr. Birrell should have them exclusively in mind in defining the traits of the ideal critic. And we ourselves are not without journals which review with obvious resources of scholarship and skill, and deliver judgments with the tone, if not always with the effect, of finality. But of course, taking the country as a whole, reviewing is the least serious concern of the journalism that seems to take so many things lightly. And it is this reviewing that I fancy the authors and artists have in mind when they disparage criticism. The critics of reviewing, however, deem it insufficiently expert, and I dare say this is often just. But the objection to it which is apparently not considered, but which I should think even more considerable, is its tendency to monopolize the critical field and establish this very ideal of specific expertness, which its practice so frequently fails to realize, as the ideal of criticism in general. This involves, I think, a restricted view of the true critic's field, and an erroneous view of his function. Virtually it confines his own field to that of the practice he criticizes; and his function to that of estimating any practice with reference to its technical standards. In a word, expert criticism

is necessarily technical criticism, and, not illogically, those whose ideal it is insist that the practitioner himself is the only proper critic of his order of practice.

This was eminently the view of the late Russell Sturgis, who had an inexhaustible interest in technic of all kinds and maintained stoutly that only artists should write about art. And though his own practice negatived his principle so far as painting and sculpture are concerned, that was perhaps because the painters and sculptors were themselves so remiss in lending a hand to the work he deemed it important to have done. They were surely excusable, in many cases, since they could allege preoccupation with what they could do even better in proportion as they were either satisfactorily good at it or successful with it. Sturgis's theory was that art should be interpreted from the artist's point of view, assuming of course the existence of such a point of view. As a matter of fact there is none, and when it is sought what is found is either *an* artist's point of view, which is personal and not professional, or else it is that of every one else sufficiently educated in the results which artists could hardly have produced for centuries without, sooner or later, at least betraying what it is their definite aim distinctly to express. The esoteric in their work is a matter, not of art, — the universal language in which they communicate, — but of science; it does not reside in the point of view, but in the process.

All artistic accomplishment divides itself naturally, easily, and satisfactorily, however loosely, into the two categories, moral and material. The two certainly overlap, and this is particularly true of the plastic arts, whose peculiarity — or whose distinction, if you choose — is to appeal to the senses as well as to the mind. A certain tech-

nic therefore — that is to say, the science of their material side — is always to be borne in mind. But a far less elaborate acquaintance with this than is vital to the practitioner is ample for the critic, who may in fact easily have too much of it if he have any inclination to exploit rather than to subordinate it.

The artist who exacts more technical expertness from the critic than he finds is frequently looking in criticism for what it is the province of the studio to provide; he requires of it the educational character proper to the classroom, or the qualifications pertinent to the hanging committee. Now, even confined within its proper limits, this esoteric criticism suffers from its inherent concentration on technic. Artistic innovation meets nowhere with such illiberal hostility as it encounters in its own hierarchy, and less on temperamental than on technical grounds. On the other hand, a painter like Bouguereau may systematically invert the true relations of conception and execution, employing the most insipid conventionalities to express his exquisite drawing, and remain for a generation the head of the professional corner in the school edifice where the critical faculty has been paralyzed by the technical criterion. And of course in technical circles such a criterion tends to establish itself. Millet, who refused to write about a fellow painter's work for the precise reason that he was a painter himself and therefore partial to his own different way of handling the subject, was a practitioner of exceptional breadth of view, and would perhaps have agreed with Aristotle, who, as Montaigne says, 'will still have a hand in everything,' and who asserts that the proper judge of the tiller is not the carpenter but the helmsman. Indeed, 'The wearer knows where the shoe pinches' is as sound a maxim as

'*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*'; and the authority of the latter itself may be invoked in favor of leaving criticism to critics. And even the literary critic of plastic art may quite conceivably need to be reminded of Arnold's caution: 'To handle these matters properly, there is needed a poise so perfect that the least overweight in any direction tends to destroy the balance . . . even erudition may destroy it. Little as I know therefore, I am always apprehensive, in dealing with poetry, lest even that little should [quoting a remark by the Duke of Wellington] "prove too much for my abilities."' "

It is true that we have in America — possibly in virtue of our inevitable eclecticism — a considerable number of practicing artists who also write distinguished criticism. But to ascribe its excellence to their technical expertness, rather than to their critical faculty, would really be doing an injustice to the felicity with which they subordinate in their criticism all technical parade beyond that which is certainly too elementary to be considered esoteric. Certainly some of them would be indisposed to measure work by their own practice, and in that case what critical title does this practice in itself confer? As a rule indeed, I think, they rather help than hinder the contention that criticism is a special province of literature with, in fact, a technic of its own in which they show real expertness, instead of a literary adjunct of the special art with which it is variously called upon to concern itself. And in this special province, material data are far less considerable than moral — with which latter, accordingly, it is the special function of criticism to deal. Every one is familiar with plastic works of a perfection that all the technical talk in the world would not explain, as no amount of technical expertness could compass it. However

young the artist might have begun to draw, or model, or design, whatever masters he might have had, however long he might have practiced his art, whatever his skill, native or acquired, whatever his professional expertness, in a word, no artist could have achieved the particular result in question without those *qualities* which have controlled the result, and which it is the function of criticism to signalize, as it is the weakness of expert evaluation to neglect.

Criticism, thus, may not inexactly be described as the statement of the concrete in terms of the abstract. It is its function to discern and characterize the abstract qualities informing the concrete expression of the artist. Every important piece of literature, as every important work of plastic art, is the expression of a personality, and it is not the material of it, but the mind behind it, that invites critical interpretation. Materially speaking, it is its own interpretation. The concrete absorbs the constructive artist whose endeavor is to give substance to his idea, which until expressed is an abstraction. The concern of criticism is to measure his success by the correspondence of his expression to the idea it suggests and by the value of the idea itself. The critic's own language, therefore, into which he is to translate the concrete work he is considering, is the language of the abstract; and as in translation what is needed is appreciation of the foreign tongue and expertness in one's own, it is this language that it behooves him especially to cultivate.

As it is the *qualities* of the writer, painter, sculptor, and not the *properties* of their productions, that are his central concern, as his function is to disengage the moral value from its material expression, — I do not mean of course in merely major matters, but in minutiae as well, such as even

the lilt of a verse or the drawing of a wrist, the distinction being one of kind, not of rank, — qualities, not properties, are the very substance and not merely the subject of the critic's own expression. The true objects of his contemplation are the multifarious elements of truth, beauty, goodness, and their approximations and antipodes, underlying the various phenomena which express them, rather than the laws and rules peculiar to each form of phenomenal expression; which, beyond acquiring the familiarity needful for adequate appreciation, he may leave to the professional didacticism of each. And in thus confining itself to the art and eschewing the science of whatever forms its subject — mindful mainly of no science, indeed, except its own — criticism is enabled to extend its field while restricting its function, and to form a distinct province of literature, while relinquishing encroachments upon the territory of more exclusively constructive art.

Of course thus individualizing the field and the function of criticism neither predicates universal capacity in nor prescribes universal practice to the individual critic, who however will specialize all the more usefully for realizing that both his field and his function are themselves as special as his faculty is universally acknowledged to be.

II

The critic's equipment consequently should be at least commensurate with the field implied by this view of his function. But it should really even exceed it, on the well-known principle that no one knows his subject who knows his subject alone. And this implies for criticism the possession of that cognate culture without which specific erudition produces a rather lean result. If, which is doubtful, it achieves recti-

tude, it misses richness. The mere function of examining and estimation can hardly be correctly conducted without illumination from the sidelights of culture. But certainly if criticism is to have itself any opulence and amplitude, any body and energy, it must bring to its specific business a supplementary fund of its own. If literature — or art as well for that matter — is a criticism of life, criticism in a similar sense and in the same degree determines the relations of the two, and thus needs as close touch with life as with art and letters. Thus, whatever the subject, the critical equipment calls for a knowledge of life, and in proportion to its depth and fullness, a philosophy of life. In no other way, indeed, can the critic's individuality achieve outline, and the body of his work attain coherence.

Obviously, therefore, that general culture which is a prerequisite to any philosophy of life is a necessity of his equipment, without which he can neither estimate his subject aright nor significantly enrich his treatment to the end of producing what constitutes literature in its turn — an ideal which, as I have already intimated, exhibits the insufficiency of what is known as expert criticism. And of this general culture, I should call the chief constituents history, æsthetics, and philosophy. 'The most profitable thing in the world for the institution of human life is history,' says Froissart; and the importance of history to any criticism which envisages life as well as art and letters, would need no more than mention were it not in fact so frequently and so generally overlooked by those who unconsciously or explicitly take the belletristic or purely æsthetic view of criticism. Since Taine such a view seems curiously antiquated. Evidently however it underlies much current practice, which seems to assume that current critical

material is the product of spontaneous generation and that, accordingly, even its direct ancestry, as well as its ancestral influences, is negligible. And the same view is apparently held, not only in the class-room, but in what we may call professional circles, where both reasoning and research are so often strictly confined within the rigid limits of the special branch of study pursued or expounded.

Art and letters are nevertheless neither fortuitous phenomena, on the one hand, to be savored and tested merely by the sharp senses of the impressionist, nor, on the other, technical variants of an isolated evolution. Poetry for instance is neither pure music nor pure prosody. Even that of Blake or Whitman cannot be correctly judged by the senses unilluminated by the light which history sheds on its conformity to or deflection from the ideal laws to which legitimately it is responsible; *a fortiori*, of course, in the case of poetry that is truly expressive instead of melodiously or otherwise explosive. But in general the criticism which either correctly estimates or successfully contributes to art or letters rests firmly on that large and luminous view of life and the world which alone furnishes an adequately flexible standard for measuring whatever relates to life and the world, and which is itself furnished by history alone. Of course no one would prescribe a minute knowledge of the Carthaginian constitution any more than of the reasons for the disappearance of the digamma as a necessity of critical equipment, but a lack of interest in the distinctly cultural chapters of the book of human life witnesses, one would think, a lack of even that spirit of curiosity characteristic of the dilettante himself and naturally leading him beyond the strict confines of belles-lettres and pure æsthetics.

Æsthetics, however, in their broader aspect may be commended to even the purely literary critic as an important element of his ideal equipment at the present day. They constitute an element of cognate culture which imposes itself more and more, and literary critics who deem them negligible are no doubt becoming fewer and fewer. No one could maintain their parity with history as such an element, I think, for the reason that they deal with a more restricted field. On the other hand, the extent rather than the particularity of this field is now increasingly perceived, and the prodigious part played by the plastic in the history of human expression is receiving a recognition long overdue. I remember once, many years ago, a number of us were wasting time in playing one of those games dear to the desultory, consisting of making lists of the world's greatest men. We had discussed and accredited perhaps a dozen, when Homer Martin, being asked to contribute, exclaimed, 'Well, I think it's about time to put in an artist or two.' The list was revised, but less radically, I imagine, than it would be to-day.

In France to-day no literary critic with a tithe of Sainte-Beuve's authority would be likely to incur the genuine compassion expressed for Sainte-Beuve when he ventured to talk about art by the Goncourts in their candid Diary. In England such a critic as Pater owes his reputation quite as much probably to his sense for the plastic as to his Platonism. In Germany doubtless the importance of æsthetics as a constituent of general culture has been generally felt since Lessing's time, and could hardly fail of universal recognition in the shadow of Goethe. With us in America, progress in this very vital respect has notoriously been slower, and it is not uncommon to find literary critics who evince, or who even profess, an

ignorance of art that is more or less consciously considered by them a mark of more concentrated literary seriousness. And if an Academy of Arts and Letters should contribute in the least to remove this misconception it would disclose one *raison-d'être* and justify its modest pretensions. For so far as criticism is concerned with the æsthetic element, the element of beauty, in literature a knowledge of æsthetic history and philosophy, theory and practice serves it with almost self-evident pertinence.

The principles of art and letters being largely identical, æsthetic knowledge in the discussion of belles-lettres answers very much the purpose of a diagram in a demonstration. In virtue of it the critic may transpose his theme into a plastic key, as it were, and thus get nearer to its essential artistic quality by looking beyond the limitations of its proper technic. Similarly useful the art critic of any distinction has always found literary culture, and if this has led him sometimes to overdo the matter, it has been due not to his knowledge of literature but to his ignorance of art. But this ignorance is measurably as incapacitating to the critic of belles-lettres, whose ability to deal with the plastic that can only be felt must manifestly be immensely aided by an education in the plastic that can be seen as well. And for the critic of thought as well as of expression, the critic who deals with the relations of letters to life, the culture that is artistic as well as literary has the value inherent in acquaintance with the history and practice of one of the most influential, inspiring, and illuminating fields that the human spirit has cultivated almost from the beginning of time.

Finally, since nothing in the way of cognate knowledge comes amiss in the culture pertinent to criticism, to the history and æsthetics of the critic's

equipment, a tincture at least of philosophic training may be timidly prescribed. I am quite aware that this must be sparingly cultivated. Its peculiar peril is pedantry. Drenched in philosophy, the critical faculty is almost certain to drown. This faculty, when genuine, however, is so constituted that a smattering of philosophy makes a saturated solution for it. And such training in the realm of abstract thought, as *some* practice with its terms and processes involves, will help the critic in his thinking — which is, after all, his main business. It will serve to coördinate his analysis, and it will purge his constructive expression of inconsistencies even if it endue this with no greater cogency, and supply it with no additional energy. For criticism, dealing, as I have said, with the abstract, — though with the abstract held as closely to the concrete as a translation to the original, — the grammar of the abstract is as useful as its rhetoric is in general superfluous. What it needs is the ability to 'play freely' with such of its elements as it can use, avoiding sedulously the while contagion from the petrification of its systems in which the concrete, which is the constant preoccupation of criticism, disappears from the view. Duly on his guard against its insidious attractions, the critic may surely justify himself in his endeavor to make the abstract serve him by such examples as Aristotle, Longinus, Goethe, and Coleridge, not to mention Arnold, who with less training in it would have attacked it with far less success. It is at all events, in whatever degree it may prove adequate or become excessive, thoroughly pertinent to a matter so explicitly involving the discussion of principles as well as of data.

Examples in abundance fortify the inherent reasonableness of this general claim for what I have called cognate

culture. The 'cases' confirm the theory, which of course otherwise they would confute. The three great modern critics of France show each in his own way the value of culture in the critical equipment. Sainte-Beuve's criticism is what it is largely because of his saturation with literature in general, not belles-lettres exclusively; of the sensitiveness and severity of taste thus acquired, or at least thus certified and invigorated; and of the instinctive ease, and almost scientific precision, with which he was thus enabled to apply in his own art that comparative method already established in the scientific study of linguistics and literary history. Thus, too, he was enabled to add perhaps his most distinguished contribution to the practice of criticism — the study, sympathetic but objective, of character, namely, the personality of the author which informs and explains his productions, and in which his productions inevitably inhere so far as they have any synthetic value, or significant purpose. Such study can only be pursued in the light of standards furnished by the sifting of innumerable examples, and illustrated in the work of the surviving fittest. Moreover the range within which Sainte-Beuve's exquisite critical faculty operated so felicitously acquired an extension of dignity and authoritativeness, quite beyond the reach of belles-lettres, in the production of his massive and monumental history of Port Royal. His culture, in a word, as well as his native bent, was such as considerably to obscure the significance of his having 'failed' in early experimentation as a novelist and as a poet.

How predominant the strain of scholarship and philosophic training is in the criticism of Taine it is superfluous to point out; the belletristic fanatics have been so tireless in its disparagement that at the present time, probably,

his chief quality is popularly esteemed his characteristic defect. It is true that, though serving him splendidly, his philosophy on occasion dominates him rather despotically. After all, the critical faculty should preside in the critic's reflection, and not abdicate in favor of system — should keep on weighing and judging, however directed by philosophy and erudition, and not lapse into advocacy or administration. Poise, one of the chief critical requirements, settles into immobility in Taine. His point of view is so systematically applied that his criticism certainly, as I think his history also, is colored by it. But the colors are brilliant in any case, and if now and then untrue, are sure of correction by contemporary lenses which are rather discreditably adjusted to depreciate his superb achievements—at least among English readers for whom he has done so much. And, the apt consideration for our present purpose is the notable *service* which his philosophy and history have rendered a remarkable body of criticism, both æsthetic and literary; not the occasional way in which they invalidate its conclusiveness. Almost all histories of English literature are inconsecutive and desultory, or else congested and casual, compared with Taine's great work — whose misappreciations, as I say, correct themselves for us, but whose stimulus remains exhaustless.

And one may say that he has established the criticism of art on its present basis. The *Lectures* and the *Travels in Italy* first vitally connected art with life, and demonstrated its title by recognizing it as an expression rather than an exercise. Certainly the latter phase demands interpretative treatment also, and it would be idle to ignore in Taine a lack of the sensuous sensitiveness that gives to Fromentin's slender volume so much

more than a purely technical interest; just as it would be to look in him for the exquisite appreciation of personal idiosyncrasy possessed by Sainte-Beuve. But in his treatment of art as well as of literature, the philosophic structure around which he masses and distributes his detail is of a stability and significance of design that amply atones for the misapplication or misunderstanding of some of the detail itself.

Another instance of the value of culture in fields outside strictly literary and æsthetic confines, though, as I am contending, strictly cognate to them, is furnished by the Essays of Edmond Scherer. To the comparative personal and circumstantial judgments of Sainte-Beuve, to the systematic historical and evolutionary theory of Taine, there succeeded in Scherer the point of view suggested rather than defined in the statement of Rod to the effect that Scherer judged not with his intelligence but with his character. Rod meant his epigram as a eulogy. Professor Saintsbury esteems it a betrayal, his own theory of criticism being of the art-for-art's-sake order, finding its justification in that 'it helps the ear to listen when the horns of Elf-land blow,' and denying to it, or to what he calls 'pure literature,' any but hedonistic sanctions — piquant philosophy, one may remark, for a connoisseur without a palate.

Character at all events forms a signal element in the judgments of Scherer's austere and elevated criticism, and if it made him exacting in the presence of the frivolous, the irresponsible, and the insincere, and limited his responsiveness to the comic spirit, as it certainly did in the case of Molière, it undoubtedly made his reprehensions significant and his admirations authoritative. He began his career as a *pasteur*, and though he gradually reached an agnostic position in theo-

logy, he had had an experience in itself a guarantee, in a mind of his intelligence, of spirituality and high seriousness in dealing with literary subjects, and as absent from Sainte-Beuve's objectivity as from Taine's materialistic determinism. Without Renan's sinuous charm and truly Catholic openmindedness, this Protestant-trained theologian turned critic brings to criticism not merely the sinews of spiritual centrality and personal independence, but a philosophic depth and expertness in reasoning that set him quite apart from his congeners, and establish for him a unique position in French literature. Criticism has never reached a higher plane in literature conceived as, in Carlyle's words, 'the Thought of Thinking Souls'; and it holds it not only in virtue of a native ideality and a perceptive penetration that atone in soundness for whatever they may lack in plasticity, but also, it is not to be doubted, in virtue of the severe and ratiocinative culture for which Geneva has stood for centuries.

III

Its equipment established, criticism calls for a criterion. Sainte-Beuve says somewhere that our liking anything is not enough, that it is necessary to know further whether we are right in liking it — one of his many utterances that show how thoroughly and in what classic spirit he later rationalized his early romanticism.

The remark judges in advance the current critical impressionism. It involves more than the implication of Mr. Vedder's well-known retort, to the time-honored philistine boast, 'I know nothing of art, but I know what I like': 'So do the beasts of the field.' Critical impressionism, intelligent and scholarly, such as that illustrated and advocated by M. Jules Lemaître and

M. Anatole France, for example, though it may, I think, be strictly defined as appetite, has certainly nothing gross about it, but, contrariwise, everything that is refined. Its position is, in fact, that soundness of criticism varies directly with the fastidiousness of the critic, and that consequently this fastidiousness cannot be too highly cultivated, since it is the court of final jurisdiction. It is, however, a court that resembles rather a star chamber in having the peculiarity of giving no reasons for its decisions. It has, therefore, at the outset an obvious disadvantage in the impossibility of validating its decisions for the acceptance of others. So far as this is concerned, it can only say, 'If you are as well endowed with taste, native and acquired, as I am, the chances are that you will feel in the same way.'

But it is of the tolerant essence of impressionism to acknowledge that there is no certainty about the matter. And, in truth, the material to be judged is too multifarious for the criterion of taste. Matthew Arnold's measure of a successful translation, that is, the degree in which it produces the same effect as the original to a sense competent to appreciate the original, is an instance of a sensible appeal to taste: first, because the question is comparatively simple; and secondly, because in the circumstances there can be no other arbiter. The very fact that so much matter for criticism still remains matter of controversy proves the proverb that tastes differ and the corollary that there is no use in disputing about them. It is quite probable that M. France would find M. Lemaître's plays and stories insipid, and quite certain that M. Lemaître would shrink from the strain of salacity in M. France's romance. High differentiation and the acme of aristocratic fastidiousness, which both of these critics illustrate,

manifestly do not serve to unify their taste. There is no universal taste. And criticism to be convincing must appeal to some accepted standard. And the aim of criticism is conviction. Otherwise actuated it must be pursued on the art-for-art theory, which, in its case at least, would involve a loss of identity. Recording the adventures of one's soul among masterpieces, which is M. France's variant of Eugène Véron's definition of landscape, — the first formal appearance of the idea, I think, — 'painting one's emotions in the presence of nature' must be a purely self-regardant exercise unless the reader has an answering soul and can himself authenticate the masterpieces.

Feeling the unsatisfactoriness of the impressionist's irresponsibility, the late Ferdinand Brunetière undertook a campaign in opposition to it. He began it, if I remember aright, in his lectures in this country a dozen years ago. These lectures and the course of polemic which followed them excelled particularly, I think however in attack. They contained some very effective destructive criticism of mere personal preference, no matter whose, as a final critical criterion. Constructively, on the other hand, Brunetière was less convincing. In a positive way he had nothing to offer but a defense of academic standards. He harked back to the classic canon — that canon in accordance with which were produced those works designed, as Stendhal says, 'to give the utmost possible pleasure to our great-grandfathers.'

The case might perhaps have been better stated. Brunetière was devoted to the noble French literature of the seventeenth century. The august had no doubt a special attraction for the self-made scholar. Out of reach the aristocratic always looks its best — the less attainable the more admirable. But though he became a distinguished

scholar, Brunetière retained the temperament of the schoolmaster, which was either native to him or the result of belated acquaintance, however thorough, with what French impatience calls the *déjà-vu*. It was because he had so explicitly learned that he wished always to teach.

Now there is nothing strictly to teach save the consecrated and the canonical. Criticism is a live art, and contemporaneity is of its essence. Once codified, it releases the genuine critic to conceive new combinations,—the ‘new duties’ taught by ‘new occasions,’—and becomes itself either elementary or obsolete. It is important to know which, of course, as Wordsworth’s failure to recast the catalogue of the poetic *genres*, noted by Arnold, piquantly attests. Moreover in his devotion to the seventeenth, Brunetière was blind to the eighteenth century, and heedless of Voltaire’s warning that the only bad style is the *style ennuyeux*. His style alone devitalized his polemic in favor of prescription. Finally, instead of winning adherents for him, this ardent advocacy of authority took despotic possession of his entire mind and gathered him to the bosom of religious and political reaction.

Whatever our view of criticism, it is impossible at the present day to conceive it as formula, and the rigidity of rules of taste is less acceptable than the license permitted under the reign of taste unregulated, however irregular, individual, and irresponsible. In spite of the logical weakness of the impressionist theory, it is to be observed that a high level of taste, uniform enough to constitute a very serviceable arbiter, at least in circumstances at all elementary, is practically attainable; and as a matter of fact is, in France at least, often attained.

For in criticism as elsewhere it is true that we rest finally upon instinct, and

faith underlies reason. The impressionist may properly remind us that all proof, even Euclidian, proceeds upon postulates. The postulates of criticism, however, are apt unsatisfactorily to differ from those of mathematics in being propositions taken for granted rather than self-evident. The distinction is radical. It is not the fact that everybody is agreed about them that gives axioms their validity, but their self-evidence. Postulates that depend on the sanction of universal agreement, on the other hand, are conventions. Universal agreement may be brought about in a dozen ways. It may be imposed by authority, as in the case of classic criticism, or it may develop insensibly, illogically, and indefensibly; it may derive, not from truth but from tradition, or it may certainly be the result of general reaction, and promptly crystallize with a rigidity equivalent to that from which it is just emancipated. Examples would be superfluous. The conventions of romanticism, realism, impressionism, symbolism, or what-not, are no more intrinsically valid than those underlying the criticism of academic prescription, as is attested by this variability of the universal agreement which is their sanction.

The true postulates of criticism have hardly varied since Aristotle’s day, and impressionism itself, in imagining its own an advance upon them, would be in peril of fatuity. Even sound intuitions, fundamental as they may be, do not take us very far. Pascal, who though one of the greatest of reasoners is always girding at reason, was obliged to admit that it does the overwhelming bulk of the work. ‘Would to God,’ he exclaims, ‘that we had never any need of it, and knew everything by instinct and sentiment! But nature has refused us this blessing; she has, on the contrary,

given us but very little knowledge of this kind, and all other knowledge can only be acquired by reasoning.' But if intuitions had all the importance claimed for them, it would still be true that *conventions* are extremely likely to be disintegrated by the mere lapse of time into what every one sees to have been really inductions from practice become temporarily and more or less fortuitously general, and not genuine intuitive postulates at all. Still clearer is the conventionality of the systems erected upon them, beneath which as a matter of fact they customarily lie buried. All sorts of eccentricity are incident to elaboration, of course, whether its basis be sound or unsound.

So that, in brief, when the impressionist alleges that a correct judgment of a work of literature or art depends ultimately upon feeling, we are quite justified in requiring him to tell us *why* he feels as he does about it. It is not enough for him to say that he is a person of particularly sensitive and sound organization, and that his feeling, therefore, has a corresponding finality. In the first place, as I have said, it is impossible to find in the judgments derived from pure taste anything like the uniformity to be found in the equipment as regards taste of the judges themselves. But for all their fastidiousness they are as amenable as grosser spirits to the test of reason. And it is only rational that the first question asked of them when they appeal to the arbitrament of feeling should be: Is your feeling the result of direct intuitive perception, or of unconscious subscription to convention? Your true distinction from the beasts of the field surely should lie, not so much in your superior organization resulting in superior taste, as in freedom from the conventional to which even in their appetites the beasts of the field, often extremely fastidious in this respect, are

nevertheless notoriously enslaved. In a word, even if impressionism be philosophically sound in the impeachment of reason unsupported by intuitive taste, it cannot dethrone reason as an arbiter in favor of the taste that is not intuitive but conventional. The true criterion of criticism therefore is only to be found in the rationalizing of taste.

This position once reached, it is clear that the only way in which the impressionist, however cultivated, can be at all sure of the validity of the *feeling* on which he bases his judgment is by the exercise of his reasoning faculty. Only in this way can he hope to determine whether his 'impression' originates in a genuine personal perception of the relations of the object producing it to some self-evident principle of truth or beauty, or proceeds from habit, from suggestion, from the insensible pressure of current, which is even more potent than classic, convention. Absolutely certain of achieving this result, the critic can hardly expect to be. Nothing is more insidious than the conventional. Civilized life is continually paying it tribute in innumerable ways. Culture itself, so far as it is uncritical, is perhaps peculiarly susceptible to it. But the critic can discharge his critical duty only by approximating this certainty as nearly as possible, by processes of scrutiny, comparison, and reflection, and in general that arduous but necessary and not unrewarding exercise of the mind involved in the checking of sensation by thought.

There is nothing truistic at the present time in celebrating the thinking power, counseling its cultivation and advocating its application — at least within the confines of criticism where the sensorium has decidedly supplanted it in consideration. Nor, on the other hand, is there anything recondite in so doing.

It is as true as it used to be remembered that it is in 'reason' that a man is 'noble,' in 'faculty' that he is 'infinite,' in 'apprehension' that he is 'like a god.' The importance of his exquisite sensitiveness to impressions is a post-Shakespearean discovery. I certainly do not mean to belittle the value of this sensitiveness, in suggesting for criticism the advantages of its control by the thinking power, and in noting the practical disappearance of the latter from the catalogue of contemporary prescription. If my topic were not criticism, but performance in the field of American imaginative activity, to belittle taste would at the present time be unpardonable. The need of it is too apparent. The lack of it often cheapens our frequent expertness, ruptures the relation between truth and beauty, and is responsible for a monotonous miscellaneity that is relieved less often than we could wish by works of enduring interest.

It cannot, however, be maintained that the standard of pure taste is a wholly adequate corrective for this condition even in the field of performance. At least it has been tried, and the results have not been completely satisfactory. We have in literature more taste than we had in days when, perhaps, we had more talent. (I exclude the domain of scholarship and its dependencies, in which we have made, I should suppose, a notable advance.) But its very presence has demonstrated its insufficiency. In literature, indeed, if its presence has been marked, its effect is not very traceable, because it has been mainly exhibited in technic. For though, no doubt, concentration upon technic contributes to sterility in the sphere of ideas, our literature is not in that sphere the marvel of fecundity it is in others. In that sphere it has, in proportion to its productiveness, very

considerably dispensed with taste; and, in truth, taste cannot fairly be called on to originate ideas. In two of the arts, however, taste has long had full swing—I mean architecture and sculpture; and the appreciation it has met with in these is, though general, not rarely of the kind that confuses the merits of the decorative with those of the monumental, and the virtues of adaptation with those of design. A rational instead of a purely susceptible spirit, dictating constructive rather than merely appreciative and assimilative activity, might have been more richly rewarded in these fields—might even have resulted in superior taste.

In the restricted field of criticism, at all events, which *is* my theme, the irresponsibility of pure temperament seems currently so popular as to imply a general belief that reasoning in criticism died with Macaulay and is as defunct as Johnson, having given place to a personal disposition which perhaps discounts its prejudices but certainly caresses its predilections as warrant of 'insight' and 'sympathy.' Yet our few star examples in current criticism are eminently critics who give reasons for the hope that is in them; and certainly American literature has one critic who so definitely illustrated the value of the thinking power in criticism that he may be said almost to personify the principle of critical ratiocination. I mean Poe. Poe's perversities, his caviling temper, his unscrupulousness in praise if not in blame, his personal irresponsibility, invalidate a great deal of his criticism, to say nothing of its dogmatic and unspeculative character; but at its best it is the expression of his altogether exceptional reasoning faculty. His reasons were not the result of reflection, and his ideas were often the crotchets Stedman called them; but he was eminently prolific in both, and his handling of them was expert-

ness itself. His ratiocination here has the artistic interest it had in those of his tales that are based on it, and that are imaginative as mathematics is imaginative. And his dogmas were no more conventions than his conclusions were impressions. His criticism was equally removed from the canonical and the latitudinarian. If he stated a proposition he essayed to demonstrate it, and if he expressed a preference he told *why* he had it.

Poe's practice is, indeed, rather baldly ratiocinative than simply rational, and its felicity in his case does not, it is true, disguise its somewhat stark, exclusive, and exaggerated effect. I do not cite M. Dupin as an example of the perfect critic. There is something debased — not to put too fine a point upon it — in the detective method wherever used. It is not merely subtle, but serpentine — too tortuous and too terrene for the ampler upper air of examination, analysis, and constructive comment. Reason is justified of her children, not of her caricaturists. But if the answer to the question *Why?* which I have noted as her essential monopoly (since prescription precludes and impressionism scouts the inquiry), be challenged as an advantage to criticism, I think its value can be demonstrated in some detail.

The epicurean test of the impressionist, let me repeat, is of course not a standard, since what gives pleasure to some gives none to others. And some standard is a necessary postulate, not only of all criticism, but of all discussion or even discourse. Without one, art must indeed be 'received in silence,' as recommended by the taciturn Whistler. In literature and art there are, it is true, no longer any statutes, but the common law of principles is as applicable as ever, and it behooves criticism to interpret the cases that come before it in the light of these. Its function is judicial, and its business

to weigh and reason rather than merely to testify and record. And if it belongs in the field of reason rather than in that of emotion, it must consider less the pleasure that a work of art produces than the worth of the work itself. This is a commonplace in ethics, where conduct is not approved by its happy result but by its spiritual worthiness. And if art and literature were felt to be as important as ethics, the same distinction would doubtless have become as universal in literary and art criticism. Which is of course only another way of stating Sainte-Beuve's contention that we need to know whether we are right or not when we are pleased. And the only guide to that knowledge — beyond the culture which, however immensely it may aid us, does not automatically produce conformity or secure conviction — is the criterion of reason applied to the work of ascertaining value apart from mere attractiveness. The attractiveness takes care of itself, as happiness does when we have done our duty.

At all events, aside from its superior philosophic satisfactoriness, thus indicated, a rational — rather than either an academic and authoritative or an impressionist and individual — criticism is especially useful, I think, at the present time, in two important particulars. It is, in the first place, especially fitted to deal with the current phase of art and letters. Of this phase, I take it, freedom and eclecticism are the main traits. Even followers of tradition exercise the freest of choices, tradition itself having become too multifarious to be followed *en bloc*. On the other hand, those who flout it and pursue the experimental, illustrate naturally still greater diversity. Both must ultimately appeal to the criterion of reason, for neither can otherwise justify its practice and pretensions. Prescription is a practical ideal if it is coherent; it

loses its constituting sanction the moment it offers a choice. And experiment attains success only when through proof it reaches demonstration. In either case a criterion is ultimately addressed which is untrammelled by precedent and unmoved by change; which is strict without rigidity, and seeks the law of any performance within and not outside it; which demands no correspondence to any other concrete, but only to the appropriate abstract; which, in fact, substitutes for a concrete ideal a purely abstract one of intrinsic applicability to the matter in hand. It exacts titles, but they may be couched in any form, or expressed in any tongue but that of irrationality. No more the slave of schools than the sponsor of whim, it does not legislate, but judges performance, in its twofold aspect of conception and execution, in accordance with principles universally uncontested.

In the next place, no other criterion is competent to deal critically with the great question of our day in art and letters alike, namely, the relation of reality to the ideal. No other, I think, can hope to preserve disentangled the skein of polemic and fanaticism in which this question tends constantly to wind itself up into apparently inextricable confusion. Taste, surely, cannot. Taste, quite comprehensibly, I think, breathes a sigh of weariness whenever the subject of 'realism' is mentioned. Nevertheless, 'realism' is established, entrenched, and I should say impregnable to the assaults of its more radical and numerous foes, more particularly those of the art-for-art's-sake army. It is too fundamentally consonant with the current phase of the Time-Spirit to be in any present danger. But it is only reason that can reconcile its claims with those of its censors by showing wherein, and to what extent, 'realism' is really a catholic treatment of reality, and not a

protestant and polemic gospel of the literal.

Reality has become recognized as the one vital element of significant art, and it seems unlikely that the unreal will ever regain the empire it once possessed. Its loss, at all events, is not ours, since it leaves us the universe. But it is obvious that 'realism' is often in practice, and not infrequently in conception, a very imperfect treatment of reality, which indeed not rarely receives more sympathetic attention in the romantic or even the classic household. Balzac is a realist, and the most artificial of great romancers. George Sand is a romanticist, and a very deep and fundamental reality not rarely underlies her superficial extravagances. Fundamentally, truth—which is certainly none other than reality—was her inspiration, as, fundamentally, it certainly was not always Balzac's. 'Realism' has made reality our touchstone. But it is not a talisman acting automatically if misapplied. To mistake the badge for the credentials of a doctrine is so frequent an error because it is irrational, and close-thinking, being difficult, is exceptional. Exponents of 'realism,' such as that most admirable of artists, Maupassant, are extraordinarily apt in practice to restrict the field of reality till the false proportion results in a quintessentially unreal effect. Every detail is real, but the implication of the whole is fantastic. Why? Because the ideal is excluded. The antithesis of reality is not the ideal, but the fantastic.

This is, I think, the most important distinction to bear in mind in considering the current realistic practice in all the arts. I refer of course to what we characterize as the ideal in general—not to the particular ideal whose interpenetration with the object constitutes the object a work of art and measures it as such. But for that matter

the ideal in general may be conceived as having a similar relation to reality. Since it is a part of the order of the universe, — of reality, that is to say, — it is obviously not antithetic to it. On the other hand, the fantastic is essentially chaotic by definition though often speciously, attractively, and at times poetically garbed in the raiment of order — the poetry of Coleridge or the compositions of Blake, for example. The defect of this kind of art *is* its lack of reality, and its consequent comparative insignificance. But it is no more ideal for that reason than *Lear* or the *Venus of Melos*. This is still more apparent in the less artistic example of Hawthorne's tales, where in general the fantasticality consists in the garb rather than the idea, and where accordingly we can more readily perceive the unreality and consequent insignificance, the incongruous being more obvious in the material than in the moral field. But it is the special business of criticism at the present time of 'realistic' tyranny to avoid confusing the ideal with the fantastic, to avoid disparagement of it as opposed to reality, and to disengage it from elements that obscure without invalidating it.

Ivanhoe, for example, is fantastic history, but the character of the Templar is a splendid instance of the ideal, inspiring, informing, intensifying, incontestable reality. In *Le Père Goriot*, on the other hand, in which the environment and atmosphere are realistic to the last degree, the protagonist is the mere personification of a passion. These are, no doubt, subtleties. But they are not verbal subtleties. They are inseparable from the business of criticism. And they impose on it the criterion of reason rather than that of feeling, which cannot be a standard, or that of precedent and prescription, which is outworn.

Finally, — and if I have hitherto elaborated to excess, here I need not elaborate at all, — no other than a rational criterion so well serves criticism in the most important of all its functions, that of establishing and determining the relation of art and letters to the life that is their substance and their subject as well.

IV

And a rational criterion implies a constructive method. In itself analysis reaches no conclusion, which is the end and aim of reason. Invaluable as is its service in detail, some rational ideal must underlie its processes, and if these are to be fruitful they must determine the relations of the matter in hand to this ideal, and even in dissection contribute to the synthesis that constitutes the essence of every work of any individuality. The weak joint in Sainte-Beuve's armor is his occasional tendency to rest in his analysis. It is the finer art to suggest the conclusion rather than to draw it, no doubt, but one should at least do that; and I think Sainte-Beuve, in spite of his search for the *faculté maîtresse* and his anticipation of the race, the *milieu*, and the moment theory so hard worked by Taine, occasionally fails to justify his analysis in this way, so that his result is both artistically and philosophically inconclusive. Now and then he pays in this way for his aversion to pedantry and system, and the excessive disinterestedness of his curiosity.

It would certainly be pedantry to insist on truly constructive criticism in every *causerie du lundi* in which a great critic may quite pardonably vary his more important work with the play for which he has a *penchant*. But on the other hand truly constructive criticism does not of necessity involve rigidity. It implies not a system, but a method —

to employ the distinction with which Taine defended his procedure, but which assuredly he more or less conspicuously failed to observe. It prescribes, in every work of criticism, a certain independence of its subject, and imposes on it the same constructive obligations that it in turn requires of its theme. A work of criticism is in fact as much a thesis as its theme, and the same thematic treatment is to be exacted of it. And considered in this way as a thesis, its unity is to be secured only by the development in detail of some central conception preliminarily established and constantly referred to, however arrived at, whether by intuition or analysis. The detail thus treated becomes truly contributive and constructive in a way open to no other method. We may say indeed that all criticism of moment, even impressionist criticism, has this synthetic aspect at least, as otherwise it must lack even the appearance of that organic quality necessary to effectiveness. And when we read some very interesting and distinguished criticism — such as the agglutinate and amorphous essays of Lowell, for example — and compare it with concentric and constructive work, — such as *par excellence* that of Arnold, — we can readily see that its failure in force is one of method as well as of faculty.

On the other hand, the constructive method is peculiarly liable to excess. If the central conception it is concerned with is followed out in detail without the checks and rectifications of analysis — the great verifying process — we have the partisanship of Carlyle, the inelasticity of Taine, the prescriptive formulæ of Brunetière. The spirit of system stifles freedom of perception and distorts detail. Criticism becomes theoretic. And though theoretic criticism may be, and in fact is not unlikely to be, artistically effective, it is fatally

untrustworthy, because it is bent on illustrating its theory in its analysis, instead of merely verifying such features of its central conception as analysis will confirm. Against such intuitive extravagance as Carlyle's the advantages of remarkable insight may fairly be set off. The academic prescriptions of Brunetière, too, have a distinct educational value — the results of a high-class literary scholiast are always technically instructive, however lacking they may be in the freedom and impressionability sanctioned by a criterion less rigid for being purely rational, and committed to no body of doctrine, traditional or other.

It is, however, the historical method of criticism that chiefly illustrates constructive excess. This method has at present probably the centre of the stage; and though there is in France a distinct reaction from the supremacy of Taine and in favor of Sainte-Beuve's sinuous plasticity, the method itself maintains its authority. Taine was an historian and a philosopher rather than a critic, and his criticism is accordingly not so much criticism illuminated by history and philosophy as philosophic history. The data of literature and art under his hand become the 'documents' of history, of which in a scientific age we hear so much. His thesis once established, however, as historical rather than literary or æsthetic, too much I think can hardly be said for his treatment. Classification has the advantage of clearing up confusion, and the value of a work like the *History of English Literature* appears when one recognizes its paramount merit as resident in the larger scope and general view of history in which of necessity purely individual traits are to some extent blurred if not distorted. These indeed may very well be left to pure criticism whose precise business they are. But the historic method in pure crit-

icism is held quite independently of Taine's authority. Scherer, for example, arguing against 'personal sensations' in criticism, maintains that 'out of the writer's character and the study of his age there spontaneously issues the right understanding of his work.' This is excellent prescription for the impressionist, although Scherer doubtless means by 'personal sensations,' personal *judgment* also, and thus minimizes or indeed obliterates perhaps the most essential element of all in criticism, the critic's own personality. Scherer's practice, precisely owing to his personality, far excelled his theory, as to which Arnold reminded him of Macaulay, who certainly knew his writers and their period, but in whose mind a right understanding of their works occasionally failed spontaneously to issue.

In fine, the historic method, great as have been its services to criticism and truly constructive as it is, has two erroneous tendencies. It tends generally to impose its historical theory on the literary and æsthetic facts, to discern their historical rather than their essential character; and, as inelastically applied, at all events, it tends specifically to accept its 'documents' as final rather than as the very *subjects* of its concern. Taine furnishes a striking instance of the latter practice. I have never myself been able to agree with those of his opponents, who, like Brunetière, rested in the comfortable assurance that his whole theory was overthrown by the fact that the ordinary Venetian gondolier of the period was the product of the influences that also produced Tintoretto. One might as well hold that immunity in some cases is not the result of the vaccine that fails to take in others; the causes of such differences in either physiology or history being perhaps too obscure for profitable discussion compared with the causes of resemblances. But from

the critical point of view it is a legitimate objection to his rigorous application of his method that he is led by it to consider so disproportionately *causes*, which are the proper subject of history, rather than *characteristics*, which are the true subject of criticism; to deem the business finished, so to say, when it is explained, and, comparatively speaking, to eschew its estimation.

As to the other tendency, that of imposing historical theory on critical data, it is a commonplace that history itself, which has been luminously called philosophy teaching by examples, sometimes suffers from the submergence of its examples by its philosophy. In criticism the result is more serious because, viewed in the same light, its examples have a far more salient importance. They are themselves differentiated philosophically in a high degree, and it is correspondingly difficult successfully to treat them merely as pieces of some vaster mosaic. On large lines and in an elementary way, this may of course be usefully done, but the work belongs in general I think rather to the classroom than to the forum of criticism. In the latter place their traits call for a treatment at once more individually searching and more conformed to an abstract, ideal, independent, and rational standard — for the application to the data they furnish of the *ideas* they suggest, not the theory they fit.

Now, in the true critical field of independent judgment, however enlightened by culture and fortified by philosophic training, we know very well that theory means preconception. And, carried into any detail of prescription, preconception is as a matter of fact constantly being confuted by performance. Divorced from the ideas proper to each performance, reposing on a formula derived in its turn from previous performance become accepted and consecrate, it is continually disconcerted.

New schools with new formulæ arise as if by some inherent law, precisely at the apogee of old ones. In history, so far as it is organic narrative, the propositions are necessarily concrete expressions of the abstract. In criticism, as I have said, the reverse is true. It elicits from the concrete its abstract significance. In art at least no established theory ever antedated practice. Theory is indeed but the formulation of practice, and in the transformations of the latter, based as it perforce is upon some former crystallization of the diverse and undulating elements of artistic expression, is logically inapplicable at any given time — *except* as it draws its authority from examples of permanent value and enduring appeal. It may be said, to be sure, that philosophically this degrades criticism to an essentially ancillary station — the business of merely furnishing data for an historical synthesis. But I am disinclined to accept this implication until the possibility of an historical synthesis at all comparable in exactness with the critical determination of the data for it is realized or shown to be realizable. The monument that Sainte-Beuve's critical essays constitute is, in spite of their disproportionate analysis, far otherwise considerable than the fascinating historical and evolutionary framework within which Taine's brilliant synthesis so hypnotizes our critical faculty.

In detail, however, it is itself markedly synthetic, showing in general at the same time that the wiser business of criticism is to occupy itself with examples, not with theories. For with examples we have unity 'given'; it is actual, not problematical. And — general propositions of wider scope aside — in criticism of the larger kind as distinct from mere reviewing or expert commentary, by examples we mean, practically, personalities. That is to say,

not *Manfred*, but Byron, not the Choral Symphony, but Beethoven. I mean, of course, so far as personality is expressed in work, and do not suggest invasion of the field of biography except to tact commensurable with that which so notably served Sainte-Beuve. There is here ample scope for the freest exercise of the synthetic method, without issuing into more speculative fields. For personality is the most concrete and consistent entity imaginable, mysteriously unifying the most varied and complicated attributes. The solution of this mystery is the end of critical research. To state it is the crown of critical achievement.

The critic may well disembararrass himself of theoretical apparatus, augment and mobilize his stock of ideas, sharpen his faculties of penetration, and set in order all his constructive capacity, before attacking such a complex as any personality, worthy of attention at all, presents at the very outset. If he takes to pieces and puts together again the elements of its composition, and in the process or in the result conveys a correct judgment as well as portrait of the original thus interpreted, he has accomplished the essentially critical part of a task demanding the exercise of all his powers. And I think he will achieve the most useful result in following the line I have endeavored to trace in the work of the true masters of this branch of literature, the born critics whose practice shows it to be a distinctive branch of literature, having a function, an equipment, a standard, and a method of its own. This practice involves, let me recapitulate, the initial establishment of some central conception of the subject gained from specific study illuminated by a general culture, followed by an analysis of detail confirming or modifying this, and concluding with a synthetic presentation of a physiognomy whose

features are as distinct as the whole they compose — the whole process interpenetrated by an estimate of value based on the standard of reason, judging it freely after the laws of the subject's own projection, and not by its responsiveness to either individual whim or formulated prescription. This, at all events, is the ideal illustrated, with more or less closeness, by not only such critics as Sainte-Beuve, Scherer, and Arnold, but such straightforward apostles of pure good sense as Sarcey and Émile Faguet.

How the critic conducts his criticism will of course depend upon his own personality, and the ranks of criticism contain perhaps as great a variety of types and individuals as is to be found in any other field of artistic expression. For, beyond denial, criticism is itself an art; and, as many of its most successful products have been entitled 'portraits,' sustains a closer analogy at its best with plastic portraiture than with such pursuits as history and philosophy, which seek system through science. One of Sainte-Beuve's studies is as definitely a portrait as one of Holbein's; and on the other hand a portrait by Sargent, for example, is only more obviously and not more really, a critical product than are the famous portraits that have interpreted to us the generations of the great. More exclusively

imaginative art the critic must, it is true, forego. He would wisely, as I have contended, confine himself to portraiture and eschew the panorama. In essaying a 'School of Athens' he is apt, rather, to produce a 'Victory of Constantine.' His direct aim is truth even in dealing with beauty, forgetting which his criticism is menaced with transmutation into the kind of poetry that one 'drops into' rather than attains.

I have dwelt on the æsthetic as well as the literary field in the province of criticism, and insisted on the æsthetic element as well as the historic in the culture that criticism calls for, because in a very true and fundamental sense art and letters are one. They are so at all events in so far as the function of criticism is concerned, and dictate to this the same practice. Current philosophy may find a pragmatic sanction for a pluralistic universe, but in the criticism of art, whether plastic or literary, we are all 'monists.' The end of our effort is a true estimate of the data encountered in the search for that beauty which from Plato to Keats has been identified with truth, and the highest service of criticism is to secure that the true and the beautiful, and not the ugly and the false, may in wider and wider circles of appreciation be esteemed to be the good.

WHY NOT?

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

No prospective change in social conditions indicates any decrease in the sanctity of property. Concerning the sanctity of the ownership of property we may be growing more easy and less dogmatic in our views; but as for property itself, we are growing more and more dogmatic in claiming that it should be conserved, and that it should not be destroyed.

I think the foregoing premise is correct. Of this which follows I am certain: it is man's nature to fight. It is his merit to fight for what he believes to be right. Courage and bravery are not achieved by hiring a lawyer. A man who is not willing to fight to the death for the right or for his own is not as good or complete a man as one who is willing. But opinions about this are not so important as the fact that it is man's nature to fight, and that neither resolutions nor legislation nor provision to get over all kinds of trouble in any other way than by fighting will avail.

I claim that we cannot change human nature in this respect, and that whether we like the idea or not we shall always have wars occasionally. At least, we shall have them for more generations than any of us has fingers and toes; and that is long enough. It is, therefore, properly our business so to modify war that it shall not be so destructive to life and property; and if we do this we shall have made a great step in advance. To meet together, a few of us, the ladies with their smell-salts and we gentlemen with our

twinges of rheumatism, and to resolve that we do not countenance war, may give us satisfaction, but it does not do anything else. The nations continue to build dreadnoughts, to train men to war, and to invent engines to destroy life and property.

War is now carried on in an uncivilized manner. It is fought as if all participants were savages. What is politely called strategy is taking the enemy unawares and not giving him a fair show. Formerly, when two men had a quarrel they settled their differences in the way of modern warfare. But now, whenever one man stabs another in the back, or men shoot each other at sight because of a grievance or an agreement that they are enemies, we justly say that they are uncivilized; and in the measure that they fall upon one another like wild beasts, we declare that they render uncivilized the communities in which they live. On the other hand, where the Code Duello exists, and the civilization is of a high order, there is a Court of Honor to determine among gentlemen of similar connections, whether the challenge is justified or not, and something of the conditions under which the fight shall take place. Unfair conditions are not allowed, seconds and an umpire are insisted upon, as well as the presence of surgeons, *to prevent unnecessary loss of life*. A duel, fought under the code, is a more civilized proceeding than a Kentucky shooting. Let us see if civilization might not invent similar amenities for a fight between nations.

We must first take for granted a material advance over our present civilization, — enough to provide greater comity among nations. The Hague Tribunal would need to be an efficient court, and to this should be added an International Police Force, equipped with every implement of modern warfare, with unlimited powers of destruction and stronger than the war force of any single nation. Now, it would not be reasonable for an International Police Force to be intrusted with such powers unless the nations maintaining it were to have the right to settle their affairs among themselves. Otherwise, whichever nation, royal house, coterie, junta, or band should gain control of the International Police would have too much power and would be susceptible to the world-old disease of wanting to own the earth. The only business of the International Police would be to protect property and to maintain order.

The procedure in case of war would then be somewhat as follows. Suppose the people of Arcadia were jealous of those of Barcadia for one reason or another, or suppose some question of immigration were to arise between them, so that the Arcadians were angry with the Barcadians, and they should insult one another so insistently that they could no longer live without fighting; in short, suppose a condition immediately precedent to war to exist between them. Then, if the army of one country were to invade the domain of the other, the International Police would straightway interfere on the ground that property was being destroyed, and that the interest of all nations in the conservation of property made its destruction a crime. The army would have to withdraw before the International Police, the stronger body. But except as to maintaining order, the International Police would

have no further duties. Now, imagine the feeling of the Arcadians and the Barcadians! What anger, what hatred, what desire to cut one another's hearts out! Then must they fight, — and they will in one way or another.

Therefore, the one nation would challenge the other to war before the International Court of Honor, and this challenge would either be accepted or declined. If declined, the Court of Honor would determine whether the nation which refused to fight was warranted in so doing, and if it were wrong in refusing to back up its own actions with the sword, the Court of Honor would have the power to inflict a penalty in lands or money. An unjustified challenge would also be thrown out and a like penalty inflicted. It is unlikely, however, that a nation would refuse to fight if such an act might give reason for the charge of cowardice. Such a reputation would be harmful.

Granted, then, that Arcadia and Barcadia are resolved upon war, it should be provided that this take place only upon the International Battlefield, — a level park specially provided by the Court of Honor, possibly somewhere in Holland or Belgium. Any infringement of this order would constitute a breach of the International Peace, to be stopped immediately by the International Police. Each nation would then send five thousand of its picked men, trained in swordsmanship. Less than five thousand would hardly constitute a national body of men, and luck would play too great a part with a smaller number. Dynamite, explosives of every kind, guns, pistols, or, in short, any weapon or agency of offense or defense, excepting the sword, would be prohibited. The purpose is to civilize warfare by giving an equal chance to each side.

Firearms, as now constructed, with projectiles that penetrate a number of

men, render a battle fought with them a matter of advantage and chance, and it would not be right to leave a nation's honor to chance. It should be determined by the valor of her sons. Now, before the opposing armies were drawn up on the battlefield, the Court of Honor would determine the outcome of the war in the event of either winning. The contentions of the opposing nations, which they refuse to solve in court and which are to be settled by the sword, would be fully considered and the outcome determined, with one result if the Arcadians win, and the other if victory is to the Barcadians.

Then, with the preliminaries arranged and the armies ready, at the word of the Umpire the two opposing forces, armed with swords and stripped to the waist, attack each other. They strike, thrust, disembowel, and fight to kill. There is neither truce nor pause until one side or the other is driven from the field, lies down, or surrenders. In respect to those who do the actual fighting, war would be more terrible than it is now. Nothing would count but swordsmanship and courage. Social distinctions between officers and common soldiers would disappear. Snobbery would meet its death-blow. And no property would be destroyed; the savings of mankind, humanity's collective goods, would be conserved.

Neither should we be compelled to give up our heroes, under this beneficent civilization of warfare. The war spirit which we have in us so long as we are young, would not be choked or suppressed, with the hazard of setting loose more dangerous passions. It would be a great honor to be counted among a nation's warriors, and every town and village would have its young men training in athletics to qualify. In the event of war, every man that died

would be a hero, and the incentive to the native town of each hero to build a beautiful monument to him alone would be as great as if there were hundreds of names to be inscribed upon the monument.

Training and practicing among the young men would encourage athletics and temperate living. And those selected might well expect to find favor in the sight of young women—a fact which by general agreement seems to make life more attractive.

In short, by the introduction of the International Code Duello, war would cease to cause the destruction of property; the cost of standing armies and navies would, in time, disappear, with the exception of the quota of each nation to the support of the International Police; human nature would not be perverted by the inhibition of one of the normal instincts of man, namely, the fighting instinct; and war, which cannot be averted, would involve more valor and fewer deaths. It would be a step in advance.

To those to whom the word duel is offensive, it may be said that to countenance duels between nations does not warrant duels between men. The standards are different. 'Modern Warfare' with its strategy, its mines, and its sneaking murder, would not be countenanced between individuals anywhere on earth, with a few exceptions, as, for instance, in some parts of Italy and the Feud Districts of the United States. Nevertheless, despite the protestations of the Peace Societies, we are all of us preparing to do this same thing in a wholesale way; to prosecute 'modern warfare' between nations. Why not take a step in advance and provide that our fighting shall be ordered so that it shall be fair, and that true courage and valor may prevail?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A GENTLEMAN ADVENTURER

AT the very moment when British patresfamilias were reading *American Notes* aloud, with scornful approval, in the domestic circle, their sons were cherishing a secret wild enthusiasm for America. Little boys felt it burning like a blue flame beneath their roundabouts — young men riding steeplechase found it tugging at their boots and shouting in their ears.

On the other side the world you're overdue!

Their elders might look coldly upon us as mere sayers of 'I guess,' and imbibers of ice-water; but to these generous youth we were all potential Deerslayers and Mohicans, and spent our holiday lives lassoing buffalo.

Such was the view of us entertained in Liverpool in the fifties by a whole shipping-office-full of young Raleighs — prospective La Salles and Magellans. Among them was a fair and curly Scottish youth, from the valley of the Rule, the Border battle-ground. He had from childhood a great longing to 'tread where no white man had ever trod before.' Old and thoroughly explored countries had no attraction for him. Ships might go forth under his hand, as it were, to India or China; they left him fancy-free. But let a cable slip for the westward, and the young Roxburghshireman was off in spirit on *that* deck, with half a dozen of his fellow clerks about him, all outward bound on the 'trail that is always new.'

It was in the Kangaroo, in 1858, that he achieved his first voyage to America. Fate was pleased when he came, and

threw adventures in his way as a decoy to bring him back. For possessions and belongings were no more to this young man than to Socrates, when 'seeing great store of precious stuffs carried through the city, "Oh, how many things," cried he, "do I *not* desire!"' — But if it were a sin to covet adventure, —

He was the most offending soul alive.

He made, like Hudson, four voyages to these shores. On that famous first one, he was in a rousing storm off Newfoundland, when the boots and boxes of the passengers were washed up and down the corridors, and hurled violently against their cabin doors. Thus ushered into the New World (at a port for which he had not sailed), he lost no time in beginning that series of assorted adventures which he was so well qualified to adorn. Most of these were of a Lewis-Carrollish, or Stocktonesque description. J. D. C., for example, was never a soldier; yet he was once invited to join a scouting party, the members of which 'rather expected' to be '*picked off occasionally*' by an enterprising sharpshooter.' He was a member of a committee chosen to present a stand of colors to the hare-brained 'Scotch Regiment of Chicago' at the opening of the Civil War; and managed on that occasion to ride a borrowed war-horse 'with no mean *éclat*' through a narrow and rickety 'triumphal arch,' — as great a feat, I think, as his escape from the lamplless octagonal room in the strange hotel, when a midnight fire was raging.

Fires many and tragical have pursued the hero of this Odyssey. There was a fire not above seven years ago

in —apolis, where he, dashing back into the blazing tinder-box to rescue his tent and camera, discovered and saved a sleeping boy. Tents, fishing-rods, and cameras, by some odd coincidence, are always saved from fires which consume this gentleman's other worldly goods. It was an invariable answer, when I was young, to all inquiries after this or that picture-book, or piece of furniture (as, 'Whatever became, J., of that old mahogany desk that you had in Texas?'), —

'Why, don't you remember? that was burned up in the fire at Madison — no, I mean *the first fire after we were married.*'

I have sometimes thought of cataloguing J. D. C.'s adventures somewhat on the following plan: —

A. By train: as when the insane man chased the passengers into the freight car, and stood guard over them with a revolver;

B. Adventures at World's Fairs: as when the Buffalo expressman sent his trunk by mistake to a house-party in the country, leaving a lady's Saratoga in its place;

C. Camping adventures, in which I should list the Chicago fire (on what I may call the librarian's or encyclopædian, principle — 'Chicago fire; see Camping Adventures'). For he was camping in a wild spot near that city when the historic cow overturned the lantern; and a friend came out to join him in a hunt, and only over the camp-fire at night bethought himself, and said, —

'Oh, by the bye, I forgot to tell you — Chicago is all burned up!'

'And my warehouses with it!' cried J. D. C.

There is a touch of such nonchalance in all the adventures he ever recounted to me, on those walks round 'the inlet' on summer afternoons, when he is in his best narrating mood. Who ever

heard a series of accidents by flood and field reported by the principal with such entire absence of megalomania? His modest humor plays all over them like lightning on the hills at home in a spring thunderstorm. That hurricane, in particular, when he was obliged to brace the flimsy door to keep the house about his head, always appeared to him in a humorous light. So did the haying runaway, when the loose load slipped off in bales to left and right, the endeared adventurer balancing perilously on top, as the mad beasts careened down the uneven field. So did the roof toboggan, when he slid down the steep and slippery shingles of our Wisconsin house, with fast increasing momentum, until the eaves-trough, holding fast against his terrific onset, stayed and saved him from the marble steps below.

These all belong in my list under the heading 'Adventures at Home.' They are the most numerous, the most ingenious, and the most blood-curdling of all. Shall I ever forget the dreadful day when the pole of the barn-door fell on his head? We children huddled near in frightful certainty that he was lost to us. Lost those morning romps — those scrambling games of Creepy-crabby — those tid-bits, surreptitious from my mother, of cake and jam — lost, in brief, the dearest, best play-fellow children ever had! Thank heaven, we were mistaken.

Last summer I went with this captain of companions to a remote spot on a reef of Long Island. We kept house in a bungalow, and bathed in a thundering surf not far from our front door. In the midst of our stay a storm and flood came on, the marshes behind our reef were submerged, the Sound came in at the inlet, the surf rolled up over the sandy ridge in front; the waters met beneath our fragile floor. The first billow to reach us from the open sea rolled in at dusk on a Sunday evening,

and for half that night J. and I, at intervals of an hour, measured with an inverted broom the depth of the loud wash beneath us. At daybreak we looked out upon such a waste of waters as Miss Ingelow describes in the 'High Tide': —

And all the world was in the sea.

I was very much alarmed. I made a little will bequeathing my Bible, MSS., and Oxford Book. Once I glanced over my bequests at J. D. C. and saw a look of great contentment in his eye. 'He was ever at home 'in perils of robbers, in perils in cities, in perils in the sea.' The bright face of danger had smiled on him in his cradle. His life has been more full than most men's of cares and affections, yet he has managed throughout to keep the gypsy maxim of Montaigne: —

Lead thou thy life in the open air,
And in affairs full of despair.

RAIN

Is there any other force in nature that has so varied and changing a beauty as rain? Anywhere in town or country one can take sheer delight in watching those drifting, swaying threads of liquid which make all sorts of fantastic angles. Sometimes the heavy rains come down with perpendicular directness, falling insistently in exact parallels; sometimes the lines are slanting and follow the direction of the wind with singularly plastic movement, veering and shifting until they are almost vertical; sometimes all uniformity of movement vanishes, and the rain is blown in sharp gusts until its delicate filaments become entangled in intricate, bewildering complexities of moisture.

Rain keeps to the straight line and to the angle when in action; it seldom, if ever, yields to the curve. It is only

when rain ceases and becomes mere drops that linger on the eaves, or fall with inconceivable slowness from the edge of glistening green leaves, that we see gracious and trembling curves. The size of a raindrop may vary from a tiny bead of light to the more palpable globes in which one could easily study liquid geometry. I have seen, on icy days, raindrops clinging to bare bushes, making them in the distance look like pussy-willows.

Rain has color. The Quaker gray of a hard rain has a soft vanishing quality far less durable and tangible than the filmy cobweb. Sometimes almost white, often blue, most frequently rain responds with unusual sensitiveness to its environment, and shadows back the green of apple-tree leaves or the sombre brown of a dusty highway. Most beautiful is the silvery sheen of rain on warm summer days when the descent is intermittent and one has the pleasure of speculating on the quality of the rain to be. The poets have a great deal to say about golden rain, but that falls only in the Golden Age; we see only that clear crystalline rainfall against a glowing golden sunset in April.

All the world knows the poignant smell accompanying a summer shower, when dust is moistened, when parched grass yields a certain acrid scent under the stress of storm. The fresh vigor and brilliancy of roses and of yellow lilies, after rain, is proverbial; but for exquisite beauty of fragrance I know nothing that compares with the aromatic, mystical influence of a blossoming balm-of-gilead, rain-swept.

The soft thud and patter of rain upon the roof are as musical to the imaginative listener as is any symphony. Monotonous dripping on thick-leaved trees soothes one's weariness, and makes the importunities of life seem easily resisted. One can be lulled to fair visions during a transient spring shower,

and gain the sense of sharing the destiny of nature. But, sometimes, the storm brings moods far from serene when it sweeps along with a kind of fury. Heavy clouds make noon as dark as night, the air is thick and ominous, rain pours in sheets of gray that gusts of wind shake into fine mist. Trees bow to the ground under the rush of the whirlwind, and thunder reverberates continually, while often a sharp flash of lightning gives a sudden golden tint to the heavy rain and shows the blackness of the sky. There is something startling and fearful in the tumult of the storm; it is as if the laws of nature had broken loose and left the titanic elements to have full swing. Still it is beautiful, a picture in chiaroscuro, illuminated by the unearthly flame of lightning. There is a wild and awful sublimity in the tremendous power which has wrought such darkness and floods of water, such breathless silence and responding crash and whirl.

HOW DOTH —————

THE most romantic feature of Break-neck Hill, always excepting the mortgage, was an ancient hive of bees. It was not Jacobean in its architecture, merely mid-Victorian; not such a 'skip' of thatch as decorates with gilded pomp the saving banks, suggesting that the only way to withdraw deposits is to brimstone the trustees; but it was so venerable that its occupants held title by adverse possession. No living man knew how to 'rob' them. *Nemo me impune lacessit* seemed written on its front. Its denizens had a way of ruffling about the entrance like young Guelphs daring the approach of any Ghibelline. Its former owner had long contemplated writing a book on *Bees through an Opera Glass*. He showed me a mud-hole of Nepenthean

efficacy in the surcease of sorrows of him who strayed within a furlong of his fiefs. 'Do they ever swarm?' I asked. He smiled sadly. 'Sometimes. It is then that I most recommend the mud bath.'

I decided that a self-respecting bee should be asked to live, even rent-free, in such a tenement. My paper on 'The Response of the Worker to Betterment of Environment' had been much admired. Here was a chance to put its theories into practice. I bought a new patent hive, dipped into Maeterlinck, and acquired a cheery little brochure which deserves the attention of every student of the picaresque in fiction. Draping myself in mosquito-netting and protected by huge gloves, I sauntered to the tragedy, which Priscilla now calls, 'Guelphville, or the Fatal Tryst.' Never did the sun shine more brightly. Never did Nanny-Donk, with premonitory claims of kinship, bray more melodiously.

'The simplest method of transference,' I read, 'is to invert the old hive, superimpose the new one, and then drum vigorously on the old one. The bees, with charming intelligence, will then pass into their new home. Be sure that the queen is among them, as your success depends upon her migration.' Be sure that one bee is among ten legions! 'Be sure, dear, to look up Mrs. Jones at the Yale-Harvard game!' Something whispered within of coming evil.

Inverting the House of Guelph, I reared the new home on its foundations. Great crevices yawned on every side. I drummed. There was a moment's pause. The warriors could not believe the wantonness of the insult. Then was my last clear chance of safety. In the distance Nanny-Donk brayed fraternally. I drummed again. Immediately a great roaring arose, as the sound of many waters. From every

sally-port they flew. Then first I learned the war-cry of the angry swarm. The gauntlets of my gloves afforded, as the playwrights say, a 'practicable door.' Those who were too late in the rush to find standing-room on my wrists did not despair but bided their turn. Others found an abundant entrance through my veil and settled to their predestined task.

My reactions have been carefully tested and I am normally responsive to external stimuli. Anticipating swift Æolus in his flight, I reached the mud-hole in ten leaps. A famous athlete, under only the stimulus of an unattainable ideal, has since done it in twelve.

There are moments when it is most seemly to leave the soul alone to wrestle with its misfortunes. I always thought that the sorrow's crown of sorrows for Herakles, when he was trying to acclimatize himself, under the Attic sun, to Phrygian underwear, was the presence of the Chorus. Even this grief was not spared me. Priscilla, alarmed by my cries, spurred on by that combination of sympathy and curiosity known as Wifely Love, came dashing to her doom. Carlyle says that life is a fraction, and that the way to lessen sorrows is to decrease one's denominator. My better half relieved me of some hundreds of mine — at least I think she did, for by this time my life-mask was complete and I only heard the diminuendo of her retreating shrieks.

But the gentle queen was still unidentified. The bees refused to exercise their charming intelligence. The hive was still vainly superimposed. I was content that another should reap the glory. And he did. I blush to write that my gentle neighbor soothed and transferred the colony with placid skill. How did he do it? I turned sadly to my hand-book. Then first I saw that it was written by a woman. The all-important secret lay concealed with

devilish ingenuity in a foot-note, like Truth at the bottom of the well. 'Of course, before adopting this method, the bees should be thoroughly subdued by smoke, and two or three combs of their brood should be placed in the new hive. Bees are like humans and will not desert the cradles of their young.'

Of course! Of course! But why did *hysteron proteron* seize the author's rhetoric at this fatal point? Did she think that Exposition, like Epigram, like the Bee itself, should have its sting in its tail?

THE WISDOM OF FOOLISHNESS

HAS enough been said about the foolishness of friendship, — not the foolishness of being friends, but the wisdom of being sometimes foolish friends? To Maeterlinck's saying that we cannot know each other until we dare to be silent together, one would add, and to be foolish together; for many of us hoard as gold the remembered nonsense that seemed to test our fitness for the twilight hour when hearts were uncovered and life plumbed to the depths. It is with the companion of the hour that we talk of the world, of heaven, perhaps even of ourselves; but with our friend we may be silent or absurd, with safety and profit to both; and then in the moment of self-revelation, he helps us to see further, to judge more sanely, to know more surely, than all the masters of intellect could do.

The little jokes of a friendship are treasured through the years, and give it a vocabulary of its own. A word of flying allusion, and the ludicrous scene of a distant time comes back to give us new delight; certain cherished stories have become familiar symbols for the happenings of a duller day: when we should do some thankless task, we say we must go nutting; or, when gay, we mention Truro Corners. So, to the un-

initiated, we babble of nothing; but we, the elect, know more precisely what is meant than finest rhetoric could tell us, and dear old stories gather moss through the years until they mean not only themselves, but all that train of sunny days where they have had a part.

It is a question whether a friend is entirely beloved unless we can 'let ourselves go' with him; we demand of him the intimacy of relaxation; our very soul rebels against being kept ceaselessly to any pitch, no matter how clear and sonorous the tone may be. We may admire his wit and intellectual power, we may lean upon his sympathy and sound judgment; yet it is his moment of giving way to unconsidered mirth, his sudden drop to sheer nonsense, that endears him to us. But our taste in fun must match. If your jest be dull to me, if mine be coarse to you, there is the sign-post which marks a dangerous road. And perhaps we shall find it useless to patch up a comradeship for the sake of this quality or that; for whether we will or no, we must some time travel by diverging paths where labor would be wasted trying to make a cross-cut.

And so it may all come back to the importance of foolishness as a test, — happy augury, perhaps, that in heaven the pure pleasure of companionship shall endure beyond the interchange of minds, — and it is as if some attribute of the subconscious creature marked the play of temperament that proves us kin. For mere intellect, the output of our perishable brains, is less than nothing if ourselves be not even cousins-german. And what havoc we may make when a close relationship is founded chiefly upon a likeness of intellectual tastes! One day the bound is crossed to the spirit's domain, when the chance is that warring temperaments wreck the light fabric, and we go forth cursing the brains that tricked us into hailing an alien as our own.

With this friend we may be serious, with another gay; one ponders upon life and art, while the other, charming playmate of an hour, is full of quip and jest. But the ideal friend must have a light touch and a stride that mates with ours, and it is his life and ours, viewed by the light of universal day, which bespeaks his interest. And then perhaps a pretty atmosphere of fun creates a glamour where the best of us may bloom. By the flash of his wit, he shows us our highest reach, and in the mild warmth of his humor, where there can be no blight of self-appraising, we grow and thrive. So it may not be all idleness, but like the sparkle of tiny waves on a sunny day it marks the steady progress of the tide.

There should be a tolerance in friendship that gives us room, a very lack of demanding that we be this or that which makes it natural to do our prettiest. And when we know we have been cowards, when we know we have gone down a step or two, to be met by some gentle jest instead of the rebuke we had richly earned melts our ready defiance, and we are eager to climb again to that place near him which we had left. He has not told us that we have fallen below his hope, he would not affront friendship by anything so crude as spoken forgiveness; but in that exquisite ignoring of the hurt, we recognize our chance. We know in the depths we are at one; but diversity of fancy, the light sparring of contending wit, may weave a fabric that gives color to our day, and it is often the whimsical side of an affection which makes its charm. Here is the pleasant garden which lies about the solid structure of our friendship, where we may play with poppy dolls and burdock cradles, while we know the sheltering roof is near when we would have the quiet of shaded rooms or refuge from the storm.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MAY, 1911

PREPARE FOR SOCIALISM

BY J. N. LARNED

INDIFFERENCE to the modern socialistic movement is fast becoming an impossible attitude of mind. Friendliness or hostility to it, in some degree, must come into the feeling of everybody who gives the slightest heed to the auguries of our time; for the movement has now gathered a momentum that will carry it surely to some vital and momentous outcome of change in the economic organization of society. If this is not to be calamitous, but is to realize in any measure the good equalities and satisfactions which Socialists expect, that happy result can arrive only in communities which have forethoughtfully safeguarded themselves, with all the wisdom they possess, against ruinous recklessness or perfidy in the working-out of so critical a change. It is nowhere too soon to take serious thought of what we need to be doing in such preparation.

Our first thought in that direction must be of the several forces which enter into the problem we deal with. These, in the main, are the forces of opinion which act on the propositions of Socialism from different dispositions of mind.

The possible attitudes of thought and feeling on the subject are six in number, to wit: —

1. That of the radical disciples of Karl Marx, — the organized 'Social Democrats' of many countries, — who represent most logically the doctrines of modern Socialism as formulated by Marx; who regard their undertaking as a class-revolt (of the wage-workers), and who contemplate the desired transfer of capital from individual to collective ownership and management as an achievement of revolution, which may be violent if violence is necessary, when adequate power shall have been secured.

2. That of others in the same wage-earning class who have not answered the socialistic call, nor openly assented to its dogmas, but whose circumstances must incline them to be wistful listeners to its promises and appeals.

3. That of people who approve on principle the social rearrangements contended for by Marx and his followers, regarding them as desirable because just; but who would seek to attain them by cautious and gradual processes, and would give no support to any programme of hasty revolution.

4. That of people who are or hope to be gainers personally from the existing economic system, with its limitless opportunities of profit to individuals of the capitalized class, and who see

nothing but a wicked attack on their personal rights in the proposed limitation of private capital and its gains.

5. That of people who are not thus biased against the socialistic project by a personal interest in present economic arrangements, but who do not believe that productive industries and exchanges can be operated with success in the mode proposed, and who fear failure in the attempt, with serious wreckage of the social fabric and much demoralization of mankind.

6. That of people who have not yet given enough attention to the socialistic movement to have a thought or a feeling about it.

The first and fourth of these groups are the centres of the antagonism developed by the social-economic doctrines of Marx, and the outcome of that antagonism will depend on the action of forces from these two on the other four. At the two sources of opposed motive, the mainsprings of energy are nearly but not quite the same. Self-interest may be as dominant among the Socialist workingmen as among their capitalistic opponents; and it may be tempered on one side by solicitude for the general welfare as much as by sympathetic class-feeling on the other; but the self-interest of the capitalist, whose ample means of living are secure, has a very different spur from that of the workingman, whose daily wants are tethered by his daily wage. In the needs, the desires, the hopes, the fears, the uncertainties of the socialistic wage-worker, there is an animus which the mere appetite of capital for its own increment can never excite.

In their intensity, therefore, the opposing influences that work in this contention are unevenly matched; and there is still more disparity between them in the compass of their action. All of the wage-workers of the world are possible recruits to be won for So-

cialism, and they outnumber all other divisions of civilized mankind. They make up the first and second orders of the classification set forth above, and the second of these stands plainly in the relation of a waiting-list to the first. In Continental Europe its constituents are passing over in always swelling numbers to the party which claims and expects to secure them all. In Great Britain and America the draft into Socialism from the ranks of labor is slower; but, even as indicated in socialistic political organization and voting (which must be far short of a showing of the whole movement), it goes on with persistent increase.

On the other side of the issue, while the people who have a personal stake in the capitalistic system form a numerous body, it does not compare in numbers with the opposing host. It exercises powers, at present, which are far beyond measurement by its numbers, but they are powers created by the economic conditions of to-day, and dependent on states of feeling which have no fortitude or staying quality in them, but which can be broken into cowardly panic by the most trifling alarm. For resistance to an undertaking of social revolution, nothing weaker than a capitalistic party could be made up. Its strength in the pending contest with Socialism is practically the strength of the alliances it can form. It may seem to have an assured body of important allies in the fifth group defined above; but how far is that assured? The people of the group in question are essentially disinterested and open-minded, and their judgment in this grave matter is subject to change. Their number appears to have been greater a few years ago than now. Many who belonged to it once have gone over into the company of the third group, persuaded that hopes from the justice of the socialistic project are more to

be considered than fears of its adventuresomeness, if the venture be carefully made. How these people will be moved hereafter is most likely to depend on the direction which the socialistic movement takes, — whether toward revolutionary rashness, under the control of the radical Marxians, or along the Fabian lines projected by prudent Socialists of our third group. At all events, there is no certainty of persistent opposition to Socialism from any large part of this fifth class; and obviously there is nothing to be counted on, for either side, from that remainder of thoughtless folk who know nothing, and care nothing as yet, about this momentous question of the day.

All considered, the appearances as I see them are distinctly favorable to the socialistic movement, thus far. It is a movement which moves continuously, with no reactionary signs. The influences in it are active on the greater masses of people, and, whether selfish or altruistic, they have the stronger motive force. It is a movement of such nature, in fact, as seems likely to break suddenly, some day, into avalanches and floods.

What then? Suppose the spread of socialistic opinion to be carried in this country to the point of readiness for taking control of government, and that we then find awaiting it the same political conditions that exist to-day! The Socialist party, in that case, would simply take the place of our Republican or our Democratic party, as 'the party in power,' and would exercise its power in the customary party modes. The keen-scented fortune-hunters and professional experts of politics would already have swarmed to it from the old parties; would have wormed themselves into its counsels and perfected its 'organization,' with a full equipment of the most approved 'machines.' Then the nationalizing and the munic-

ipalizing of productive industries, and the taking-over of capital from private to collective ownership, would begin. Some Croker or Murphy would be found to 'boss' the management of the operation in New York, some Quay in Pennsylvania, some Gorman in Maryland, and so on, throughout the land.

This is no wild fancy as to what must occur, if the projects of Socialism are to be carried out while political conditions — political habits in the country and the make and character of parties — remain as they now are. If the experiment of Socialism was to be undertaken to-day, it would have its trial under that sort of handling, and by no possibility could it have any other. Nor indeed can it ever have any other, unless the whole theory and practice of party politics in the United States are recast, with a new and strong injection into them of conscience and rationality.

In other words, if we are pushed, by the spread of socialistic opinion, into attempts at a governmental ownership and management of productive industries, without a previous reformation of our political system, we shall inevitably be carried to a disaster so great that imagination can hardly picture it to one's mind. No sane Socialist, however firm his faith in the workability of the social-industrial scheme, can dream of its working otherwise than disastrously in the hands of party managers, as parties are now organized and managed with the consent and connivance of the people who make them up. Nor can he reasonably believe that a Socialist party can grow up side by side with the parties of our present politics, play the game of politics with them, win the prize of political power from them, and then use that power as the theory of Socialism requires it to be used, — without partisan spoliation or personal 'graft.'

It comes, then, to this: if possibilities of good to society are in the socialistic scheme, they are obviously and absolutely dependent on the discretion, the honesty, the social sincerity and good faith, with which it is carried into effect. A reckless and knavish corruption of the undertaking so to revolutionize the social economy could produce nothing else than the worst wreckage that civilized society has known. Hence the question between possibly beneficent and inevitably calamitous results from the undertaking is a question of character in the government to which it is trusted. The present character of government in our country, throughout its divisions, controlled as it is by self-seeking professional managers of political parties, is not to be

thought of as one which could work the socialistic experiment to any other than the destructive result. The conditions that give this character to our political parties, and through them to the government which they control alternately, will surely give the same character to a socialistic party, if it grows up under their action, and approaches an attainment of power while they prevail.

But it is so growing, and seems more than likely to arrive at power to control some, at least, of our divisions of government at no far distant day. Therefore, the most urgent of all reasons for a resolute, radical, and immediate reformation of parties and the politics they embody is found in the progress of socialistic belief.

SOCIALISM AND NATIONAL EFFICIENCY

BY J. O. FAGAN

I

CONTRARY to popular anticipation, individualism in America—its theoretical support at any rate—seems now to be taking on a new lease of life. To a great extent this satisfactory result must be attributed to the widespread attention that is now being paid to all matters relating to social and industrial efficiency. It is true the machine in modern civilization still holds the centre of the stage, but from all appearances, and before long, the individual also will be called upon to give a strict-account of himself.

Some time ago a very able and con-

vincing article on 'Our Lost Individuality' was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* and attracted no end of attention. So far as American individualism in art, literature, scientific research, and industry is concerned, the last nail was driven by this writer into the national coffin. Without exaggeration of any kind, the process by means of which every form of American individualism has been fully uprooted and scattered to the winds, was carefully described and scientifically accounted for. The destroying principles at work were shown to be Socialism, commercialism, and self-centred materialism. As for the future, in the opinion of the

critic referred to, there was simply nothing in sight for individualism in America, with all its splendid traditions and monuments, but a sort of comfortable slide down-hill.

On the whole, reading between the lines of this article, one is compelled to recognize a very regretful, yet, as it would seem, an unavoidable state of affairs, by no means modified or brightened by this final reflection, 'Facilis descensus Averni.'

From the point of view of the historian, taking his cue from countless external manifestations and from the tendencies and demands of public opinion, it is indeed very difficult to find a flaw in these general conclusions. But growth is a great disturber of calculations, and besides, public opinion in America, which is inclined to put individualism on the shelf in this way, is for the most part politically managed and vote-ridden. At best it is but the outer voice of the people. Under discipline of a stronger and a deeper force, it is frequently called upon to change its face in a day. This all-powerful and directing principle in American life is private opinion, or the inner voice. This is the final court of appeal. Private opinion in America is individualistic to the core. To verify this statement, one has only to separate the workman, the manager, the minister, or the politician from his material necessities for the time being. These people have private opinions which to a great extent, and very naturally, wait upon their necessities. Questioning these men at work or in business, in nine cases out of ten we find them to be individualists at heart, but in the waiting stage. Some day they expect to be able to live up to their private opinions. The prospects of democracy in America are stowed away in this significant state of affairs.

Meanwhile conditions are improving

universally, incessantly, and private opinion in places is coming cautiously out of its retirement. It works psychologically. It is forever biding its time. It comes forward, settles a question, and goes into hiding again. Sooner or later emergency calls upon it to come to the rescue, and then it is always discovered that these inner promptings and instincts are, after all, the arbiters and shapers of the national destiny.

The awakening of private opinion to a sense of its responsibility for the behavior and character of the units of society, at the present day, is unmistakable. People in America have come to that point in their history when they can actually afford to pause and give much thought to fundamentals and to the significance of current events in relation to them.

Regardless of politics and wages, people are now finding time to talk about individuality and Socialism in relation to efficiency in schools, in business life, in religion, and in industry. They are beginning to see the inconsistency of preaching one thing and practicing another. Against the current of their inner wishes they are being driven by public opinion toward Socialism, while at the same time, prompted by private opinion, they continue to glorify the American standard-bearers who in the past have conducted the democratic principle from pinnacle to pinnacle of achievement. Cutting loose from the tyranny of their present environment, some of them, once in a while, perhaps, may even open their Shakespeares and read:—

'What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God!'

To the average reader this recital of human possibilities should be extremely satisfactory. But from this prospect,

if he turns to his socialistic programme, this spiritual panorama will at once lose its significance. What indeed has Socialism to do with infinite faculties? No stunted growth can ever be expected to climb these heights and work out this splendid vision. For after all has been said, civilization in every age must stand the spiritual test. 'Without soul man is common, with it he is distinct. In art, it gives him temperament, in faith, insight into the divine.' Socialism avoids, because it cannot stand, this spiritual test. It reaches out sometimes laterally, for the most part downwards. Individualism, on the other hand, has its eye fixed on the horizon. It makes no apology for its idealism. It points the way to the stars.

But to the everyday citizen, as well as to the student of affairs, the contrast between Socialism and individualism should not merely be a recital of underlying principles. From their spiritual aspects one turns to their practical and workable properties. While in the opinion of the writer, individualism as a working force in the natural evolution of society is bound to reassume its intrinsic importance, there are, nevertheless, a number of practical issues in the situation at the present day that must, in the mean time, be diligently sifted and discussed.

As it appears to the writer of this article, then, Socialism takes issue with efficiency in modern society in three very distinctive ways. It attacks the character and competency of the working classes, crippling the manager and the employee, cheapening religion, and finally materializing the ideals of the people as a whole. A somewhat discursive treatment of these topics is unavoidable.

II

To begin with, the individualist acknowledges the tremendous importance

of the social and industrial problems, in the solution of which the public mind is now so seriously and unceasingly interested. During the past few years great advance has been made in the practical application of social science in its various phases. In times past, the science itself was supposed by people in general to be very indefinite in its meaning and application. It is now recognized as a practical living science, whose function it is to report, in definite and scientific terms, on the ways and means by which civilization in the future shall be steered and encouraged.

In the working-out of these problems, both social and industrial, individualism is profoundly and rightfully interested. It must be clearly understood, however, that the individualist at the present day is neither narrow-minded nor intolerant. He recognizes the fact that progress depends upon compromise and the clashing of opinions, consequently he claims kinship with all sorts and conditions of men, as well as representation in every phase of our advancing civilization. Individualism, then, is by no means a nostrum or a panacea. It is not a platform with a dozen planks for the guidance of politicians or legislatures. It is simply a personal campaign, universal in its scope, that is carried on for the purpose of defining and regulating the relationship that should exist and be maintained between vital principles and conditions of living. In other words, individualism is the leaven in human society that dignifies labor, that distinguishes art from imitation, literature from scribbling, and religion from a habit. Lacking its recognition and influence, human effort of every description becomes stale, flat, and unprofitable.

With this honesty of purpose and breadth of view, it follows that the individualist at times finds himself in

agreement with the Socialist. In many directions he frankly recognizes the necessity of collective methods and action; nevertheless, through all and over all, he has his own peculiar interests at stake, which he proposes to champion and which he is convinced the American people are not yet, by any means, willing to overlook or resign.

Now, the distinguishing characteristic of hosts of thoughtful and progressive people nowadays is mental receptiveness. While to a great extent the minds of these people are centred on problems relating to social and industrial conditions, there are really few fixed principles or ideas of progress which they now implicitly believe in, or are determined resolutely to defend. From every conceivable point of view they have studied the situation, and innumerable weak spots relating to faith and works have been discovered. Summing up, these thoughtful, progressive, and successful people have come to the conclusion that most of their old-time ideas and principles are not so much out of place or unimportant as out of order. That there is certainly something very significant and very inspiring in the old-time methods and standards by means of which they themselves climbed the thorny road to material and spiritual success, they are willing to admit; but prosperity and other influences have changed and, as it were, softened their understanding of the laws of progress, and they are now coming round to the idea that these principles, so satisfactory in their own cases, cannot and must not be applied to the situation as it now confronts them in the twentieth century. That is to say, at this point public and private opinion break ranks and adopt opposing theories of progress.

Consequently, while unavoidably congratulating themselves on their own personal work and the achievement

connected with it, these thoughtful and successful people, in alliance with masses of comparatively unsuccessful people, are now busily racking their brains in an effort to devise ways and means to enable the present and future generations to climb the same ladder and secure the same satisfactory results in a quicker, easier, and withal in a more scientific manner.

Beating about the bush in this way, and bringing their theories and conclusions into contact with conditions as they are to-day in the social and industrial world, Americans of the most thoughtful type and of the most successful class have put and are putting aside their defensive armor, consisting for the most part of logical conclusions derived from the past, and are now freely assimilating a new order of ideas and impressions which they propose to put into practical operation in the different branches of social and industrial service. These people have not openly joined the ranks of the Socialists, but they are continually borrowing from their platform.

The general policy of this widespread movement in modern society is distinctly socialistic in its nature. Practically speaking, it is a movement for the improvement of conditions at the expense of principles. Called upon to express itself definitely in legislation and otherwise, it is now giving the country to understand that under stress of unsatisfactory social, industrial, and mental conditions, the hitherto generally accepted fundamentals of progressive and healthy civilization must, for the present at any rate, go by the board.

But there is a strange delusion connected with this socialistic movement for the regeneration of human society. The Socialists and their assistants propose to accomplish their ends in general by the restriction of individual initiative, and by abolishing private

property and the existing competitive system. In other words, the individual as owner and director of brains and property must go.

But the Socialist does not intend to deprive the individual and his work of a certain face value. His virtues and reputation may still be used for decorative or descriptive purposes; and right here the delusion comes in. For in some mysterious way the Socialist has persuaded himself that the energy, the inspiration, and the character, that are bound up in the freedom and initiative of the individual, are playthings, over which, in the future, his control is certain to be absolute. He imagines that these all-necessary and vital characteristics, ruthlessly discouraged and trampled upon by the terms of his present propaganda, will eventually reassert themselves and reassume their basic importance, under the stimulating influence of the socialistic legislation, with which it is now proposed to inoculate the social and industrial life of the nation.

Applied to the rest of the world and to the measures people in general are compelled to take to improve conditions, this contention or prophecy is absolutely correct, that is to say, private opinion is bound, sooner or later, to straighten things out; but applied to the Socialist and his programme, it is a ridiculous delusion. For the rest of the world has a deep-down private opinion with a spiritual background,—the Socialist has nothing of the kind. He has a bill of fare, but no conscience in the spiritual sense, for a conscience is the seat of the competitive method, and breeds all sort of individualisms. The Socialist has little faith in spiritual direction and solution of practical problems. His mind runs unswervingly in the rut of material conditions. His social and industrial eggs are all deposited in one material basket, conse-

quently he cannot anticipate either assistance or results in the future from influences which he has consistently scorned in the past.

Furthermore, a brief consideration of results already accomplished, and of tendencies and indications which, under socialistic treatment, are even now, here and there, coming to the surface, should be sufficient to dispel any lingering doubts on this subject.

For one thing, it is absolutely fatal to good government, as well as to human progress in general, to separate the individual from his personal responsibility. The substitution of collective interest and responsibility for personal responsibility and personal interest in a business establishment, on a railroad, or in human affairs of any description, must always be looked upon as a change for the worse. Applied to society, it is simply a return to the principle of the soulless corporation. Yet this is the central idea of the up-to-date doctrine and programme of the Socialist. For the Socialists, the labor-unions, and their sympathizers, are now saying to American workers in general, and to railroad men in particular, to the men in the shops and in the offices as well as to those on the road, —

‘Exchange your individuality for your pay-roll and your conditions. Take no thought for the morrow. Look to your unions and to society for everything. Society is getting ready in bountiful measures to pension your veterans, to recompense you for injuries, to surround you with a healthy and comfortable environment, and to see to it that you are well clad, well fed, and well housed, and that your religion even is adapted and made to harmonize with your socialistic or unionized condition. All this and more of a similar and praiseworthy nature is to be secured on the distinct understanding that you must not interfere with these plans of the

Socialists, of your unions and of society in your behalf, by taking any personal share or responsibility in the proceedings. Society is willing to shoulder all the risk and take all the responsibility.'

III

To a considerable extent this may truthfully be said to be a fair conception of the trend of affairs in modern industrial life. The Massachusetts Commission on Compensation for Industrial Accidents gives us an illustration of the abandonment of personal responsibility and interest in a proposed 'Compensation Act,' which provides compensation in cases of accidents to employees. Recovery is to be allowed in all cases from the employer, irrespective of negligence. The entire responsibility is to be placed upon the employer, without qualification, and the employee is expressly prohibited from contributing in any way toward providing a fund for his own protection.

These ideas and measures, tending to separate the individual from his personal responsibility, have taken a very practical turn on the railroads of the country. Here, as perhaps nowhere else, can the elimination of personal responsibility be studied in the light of results that are being meted out to the public every day in terms of accidents and destruction of property. In face of all manner of safeguards and systems of discipline, the general position that a man is not personally responsible for mistakes and negligence is becoming more and more evident. The history of the railroad business, and of public opinion in relation to it, goes to show that if a mistake is made it is not the man, but the conditions, that are to blame for it. The cure is supposed to consist in making the worker healthier, wealthier, and happi-

er, and in removing opportunity and temptation from his path. In this way, personal responsibility in American industrial life is resolving itself into something that resembles a hunt for germs.

Some time ago a sort of symposium of the opinion of railroad managers on the subject was printed in the *Railway Age Gazette*. No names were signed to the opinions, so these opinions are all the more likely to be truthful and accurate. The conclusions of the great majority of these men were voiced as follows:—

'The efficiency of labor on railroads is decreasing because the individual is losing his identity and becoming a mere unit in an organization. The men have shown no spirit towards increasing their own efficiency; higher pay seems to result in lower efficiency, both actually and per dollar of pay; and they resent bonus methods, the piece-work system, and other plans designed to obtain higher efficiency.'

This state of affairs illustrates the sacrifice of principles for conditions. Look where we will, in labor organizations and elsewhere, this is the game that is universally being played by Socialism and the Socialist, and the results of the campaign are by no means confined to the rank and file of the workers. The employer, the manager, and the politician, are all more or less entangled in the meshes of this basic industrial understanding. Consequently, and mysteriously here and there, we find the employer and the Socialist pulling together in the same direction. To account for this we must bear in mind the menace of the politician at the present day, and the tyranny of the manipulated labor vote. On the workingman as well as on the manager and the employer the general effect of this social and industrial understanding is the same. It standardizes

their movements, limits their mental output, and tends to obliterate their personality.

Just how this matter is looked upon by men of wide influence and knowledge of industrial life at the present day, makes interesting reading. One of these well-informed observers has this to say on the subject:—

‘No one is so well informed as the railroad president or manager on this socialistic trend in modern industrial life. In every guise, subtly or bluntly, the schemes of Socialism confront and perplex us. Forced by circumstances to deal with single concrete cases, we can do little to fend off the socialistic programme as a whole. At times still more regrettable, it is our inevitable lot to side with communistic proposals, *lest a worse befall*. Under pressure of this kind we are continually called upon to recognize, and even at times to prescribe, all sorts of “drowsy syrups of the east” to put individual initiative and responsibility to sleep. From above and below, this indiscriminate assault on principles in favor of conditions continues to perplex the employer and manager. Certain extensions of the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission, for example, while admittedly hampering the free play of individualism and tending unmistakably towards inefficiency of service, were favored by the railroads as against heterogeneous regulations that the several states might impose.’

Face to face with problems relating to the public interests, and to efficiency of service from the national standpoint, brought about by the socialistic trend of labor organizations and the labor vote on the one hand, and the perplexities of the employer and the manager on the other, the federal government, taking the bull by the horns, is now assuming the control and direction of affairs. The policy of the government

is summed up in the single word regulation. Just what this word means, and its method of application, has been strikingly enunciated by ex-President Roosevelt, in an article which was published a short time ago in the *Outlook*. In regard to the efficiency of labor, Mr. Roosevelt has taken his stand as follows:—

‘He, the workingman, ought to join with his fellows in a union, or in some similar association for mutual help and betterment, and in that association he should strive to raise higher his less competent brothers; but he should positively decline to allow himself to be dragged down to their level, and if he does thus permit himself to be dragged down the penalty is the loss of individual, of class, and finally of *national efficiency*.’

Now, whether generally understood or not, this leveling process which Mr. Roosevelt so emphatically condemns is written either by implication or actual affirmation into the constitution of practically every labor union and socialistic platform in the country. Be this as it may, however, Mr. Roosevelt not only detects these indications of social and industrial paralysis, but confidently points to the remedy. He affirms,—

‘We should consistently favor labor organizations when they act well, and as fearlessly oppose them when they act badly. I wish to see labor organizations powerful; and the minute that any organization becomes powerful, it becomes powerful for evil as well as for good; and when organized labor becomes sufficiently powerful the state will have to *regulate the collective use of labor*, just as it must regulate the collective use of capital.’

The italics are the present writer’s. Mr. Roosevelt, however, is clearly reckoning without his host. As a matter of fact, neither the socialistic pro-

paganda nor the organization or principles of union labor are amenable to state or any other regulation. True, you may bring the industrial horse to this particular brook, but you cannot force him to drink. The state can regulate the railroad, the capitalist, and the manager, because it can block their progress and compel them to do as the law directs in their public capacities as caterers to the public service. But the teachings of Socialism and the unwritten laws and influences of organized labor are not subject to legislation of any kind. The leveling process in modern industry, the blocking of individual ambition and initiative, and the elimination of personal responsibility, are beyond the reach of human laws.

As Mr. Roosevelt correctly affirms, these influences threaten the foundation of national efficiency. At this problem of national efficiency the writer of this article has from the beginning leveled his arguments and illustrations. As he looks at it, Socialism and national inefficiency are synonymous. Some of the dangerous tendencies that threaten society in this respect have been noted. But, contrary to Mr. Roosevelt's ideas on the subject, the remedy must come from within, and not from without. The key to the situation lies in the inevitable outbreak of what is at present latent private opinion. The reality of this force at the root of American civilization is not open to doubt. Among the workers themselves it is awake and awakening. To think that any class in the community, with the exception of the most radical socialists, will consent in the long run to national inefficiency, is the height of absurdity. The question now remains, in what manner and along what lines can Socialism best be discredited, and the universal private opinion on the subject be aroused to a proper appreciation of its impending duties.

IV

But before a final word is said on the nature and efficacy of American private opinion, there are yet one or two shafts in the quiver of the Socialist to which passing attention must be directed.

For one thing the Socialist has no use for the capitalist. The individualist, on the other hand, does not wish to shirk any responsibility in the matter. He boldly pins his faith to the method and the man. He believes in the activities and utilities connected with money, when properly applied, just as he believes in the brains of the Socialist when they are utilized in a sane and conservative manner. Broadly speaking, in the wholesale abuse of the American capitalist, public opinion and the Socialist join hands. Private opinion in thought, word, and deed does nothing of the kind. For the capitalist idea is born with every human creature. It is at the root of every known and approved educational and civilizing process. Every man, woman, or child, including Socialists, who is not a capitalist, in thought, word, and deed, is a social failure. A capitalist, of course, is not only a banker, a mill-owner, or an employer of groups of working people; he represents, in fact, the accumulating and distributing process by means of which in times past, as well as to-day, fabulous fortunes, the wonders of engineering skill, the progress of industry and art, as well as all that is best in national thought and sympathy, together with many great social wrongs, of course, have been brought into being, kept alive, and encouraged.

In dealing with the capitalist principle, however, you cannot separate the man from the process. It is impossible to cut the capitalist or the competitive principle into fractions. To encourage industry, thrift, and honor-

able emulation in the young, and then refuse to manhood their natural exercise and remuneration is the height of social and economic absurdity. To destroy the one is to uproot the other. As the individualist looks at it, then, the capitalist principle covers the earth, upon the whole, with beneficent influence.

The capitalist and the competitive system, of course, go hand in hand. Basking in the sun of unprecedented success in every branch of human endeavor, the present generation is apt to lose sight of the aggressive nature of the socialist campaign in America. The Socialist is the most aggressive factor in modern society, yet he scorns the competitive method. He poses as a lover of peace; he believes in coöperation, particularly among those who accept the principles of Socialism. He bows to the majority, although he attaches very little significance to majority verdicts when they are not in his favor. As a rule, he believes in peaceful methods of adjusting difficulties and securing reforms. When unable to make his point however, or when he is defeated at the polls, he usually assumes a Micawber-like attitude. He is willing to wait for something to turn up, — until the intelligence of the people, for example, is able to grasp and comprehend the beatitudes contained in his principles and programmes. The attitude of Socialists all over the world toward the matter of war between nations is generally understood. The party is receiving considerable credit for this attitude. Socialists would have peace at any price. But, although the principle is the same, and the profit-and-loss is at times somewhat similar, industrial peace does not seem to appeal to them in the same way.

At the recent International Congress of the Socialists, held in Copen-

hagen, Denmark, the proposition to resort to a universal strike in the event of war was seriously considered and finally given to the International Bureau to be studied and inquired into. This congress, representing many millions of able-bodied men, took a very strong position in favor of stopping war by every means.

Standing by itself, the position of Socialism in regard to these modern wars and armaments is entirely commendable. Coöperation, brotherly love, and sufferance have their place in modern society, and glorious missions at that; nevertheless, above all and through all, from the progressive point of view, the most indispensable, perhaps the greatest, thing in the world is simply friction. Humanly speaking, the principle spreads itself out into all manner of life-giving, life-energizing undertakings. All life seems to have some kind of a frictional outset. At this point the competitive system of the universe begins its career. The competitive, the aggressive principle is simply the growing principle; and in these days when so much that is vital to the community is being sacrificed for the sake of harmony, and when the Socialist is making so much capital out of his pacific doctrines, a few additional words on the nature of competition and its significance will not be out of place.

Contention of every kind is, of course, a matter of degree and method. A fight may be the outcome of greed, hatred, or love. True, there is a kind of person who has no use for competition or a row in any form, and by the way, you cannot have the former without a sprinkling of the latter, for the very good reason that probably ninety-five per cent of the people one meets on the street, Socialists included, have this competitive and aggressive spirit tucked away and in tapable form somewhere in their anatomies. But here again, and

in a marked degree, public and private opinion are usually opposed to each other. Private opinion is continually projecting peaceful methods and ideas into the future.

The individualist, however, merges a good deal of his idealism in the stern logic of things as they are and as they have been. If we allow the history of individuals or of the race to speak for itself, it will inform us that progress on the whole is the result of positive and negative human batteries. In order to start human activity of any kind, a natural contention between the elements is absolutely essential. It remains for us to guide and humanize the activities without destroying the competitive nature of the human battery.

The individualist makes no apology for war under any pretense. He would do away with it now and forever. As a matter of fact, the individualist is inherently more pacific than the Socialist, in the same way and somewhat for the same reason that an individual is usually less excitable than a crowd. As for the past, the individualist can neither defend the principle of war nor account for its persistent manifestation in every age and in almost every country unless he looks upon it as a relic of barbarism, destined to be obliterated, as in fact it is being obliterated, with the gradual disappearance of barbaric ideas. To give an intelligent reason for warfare in ages gone by, it would certainly be necessary to fathom and to be versed in the psychology of the barbaric mind. This is beyond the ken or the reach of the historian. But in defending the competitive method as a whole, it is pardonable for the individualist to take note of some of the compensations which seem to have accompanied the history of warfare in all ages.

For one thing, successful warfare is at all times a personal matter. Thus a nation is successful in war, not alto-

gether because of its well-planned collective arrangement, its large army and navy, or even because its soldiers and sailors are particularly well-trained, but because it has the power of its manhood and its fighting blood at its back.

The Socialist, of course, will not listen to this argument. He has declared war against the competitive and capitalist systems from beginning to end, and the battle between the opposing forces must now be fought to a finish on competitive planes in the arena of life, by modern methods of discussion and experiment.

But to put a stop to war between nations is only an incidental feature of the Socialist's programme. He desires not only to eliminate competitive ideas and methods between nations and individuals, but also as much as possible between the individual and his environment. Here he touches the very heart of things. The design itself in all its nakedness, its application, and manifest effect on organic life has been aptly illustrated by an experiment recently performed by a German professor, whose object was to investigate the action of the competitive method on the organism. It is not necessary to agree with this professor from beginning to end in order to appreciate the drift of his story. The experiment was described in the *New York Herald* somewhat as follows:—

The professor started his experiment with the idea that eating, sleeping, love-making, and warfare are the four main physiological actions necessary for the maintenance of the human race on this extremely slippery globe. He took for his purpose a number of frogs in the embryo state. Some of these he brought up in a sterilized tank, on sterilized food, giving them nothing but sterilized water to swim in. No ills or troubles could possibly affect them.

Each could, so to speak, sit under his own fig tree and enjoy the fruit of his own vineyard without fear of attack from boy or microbe. The rest of the frogs he brought up in the natural way, exposing them to all chances and enemies, especially microbes. Now, what happened? Of the unprotected frogs, a few died from the diseases and severities to which they were exposed, but the remainder grew up into fine healthy frogs, a credit to their class. Of the protected frogs, on the other hand, all grew to froghood, but they had been happier dead, for they were miserable anæmic creatures, a disgrace to their class. The former had been reared on the individualistic diet of freedom and competition, the latter upon the misdirected brotherhood and protective method of the Socialist.

Reduced to concrete form, this illustration simply raises the question as to whether it is better, healthier, and wiser that a given community should be constituted of about nine hundred and fifty strenuous individuals, battling in all the ups and downs of a competitive system of progress, or of one thousand listless creatures, dreamily satisfied and inevitably headed towards extinction.

Finally, the individualist does not propose silently to submit to the domination of public opinion, political for the most part, in these matters of social and industrial development. Private opinion is forever working out into higher standards of public opinion. True, Socialism is aggressive and has many allies, but luckily the individualist also is a born fighter. To have and to hold is his avowed slogan. The burden of ages is upon his back. He believes that when men are as individuals free to work, to earn, to save, and use their earnings as they see fit, the capable, the industrious, the temperate, and the intelligent, everywhere tend to rise to prosperity. The real interests

of society are bound up, not so much in the completely conditioned individual as in him, in every walk of life, 'that overcometh.' Working along these lines the individualist has hitherto always been looked upon as the all-necessary and paramount unit in social and industrial progress. To-day, as never before, he is called upon to defend this position and reassert these principles. National efficiency itself is at stake.

Among other characteristics the individualist has the plain-speaking habit. Some time ago, in a public debate, Mr. George B. Hugo, president of the Employers' Association of Massachusetts, addressed a body of Socialists as follows:—

'Do you as Socialists,' he said, 'for one moment believe that the unjust taking or confiscating of property by the simple act of the stroke of the pen will be accepted peaceably by individuals who now own property? Individual freedom and the private ownership of property will not be superseded by slavery and collective ownership without a struggle.'

Mr. Hugo is right, for it is quite as reprehensible to confiscate the ambition of the worker as it is to steal the property of the capitalist. But the struggle and the constructive work in the future are to be in the main, and to begin with, an internal movement. It is to be a revolt of American private opinion against Socialism and national inefficiency. One of the principal agents in this revolt is likely to be the enlightened, well-paid, well-conditioned, and well-organized laboring man. Religion, industry, and political science are all vitally interested in the leveling-up process. In reality, they are all of one private mind on the subject. The struggle in the future will consist in bringing these facts to the surface.

Personally, however, the present writer has no desire—probably no

business — to preach a sermon on the principles and prospects of American democracy. Its traditions and antecedents are not his. Years ago he appeared on the scene like a ship on the horizon, drifting languidly on the waters, with sails flapping in a spiritless breeze. Since then his opportunities have been great; his gratitude is still greater. He has inhaled the democratic atmosphere, absorbed what he con-

sidered to be its spirit, and appropriated to his own use what he could of its splendid lessons. In his opinion it is no mean privilege to be even heir-at-law to such a heritage. He makes no apology either for his opinions or his egotism. The ship, meanwhile, sails on, full-rigged and bountifully freighted; no longer becalmed but with a number of 'bones,' socialistic and otherwise, 'in her teeth.'

THE TWO GENERATIONS

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

It is always interesting to see ourselves through the eyes of others, even though that view may be most unflattering. The recent 'Letter to the Rising Generation,'¹ if I may judge from the well-thumbed and underscored copy of the *Atlantic* which I picked up in the College Library, has been read with keen interest by many of my fellows, and doubtless, too, with a more emphatic approval, by our elders. The indictment of an entire generation must at its best be a difficult task, but the author of the article has performed it with considerable circumspection, skirting warily the vague and the abstract, and passing from the judge's bench to the pulpit with a facility that indicates that justice is to be tempered with mercy. The rather appalling picture which she draws of past generations holding their breath to see what my contemporaries will make of themselves suggests, too, that we are still on probation, and so before final judg-

ment is passed, it may be pertinent to attempt, if not, from the hopeless nature of the case, a defense, at least, an extenuation of ourselves.

The writer's charge is pretty definite. It is to the effect that the rising generation in its reaction upon life and the splendid world which has been handed down to it shows a distinct softening of human fibre, spiritual, intellectual, and physical, in comparison with the generations which have preceded it. The most obvious retort to this is, of course, that the world in which we find ourselves is in no way of our own making, so that if our reactions to it are unsatisfactory, or our rebellious attitude toward it distressing, it is at least a plausible assumption that the world itself, despite the responsible care which the passing generation bestowed upon it, may be partly to blame.

But this, after all, is only begging the question. The author herself admits that we are the victims of educational experiments, and, in any event,

¹ *The Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1911.

each generation is equally guiltless of its world. We recognize with her that the complexity of the world we face only makes more necessary our bracing up for the fray. Her charge that we are not doing this overlooks, however, certain aspects of the situation which go far to explain our seemingly deplorable qualities.

The most obvious fact which presents itself in this connection is that the rising generation has practically brought itself up. School discipline, since the abolition of corporal punishment, has become almost nominal; church discipline practically nil; and even home discipline, although retaining the forms, is but an empty shell. The modern child from the age of ten is almost his own 'boss.' The helplessness of the modern parent face to face with these conditions is amusing. What generation but the one to which our critic belongs could have conceived of 'mothers' clubs' conducted by the public schools, in order to teach mothers how to bring up their children! The modern parent has become a sort of Parliament registering the decrees of a Grand Monarque, and occasionally protesting, though usually without effect, against a particularly drastic edict.

I do not use this assertion as a text for an indictment of the preceding generation; I am concerned, like our critic, only with results. These are a peculiarly headstrong and individualistic character among the young people, and a complete bewilderment on the part of the parents. The latter frankly do not understand their children, and their lack of understanding and of control over them means a lack of the moral guidance which, it has always been assumed, young people need until they are safely launched in the world. The two generations misunderstand each other as they never did before.

This fact is a basal one to any comprehension of the situation.

Now let us see how the rising generation brings itself up. It is perfectly true that the present-day secondary education, that curious fragmentary relic of a vitally humanistic age, does not appeal to them. They will tell you frankly that they do not see any use in it. Having brought themselves up, they judge utility by their own standards, and not by those of others. Might not the fact that past generations went with avidity to their multiplication table, their Latin grammar, and their English Bible, whereas the rising generation does not, imply that the former found some intellectual sustenance in those things which the latter fails to find? The appearance of industrial education on the field, and the desperate attempts of educational theory to make the old things palatable, which fifty years ago were gulped down raw, argues, too, that there may be a grain of truth in our feeling. Only after a serious examination of our intellectual and spiritual viands should our rejection of them be attributed to a disordered condition of our stomachs.

The author's charge that the rising generation betrays an extraordinary love of pleasure is also true. The four years' period of high-school life among the children of the comfortable classes, is, instead of being a preparation for life, literally one round of social gaiety. But it is not likely that this is because former generations were less eager for pleasure, but rather because they were more rigidly repressed by parents and custom, while their energy was directed into other channels, religious, for instance. But now, with every barrier removed, we have the unique spectacle of a youthful society where there is perfectly free intercourse, an unforced social life of equals, in which there are bound to develop

educative influences of profound significance. Social virtues will be learned better in such a society than they can ever be from moral precepts. An important result of this camaraderie is that the boy's and the girl's attitude toward life, their spiritual outlook, has come to be the same. The line between the two 'spheres' has long disappeared in the industrial classes; it is now beginning to fade among the comfortable classes.

Our critic has not seen that this avidity for pleasure is a natural ebullition which, flaring up naturally, within a few years as naturally subsides. It goes, too, without that ennui of overstimulation; and the fact that it has been will relieve us of the rising generation from feeling that envy which invariably creeps into the tone of the passing generation when they say, 'We did not go such a pace when we were young.' After this period of pleasure has begun to subside, there ensues for those who have not been prematurely forced into industry, a strange longing for independence. This feeling is most striking among the girls of the rising generation, and crops up in the most unexpected places, in families in the easiest circumstances, where to the preceding generation the idea of caring to do anything except stay at home and get married, if possible, would have been inconceivable. They want somehow to feel that they are standing on their own feet. Like their brothers, they begin to chafe under the tutelage, nominal though it is, of the home. As a result, these daughters of the comfortable classes go into trained nursing, an occupation which twenty years ago was deemed hardly respectable; or study music, or do settlement work, or even public-school teaching. Of course, girls who have had to earn their own living have long done these things; the significant point is that the late rapid in-

crease in these professions comes from those who have a comfortable niche in society all prepared for them. I do not argue that this proves any superior quality of character on the part of this generation, but it does at least fail to suggest a desire to lead lives of ignoble sloth.

The undergraduate feels this spirit, too. He often finds himself vaguely dissatisfied with what he has acquired, and yet does not quite know what else would have been better for him. He stands on the threshold of a career, with a feeling of boundless possibility, and yet often without a decided bent toward any particular thing. One could do almost anything were one given the opportunity, and yet, after all, just what shall one do? Our critic has some very hard things to say about this attitude. She attributes it to an egotistic philosophy, imperfectly absorbed. But may it not rather be the result of that absence of repression in our bringing-up, of that rigid moulding which made our grandfathers what they were?

It must be remembered that we of the rising generation have to work this problem out all alone. Pastors, teachers, and parents flutter aimlessly about with their ready-made formulas, but somehow these are less efficacious than they used to be. I doubt if any generation was ever thrown quite so completely on its own resources as ours is. Through it all, the youth as well as the girl feels that he wants to count for something in life. His attitude, which seems so egotistical to his elders, is the result of this and of a certain expansive outlook, rather than any love of vain-glory. He has never known what it was to be moulded, and he shrinks a little perhaps from going through that process. The traditional professions have lost some of their automatic appeal. They do con-

ventionalize, and furthermore, the youth, looking at many of their representatives, the men who 'count' in the world to-day, may be pardoned if he feels sometimes as if he did not want to count in just that way. The youth 'who would not take special training because it would interfere with his sacred individuality' is an unfair caricature of this weighing, testing attitude toward the professions. The elder generation should remember that it is no longer the chartered sea that it was to our grandfathers, and be accordingly lenient with us of the rising generation.

Business, to the youth standing on the threshold of life, presents a similar dilemma. Too often it seems like a choice between the routine of a mammoth impersonal corporation, and chicanery of one kind or another, or the living by one's wits within the pale of honesty. The predatory individualist, the 'hard-as-nails' specimen, does exist, of course, but we are justified in ignoring him here; for, however much his tribe may increase, it is certain that it will not be his kind, but the more spiritually sensitive, the amorphous ones of the generation, who will impress some definite character upon the age, and ultimately count for good or evil, as a social force. With these latter, it should be noted, that, although this is regarded as a mercenary age, the question of gain, to an increasingly large number, has little to do with the final decision.

The economic situation in which we find ourselves, and to which not only the free, of whom we have been speaking, but also the unfree of the rising generation are obliged to react, is perhaps the biggest factor in explaining our character. In this reaction the rising generation has a very real feeling of coming straight up against a wall of diminishing opportunity. I do not see

how it can be denied that practical opportunity is less for this generation than it has been for those preceding it. The man of fifty years ago, if he was intellectually inclined, was able to get his professional training at small expense, and usually under the personal guidance of his elders; if commercially inclined, he could go into a small, settled, self-respecting business house, practically a profession in itself and a real school of character. If he had a broader outlook, there was the developing West for him, or the growing industrialism of the East. It looks, at least from this distance, as if opportunity were easy for that generation. They had the double advantage of being more circumscribed in their outlook, and of possessing more ready opportunity at hand.

But these times have passed forever. Nowadays, professional training is lengthy and expensive; independent business requires big capital for success; and there is no more West. It is still as true as ever that the exceptional man will always 'get there,' but now it is likely to be only the exceptional man, whereas formerly all the able 'got there,' too. The only choice for the vast majority of the young men of to-day is between being swallowed up in the routine of a big corporation, and experiencing the vicissitudes of a small business, which is now an uncertain, rickety affair, usually living by its wits, in the hands of men who are forced to subordinate everything to self-preservation, and in which the employee's livelihood is in constant jeopardy. The growing consciousness of this situation explains many of the peculiar characteristics of our generation.

It has a direct bearing on the question of responsibility. Is it not sound doctrine that one becomes responsible only by being made responsible for some-

thing? Now, what incentive to responsibility is produced by the industrial life of to-day? In the small business there is the frank struggle for gain between employer and employee, a contest of profits *vs.* wages, each trying to get the utmost possible out of the other. The only kind of responsibility that this can possibly breed is the responsibility for one's own subsistence. In the big business, the employee is simply a small part of a big machine; his work counts for so little that he can rarely be made to feel any intimate responsibility for it.

Then, too, our haphazard industrial system offers such magnificent opportunities to a young man to get into the wrong place. He is forced by necessity to go early, without the least training or interest, into the first thing which offers itself. The dull, specialized routine of the modern shop or office, so different from the varied work and the personal touch which created interest in the past, is the last thing on earth that will mould character or produce responsibility. When the situation with an incentive appears, however, we are as ready as any generation, I believe, to meet it.

I have seen too many young men, of the usual futile bringing-up and negligible training, drift idly about from one 'job' to another, without apparent ambition, until something happened to be presented to them which had a spark of individuality about it, whereupon they faced about and threw themselves into the task with an energy that brought success and honor, — I have seen too much of this not to wonder, somewhat impudently perhaps, whether this boasted character of our fathers was not rather the result of their coming into contact with the proper stimulus at the proper time, than of any tougher, grittier strain in their spiritual fibre. Those

among our elders, who, deploring Socialism, insist so strenuously on the imperfections of human nature, ought not to find fault with the theory that frail humanity is under the necessity of receiving the proper stimulus before developing a good character or becoming responsible.

Nor is the rising generation any the less capable of effort when conditions call it forth. I wonder how our critic accounts for the correspondence schools which have sprung up so abundantly within the past fifteen years. They are patronized by large numbers of young men and women who have had little academic training and have gone early into industry. It is true that the students do not spend their time on the Latin grammar; they devote themselves to some kind of technical course which they have been led to believe will qualify them for a better position. But the fact that they are thus willing to devote their spare time to study certainly does not indicate a lack of effort. Rather, it is the hardest kind of effort, for it is directed toward no immediate end, and, more than that, it is superimposed on the ordinary work, which is usually quite arduous enough to fatigue the youth.

Young apprentices in any branch where there is some kind of technical or artistic appeal, such as mechanics or architecture, show an almost incredible capacity of effort, often spending, as I have seen them do, whole days over problems. I know too a young man who, appointed very young to political office, found that the law would be useful to him, and travels every evening to a near-by city to take courses. His previous career had been most inglorious, well calculated by its aimlessness to ruin any 'character'; but the incentive was applied, and he proved quite capable of putting forth a surprising amount of steady effort.

Our critics are perhaps misled by the fact that these young men do not announce with a blare of trumpets that they are about to follow in the footsteps of an Edison or a Webster. It must be admitted that even such men as I have cited do still contrive to work into their time a surprising amount of pleasure. But the whole situation shows conclusively, I think, that our author has missed the point when she says that the rising generation shows a real softening of the human fibre. It is rather that we have the same reserves of ability and effort, but that from the complex nature of the economic situation these reserves are not unlocked so early or so automatically as with former generations.

The fact that our fathers did not need correspondence schools or night schools, or such things, implies either that they were not so anxious as we to count in the world, or that success was an easier matter in their day, either of which conclusions furnishes a pretty good extenuation of our own generation. We cannot but believe that our difficulties are greater in this generation; it is difficult to see that the effort we put forth to overcome these difficulties is not proportional to that increase. I am aware that to blame your surroundings when the fault lies in your own character is the one impiety which rouses the horror of present-day moral teachers. Can it not count to us for good, then, that most of us, while coming theoretically to believe that this economic situation explains so much of our trouble, yet continue to act as if our deficiencies were all our own fault?

Our critic is misled by the fact that we do not talk about unselfishness and self-sacrifice and duty, as her generation apparently used to do, into thinking that we do not know what these things mean. It is true that we do not fuss and fume about our souls, or tend

our characters like a hot-house plant. This is a changing, transitional age, and our view is outward rather than inward. In an age of newspapers, free libraries, and cheap magazines, we necessarily get a broader horizon than the passing generation had. We see what is going on in the world, and we get the clash of different points of view, to an extent which was impossible to our fathers. We cannot be blamed for acquiring a suspicion of ideals, which, however powerful their appeal once was, seem singularly impotent now, or if we seek for motive forces to replace them, or for new terms in which to restate the world. We have an eagerness to understand the world in which we live that amounts almost to a passion. We want to get behind the scenes, to see how the machinery of the modern world actually works. We are curious to learn what other people are thinking, and to get at the forces that have produced their point of view. We dabble in philanthropy as much from curiosity to see how people live as from any feeling of altruism. We read all sorts of strange philosophies to get the personal testimony of men who are interpreting the world. In the last analysis, we have a passion to understand why people act as they do.

We have, as a result, become impatient with the conventional explanations of the older generation. We have retained from childhood the propensity to see through things, and to tell the truth with startling frankness. This must, of course, be very disconcerting to a generation, so much of whose activity seems to consist in glossing over the unpleasant things or hiding the blemishes on the fair face of civilization. There are too many issues evaded which we would like to meet. Many of us find, sooner or later, that the world is a very different sort of place from what our carefully deodor-

ized and idealized education would have us believe.

When we find things simply not as they are painted, is it any wonder that we turn to the new prophets rather than to the old? We are more than half confident that the elder generation does not itself really believe all the conventional ideals which it seeks to force upon us, and much of our presumption is a result of the contempt we naturally feel for such timorousness. Too many of your preachers seem to be whistling simply to keep up your courage. The plain truth is that the younger generation is acquiring a positive faith, in contact with which the nerveless negations of the elder generation feel their helplessness without knowing just what to do about it except to scold the young.

This positive aspect is particularly noticeable in the religion of the rising generation. As our critic says, the religious thinking of the preceding generation was destructive and uncertain. We are demanding a definite faith, and our spiritual centre is rapidly shifting from the personal to the social in religion. Not personal salvation, but social; not our own characters, but the character of society, is our interest and concern. We feel social injustice as our fathers felt personal sin. Settlement work and socialist propaganda, things done fifty years ago only by rare and heroic souls like Kingsley, Ruskin, and Maurice, are now the commonplaces of the undergraduate.

The religion that will mean anything to the rising generation will be based on social ideals. An essay like ex-President Eliot's 'Religion of the Future,' which in a way synthesizes science and history and these social ideals and gives them the religious tinge which every age demands, supplies a real working religious platform to many a young man and woman

of the rising generation, and an inspiration of which our elders can form no conception. Perhaps it is unfair to call this religion at all. Perhaps it is simply the scientific attitude toward the world. But I am sure that it is more than this; I am sure that it is the scientific attitude tinged with the religious that will be ours of the rising generation. We find that we cannot keep apart our religion, our knowledge, our practice, and our hopes in water-tight compartments, as our ancestors did. We are beginning to show an incorrigible tendency to work our spiritual assimilations into one intelligible, constructive whole.

It is to this attitude rather than to a softening of fibre that I think we may lay our growing disinclination to deify sacrifice and suffering. A young chemistry student said to me the other day, 'Science means that nothing must be wasted!' This idea somehow gets mixed up with human experience, and we come to believe that human life and happiness are things that must not be wasted. Might it not be that such a belief that human waste of life and happiness was foolish and unnecessary would possibly be of some avail in causing that waste to disappear? And one of the most inspiring of the prophets to the rising generation, William James, has told us that certain 'moral equivalents' of these things are possible which will prevent that incurable decaying of fibre which the elder generation so anxiously fears.

Another result of this attitude is our growing belief in political machinery. We are demanding of our preachers that they reduce quality to quantity. 'Stop talking about liberty and justice and love, and show us institutions, or concerted attempts to model institutions that shall be free or just or lovely,' we cry. You have been trying so long to reform the world by making

men 'good,' and with such little success, that we may be pardoned if we turn our attention to the machinery of society, and give up for a time the attempt to make the operators of that machinery strictly moral. We are disgusted with sentimentality. Indeed, the charm of Socialism to so many of the rising generation is just that scientific aspect of it, its claim of historical basis, and its very definite and concrete organization for the attainment of its ends. A philosophy which gives an illuminating interpretation of the present, and a vision of the future, with a definitely crystallized plan of action with concrete methods, however unsound it may all be, can hardly be said to appeal simply to the combination of 'a weak head, a soft heart, and a desire to shirk.'

Placed in such a situation as we are, and with such an attitude toward the world, we are as interested as you and the breathless generations behind you to see what destinies we shall work out for ourselves. An unpleasantly large proportion of our energy is now drained off in fighting the fetishes which you of the elder generation have passed along to us, and which, out of some

curious instinct of self-preservation, you so vigorously defend. We, on the other hand, are becoming increasingly doubtful whether you believe in yourselves quite so thoroughly as you would have us think. Your words are very brave, but the tone is hollow. Your mistrust of us, and your reluctance to convey over to us any of your authority in the world, looks a little too much like the fear and dislike that doubt always feels in the presence of conviction, to be quite convincing. We believe in ourselves; and this fact, we think, is prophetic for the future. We have an indomitable feeling that we shall attain, or if not, that we shall pave the way for a generation that shall attain.

Meanwhile our constructive work is hampered by your distrust, while you blame us for our lack of accomplishment. Is this an attitude calculated to increase our responsibility and our self-respect? Would it not be better in every way, more constructive and more fruitful, to help us in our aspirations and endeavors, or, failing that, at least to strive to understand just what those aspirations and endeavors are?

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE

BY M. E. HAGGERTY

Go to the ant, thou sluggard;
Consider her ways and be wise:
Which having no guide, overseer, or ruler,
Provideth her meat in the summer,
And gathereth her food in the harvest.

FROM Solomon to Roosevelt and John Burroughs the human race has displayed an interest in the habits of animals. The most versatile of the Greeks foreshadowed the course of all later natural histories. The *Historia Animalium*, written about 345 B. C. is bubbling over with the same sort of facts that one finds in the books of natural history to-day. 'It is the instinct of the hedgehog,' wrote Aristotle, 'to alter the entrance to his burrow when the wind changes from the north to the south, or to change from wall to wall at the approach of weather changes'; 'the woodpecker has been known to place an almond in a crack of the tree to prepare it for a blow of his bill, and in its hunt for worms in the bark of trees, it hollows them out so much as to throw them down'; 'the disposition of sheep is foolish and without sense, but many animals in their mode of life appear to *imitate* mankind'; 'because the cuckoo is conscious of its own timidity, it lays its eggs in the nests of other birds that its young may be cared for'; and the philosopher's pigeons 'can distinguish ten different varieties of hawks.' The reader can but marvel at the wealth of material which Aristotle gathered together, though he may often be amused at the *naïveté* of the interpretations.

Historically, animal psychology falls

into three main divisions: the natural-history period, from Aristotle to Darwin; the critical period, including Darwin, Romanes, and Lloyd Morgan; and the experimental period, which, beginning with Lloyd Morgan, is now in full career. The Darwinian period differs from all that went before chiefly in a more scientific scrutiny of the anecdotal material, and a careful arrangement of this material with a view to substantiating a psychological theory: with Darwin and Romanes, the continuity of mental life throughout the animal race including man; with Morgan the dominance of instinctive behavior and accidental learning. The experimental period, taking its cue from Morgan, was at first dominated by Morgan's bias, but is now freeing itself from all presuppositions except that it is worth while to know what animals do, and what psychological processes they have.

The recent interest in the behavior of animals has arisen from interest in two other sciences. Psychologists, stimulated largely by the writings of William James, have shown an increasing desire to know the genesis of the human mind. Two possible avenues of approach present themselves: the study of the child, and the study of the mind as it appears in the animal world. So for a number of years we have had genetic psychology in the schools, ontogenetic psychology, and phylogenetic psychology. In approaching either of these fields, however, it was found that the most one

could do was to speculate on the basis of a meagre collection of facts. This was particularly true of phylogenetic psychology, because all the material available consisted of the anecdotes collected from widely scattered sources. That some of this material was authentic no one doubted. Some of it had been gathered by such accurate scientists as Darwin and Romanes. But some of it also came from the hand of such good story-tellers as Buffon and Brehm. So much of it gave evidence of being colored by the reporter's own illusions that to separate the true from the imagined was an impossible task. Students in the field realized that if we were to have a phylogenesis of mind that was in the least degree reliable we must have new data collected under conditions that were accurately known. That the collection of such data was to be a slow task was evident from the start; the work could only be done by men trained in the methods of science who could devote large amounts of time to the work.

The movement began from the psychological end with the publication in 1898 of a monograph by Thorndike on *Animal Intelligence*, the important part of the paper being the report of a series of experiments on chickens, cats, and dogs. This was followed by a paper by Dr. Small on the mental processes of the white rat. Other papers followed from both the Columbia and Clark laboratories, and before long a number of American universities were conducting research along similar lines.

Almost contemporaneously with this movement downward along the phylogenetic scale, biological science took a new departure. Attention had long been given to morphological and structural science, but for a time at least it shifted to a study of the *processes of nature*. This movement has recently

been characterized by Professor Jennings in these words: 'A new spirit has permeated biological science in every division, — in brief, the desire to see the processes of nature occurring, and to modify and control these processes, — not merely to judge what processes must have occurred. In the words of the young Clerk Maxwell, we wish "to see the particular go" of the processes of nature. . . . In the new spirit of work the desire is to see the things happening, not to conclude what must have happened. We wish to see the processes themselves, not merely the results of the processes.' An early result of this new biological spirit was the study of the behavior of simple organisms. It was a study, not of what organs an animal has, how many it has, and where they are located, so much as a study of how an animal behaves under changing environmental conditions.

Naturally, the genetic psychologist had much in common with this new biological spirit, and the two sciences have met in common territory. The outcome has been a collection and grouping of facts that may well lay claim to being called a new science, a science which in its present intention, at least, is essentially experimental, and which we may call the science of animal behavior.

When one speaks of studying an animal experimentally it must not be understood that the animal is to be sliced, to be tortured, to be put into cramped conditions, to be placed at a disadvantage. To experiment means to know and to control the conditions under which the animal behaves. To draw one's finger across the path of an ant with a view to seeing how the behavior of the ant is changed is to experiment. The animal must be free to do its best, it must be kept in health and free from fear. It must be given a square deal, and be allowed to display

every atom of sense-power or intelligence that it can muster. On the other hand, it is absolutely necessary that all the modifying conditions that play any part in the animal's behavior must be known, and that in successive experiments they must be individually varied so that the exact effect of each will be discovered.

The following will make clear what I mean. In the Harvard Psychological Laboratory the writer was studying a dog's power of visual discrimination. We never can know much about the dog's intelligence until we know something more about his senses. Can a dog see colors? Does he recognize persons by sight or smell? To what extent can he discriminate between two forms? How accurately does he distinguish varying shades of brightness?

To test certain of these matters a device of this sort was used: The stimuli for reaction were two circles of flashed opal glass through each of which a twenty-five watt tungsten lamp sent its rays. The circles were separated by a wooden partition and the dog must pass down a four-foot board alley and select one of the two circles by going to one or the other side of the partition. In case the small circle was selected a trap in the bottom of the alley was opened by a sliding door and the dog, a cocker spaniel, was allowed to get food. In order that the animal might not be guided by smell, similar food cups were placed on either side of the partition, and in each of them were placed pieces of food of the same size and kind. That she should not rely on the position of the smaller disc, the circles of glass were arranged in an aluminum slide which could be shifted from right to left and back. The smaller disc thus appeared irregularly on the right and left side of the partition. To prevent the dog choosing by the brightness of the disc, the lights

were fastened to lamp carriages which were mounted on tracks. The lamps could thus be moved far away from the glass or brought close to it, thereby altering the relative brightness of the two discs. To minimize the difference in the amount of heat coming from the lamps at unequal distances, water cells for the absorption of heat were placed back of the glass. Further to eliminate differences in light, the whole apparatus was painted a dead black and used in a dark room.

By thus ruling out smell, regularity of position, and differences in shape, light, and heat, it was intended to force discrimination by a single visual factor, namely, size. In later experiments the sense for shape, position, heat, light, and color could be made, and finally we could arrive at an accurate knowledge of a dog's power of vision. Each of the factors could be varied independently and the part played by each accurately determined.

My experience with the first dog tried shows how difficult it is to keep tab on all the factors involved. My method was to give the dog from ten to fifty trials a day until she learned to choose a three-centimeter circle in preference to a six-centimeter circle at least eighty or ninety per cent of the time. When this act had been learned, a three-and-a-half-centimeter circle was substituted for the smaller one and the tests were repeated. I found no difficulty in getting the animal to go forward, and when she chose correctly I opened the slide door and she got food. It was not so easy, however, to induce the animal to come back to the starting place and I was compelled to put a leash on her. This I allowed to hang loosely, barely missing the floor. After a very large number of trials, the dog, whose name was Dolcy, began to choose the smaller circle, and soon her learning was progressing rapidly. She

discriminated a three, a three-and-a-half, a four, and a four-and-a-half-centimeter circle from a six-centimeter circle in rapid succession. In the latter case she learned the act in fifty trials, finally discriminating correctly one hundred per cent of the time. An important feature of her behavior was her apparent comparison of the two lighted discs. She would go straight to one disc, thrust her head into the apartment, stop a moment, step back, look into the other apartment while standing with an uplifted forefoot, look again into the first side, back to the other and again to the first, finally choosing the smaller circle, the experimenter all the while in interested suspense.

It can well be imagined that after the painstaking work necessary to bring such a study to fruition, the experimenter would be much gratified at the clear results, and the reader may possibly imagine the chagrin when he found that an unsuspected error had crept into the work. One day when the leash was removed during the experiments, the dog was unable to find the circle, the choosing of which had always brought her food. Repeatedly she essayed to choose and at least half the time failed. She hit upon the plan of going to one side all the time, and from the irregular plan of shifting the circles from one side to the other, she got food a number of times. Then she was refused food until she went to the other side, and she resorted to going to the brighter light. In short, she had to learn all over again; she had not at any time discriminated between the two circles. Instead of being guided by stimuli in front of her she had relied upon stimuli from another direction.

Much as I disliked to admit it, I could find no other explanation for the animal's unexpected behavior than

that I, myself, had unconsciously given her the clue to choice. The leash was the source of trouble; holding the strap in my hand and interestedly watching the animal's movements I had unintentionally changed the tension of the leash. How delicate must have been the dog's muscular sense will be realized when you recall that the leash all but dragged on the floor of the alley. Surely a good case of muscle-reading! That this is the probable explanation is evidenced by two facts. First, by the fact that when the leash was not used the dog quit making what had seemed to be comparisons of the two stimuli. She no longer looked from one side to the other, but went directly to one of the two circles. The other bit of circumstantial evidence was that when the leash was again put on, the dog had no difficulty in selecting the correct circle.

One turns with a good deal of skepticism from the deception of a rigidly controlled experiment like this to the wholly uncontrolled observations of the naturalist, especially when the naturalist attempts a psychological explanation of what he supposes himself to have seen. To sit back on one's front porch and watch a downy woodpecker hollowing out his cup in the top of a chestnut post, think that 'it may have been the first cavity of the kind it has ever made,' and then conclude that the bird is controlled solely by instinct, is to be content with a crumb of doubtful fact when a little ingenuity and a willingness to try might give the whole fact. However engrossing such observation may be to the naturalist himself, and however entertaining the anecdotes may be to the popular reader, the science of animal behavior and comparative psychology must be founded on something more analytic and more verifiable. What, in detail, does the naturalist know of the downy

woodpecker's past experience? Has he ever seen this bird before? Will he ever see it again and note how differently it may work at another time? How old is it? What does he know in detail of the bird's various sense-powers? How well can it smell or see? With what senses is it endowed with which the naturalist has no first-hand acquaintance? How often has it tried this same act and failed? Is it an average bird of the species, or an unusual one? What fortunate circumstances enabled it to invent a new plan of action? How do the various powers of the animal develop? How stupid has the pecker been in circumstances overflowing with opportunity for intelligent action? These and a thousand other questions the mere observer will not answer in a long, long time, and until they are answered we can never have a scientific study of the animal mind.

No experimental student of animal behavior would deny the value of well-authenticated anecdotes of the doings of animals, or the unspeakably precious contributions of naturalists of all time to our knowledge of the habits of the wild folk. But the necessarily fragmentary character of such material will always leave the animal mind a region of myth into which the would-be comparative psychologist can project the fanciful conceptions of his own mind; conceptions which serve not nearly so much to illuminate the field as the actual discovery of some small power of sense-perception or the exact part imitation plays in animal learning.

It is to find an answer to such questions as the naturalist cannot answer that the experimental method has come into being. Besides the discrimination method already set forth, investigators have used three principal modes of procedure: the puzzle-box method, the labyrinth method, and the

method of the salivary reflex. The simplest of these is the labyrinth method. Usually some form of the Hampton Court Maze is used. The animal is placed at the outer end of the intricate network of alleys, and it must find its way about, past openings which lead into blind alleys to the centre. Interest centres in the manner in which the animal learns to avoid bypaths and to hasten its journey to the end. Small first used this device on the white rat, and numerous investigators have since employed it.

The puzzle-box method, which requires the manipulation of a lock or fastening in order to get food, is illustrated by an experiment the writer performed with monkeys. The monkey was confined in a cage approximately four feet square and six feet high. In the back of this cage near the floor an opening was made. This opening was closed by a glass door through which the monkey was allowed to see bananas suspended by a cord. The glass door could be opened by a string which passed from the door down under the cage and up a corner post on the front of the cage. The end of this string was fastened to a wooden plug put into the corner post halfway up on the inside. If the monkey could learn to climb this post and pull out the plug, he could then get the banana by going back down to the door.

The method of the salivary reflex has been used chiefly in the Physiological Institute at St. Petersburg. A fistula is formed by making an incision in the lip of the dog to the salivary duct, and diverting this duct from the inside to the outside of the mouth. The operation is easily made, the wound quickly heals, and the animal is apparently not disturbed by the event. The training tests are then begun. The dog is shown colors, and while looking at one color, say red, he is given a piece of meat, but

when looking at other colors he is not fed. In this way an association is formed between the red color and the food. The experiment proper is then begun by showing the animal various colors in succession. In the training tests, red had come to call forth the reflexes connected with the getting of food, and now when red appears in the series, the reflexes occur even though no food is present. One of the most important of these reflexes is the secretion of saliva. The amount and quality of the saliva secreted indicates whether the dog can discriminate a red color from another color of the same brightness. The dog's sense of sight is thus tested by a chemical and physical examination of its saliva. In this way the dog's power of discriminating sounds, odors, and colors has been tested.

In a large part of the work so far done, investigators have relied upon hunger as a motive to induce animals to work. It was supposed that with regulated feeding you have here a motive of fairly constant intensity. My work with the dog indicates that food is an unreliable motive in the work with that animal. The dog will fare well on a small amount of food and, in the case of a very difficult task, his hunger is not sufficient to make him endure repeated failure. The daintiness of Dolcy's appetite and the fiction of hunger being a constant stimulus became evident in my experiments on size-discrimination. After each successful choice the animal was getting a small cube of corned beef. The dog did very well, but one morning was greatly at sea in her choices; she went to the large and small discs indiscriminately and failed so often that she finally gave up all effort and sat still in the alley. The situation was perplexing and I was about to replace the small disc by one still smaller when I thought of offering

some of the fragments of roast lamb that I had brought along that morning. The instant the lamb was unwrapped Dolcy became active and could hardly be kept inside her cage. When given a chance she went directly to the proper place and continued to make correct choices for some time. Such is the direct effect of roast lamb on animal intelligence!

The unsatisfactory character of the food stimulus caused Yerkes to resort to punishment for wrong choices instead of rewarding correct choices. He covered the bottom of the discrimination box, in which he was testing dancing-mice, with small copper wire, and when the animal went the wrong way it was given a slight shock. It has been found that animals under these circumstances learn much more quickly than when prompted by hunger alone.

The results of ten years' work in the experimental study of the animal mind may be stated as a widening of our knowledge in two directions. We know far more than we ever did about the sensory experiences of animals, and we know far more than before about their methods of learning, with all the collateral processes that go along with learning. In the former field the lower animals have been more widely explored; in the latter the higher animals have received most attention.

Our knowledge of the sensory experiences of animals has developed both by way of limitation and by way of expansion. We cannot conclude from the mere presence of a sense-organ that the animal sees, hears, smells, or tastes in the same way as other animals having these same organs, and certainly not as the human being does. Research has also revealed the presence of sensory reactions in animals, as in the *amœba*, in which there are no specific sense-organs. In other animals there have been discovered sensory reactions

to which there is nothing analogous in the human species, indicating the presence of an entirely new sense.

A good example of how experimental work alters our understanding of these matters is Watson's investigation on the white rat. The normal man, seeing the rat endowed with all the sense-organs of man, concludes that they rely upon their sense-organs in a way similar to the ways of man. Experimental evidence points in a contrary direction. Watson worked with rats that were blind, rats that were deaf, rats that could not smell, rats whose *vibrissæ* had been cut off and the soles of whose feet had been anæsthetized. Not the absence of vision nor of hearing nor of smell nor of tactual sensation seemed to affect the rat's ability to learn a labyrinth, or to run a maze which had been learned before the loss of the sense in question. The animals seemed guided by some sense whose organ is not apparent to normal observation, and Watson concludes that the process of correct turning in the maze is not controlled by extra-organic sensations, but by something that goes on in the body of the animal during the experience of learning: muscular sensations, changes in the bodily organs due to upright position, bodily balance, freedom of movement, etc.

Unexpected results of this sort have made students experimenting on the animal mind hesitate to accept popular beliefs about animal senses as true until the supposed facts have been given experimental verification. The work of Pawlow and his students indicates that the Russian wolf hound is color-blind. This raises a very pertinent question in regard to all other species of dog. On the other hand, the nocturnal raccoon, to which the color-sense must certainly be of much less value than to the dog, discriminates colors with considerable accuracy. Sparrows, cowbirds, and

monkeys seem to fall in with the raccoon in this matter of color-vision, as do also certain kinds of fish and amphibians. The frog seems able to recognize the light waves, not only through the eye, but also by means of the skin. In many of the experiments, however, the apparatus used has not been such as certainly to separate the color-stimulus from the stimulus to the sensations of light and dark. It may be, therefore, that what has seemed in some animals a response to color is nothing more than the brightness of vision of color-blind human beings. The question has been raised for the whole animal world; from the standpoint of science we are on the verge of an undiscovered country, and we are not likely to accept the claims of mere casual observers or to rest content in our present ignorance.

With the other senses the case is somewhat the same. Yerkes found that the dancing-mouse is deaf, but birds, dogs, and raccoons are capable of fine discriminations of sound, while crayfish hear but little, if at all. The earthworm has a chemical sense analogous to the sense of taste and smell in the human family; the ants detect various kinds of odor with the several joints of their *antennæ*, and Jennings has shown that the naked bit of protoplasm called *amoeba* reacts to all classes of stimuli to which higher animals react. But what we know is small in view of the great unproved riches of animal sensations that lie before us.

In the field of learning the first and most important result of the critical and experimental work on the higher animals was to reveal the general poverty of these animals in higher intellectual processes. Cats, dogs, chickens, and monkeys do not reason out things, they do not learn by being put through acts, nor do they learn to the extent it is generally supposed they do by imitation. They learn new acts by

accidentally happening upon modes of behavior that bring them pleasurable experiences. The pleasure of these accidental happenings stamps in an association between a sense-impression and the successful act, and thus the act tends to be repeated. This explanation calls for no ideas, no memories, no images even, apart from immediate sense-impressions. This explanation demands, of course, that the animal be endowed with the tendency to make movements of various sorts, the most stereotyped ones of which may be called instincts. Successive experimentation has shown that this form of learning is widespread. White rats, rhesus monkeys, crayfish, sparrows, and raccoons, all modify their inherited tendencies to action in the same way.

That the experimentalists, in the enthusiasm of their new discoveries, swept away too much of the popular faith in the mental powers of animals is evidenced by more recent studies on cats, monkeys, and raccoons. Imitation, and imitation of an advanced type, does play some part in the learning of cats and monkeys. It is the writer's opinion that further refinement of experimental procedure and a more comprehensive study of individual species will be decidedly to the animals' advantage. First attempts at experimentation were crude, and the animals' reputation for intelligence suffered. One cannot set problems for animal-learning that will adequately lay bare the animal's possibilities without an extended analytic study of the free movements of the animal in question. That many of the conditions of early experimentation fell short in one or another respect is no more than was to be expected in the first incursions into a new field. A juster appreciation of animal intelligence is bound to come when laboratory men have had the time and insight to invent tests that

will more adequately unravel the intricacies of animal behavior. It is the spirit, however, of current investigation to proceed with extreme caution, to allow to the animal mind no attribution of intelligence, the possession of which has not been demonstrated by rigidly-controlled experimentation. No present-day laboratory man will ever give credence to the once common absurdities of mere observation.

In the field of learning there has been an interesting though indirect confirmation of the continuity of the Darwinian hypothesis of mental life throughout the animal scale up to and including man. The impassable gulf between man and the beasts is an illusion, as Darwin thought it was. The confirmation of the doctrine, however, has not come about by demonstrating the presence in animals of clear-cut intellectual processes, but by showing that the sort of learning that does hold in animals is the very root of all that is developed in the mind of man. The lowest man, of course, rises above the highest animal in many ways, but the highest man has as the central core of all his mental and bodily life the fund of habits that he first learned in the trial-and-error fashion of the world below him. The modern psychology of human thinking gives no encouragement to the older belief that a man's thinking processes go on after the fashion of Aristotelian syllogisms. The normal man is not gifted with any such clear-cut manipulations as was at one time supposed. His mind is a more or less confused mass of sensations of sight, memories of sound, imagined odors, perceived forms, impulses to move, frights, hopes, tastes of food, feelings of objects without and bodily changes within, pleasures and pains, hereditary tendencies to action, and the images of longed-for goods, the whole mass moving restlessly in the

individual's effort to live well in the midst of a changing environment; moving now slowly against stubborn difficulties, and now shooting forward with electric rapidity; moving now all together, as a mass, and now the larger part lying inhibited, while a fraction shoots off at the prompting of temporary attention; nothing in it certain but its imprisonment within the walls of sense, and its slavish conformity to habit; all its entrance into undiscovered country, which alone deserves the right to be called thinking, determined by its past history and its present interest, foredoomed to ceaseless activity by the imperative demands of breathing, of eating, of thinking, of loving, of hoping. The pure thought of the older metaphysical psychology is not the sort of thing that modern research brings to light. The concrete thinking of our work-a-day mind is something less pure, a little less ethereal, something more nearly akin to the animal from which we sprang. The same story repeats itself in every level of the race, — many trials, many errors, and possibly one happy accidental success, which, becoming stamped in by the pleasure of the result, constitutes learning.

I am aware that the reader is ready to ask the value of all this anxious work, for the experimental study of animal behavior is now a serious enterprise calling for the devotion of trained men and the expenditure of large sums of money. If the movement will successfully cope with the problems be-

fore it, there will be three rewards, any one of which is a sufficient justification.

First of all, there is the satisfaction of the great human instinct of curiosity. It is this instinct that makes the nature-lover observe the facts of the world about him. It is this that has brought all our pure science into being, and in this body of science the study of animal behavior seeks to find a place.

Secondly, if this study fulfills adequately the motives that brought it into being, it will reflect valuable knowledge on both biology and psychology. The results already attained justify the devotion which the study has received, and the further scientific conquest of the field is bound to repay the older sciences for their labor.

Finally, it is the hope of at least certain investigators that the new science may do something toward putting education on a scientific foundation. It cannot, of course, perform the whole task, but if with our animals we can work out the laws of the modification of behavior in living organisms, that is, discover their methods of learning, there is no doubt that we shall contribute thereby to the fields of school-organization and school-instruction. Just as the bacteriologist and the pharmacologist work out their facts by experimenting on animals and then apply the results to the care and the cure of the human body, so the animal psychologist may in the future become a most important ally of the educator.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

MRS. O'BEIRNE, veiling her blue, Irish eyes beneath her dark lashes, and nervously adjusting the back of her belt, made her way up to the top of the room and waited in suitable embarrassment for the customary applause to subside. At her elbow the wicked club secretary whispered, 'If you've forgot your speech, I've it copied down twice't over in the minutes already, from last year and the year before that.'

The blue eyes flashed a smile. 'Just for your impudence, Mary Flanagan, watch me now while I shock you with a bran new one,' murmured Mrs. O'Beirne; and then the clapping came to an end and she raised her eyes, with the laugh still in them, and spoke out. She had a proud little lift to her head, had Mrs. O'Beirne.

'Mrs. President, and the other ladies of the Mothers' Club, this is three times now that you've given me the honor of thanking you for electing me to be the treasurer of the Mothers' Club, and I don't know how to say nothing different this time from what I said the first time, and that is, Thank you! I'm just as grateful as ever I was, for this great honor you have devolved upon me, but my words is just as scarce. And one thing which I did not expect, and that was to have the vote unanimous and standing up. I was not looking for it at all.'

There was a light volley of appreciative applause. The secretary, busy scribbling, whispered, 'Go slow!'

'And now,' continued the treasurer, 'there is more ways of saying thank you

than words, and I wish I could say it in figures, too. I'd like to be able to say I was going to keep the accounts for the club better this year than I ever kept them before. But that's one thing about accounts, that if they are kept square they can't be kept squarer.'

'And you sure do keep 'em square,' cried an adulatory voice.

'So the only thing I can think of for to show you how much obliged I am to you' — here the speaker paused and surveyed quizzically the rows of American-Irish, middle-aged countenances — 'is to tell you a way I've thought of to get rid of the surplus in the treasury, and something over besides.'

There was an uproarious shout of laughter from the club, and Mrs. O'Beirne's wide mouth twitched sympathetically. Then, she straightened her shoulders, pressed her elbows against the sides of her waist, interlocked her fingers, and became suddenly and commandingly serious.

At once the audience settled into attention.

'Ladies of the Mothers' Club, it is time we done something as a club to show our gratitude to Miss Marshall and the Settlement for all they do for us.'

A smile of inspiration and enthusiasm dawned in the eyes of the mothers. Mrs. O'Beirne's voice softened to a reminiscent tone.

'It's ten years this spring that Miss Marshall come to me. It was the day after I buried my Jimmie, and I was sortin' over his little clothes and fold-

in' them away. And Miss Marshall, she had come to call, the way she always does when there's anybody in the neighborhood needs a friend. And she says to me, "Mrs. O'Beirne," she says, "I want you to help me to start a Mothers' Club." — She never fails to say the comforting word, does Miss Marshall. And me that had n't any children! God bless her!

The secretary and two or three other women wiped their eyes.

'So that was the way it begun,' resumed Mrs. O'Beirne, in firmer tones. 'There was twenty of us the first meeting, and I was the youngest of the lot, which I am to-day if it was n't for Mary Flanagan, but she's an old maid and don't count.'

The wet-eyed mothers laughed, and Mary Flanagan blew her nose and ejaculated, 'Get along with you!'

'Miss Marshall was president them years, till she'd learned us parliamentary rules and got so busy with the Settlement growing on her hands. And old Mrs. Brady, God rest her soul, was treasurer, and the dues was ten cents a month. To-day the membership's doubled, and the dues, and we belong to the Federation. We've got eighty-five dollars in the treasury this minute from the Fancy sale, and at the end of this meetin' when the members what owes has paid up their back dues, we'll have fifteen dollars more. And yesterday, when I was fitting Miss Marshall for her shirt-waists, she says to me, real mournful-like, "Oh, Mrs. O'Beirne, whatever are we goin' to do with the work?" she says. "So many things to do and so little money to do with, and all these new people comin' into the neighborhood that we'd ought to get hold of. Have you noticed how many Greeks there is comin' in?" she says. "And have I," says I, "the dirty, peddlin' thieves!" I says. And Miss Marshall laughed at me, and she

says, "Oh, Mrs. O'Beirne, and is that all of the Settlement spirit you've got off me all these years, — and you and me such friends?" And then she stood there thinkin'. And my head was that bowed with shame, did n't I cut the left shoulder of her shirt-waist all crooked, and spoiled the whole half of the front for her. But she has the heavenly disposition, Miss Marshall has.'

Here Mrs. O'Beirne looked at the secretary with an expression at once rueful and amused.

'That last about the shirt-waist don't belong to the speech, Mary Flanagan,' she remarked, 'so you need n't to be takin' it down. What I want to say is, there's a large empty room on the first floor of Number 60, and there's some one agreed to pay the rent, but it's the money for the furnishing that Miss Marshall has n't got.'

Mrs. O'Beirne paused.

'And what would the room be for?' asked a round-faced mother.

'Why, for the Greeks! Who else would it be for?'

'The Greeks!' muttered half a dozen voices; and gloom crept into the upturned eyes of the club.

Mrs. O'Beirne observed this shadow of opposition calmly.

'Well, what have you got against the Greeks?' she asked.

'They're foreigners,' croaked a stout, red-faced woman.

'There's Mrs. Grady, sittin' next to you, Mrs. MacAlarney, she's a foreigner. She was born in the Old Country, and so was Mrs. Halloran, three seats behind, and Mrs. Mahoney; and they're proud of it, and so are we.'

Some of the mothers laughed, others looked perplexed.

'There's a difference in foreigners,' asserted a wiry little woman. 'Them Greeks don't talk English.'

'If you'll just look inside a gram-

mar, Mrs. Barlow, you'll find that you and me don't talk English neither.'

More members laughed; but a gaunt, black-eyed woman rose and cried out angrily, 'What's the use of us trying to out-talk you, Mrs. O'Beirne, — but you know what we mean. They're a low, dirty lot. They ain't civilized, and I don't want nothing to do with them. I told my Josie if ever I caught her playin' in the street with them I'd break her neck.'

A number of the mothers, mortified by the vehemence of the speaker, lowered their eyes and moved uneasily in their chairs; but several nodded in violent accord.

'I'll hold with Mrs. Casey,' said one of these. 'Some people is lower than others, — the Chinese is about the lowest, but the Greeks is pretty low.'

'If there's any ladies here have been comin' to Miss Marshall's Travel Class,' interrupted Mrs. O'Beirne, 'they'll stand by me when I say that that's a mistake. The Greeks was artists and play-writers and poets; they were a civil-i-zation before you and me and America was thought of. I don't want to out-talk nobody. I'm not saying I'd choose Greeks, nor Roosians, nor Italians, for neighbors, if I had my way. But they're here. Ladies of the Mothers' Club, this is our chance for a share in this great work that's been going on in our midst for ten years. Where would the Mothers' Club be, I'll ask you, if it didn't have this room? There could n't no forty-five ladies squeeze into my tenement, that's sure! Nor into Mary Flanagan's, nor President Murphy's. And now, why can't we pass it on, and give the new people a chance?'

Contrite submissiveness emanated from the majority of the mothers, but a defiant voice at the back of the room demanded, —

'Did Miss Marshall ask you to ask the club for the money?'

'Shame! Shame!' murmured two or three mothers.

Mrs. O'Beirne fixed the speaker with a shocked, reproachful eye.

'She did not, Mrs. Morrison. I thank God I have two or three ideas of my own.'

Then her voice deepened to pleading: 'Ah, it isn't me that ought to be putting it into your heads to give this money. It's you that had ought to think of it for yourselves, — you that have children that'll live to bless this house. Nor we ain't the only mothers, nor ours ain't the only children. I have more time to think of them others' children than you have. You're right, they're ignorant foreigners; but if we don't try to make Americans out of them, then we're no better than foreigners ourselves, I say — and good-bye, America!'

Her adherents, now the greater part of the audience, applauded vigorously.

'There'll be one hundred dollars in the treasury,' she reiterated. 'What will we do with it?'

The wiry little woman bounced to her feet. 'I'll move that we give it to Miss Marshall to buy furniture.'

'I second the motion,' said Mrs. Morrison, haughtily but contrite.

'I knew you would,' Mrs. O'Beirne called out. 'I'm coming back there in a minute to kiss and make up.'

And in a few moments it had been arranged that the money should be presented to Miss Marshall, by the treasurer, at the next meeting.

Mrs. Morrison, Mary Flanagan, and two or three other women who lived near Mrs. O'Beirne, walked with her down the street, craning their necks and jostling one another to watch her as she talked. The naïve and innocent pleasure which she took in her own personality and achievement expressed

itself in her buoyant step, the brilliancy of her eyes, the happy excitement in her voice.

'She kind of chokes me when I look at her,' whispered one of the women. 'My heart beats like as if I'd been runnin'.'

'She's a grand woman!' declared Mary Flanagan, in a low, emphatic voice.

'I should think you'd be afraid to keep all that money by you, Mrs. O'Beirne,' Mrs. Morrison was saying. 'If it was me I'd be that uneasy I could n't sleep nights.'

'Oh, I've had more than this to one time,' said the treasurer carelessly. 'O'Beirne keeps a bit of something for a rainy day in a tin box, and there's a lock to it. Nobody would touch it but him, — and I'll bank on O'Beirne.'

'You're the fortunate woman to have such a good man!' said Mrs. Morrison; adding hastily, 'Not that I'm sayin' anything against Morrison. I'd not ask a bigger heart than his; but it's just not in him to save.'

There was a brief, embarrassed silence, for Mr. Morrison's faults and virtues were well known to his neighbors.

'Will you look at the crowd by your door, Mrs. O'Beirne!' cried Mary Flanagan, to change the subject. 'Is there anybody sick, do you know?'

'Mrs. Dugan's Mamie was took to the hospital for her hip disease last week,' said Mrs. O'Beirne. 'Here comes Johnnie Dugan'll tell us.'

And Johnnie did.

'Oh, Mrs. O'Beirne,' he shouted, 'Mr. O'Beirne's sick, and they had to carry him upstairs.'

Mrs. O'Beirne's eyes widened; she began to run. The other women followed, but as she reached her door she turned and said, 'Good-bye,' and they knew themselves dismissed.

'What do you say?' questioned Mary Flanagan. 'He would n't be —?'

'Oh, not Barney O'Beirne,' declared Mrs. Morrison. 'He never takes a drop. What I was thinkin' was one of them heavy trunks might have fell on him, or he might have strained hisself. They're cruel careless the way they sling the baggage about.'

'His face was a kind of blue color, like them California plums,' volunteered a little girl.

The women stared, horrified, and moved slowly away.

Upstairs Mrs. O'Beirne was kneeling beside the bed. An embarrassed fellow workman of Mr. O'Beirne's laid a little bottle on the pillow and tip-toed out of the room.

Mrs. O'Beirne stared at the label, amyl nitrate. The strange name filled her with dismay.

'How long have you been taking this, Barney?' she asked, reaching for the bottle.

'Oh, not so long.'

'What are they for, — your stummick? You never told me.'

'No, — not my stummick.'

She sat down on the bed and stroked his hand.

'What's it you've been keepin' from me?'

'I thought I done it for the best,' he pleaded. 'I did n't believe the doctor knew; and what was the use of you bein' frightened for nothin'?''

'I know, — I know,' she whispered. 'You never done nothin' that you did n't mean it kind, Barney, — never. But oh, my dear!'

She kissed him on the forehead.

'It must be your lungs then, that makes you breathe so short?' she observed presently.

'No, — my heart.'

'When did you go to see the doctor?'

He lay looking toward the window for a few moments; then, without

moving his eyes, he began to speak in a slow, careful voice.

'I been gettin' tireder and tireder the last year, but I thought it was no more than natural; everybody that works faithful gets tired. And then one day I had a funny spell. It was the end of last summer, and I thought it was the heat. But in October come another, — time of one of them conventions when there was an extra rush of baggage, — and then I begun to be a little worried.'

'Did n't you feel no pains?'

'Oh, yes, — off and on! But they might've been rheumatism.'

His wife sighed, and a deprecatory note crept into his voice.

'I did go to a doctor after that, Nora. I been to more than half a dozen. The first was to the Dispensary; and I never took much stock in things I did n't pay for. He was a young feller, and there was a lot of women and children waitin' their turn.'

The sick man was silent a few minutes, breathing painfully, but presently began again in the same slow voice: 'I did n't think he knew what he was talkin' about, — but I thought it might be safer to get my life insured. But the Insurance Company would n't take me. Their doctor was a fat old party, — shorter-breathed than me, — and he says, "I could n't conscientiously recommend you, — not with that heart." And then I got mad and told him I always knew insurance was a fake, and the papers was full of their rascality anyway.'

Mrs. O'Beirne gave a little choking laugh, and leaned down and kissed her husband.

'He laughed at me, too; and he says, "Here, if you don't believe me, go to this man, — he makes a specialty of your complaint." And he wrote the name on a card. And that third feller was a hummer. Sure I thought I was

to confession. He begun with me before I was born, — and wrote it all down in a book. He listened behind my back, — and he used instruments on me, — and he took the height and the weight and the width of me, and measured me acrost my chest and under my arms, — till I asked him if there was a suit of clothes thrown in with the treatment.'

Mrs. O'Beirne gave another little laugh, and a little sob. 'Oh, Barney, Barney darlin', don't you, don't you, when my heart is breakin'!'

His great hand tightened on hers, and when he spoke again the whimsical, playful note was gone from his weary voice.

'When he told me I was a sick man, I stood out against him. I says, "What are you givin' me?" I says. "Look at the healthy color of me, and I'm the biggest man in the baggage-room. If there's an extra size trunk to handle, they'll always turn it over to me." And he says to me, "That's what 's the matter with you, — you're too big," he says. "Your heart has to work too hard to keep up with you, and then you go and lift trunks. I wonder it did n't happen five years ago. And your color is not healthy," he says. "Then am I to give up slingin' baggage?" I asked him. "Will that cure me?" — He was a good man, that doctor. He looked me square in the eye and held out his hand and gripped mine, and he says, "There is no cure, Mr. O'Beirne."'

His wife flung up her arms with a cry, and began to pace the room, wringing her hands together. The sick man's eyes followed her, his breast heaving rapidly. 'Maybe you better give me them drops,' he said. 'This spell don't stop off.'

She uncorked the bottle and turned out some of its contents into the palm of her hand.

'Why,' she exclaimed, 'they're

beads! You never are eatin' glass beads, Barney? They're deadly!

'No, — you hold it under my nose. — Break it!'

She watched him inhale the contents of the capsule through its little silk top, and her awe and her trouble increased.

'Tell me the doctor's name, Barney. I'm goin' to send for him.'

'Oh, I ain't been near that one since. This is his medicine, but where was the use of goin' again? A man's wife, to the baggage-room, had been cured of something by a Christian Scientist, a woman doctor, so I thought I'd take a chance with her. She give me absent treatment, but one night I had a spell right here in bed, — and I was scared for fear you'd wake. So I told her she need n't try it on me any more. Then I see a mesmerist's sign in a window. There did n't seem to be no harm in having a try at all them things, if it was hopeless, you know. The last one was an osteopath.' He glanced at his wife almost timidly and added, lowering his eyes, 'Him and the Christian Scientist was the most expensive of all.'

Mrs. O'Beirne was sitting on the bed, her face buried in her hands. 'Oh, what would the expense matter if only you was cured!' she cried.

'That was the way I thought,' he answered in a tone of relief. But the anxiety had crept back again with his next words: 'That was the way I thought, — but now — there's nothin' left to bury me.'

Mrs. O'Beirne's hands came down slowly from her tear-stained face. 'You mean, — it's took all the savings?'

'I done the best I could! I done the best I could!' he gasped, stretching his hands out toward her, along the coverlet.

'Oh, my dear, don't I know that?' she whispered, putting her arms about

him. 'But there was almost enough to bury both of us!'

'There was the drops,' he explained. 'And the Scientist give me four treatments, — and the osteopath —'

'Never you mind, darlin',' pleaded his wife. 'It was your money, you'd a right to do what you done.'

'The regular heart doctor did n't want to take nothing, but I told him I was n't livin' off of charity. I knew how proud you was, Nora!'

'Yes, darlin', you done just right.'

'What'll we do about the buryin'?' he whispered. 'What'll we do? that's the thought that's stayed with me day and night, day and night, since a week ago yesterday, when I took out the last dollar bill, — and they've kept a-comin' more frequent.'

'You're not goin' to die! You're not goin' to die!' she cried.

'It don't seem true that I'm to be buried on charity,' he said gloomily. 'Me that never left off workin' a single day.'

'If only you had, Barney! Oh, if only you had! I'd've worked my fingers to the bone to keep you!'

'I think I see myself, layin' down on you,' he answered with a faint attempt at scorn; and after a little while, wistfully, 'Couldn't you think of some way we could get the money, Nora, — you was always that clever?'

'Maybe I will, dearie!' she comforted him.

'To think that at the last I'd be a disgrace to you, Nora,' he brooded, — 'and all the neighbors thinkin' us so well off! — Me that never drunk a drop, — nor owed a cent. — To think we'd be caught this way. — You could n't pawn the furniture, — everybody'd know. — It ain't been out of my mind an hour these eight days. — "Poor Nora!" I says to myself, — "come to this!"'

'For the love of Mary, Barney,

hush!' moaned Mrs. O'Beirne. 'Hush, darlin', — till I think!'

The twilight came, and the darkness. Nora lit the lamp and set it in a corner of the room.

'I'm goin' for that doctor on the avenue,' she said, after she had given him a second capsule. 'I can't see that these things helps.'

'Maybe the undertaker would trust you, Nora. Was n't you telling me that book-keeper in Haley's Fish Market is goin' to be married? Maybe you could get her place. You'll put by fast when you've only yourself.'

Her answer was a cry of agony.

'No, — I don't believe he would trust you, though,' continued her husband hopelessly. 'I mind how hard he was when Morrison's baby died. I helped Morrison, — but it don't cost much for a baby.'

'I'm goin' out just for a minute, Barney.'

But the sick man was absorbed in his own thoughts; the faint gasping voice went on: 'What'll we do if there ain't carriages enough for the Mothers' Club, Nora? If it was men they might pay for their own seats. That's what I been thinking, — them women. We'd always said we'd pay for the Club's carriages. She'll be disgraced before all them women, — my Nora, that's cleverer than all the whole lot of them put together.'

Mrs. O'Beirne hurried out of the room and shut the door. In the hallway she met Mrs. Dugan and the other neighbors, hovering at the top of the staircase. One of them went for the doctor, another for the priest.

'He may last an hour or two, he may go any minute,' the doctor said.

The priest performed his offices with perfunctory simplicity, and hurried away to another bedside. Mrs. O'Beirne locked the door against her kindly, inquisitive friends, and bent over her

husband's bed. His eyes sought hers, appealingly, helplessly. His voice was gone, but the lips moved. 'The bury-in'?' they said.

The tears were streaming down her cheeks. She lifted his great rough hands and pressed them against her quivering lips.

'I'm going to undress me now, darlin' — and then I'll come and set by you.'

She took off her belt, unhooked her skirt, and unbuttoned her flannel shirt-waist. Something fell on the floor with a thud. It was the purse containing the club-money.

Mrs. O'Beirne looked down at it. Then she stooped and picked it up slowly, and stood looking at it. Quite silently she stood, a tensely thinking look on her face; then, on a sudden, she gave a loud, joyful cry and ran to the bed.

'Barney, Barney! — I've found a way, darlin' — it's all right, darlin'! You need n't to worry no more!'

A faint echo of her own cry burst from Barney's lips; his eyes gave one flash of love and joy; then a dreadful spasm shook him, his hands clutched his throat, — and he died.

There were carriages enough for the Mothers' Club.

Mary Flanagan rode with the widow and got out at the widow's door.

'It's been a beautiful funeral, my dear,' she said. 'All the members is talking about your lovely taste in the casket, so severe and quiet.'

She kissed Mrs. O'Beirne and continued anxiously, 'You'll be coming to the meeting this week? Some of them was afraid you would n't want to make the presentation speech, being in mourning. But it's not like it was a party; philanthropy's different. If you don't do it the President'll have to, — and — she's a good woman, is Mrs.

Murphy — an awful kind woman — but you come and make the speech, dearie! You look just sweet in black!’

‘This week!’ said Mrs. O’Beirne, and there was a strange, awakened, startled look in her eyes.

‘They’re afraid Miss Marshall will get it from somewhere else if they don’t give it quick. They’re so pleased with themselves about giving the money now, you’d think it was them as thought of it in the first place.’

‘This week!’ repeated Mrs. O’Beirne.

‘It’s four days yet. It’ll take your mind off your grief, dear. You will, won’t you?’

‘Oh, I don’t know, — I don’t know!’ said Mrs. O’Beirne wildly, and ran into the house.

‘She will, all right!’ observed Mary Flanagan. ‘She would n’t never let nobody else make that speech.’

And Mrs. O’Beirne was standing in the middle of the tenement kitchen, saying over and over, ‘Oh, my God! what’ll I do?’

A half hour she stood, with her new widow’s bonnet and veil still on her head, saying those words at intervals and staring before her with terror-filled eyes. But at last her knees began to tremble and she staggered to a chair.

‘It looks so different!’ she said in a low voice. ‘O God! How can I tell them women? I can’t! — I can’t!’ She got up and paced the floor of the kitchen. ‘O God! Whatever will I do!’

Two days after the funeral, Mrs. Dugan came to the Settlement and asked for Miss Marshall.

‘I’ve come for you to see Mrs. O’Beirne,’ she explained. ‘It’s my opinion she’s going crazy with grief. Two nights now she’s walked the floor over my head; and she won’t let nobody inside the door; she’ll open it a crack and just stand there, looking at you wild-like, and before you know it she’ll lock it against you. But this morning

I calls to her if she would n’t like to have you come, and at first she did n’t say nothing, and then she says, “Yes!” like it was a cork burst out of a bottle. So I did n’t stop but to throw on my shawl.’

The new lines in Mrs. O’Beirne’s haggard face indicated an experience more tragic than grief.

‘You are in trouble!’ exclaimed Miss Marshall, taking both her hands.

‘I am that, — I am that!’ answered Mrs. O’Beirne. She drew away her hands and covered her face. ‘Terrible trouble!’

Miss Marshall guided her to a chair by the kitchen table, and drew up another chair for herself.

‘There’s nobody but you can help me!’ moaned the poor woman, her face still buried in her hands, her elbows on the table. ‘And you’ll never have no more use for me when I tell you.’

‘I can’t think of anything you could do that could keep us from being friends,’ said Miss Marshall.

Mrs. O’Beirne lifted her face, clasped her hands tight together, and began to speak rapidly, her voice rising higher and higher.

‘It was along of Barney being sick and spending all his savings on the doctors; and there was nothing left for the funeral, and he never told me till the night he died. And him laying there on his dying bed, gasping for breath. “To think that at the last I’d be a disgrace to you, Nora,” he says, “me that never drunk a drop! Could n’t you think of some way we could get the money?” he says. Oh, it would have broke your heart to hear him! And the Mothers’ Club purse fell out of my dress, and it was like a miracle. And now I’ve got to give back that money day after to-morrow, — do you hear me? — day after to-morrow!’ Her voice rose to a scream at the last

words. She clasped her hands over her mouth and looked at Miss Marshall with fierce, impelling eyes.

'You mean,' said Miss Marshall slowly, 'that you took the money of the Mothers' Club?'

'I mean I borrowed it!' cried Mrs. O'Beirne. 'There it was in my hand! It was like it was give to me to use. And he died happy, Barney did. Oh, it was worth it!'

'No!' said Miss Marshall.

'And why was n't it?' demanded Mrs. O'Beirne; but her eyes fell. 'Nothing seemed to matter but that Barney and me should n't be disgraced by a charity burial,' she sobbed. 'How can you know the way we feel about these things? And we've always held our heads so high in the neighborhood. Oh, you could n't understand what it meant!'

'But you say you borrowed the money, — you must have thought the club would be willing to lend it. Why did n't you tell them you wanted it?'

'And have all them women know?' the widow cried.

An embarrassed silence fell.

'How much was it?'

'One hundred dollars.'

An exclamation of surprise escaped Miss Marshall.

'You could n't get up a decent funeral for less,' declared Mrs. O'Beirne, — 'not with all them carriages.'

'And why must you hand it in day after to-morrow?'

'Because they're a set of fools over a plan, and it was me that put it into their heads; and that was one reason I did n't mind using the money. They'd never have thought of that other way of using it without I had n't persuaded them. It seemed more mine than theirs, all the time, that money. Have n't I had the handling of it three years? And whenever we'd spend any, it was me that said how we'd spend it. I tell

you there did n't seem nothing wrong at all about me using it — then.'

'But there does now?'

Mrs. O'Beirne turned away her face, and sat motionless. When she spoke, her voice was harsh. 'You think I'm a thief. But I borrowed that money.'

Again there was silence. Mrs. O'Beirne still sat with her face turned away.

'If you had been me, and Barney there dying, and nothing before him but pauper burial; if you had held your head high all your life, and never had nothing to do with charity, and respected the way Barney and me was, — maybe you would n't have known the difference between borrowing and — and — just for a minute.'

'That's what I've been thinking,' acknowledged Miss Marshall humbly. She put her arms about Mrs. O'Beirne, and the poor woman began to shake and sob.

'I would n't have taken it without I meant to pay it back. You know I would n't. It was only that everything seemed so easy to do when I held the money in my hand.'

'Why don't you go to confession?' suggested Miss Marshall.

'It's not my day till Saturday week, and there's no good going before, Father Finney would n't give me the money. It's the money I've got to have, don't you see? Oh, Miss Marshall, you would n't leave me be disgraced before all them women? Oh, God, I'll die first!'

Miss Marshall thought of other cases of the misappropriation of funds, just then agitating the public mind. But she remembered why this woman had taken the money. Miss Marshall was trying very hard to keep her moral outlook clear. Pride, and not contrition, moved Mrs. O'Beirne to tears. Any one who betrayed a public trust should make public reparation. Nothing

could be worse for the character of a sinner than to excuse or condone or cover up his sin, on any grounds. 'But if I fail her now, will that be any more likely to quicken her to repentance? If she were my own sister after the flesh, I should never let her be disgraced before those other women.'

Aloud she said, 'I'm not sure that I can get so much money so quickly. You know I've only a salary, myself. I'll do my best, but there's very little time.'

They stood up. In Mrs. O'Beirne's face there was fear instead of relief. 'But you won't never think the same of me again,' she said with strange quiet.

'If I had had your temptation, I might have done just as you did,' Miss Marshall answered soothingly.

'It's not that; it's not that!' said Mrs. O'Beirne. Then her face began to work piteously. 'God bless you, dear! God bless you!'

After she was left alone, she sat down in the rocking-chair, always with the same still face, the same thought-haunted eyes. Her hands lay idle in her lap. She did not rock to and fro. And thus she sat all the afternoon.

As she was undressing for bed, she said aloud, 'But I'm going to pay it back,—every cent.' And presently, 'I would tell them—then—I borrowed it.'

After the dawn came she slept. In the morning when she opened her eyes she said, 'She won't never think the same of me again.'

Late that afternoon Miss Marshall brought her the money. She looked at it and then at Miss Marshall. 'You mean—you're going to leave it with me?'

Tears sprang into Miss Marshall's eyes. 'Oh, my dear,' she exclaimed, 'of course I am!'

'But you can't never think the same

of me again,' said Mrs. O'Beirne. 'You can't!'

When she was alone she pressed her hands to her eyes and said, 'I feel like she was dead.'

In the middle of the night she cried out aloud: 'O God! Why can't I tell them?'

There was a full attendance at the Mothers' Club. Miss Marshall sat beside the president. Mrs. O'Beirne came in late and, despite the frantic beckonings of Mary Flanagan, sat at the back of the room, her heavy veil over her face. In one hand she held the purse. Between the fingers of the other she nervously twisted a little piece of paper on which she had written: 'The Mothers' Club tenders to the Settlement as a slight testimonial of regard this money to furnish a club-room for our fellow neighbors, the Greeks, in token of our brotherly feelings on behalf of them, and our worthy desire to coöperate with the Settlement to preserve a high tone to the neighborhood.'

After the roll and the minutes, there was offered and adopted a long and involved resolution of sympathy and affection for their beloved and honored treasurer in her present deep affliction. The president then cleared her throat, and declared that no one would disagree with her that this was the happiest day in the existence of the club, because it was beginning to live for other people. But she would leave the exposure of their good intentions to the person who had them first: 'Our devoted Treasurer, our eloquent Orator, our bereaved Fellow Member, Mrs. Nora O'Beirne.'

Mrs. O'Beirne, very erect, but with a curiously slow, groping step, walked up the aisle. At the president's table she put back her veil and clumsily, because she also held the purse, unfolded the scrap of paper on which she had written

her speech. Her face was gaunt and white; there were deep circles under her heavy eyes, deep lines about her tragically defiant mouth. She lifted her eyes to Miss Marshall, she opened her lips to speak, she looked at the purse held out in her hand,—and back to Miss Marshall; and then she began to laugh,—very loud, horribly loud,—a scream that ran into high sobbing and back again into laughter. The president, though no orator, now proved herself swift in action. Quick as thought she had lifted the glass water-pitcher from the table and dashed its contents full in Mrs. O'Beirne's face.

'Holy Mother!' shrieked Mary Flanagan. 'Look what you done to her new veil!'

The audience stood up; there was a hubbub of sound, above which rose the gurgling of Mrs. O'Beirne's half-quenched hysterics. Miss Marshall, one arm around the widow, who had collapsed upon her shoulder, waved the mothers back to their seats with the other.

'It was seeing how the Lord had got the laugh on the whole lot of us with that money, set me off,' sobbed Mrs. O'Beirne, with face hidden.

'Come out with me, dear,' whispered Miss Marshall. But Mrs. O'Beirne turned about and faced the audience, her eyes streaming with tears, her cheeks sodden and purple.

'I am a thief!' she said. 'And it's only Miss Marshall's goodness that I'm not in the lock-up,—where I belong.'

The Mothers' Club thought she had gone crazy.

'Come away, dear,' urged Miss Marshall; but Mrs. O'Beirne was past hearing anything now but the voice of her own conscience. She flung the purse from her.

'That ain't the Club money!' she cried. 'That's Miss Marshall's money, she lent me so I need n't to be put to

shame before the Club. It's just her own money you're giving back to her, that's all. You thought you was going to furnish a club-room for the Greeks, but you're not; you've paid for the funeral of Barney O'Beirne. I stole the money because I could n't bear that anybody should know Barney and me was too poor to pay the undertaker. And then, the coward I was, I could n't face the Club. And I was that mad against all the world you'd have thought it was the world was the thief instead of me. And all the time I was telling Miss Marshall what I'd done, I would n't see it was more than any other kind of borrowing, and I was cursing her in my heart because she could n't know what it was to be as poor as we was, and she'd sure say I'd ought to tell what I'd done, and resign from the treasurership, and be put out of the Club. That's what she'd say, I says. And my heart was like a stone against her. But she did n't say it. She never said one word of reproach to me. No! she says, "I'm not sure I can get so much money so quick,—but I'll do my best.—If I had had your temptation I might have did the same as you did," she says. And I could feel the hardness of my heart begin to melt when she said them loving words. And I blew cold on it with my pride, because I was afraid of what I'd do if my heart got soft. But it's no use,—it's no use,—for it's been melting ever since, till now it's just running water. I've lost my pride,—and I've lost my good name,'—the agony in her words resounded through the room,—'but God bless Miss Marshall!'

Again the tears gushed down her cheeks. 'It's done!' she cried, wringing her hands together. 'Take me away! Take me away!'

It was fully five minutes before the strident voice of Mary Flanagan could dominate the clamorous babel.

'Here's the money!' she cried, shaking the purse in the excited faces before her. 'I say this is between Mrs. O'Beirne and Miss Marshall, — and none of our business. If Miss Marshall chooses to lend Mrs. O'Beirne one hundred dollars, — what's that to us? Mrs. O'Beirne has made good to the Club, and that's all the Club has a right to ask.' .

'No, it is not all the Club has a right to ask,' shouted the gaunt woman who had spoken with emphasis on a previous occasion. 'Won't she use it again? — that's what I want to know. And who's to say Miss Marshall'll always be willing to lend?'

'Ah, poor thing!' exclaimed Mrs. Morrison. 'A husband can't die but once.'

'I've known them to die three times,' snapped the wiry woman.

'Well, I'll say this, right now,' said

Mary Flanagan. 'If Mrs. O'Beirne is run out of this club I go out with her, and there's others I know will follow.'

'Who's talking about running her out,' retorted the gaunt woman. 'All I say is, I don't pay another due if she stays treasurer. My money comes too hard.'

'I do think she'd ought to resign,' observed the president timidly.

'Well, I don't!' protested Mary Flanagan. 'If Miss Marshall is willing to give her another chance we'd ought to be ashamed not to.'

A few heads nodded acquiescence, but the Club, as a whole, was sullen.

'How would it be if we was to let her stay treasurer, if Miss Marshall would keep the money for us?' suggested Mrs. Morrison.

A good many heads nodded this time; and the vote was carried.

But Mrs. O'Beirne resigned.

THE PERSISTENCE AND INTEGRITY OF PLOTS

BY ELLEN DUVALL

GOETHE told Schiller that Gozzi the Venetian had said that only thirty-six dramatic situations are possible. Schiller declared that he could think of but fourteen, and those of us who are most conversant with dramatic literature will find on curious consideration that even fourteen are difficult to compass. The preciousness, then, of these dramatic situations, or essential plots, is proportioned to their fewness; for these plots may be supposed to cover the whole of life, and to serve as ground-plans for the human imagination.

Strictly speaking, it is impossible, of course, to be original. Originality consists in perceiving the permanent behind the ephemeral, the old behind the new, in tracing the ever-living spring of human motive from its latest modern faucet deep down and back to its hidden source in consciousness and will. These immemorial situations or plots or ground-plans, therefore, belong to the imagination proper, while the superstructure and ornamentation belong rather to the fancy. Some minds and some peoples are remarkably fertile in

fancy, and noticeably simple in plot; while others again are more complex in plot, and far less expressive and exuberant in fancy. *The Arabian Nights*, for instance, — not the many-volumed and laborious anatomy of good Sir Richard, but the delight of our childhood, that black-clothed, eminently respectable octavo which, barring its title, was the very twin of Porteus's *Sermons*, — *The Arabian Nights*, with all its fretwork of fancy, with such a richness and ingenuity of detail that the sense fairly aches in the tracing of it, has no more than three or four simple plots. While the *Merchant of Venice*, in its degree Shakespeare's most varied play, has three distinct plots marvelously interwoven: the friendship-plot, Antonio and Bassanio; the love-plot, Bassanio and Portia; and the thwarted-vengeance plot, Portia and Shylock.

The friendship-plot, with the Damon and Pythias story as its most famous example, — the plot in which one friend sacrifices himself in some sort for the other, or does him some favor or service out of which all complications spring, — commends itself to all. It is a friendship-plot that lies back of the noble story of Ruth and Naomi, in which the younger woman follows the fortunes of her mother-in-law with loving devotion. Probably the friendship-plot is the oldest of which we have any record in tale or history, and it antedates undoubtedly in time and interest the romantic love-plot, which comes nearer to being a development within historic times. Romantic love, as we now call it, was neither unknown nor unfelt in very early days, but it was used and regarded with such a difference as concerns life in general, that comparisons are difficult. Jacob and Rachel is a love-story with a genuine love-plot; and Euripides forestalls his own later and harsher judgment of women in the noble story of Alcestis

and her wifely sacrifice. Psychologically, perhaps, the love-plot may be reckoned as the simplest, since it concerns the Eternal Two, always in a kind of Garden of which, for the time being, and to all intents and purposes, they are the sole occupants and lords. This primitive and simple love-plot has become in our day the most varied in superstructure and ornamentation of all plots, and universal in its interest and appeal 'All men love a lover' now, but they did not always so, for time was when love was not conceived of as it is now, when it was looked upon as rather more a part of man's weakness than of his strength.

Then there is the triangular love-plot, dear to 'our sweet enemy France,' as Sidney calls her, underlying so much of her delightful literature; an outcome, in some sort, of feudal times and customs and nice questions of *l'èse majesté*, a remainder and reminder of chivalry, and as lasting as Gothic arch or stained-glass window saint, present, present, and evermore present, from the *Lais* of Marie de France, down to the last fine novel of Henry Bordeaux, *La Croisée des Chemins*. Because of this triangular plot, perhaps, we are a little prone to use France as a reflector for our Anglo-Saxon virtue; but on its social side, the plot is indeed a survival of early days, when a woman had but little if any choice in the disposal of her hand, and when her heart as an integral part of life was but little thought of, even when thus obliquely recognized though not lawfully represented. This great triangular plot or situation underlies the story of Arthur, Guinevere, and Launcelot, and has been nobly treated in English verse.

From homogeneity to heterogeneity, from the mass to the individual, and then consciously, through love and service, back again from the individual to the mass, — this would seem to be

the swing of life's pendulum. And as showing the emergence of the individual, the readjustment of relations, and the slow development of civilization, there is a plot a thousand years old and more, which might be called the quadrangular plot. It belongs to the north of Europe, not to the south; to the Norse and Teutonic families, not to the Latin branch. This quadrangular plot is a curious interweaving of the friendship and the love-plots—for they here do not blend—and it represents woman as both active and passive, as both victim and avenger. It is as a necessary quantity in the equation of life that woman here first comes forward, and that some dim sense of justice is shown with regard to her. In its oldest and crudest versions the story no longer fully appeals, and yet in a modified form it lasts down to our own day, and appears, faint indeed and yet traceable, in Kennedy's latest drama, *The Winterfeast*. It is as difficult a plot as any dramatist, whether he have talents or genius, can adventure upon, just because it has in a great measure lost this general appeal; nevertheless Ibsen, in the *Vikings at Helgeland*, has come finely off in a drama of distinctive power and beauty.

In the *Elder Eddas*, those lays and fragments of lays which reveal the rock-ribbed, verdureless imagination of our Norse ancestors, there are four closely related lays, of Brynhild, Sigurd, Gunnar, and Gudrun. The stories cross and recross, here simple, there more involved; here misty, there clearer and more definite, until the latent tragedy culminates in the overthrow and death of the chief two, if not of all concerned. In detail the stories differ; they are by no means self-consistent or sequential; sometimes they are almost contradictory as we catch the reflection of the different minds and times that have worked upon them; but the

plot or ground-plan is evident and unchanging. A friendship-plot and a love-plot, essentially antagonistic from the first, doomed in the nature of things—that is, because of consciousness and will or character—to end tragically,—this is the ground plan. The story shows an invincible warrior, insensible to fear, wise of thought and word as he is daring in deed, who has for friend a man of quieter mould, something of the poet or skald. The warrior rescues from a hapless fate a 'hard-souled' or proud maiden, a woman who may be taken but who cannot give herself, and in the rescue the love of each for the other is necessarily implicated. In the oldest lays supernatural and demi-urgic powers, sorcery and witchcraft, so dear to the Norse heart, come into play, and the lovers are parted. Here the story shifts and varies, and there are different versions; but in all a love-token, ring or bracelet,—fateful as Desdemona's handkerchief,—is given by the hard-souled maiden to her rescuer. After they are parted, more complications arise, sorcery again enters in, and the proud maiden finds herself married to the enamoured poet-friend who has worn for this purpose the warrior's guise; while the warrior, his memory made blank by witchcraft, marries another. But the four mismatched ones cannot escape each other, and sooner or later, the truth, through over-boasting, comes to light, with the fatal love-token as proof. It is the warrior and the hard-souled maiden who are by rights the Eternal Two, and their sorcery-crossed destiny is to blame. The hard-souled one takes sure vengeance for the wrong done her, and her fury involves in ruin and ultimate death, not only the original four, but also many others.

The Lays are naïve and simple enough, the stories somewhat vague and misty, but the core of great drama-

tic possibilities lies in the character of the fire-ringed, hard-souled woman, and he would be but a poor dramatic Sigurd or Siegfried who should not try again and again to set her free. For these fundamental plots, more a matter of intuition than of reason, are common property of the imagination, and he may take who sees. But let him beware how he takes, for it is always all or nothing. The plot must be held inviolate, though the superstructure and ornamentation may be altered at will.

So Ibsen, in the *Vikings at Helgeland*, holds rigidly to the dramatic situation, while greatly modifying the story in order to bring it well within modern sympathy, possibility, and taste. Sorcery and the supernatural are discarded, and by a skillful blending of character and circumstance are wrought the deeds which will make or mar. Sigurd the warrior and Gunnar the skald, with their deep and true friendship, remain unchanged, while the hard-souled Brynhild is called Hiordis, and for the vindictive Gudrun is substituted a gentler, more effectively contrasting woman, Dagny. In her maiden pride, instead of fire-protection, Hiordis's bower is guarded by a ferocious white bear, stronger than forty men, and she will and can love him only who shall conquer the brute. When Gunnar and Sigurd visit her foster-father, she can talk easily with Gunnar, being essentially indifferent toward him; but with Sigurd — alas for love's mischances — she is haughty and tongue-tied. Gunnar loves her to distraction, while Sigurd, misconstruing the maiden's behavior, thinks himself unthought of, and so makes no effort to disclose his love. Gunnar wishes to win her, but knows he cannot overcome the bear, so in darkness and night, Sigurd disguised as Gunnar, calling himself by his friend's name, gives mortal combat, slays the bear, and enters the bower. Seated to-

gether, with the drawn sword between, Hiordis gives the warrior her bracelet in token of submission, and he leaves her, still not understanding. When day comes, it is easy to carry on the deception, Sigurd thinking all the while that she really loves Gunnar; and so the Vikings sail away, each with his respective bride, for in emptiness of heart Sigurd takes Dagny. From now on it is plain dramatic sailing, the greatest difficulties of this old plot have been overcome, and Ibsen can thenceforth hold closely to the original in the mode of discovery, climax, and tragic end. The point is that Ibsen, with true dramatic instinct, preserves inviolate the plot; what he works in and modifies are the superstructure and accessories.

In the *Winterfeast*, however, fine as it is, Mr. Kennedy commits the mistake — or is it sacrilege? — of tampering with the plot. He takes the immemorial four, Bjorn the warrior, Valbrand the skald, Herdisa the proud-souled, who secretly loves Bjorn, and is loved by both Bjorn and Valbrand, — and an Indian woman who, later, becomes the wife of Bjorn, but who does not appear in the play. Bjorn, perceiving Valbrand's consuming passion for Herdisa, conceals his own love, thus sacrificing love to friendship, something to the old plot inconceivable. Then Bjorn determines to accompany Thorkel, Valbrand's father, to Vineland in order to put distance between himself and Herdisa, and to give Valbrand a clear field. But Herdisa, just before they sail, throws reserve to the winds, and openly shows her love and preference for Bjorn. Still he makes no sign, but sails away with Thorkel, who naturally desires his son's happiness before all else. Then when in Vineland, before the homeward voyage, Bjorn gives Thorkel a love-token and a message to be delivered to Herdisa. Thorkel suppresses both, and lies, giving

Herdisa to understand that she is the woman scorned. In the rush of hurt pride and disappointment, she marries Valbrand. After a lapse of twenty years, Bjorn reappears with a son, Olaf, the child of the Indian mother. Herdisa, still vindictive, still deceived regarding Bjorn's true feeling, sets her husband and Bjorn at odds. Urged to desperation by his wife, Valbrand rushes off to engage his loved friend in deadly combat, and we are led to suppose that Valbrand falls. Then, thirsting to taste vengeance to the full, Herdisa determines to make Olaf instrumental in killing his own father, and swears the unsuspecting youth, who loves her daughter Svanhild at first sight, to avenge these wrongs and insults upon the, to him, unknown foe. But on learning the truth, the youth evades his vow by committing suicide. Then Valbrand enters unharmed, it is Bjorn who has fallen, or has allowed himself to be slain; and Herdisa, in the bloody havoc wrought by Thorkel's early lie and her own savage pride, and with the heart-break of her gentle daughter Svanhild before her eyes, in remorse and horror, dies.

Surely it is Websterian in unrelieved tragedy, and such is the ground-plan or dramatic situation as Mr. Kennedy has modified it. The result is confusion of thought. Motive is utterly incommensurate with circumstance, and character is anything but clear and convincing. Bjorn cuts but a sorry figure in

sacrificing his love and lady to his friend, and in putting the maiden thereby to open shame; and his excuse on his reappearance is something in the nature of adding insult to injury. Fine and effective as the play is in parts, it is as a whole impossible. For the first law of dramatic construction would seem to be: never tamper with the plot; hold it sacred, for it has its being in the depths of human nature, in the essence of human relationships. One might as well expect to dispense with one or more of the four constitutive elements of mind, categories of the finite understanding, as expect to discard in these plots that which in reality pertains to the integrity of the imagination. The plot is *alive* and indestructible, indicative of human nature; the superstructure and ornamentation pertain to manners and customs, and may be, must be, varied and modified accordingly. 'Shakespeare never invented' — or discovered, rather — 'a plot'; it was no part of his genius so to do, nor did he ever violate one. He disclosed human nature in using the plots time-honored and immemorial. But if only the supersubtle Venetian Gozzi had left us a record of those thirty-six dramatic situations, what a purple joy it would have been to all of us who love that delicate, most life-like, most evanescent of all the arts, the art of acting, and care most in literature for that most life-like form, the drama!

THE LOOM OF SPRING

BY CORNELIA KANE RATHBONE

THE valley weaves her kirtle
With strands of April green,
Fern fronds on deeper myrtle
And willow buds between;
While tiny rills laugh love-songs low
Beneath their sedgy screen.

With silks her needle threading,
Filched from the rainbow's skein,
Her robe she broiders, wedding
Gold sunshine, silver rain.
About her breast slow, golden bees
Hum amorous refrain.

She hangs her veil with fringes
Of mauves and violets;
With blue her girdle tinges;
Her cloak with crimson frets.
Kissing her cheek May's wandering wind
Inconstancy forgets.

Wreathed by young June with roses,
Blushing she dreams apart,
Waiting, while twilight closes,
Her spousals with my heart.
O lark, that nests within her breast,
Song of her soul thou art.

FEDERAL EXPENDITURES UNDER MODERN CONDITIONS

BY WILLIAM S. ROSSITER

THE aggregate expenditures of the United States Government have increased almost continuously since the adoption of the Constitution. Political parties intrusted with the responsibility of government, although pledged by their platforms to retrenchment and economy, have speedily learned that the appropriation of larger and larger sums from year to year for the maintenance of the federal establishment cannot be avoided. This increase apparently bears a certain definite relation to national development.

If the entire life of the Republic be divided into four-year periods corresponding to presidential administrations, all but seven show increase of expenditures over those of the previous period. Moreover, the seven exceptions are not significant, since they merely reflect the reduction of military and naval establishments following active warfare.

During the half century which elapsed between 1860 and 1910 the rate of increase in the cost of maintaining the federal government was about the same as the rate of increase in national wealth. Population, however, creates wealth, and great wealth encourages a generous scale of public expenditure. Hence our rapid growth in population is responsible for the continuous increase in the cost of the federal establishment. It is to be expected, therefore, that so long as the population of the United States increases, whether from excess

of births over deaths, or from immigration, federal expenditures will tend to increase also.

So vast has the total annual expenditure now become, and so immense and complicated is the federal machine of this period, that the economical administration of the government, from being a small and almost negligible matter half a century ago, has at length assumed great importance.

It is clear that government expenditures consist of two unequal parts: the amount which is justly required to meet authorized obligations without extravagance, and an unknown but doubtless comparatively small amount which results from poor or lax administration, wastefulness, or fraud. The proportion thus lost no doubt has varied greatly at different periods, but even a small percentage of waste now means many millions of dollars in absolute figures.

What should be done to reduce this waste to a minimum and to bring the administrative departments of the federal government into line with the most efficient modern organization?

There are two reforms in the administration of federal affairs which should be speedily effected. Upon these, all others should be based; without them, it is unlikely that permanent improvement can be effected, — whatever the extent to which present efforts at 'systematizing' may be carried.

1. The establishment in the federal

departments of expert and complete administrative supervision, of a non-political and reasonably permanent character.

2. The introduction of some standard as a substitute for the money standard which prevails in the commercial world.

To secure the most economical and efficient administration of corporate enterprises in this period of expanding operations is no easy task. It is accomplished only by untiring search for the ablest administrators. Such men are paid high salaries and given complete authority.

In the federal departments grown to 1911 proportions, the problems of administration are fully as perplexing as those of the greatest corporations, yet the government generally employs in executive positions small men at small salaries, and changes them frequently. In large corporate enterprises, positions of great responsibility generally seek the men. Large numbers of persons clamor for the highest federal positions, often without the remotest qualification other than political influence.

All great corporate enterprises, which in the number of persons employed and in some other respects rather closely resemble the federal departments, maintain efficiency by the closest organization, and by strict attention to detail. This is accomplished by employing a general manager, who is selected for demonstrated and peculiar qualifications, and who is held responsible for efficient and economical operation.

In the federal government, however, the control of each of the executive departments is lodged with a cabinet officer. Obviously such an official is not, and cannot be, selected primarily as an organizer and an administrator, since the reasons which

lead to appointment are far removed from mere efficiency as a business manager. Moreover, matters of policy and of politics necessarily absorb much attention. It is becoming more and more evident that cabinet officers should not be concerned with the details of administration. Even if such an official should prove an unusually gifted executive, the average term of a cabinet officer is less than three years; hence the influence of any one individual upon the great department over which he temporarily presides, cannot, at best, be great.

The assistant secretaries are, in general, political appointees. Their average term of service is very brief, and, moreover, they are usually even less qualified than their chiefs to be suddenly thrust by accident into supreme authority, and to become effective administrators of huge and complex business organizations. There is no recent instance where an assistant secretary has been retained for a considerable term of years because of peculiar efficiency as an administrator.

The chiefs of bureaus, where such branches of the government are scientific, for obvious reasons are rarely qualified as good administrators, and in other cases they are so frequently political or temporary appointees that they are seldom efficient executive officers.

Apparently to meet the difficulties of administration which thus exist, and always have existed, there is an official in each executive department and in each bureau, known as chief clerk. The authority of chief clerks to exercise real supervision is almost always lacking, and the salary allowed by Congress is inadequate as compensation for responsible duties. As now constituted and administered, there is no more useless or unjustifiable position in the government service than

that of chief clerk, because it fails to accomplish the purpose for which it was created. With half a dozen exceptions, the men now holding federal chief clerkships would be rejected if they were applicants for positions of responsibility in corporate or other business enterprises.

Political pressure and personal favoritism are also responsible for the practice, very common in the federal service, of "kicking upstairs." This means that an official who proves incompetent or intolerable is shuffled out of the position in which he has become undesirable, or even perhaps a nuisance, to fail in some other position of responsibility. Any one familiar with the service can cite numbers of such cases. There is no branch of the government, even though it be actually charged with effecting reforms in administration, which is free from this pernicious possibility,

Here, then, are the positions of responsibility in departments and bureaus, upon which, in each, the business structure depends. Obviously, reforms in the methods of transacting public business, even though sweeping, will not long endure if no better organization exists at the top than that which at present prevails. If this be admitted, what change in the management of executive departments should be made to secure the most effective operation?

There should be in each department an important official who can best be described as a permanent under-secretary. This man should be selected with as much care as would be exercised in selecting the manager of the United States Steel Corporation. He should receive liberal compensation, commensurate with the responsibilities of supervising the expenditure of many million dollars annually for clerical labor and supplies. He should be

charged solely with administration, and be capable of inspiring confidence and enthusiasm. He should have submitted to him from each bureau a careful system of cost-accounting, by which he may determine the cost of operations and of each class of labor. He should be in constant conference with subordinate officials in the different bureaus and offices, concerning the character of clerical help. He should commend personally those employees who are making a satisfactory record; and should reprimand, directly or indirectly, those who are not earning their salaries. He should be prepared to discharge at any moment, without the slightest regard to political conditions, those persons who are clearly inefficient. This official should prepare a businesslike annual report, showing the financial operations in the conduct of the department, which report should be incorporated in the secretary's report to the President; and should be the subject of special consideration, either by the President or by some appropriate committee of Congress.

Such a position should be as permanent as anything in the government service can be. Having been selected for peculiar efficiency, this official should be regarded by those under him as so permanent that they may depend upon his approval or disapproval, and can dismiss all thought that they are not to be responsible to him next week or next month, as now occurs in connection with all high officials. Thus they will come to accept the judgment and the decision of such a man as final. There will be no covert efforts to defeat his orders, no latent opposition arising from the thought that the chief clerk is more permanent than the official. Such an officer, if he makes full use of his opportunity, could develop human interest by watchful commendation, promotion, reprimand, and dis-

missal, and secure a degree of efficiency and economy which would approximate that secured in great private enterprises.

Whatever the cause, it is a fact known to all who have any familiarity with the affairs of the federal departments and bureaus, that, as at present conducted, every operation, however simple, is more costly than similar operations conducted under private or corporate direction. The impersonal character of the government, its vast resources, the abundance of labor, clerical and manual, the restrictions, some wise and some unwise, and the lack of undisputed permanent authority, all tend to create exceptional conditions, which result in greater expenditure as compared with the operation of private enterprises.

The radical change of organization here proposed is in reality merely an effort to place the executive departments somewhat in line with great business enterprises. Each department is now, in truth, a huge corporation. Economy and efficiency are regarded in the business world as exotics which require untiring cultivation. Can the government assume that they will flourish in the several departments without similar attention? Is it not clear that there must be some central, permanent officer of high rank, from whom orders, instructions, approval, and reprimand shall emanate? The time has arrived when a cabinet officer should practically cease all detailed administration of his department, and should concern himself almost exclusively with policies and product, holding a permanent administrative subordinate responsible for economy and efficiency.

The American people are extremely generous employers when the compensation of an expert organizer, or administrator of a great money-earning

enterprise, is to be decided; but they are exceedingly niggardly employers when the matter of conducting the affairs of their own government offices is involved. A salary of fifty thousand dollars is promptly voted by the directors and stockholders of an important bank or railroad, and so long as the man who receives it organizes, extends, and administers the property successfully and meets dividend and surplus requirements, there is no breath of complaint or criticism. It is, in short, only necessary to 'make good.' In the government service, on the contrary, except a few men in the customs service, but three administrative officials below the rank of cabinet officer receive a salary as high as eight thousand dollars. Including the customs service, there are less than two hundred permanent administrative positions under the government which carry a salary of over eighty dollars per week. Of course it cannot be expected that the great administrators of banks and manufacturing and public-service corporations will give favorable consideration to federal positions of uncertain tenure, carrying as compensation an amount scarcely greater than that required for family pin-money.

This difference in the popular attitude toward official as compared with private employment, arises from a number of causes: the general conviction (especially in those parts of the country where the scale of compensation is low) that a modest salary is enough for any government employee; the lingering impression that all official positions are more or less political, and do not need the services of the masters of organization and administration; and, finally, the great pressure for office, regardless of salary.

The logic of employing a fifty-thousand-dollar man to save half a million dollars or more, appeals only to the

most experienced and broad-minded. The majority are ready to believe that the saving can and should be effected by small men. The Panama Canal forms a conspicuous and most creditable exception.

Until recently we have all been wont to regard official positions of responsibility as due to 'patronage,' a belief which still continues in many quarters. This at once creates a sharp distinction between the policy to be pursued in filling a government office and in filling one of similar responsibility in a money-earning enterprise. In attempting any real reform, short or uncertain tenure of office, lack of real authority, and political intrigue, must be dealt with first. Mere uncertainty of tenure would make it beyond the power of the ablest men to accomplish anything of consequence.

Within the past thirty years all business methods in the United States have been revolutionized. The American people, in their industrial and commercial ventures, and indeed in every calling, have developed and broadened immeasurably. Should not the administration of government change also? Is not the time appropriate for the federal government, now grown to vast proportions, to change its organization so as to utilize the best methods and the best men to be found in private life?

Of scarcely less importance is the establishment of a standard. In a large corporation the basis of employment, or of the retention of individuals when employed, is efficiency in contributing toward the profit of the concern. By this exacting standard, if the employee does not prove efficient within the sphere of his or her duties, whatever they may be, such employee is promptly dropped without argument or apology. It is sufficient that the concern cannot pay the compensation

allotted if it is not earned, and another and more capable wage-earner is substituted. Furthermore, the money standard, — the exaction of a dollar's value for a dollar expended, — applied in order to show at the end of the business year low operating expenses coupled with the largest profit consistent with good administration, reaches out into all the other operations of the concern.

The money-earning standard is, in general, the compass of the commercial world, but the executive departments of the federal government have no such guide. Since the making, and hence the saving, of money is not the objective of operation, no government employee is taught to consider the value of government money. It is, therefore, not remarkable that waste, ill-advised methods, over-employment, disproportionate wages, employment of persons not earning the compensation paid to them, and costly printing and miscellaneous expenses, creep into the daily routine of the departments from this cause alone.

What substitute, if any, is there for the commercial, money-earning standard, which will prove effective in the federal departments?

Apparently there is but one: the introduction of a large degree of human interest. By this term is meant the increase in importance of the personal equation, and the decrease in importance of the official or strictly formal and impersonal attitude which now prevails. This term, human interest, includes the cultivation of zeal in work (whatever the motive from which it springs), and recognition of faithful service.

In the government service at the present time, adequate appreciation and compensation are seldom accorded to those conscientious employees who labor faithfully because of genuine

love of or interest in their duties; there is no strict supervision of those who are mercenary; and no adequate discipline for those (and there are many) who shirk their tasks.

These are the basic requirements in every commercial enterprise.

While it is, of course, true, that self-respecting men and women do not require to be constantly patted on the back, it is a fact that the occasional hearty approval of really good work, uttered by an official who stands for something, means genuine inspiration, just as a rebuke and a warning mean necessary improvement. This statement applies with greater force to the employees of the federal government than to any other group of wage-earners in the country. They have all secured appointment through the civil service because they are educated and intelligent men and women. Hence, at the outset, at least, they are alert, sensitive, and peculiarly susceptible to praise or censure; they are men and women in whom the element of human interest is highly developed, and whose efficiency may be destroyed easily by neglect or injustice. In the past, and even at the present time, the daily conduct of many of the divisions in the Executive Departments might justly be called 'The Tyranny of Small Men.'

It will be observed that the suggestions here offered tend toward closer organization, and more careful and systematic supervision, with decided increase in personal interest and personal responsibility. There is, in truth, no other way by which the expenditures of the federal government can be reduced and kept permanently at the lowest point consistent with effective operation. It is very easy ruthlessly to cut off this and that expenditure, to introduce this and that radical reform, or to 'systematize' a department

or bureau; but unless the incentive to real reform has been created, and can be maintained by a better organization and a better spirit, all reforms, however sweeping, will be short-lived and vanish with a department official or an administration.

One more step can be taken with profit in the effort to secure the most thorough and permanent economy of modern administration. The subject of unexpended balances should receive serious consideration. Congress seldom pays any attention to an appropriation after it has become law. Once made, the subject is forgotten, and there is a decided tendency on the part of government officials who have fought long and earnestly to secure an appropriation, to use it all. They believe, indeed, that if they do not use all the funds allowed them, they cannot obtain as much the following year. If some of the appropriation should be expended unwisely, in all probability this fact will never appear. On the other hand, if an official labors early and late to secure the maximum of result with the minimum of expenditure, to what purpose is it? There is no one who is really concerned with such matters, and the official is justified in asking the cynical question, 'Who cares?' He will receive no credit other than self-approbation for the most economical expenditure resulting in a considerable unexpended balance, as compared with comparatively careless, and what may be termed routine expenditure, by which all the appropriation is exhausted.

There could be created profitably, in each House of Congress, a standing committee organized to inquire concerning unexpended balances, to tabulate them, and report at intervals, commending economical officials and criticising those who are not. Unquestionably, such a policy would at once change the attitude of department officials

toward the expenditure of appropriations intrusted to their care. Incited by the increasing seriousness of waste in the administration of the government, Congress must deal with this problem in broad-minded and intelligent fashion. No partial reforms can possibly avail to secure permanent improvement, so great is the power within the federal service of precedent and prejudice.

It should not be overlooked that reforms in government procedure have been attempted from time to time in the past. The exhaustive Dockery investigation and report, made during the first administration of Mr. Cleveland, was an admirable piece of work, and should easily have led to far-reaching changes. Covert opposition, however, both political and individual, and official inertia, prevented any lasting improvements. More recently the Keap Commission labored earnestly and efficiently to effect desirable changes, and later, James R. Garfield, while Secretary of the Interior (the most progressive Secretary who has presided over the Department for many years), expended twelve thousand dollars — paid to a firm of systematizers — to

improve the business methods of the Department. It is doubtful if the economies now in operation, traceable directly to these attempts at reform, are numerous and valuable enough to justify the time thus consumed and the expenditures made. In fact, after the lapse of but two years, many of the responsible officers who served under Mr. Garfield have disappeared from the service. Furthermore, the President's Secretary, who less than a year ago undertook to lead the reform of business methods in the government, has already retired to private life. The succession of officials in the federal service might with greater propriety be called a procession. Meantime, with a steady increase in aggregate expenditure, the necessity for economy in administration continually grows more pressing.

Of late the American people have shown a decided tendency to conduct public affairs to their own liking. It remains to be seen whether they will insist upon a complete overhauling of government procedure to conform to modern conditions. The alternative is to accept waste and inertia without complaint.

A DREAM-MARCH TO THE WILDERNESS

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

NOT many years ago, at the close of an early day in May,—it was the anniversary of the Battle of the Wilderness,—a rather square-shouldered man, dressed in Scotch tweed, and wearing a low-crowned, fawn-colored hat, was walking a country road, which led by a venerable oak wood. He was spare; age had frosted his light moustache. In his youth a sword had hung at his side, for he had been a soldier, and during the famous war between the states, sometimes called the Great Rebellion, he had carried Grant's first dispatch from the Wilderness. It was about noon on the second day of the bloody field when Grant, that charmingly low-voiced, softly blue-eyed hero who now sleeps in glory on the bank of the Hudson, himself handed his dispatch to the young officer, who mounted a spirited black horse, and accompanied by a squadron of cavalry set off for the nearest telegraph line, which was at Rappahannock Station, some twenty-odd miles away, where he arrived just after the sun had set. Returning, he left the Rappahannock at midnight and, preceding his escort, reached the Rapidan as the morning star was paling; and, boylike, on the willow-fringed river-bank he loitered for a moment to listen to a redbird that was singing. Soon the dull, quick boom of replying guns went grumbling by, and, leaving river and redbird, he rode back, through a lifting fog, to Grant on the battlefield.

And now, unconscious of time and rapt in the memories of the Wilderness,

his channeled face was toward the west and the evening star hung low. The day was about done. The last prying crow had flown to his roost in the boughy hemlocks; belated bees, forgetful of the hour in their zealous diligence, were leaving the blooming lindens whose sweet odor, mingling with that of the wild grape, perfumed the dusking air, and the jeweling dew, on the tips of the fresh-blading corn and the saw-toothed margined leaf of the budding sweet-brier, was already gathering the light of the kindling stars into diamonds and pearls. Save the piping of frogs in a rushy swale on the hither side of the white thorn and boulder-strewn leaning pasture, which on the left hand bordered the roadside, all was very still. Moved by the pensive silence and by the heavens declaring aloft the glory of God, his thoughts had turned from a field of strife to a field immortal, when a mantled figure emerged from the growing darkness of the timber, and, in the full, mellow speech of the woods, accosted him, saying, 'I am what I am, and beseech you to lead me back to my home once more.'

'Where is your home?' the soldier asked.

'It lies on the banks of the Rappahannock and the Rapidan; from my doorstep within the sweep of a circle of eight miles lie the fields of Chancellorsville, Spottsylvania, and the Wilderness, where over fifty thousand men, most of them mere boys under twenty-one, were killed or wounded.'

'Yes, yes,' interrupted the veteran

feelingly. 'I knew them, I marched with them, and I saw many of them put in their last narrow beds.'

'That battle region,' continued the figure, 'is my home, and my abiding-place was not far from where Stonewall Jackson fell and Longstreet was so severely wounded.'

'Why, I know those places well, and shall never forget Chancellorsville and that full moon coming up through the tree-tops crimsoned by the smoke which overhung the blood-drenched field just as Stonewall Jackson in the wooded darkness received by some mysterious fate his mortal wounds. Had he lived two hours longer, I do not know what would have become of our army and its cause.'

At the mention of Fate a change like the passage of a beam of light through a mirky wood spread over her grave face as her eyes suddenly gleamed with an inward light.

'I was in the Battle of the Wilderness, too,' he continued familiarly, 'and can hear its volleys thundering now.'

Gazing with thoughtful scrutiny, she asked, 'And do you know where Longstreet was wounded in that battle on the Plank Road?'

'I do, and the shot that took him down just on the verge of victory was equally mysterious. I have stood at the spot more than once, and at morning and evening have sat by the bank of Caton's and Wilderness Runs listening to their murmur.'

Of all the battlefields the veteran had been on, and they were many, the Wilderness was the only one he had revisited, and once amid its solitudes, he would spend days as in a temple.

'And you know those warrior runs, too!' exclaimed the other, in a tone of subdued delight, and drew nearer — she had plucked a red trillium such as bloom in the Wilderness, and placed it in her breast.

'Indeed I do, and can go to the very place on the bank of one of them where during the battle I saw a boy who had bled to death, sitting at the foot of a gray beech tree, still holding some violets, which he had picked, in his ashy fingers.'

'Oh, what a memory! Give me your hand, you are just the one to take me back to my home.'

'But how did you happen to leave it?' inquired the soldier, now looking into the warm deep eye of the figure, with amiable but frank curiosity.

'It came about in this wise. Not long ago I was put into a narrative of the Battle of the Wilderness, which was borne along lines of thundering traffic, out into the wide busy world, and finally to firesides leagues on leagues apart. I am the Spirit of the Wilderness of that narrative, and while it is true that here and there from an ancient book on a library shelf I heard low notes of welcome, and while more than one gray-haired old soldier with trembling hand held the story and read it with delight, even with tears sometimes trickling from his spectacled eyes, yet in the faces of most readers, I saw a look of strange wonder, a vague indefiniteness as to who and what I was, while invariably, when the narrative fell into the hands of students of the Art of War, their brows bristled as they read, claiming that I diverted their attention from the march of events: and not infrequently I'd hear one say, "D——n his sentiment!"'

'Scorned and furtively gazed at, nowhere understood or admitted to close fellowship, my heart grew heavy and I fled through fields and woods. It was not so in the early days,' mused the Spirit; 'my forefathers and brethren were at home by every rustic fireside, on every ship that sailed for Troy, in every palace of Babylon; and where-soever a shepherd slept among his flock

in the fields of Judæa, there too they were welcome. I wonder what has happened to change mankind and cause them to scan me with such cold, strange eyes.'

Just then a radiant Being, whose abiding-place is in the self-sown grove of Literature, laid its hand tenderly on the veteran's shoulder and said, 'Let me answer that question. It is because, in these latter days, all that fertile area of man's brain, the habitation and playground of his primitive senses of truth and beauty, senses which cheered and inspired him to joy, awe, and reverence by transmuting his thoughts and emotions, creation's sounds and the sky's morning and evening empire of color into living symbols, therewith inspiring prophets to clothe their Bible in splendor, and poets to sweep the strings of mighty harps,—all that area with its natural indigenous crops of poetry, religion, and literature has been blighted by the blasting fumes of sordid commercialism and desolate materialism. Alas! that playground of man's spiritual nature, from a daisied meadow with star-reflecting streams, surrounded by green wooded mountains, has been turned into a waste of drifting sands, and instead of those religiously joyful beings, Poetry and the creative spirit who danced, sang, and piped, what have we? Altruism, Pragmatism, Atheism, and a bleak disbelief in Immortality.'

Then, turning impatiently and with a sweep of her hand, she exclaimed, 'Think of it, ye oaks, hickories, chest-nuts, and beeches, whose acorns and nuts are just forming! Ye hawthorns and old orchards in bloom! Think of it, violets,—yellow, white, dog-tooth, and blue; anemones and houstonias in open woodland and pasture, and ye, too, happy brooks and runs, whose gurgling waters have just fallen from rainbowed clouds in the sky! Think

of it! No immortality!' And with one accord, the oaks, the neighboring forests, blooming orchards, and blading plants all shouted in derision, and then broke into hosannas in praise to God for life beyond the grave. And they had barely ended when the stars and winds, cataracts and waves on the long, sandy beaches, took up the triumphant song.

As the last note of Nature's worshipful anthem died away, the radiant Being vanished, and the Wilderness-Spirit whispered to the veteran, 'What is Pragmatism and Altruism?'

Now, it was a peculiarity of the soldier's mind that whatsoever was philosophic, whatsoever he could not visualize, irritated him, and he blurted out, 'I don't know and don't care a d——n! All I know is that in my youth I was taught that God created the heavens and the earth and hung the stars in the sky to light it by night, and that the first true gentleman who ever lived died on Calvary, and however it may be now with the people of this generation, religion was a reality to my forefathers. I loved to hear them in their congregations singing old hymns, and on my way back from Sunday School I loved to roam the fields and hear the meadow-lark singing too; and when the shadows were lengthening and evening's pensive twilight was coming on, and my heart naturally beating low, I was cheered to hear the thrush pouring out his musical notes, his heart apparently growing lighter with the approach of night while mine was growing heavier. And there was a hill in the pasture of the old home farm where the sheep would lie down to rest, and I never saw them reposing there in the moonlight that I did not think of that night when the angel's song of Peace and Goodwill toward men was first heard on the earth. Oh, I wish I were a boy again, the moon rising over that

hill; could roam those fields — they were like companions to me — and hear the wind in the old home woods once more,' — his voice falling as usual into a low cadence when his feelings were deep.

'Do you wonder then how I long for my old home in the Wilderness?' asked the Spirit earnestly. 'Lo! there rising through the woods is the full moon'; and gazing at it she observed, 'That is just how it looked at Chancellorsville a moment before Stonewall fell.'

'So it does *exactly*!' responded the veteran.

'And I know,' continued the Spirit, 'how its beams are falling on the Lacy farm, among the half-grown pines on the knoll where Grant had his headquarters, and athwart the Widow Tapp's old field where Lee had his. Are you aware,' she continued, 'that this anniversary, the 6th of May, never comes round that Duty and Glory, bearing wreaths in their hands for the dead of both armies, do not appear in the Wilderness, that its streams do not murmur the livelong night, and the old breastworks behind which stood the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of the Potomac — your own old gallant army — do not call to each other in friendly tones. Often have I heard them as I sat at my leafy door, and then one trumpet after another blows where some splendid boy fell; and invariably, as their last notes die away, the wind rises and breathes a solemn requiem. Oh, what a home I had!'

The old soldier, catching the glint of a falling tear, thrust his arm impulsively through that of the spirit. 'Come on, by thunder!' he exclaimed, 'let us go back to the Wilderness!'

And off they set.

Now from time to time, as in all time, bells speak to bells, mountain peaks to mountain peaks, lakes to lakes,

and land to sea; and above all on May nights, when Spring is strewing her flowers over the fields and through the woods, when there is mist in the valleys and clouds are gilded by the moon.

So, the news was communicated by spire and bell to the soldiers on the monuments from Maine to Minnesota that the old Army of the Potomac was forming to go back to the Wilderness. And soon they began to gather, and at every lane and cross-road our little company came to, there stood a color-bearer and soldiers who fell in, swelling the procession. Great was the joy of every run and brook they crossed, of every hill and field they passed; the lone trees in them, as well as the woods, all waving their green banners. And wheresoever they swung by a farm from which a soldier had volunteered, the cocks in the barns crowed valiantly. On they went, climbing a long hill in the moonlight, past stone walls old and blotched with lichens on either side of the narrow mountain-road, past gray weather-worn boulders, from the top of which many a sparrow and lark had sung a sweet song and among which small herds of young cattle were sleeping in peace, on and on until they came to a lonely house in whose dooryard stood a tottering hoary oak. A boy with yellow hair and pink cheeks, an only son from this house, was the first to spring to the old soldier's side. This boy it was who had gone forth when his captain in the Wilderness seized the colors and amid a terrible fire had planted them ahead of all the battle line, crying out, 'Who will stand by me?' Captain and boy never came home. The once kingly tree, now in the childish dotage of old age, lifted its bleaching crown as the colors passed and with trembling voice said, 'If you pass the grave where our gallant Tom lies, tell him that we wish he would come home.'

While the column was crossing the Hudson the guns of old Revolutionary Fort Putnam boomed a salute. And, wheresoever in the Highlands the men of Massachusetts, Virginia, and the rest of the original Thirteen Colonies had camped under Washington, Wayne, and Heath, beacon fires on the hills were burning.

The line of march soon led by the gates of a vast temple whose walls and dome were of beaten gold. Avarice sat brooding on its gates, which were of massive brass; and notwithstanding it was night, a conclave of middle-aged men with hard, cold faces and sharp little eyes were mounting the gilded steps, and passing between the fluted columns of solid bullion into the temple of Mammon.

The spires of Philadelphia were all on the look-out, for they had heard the cheering at Princeton, and as soon as they caught sight of the oncoming column the Liberty Bell began to peal.

And lo! when they reached Washington, Columbia came down from the dome of the Capitol and led them up Pennsylvania Avenue, the torch of the country's destiny burning brightly in her hand; and as they passed the White House there stood Lincoln once more waving them a 'God bless you' on their way, the pathos of his sad face lighting as he looked at them steadfastly, perhaps listening to a voice repeating the lyric of his first inaugural.

'We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.'

'Better angels of our nature!' Clay

of Westminster! State papers of the world, match that lyric close if you can!

When they reached the Potomac, the river was glad to see its old namesake again, and all up and down its banks, from Cumberland to the Chesapeake, there was great joy as the news was borne by the rippling current that the old Army of the Potomac was crossing into Virginia on its way to the Wilderness in the spirit of Goodwill and Peace.

That night the army bivouacked on the green sward of Mt. Vernon. Sweet was the sleep of all, for the sanctified, country-loving sod whispered to every one of them that he was welcome.

The fires kindled on the hearth of the venerable mansion, the windows gleamed, and ready dressed in his uniform, Washington sat with rapt pleasure looking into a softly blazing fire, beholding the realization of the hopes of departed days.

Now the boom of old Fort Putnam's guns and the peal of the Liberty Bell had barely passed on their way over the Southland, when the bell of St. Michael in Charleston began to ring and guns to boom from Cowpen's, King's Mountain, and Yorktown. And as they ceased, the voice of the Confederate soldier, standing aloft on his column overlooking Richmond, was heard calling the Army of Northern Virginia to attention, and in a little while that old army with the Stars and Bars flying was on its way to the Wilderness. And if the fields and woods of the Northland had greeted the procession of its brave and true with proud exultation, the greetings of the Southland for its valiant sons was even keener, prouder, and warmer. And the reason why, it is easy to see: for where there is pity a kind of tear gathers in the eye which the heart sends up of its choicest dew, and the result was, as their friends cheered

them again and again, tears of love and pride dripped down the cheeks of old and young. The liveoaks with their swinging moss, cypress and pine, the cotton-fields and every blooming laurel decking the cloud-capped hills of Carolina and Tennessee waved, and waved proudly. Yes, and there was music in the channels of the Alabama, Ocmulgee, and Altamaha, that rejoicing music of lofty strain which the streams of a land devoted to an enlightened, righteous democracy bear on to the sea. Has the Ganges, the Tiber, the Danube, the Nile, or the Rhine, a song like that of the James, the Hudson, the Charles, the Alabama, the Oregon, and the mighty Mississippi?

So, when the Army of Northern Virginia approached Richmond the kingly James broke into a strain that pierced the sky, for its heart, like that of the Blue Ridge, the peaks of Otter and the Shenandoah, had been with it from beginning to end.

Under the escort of the Richmond Blues the procession traversed the proud citadel of the Confederacy. It is believed that never, never, in all history did any army receive such a welcome. From the time it appeared filing down the heights of Manchester till the last color disappeared on the Brooke Pike, the people thronged the streets; aged fathers and mothers, pale and too weak to stand alone, who had lived through the war, were supported lovingly on either side at their doorways, and babies were waked and taken from their cradles and held high in their mothers' arms so that they might have it to say in their old age that they saw the Army of Northern Virginia as it marched through Richmond on its way to the Wilderness. All the bells rang, St. Paul's leading, and there was many a suppressed sob as the tears fell.

As the line passed the White House, uncovered between two of the columns

of the porch stood Jefferson Davis. His spare face was unclouded. With character so spotless, integrity so incorruptible, courage so resolute, conviction in the justice of the cause he led so strong, he seemed, as his eyes lay kindly on the marching veterans, to be listening in faith for the final and favorable verdict of the future. The charm of his personality, a rare blending of dignity with well-bred deference, was still about him. Of course, all the flags were dipped, including the stars and stripes borne by the Blues, for each star and each bar on it remembered him as an old friend, one who at Buena Vista, as colonel of the First Mississippi, by his courage and blood (for he was severely wounded there) brought it victory. The sight of the old flag dipping to him brought his heart into his mouth and with moistened eyes he bowed low and whispered, 'God bless you!'

As they marched by the old camping-grounds, each begged them for the sake of bygone days to halt; but the veterans wanted to sleep once more on the scene of the five-days' warfare at Spottsylvania, whose match in desperate assaults was not met with elsewhere. So by the old battlefields, and over the South Anna and the North Anna, they marched on. Both of these rivers were singing, and long after they crossed them, heading northward, they could still hear them, as the south wind breathed through the newly-leaved woods and over the freshly-ploughed fields.

In uncommon splendor the sun went down, and out from her sky-ceiled chamber, twilight never came forth with softer grace, or with a sweeter face under her veil; and never did the evening star seem more reluctant to sink to her bed in the west, as the column in gray marched on in the spirit of Goodwill and Peace. At last lone trees, fields, and distant views, all faded

away, and darkness came from the deep, heavy woods which lined the roadside, and stood at their branching overarched doorways; gentleness and perfect safety had replaced the terror in the face of Night. Millions of stars were out.

When within a mile or so of Spottsylvania all the battle-torn banners began to flutter on their staffs, and their bearers could not understand it. But when they drew to their destination, then the reason dawned on them, for there were the old fields robed in glory to welcome them; the flags, you see, had felt the proud beating of their hearts. Spottsylvania's reception was royal, all her peerage, her court of heroic deeds, were there in state and pomp, and on every staff as they passed her she hung a wreath of laurel. After the camp-fires were lit, the oaks from the 'Bloody Angle' came out and joined their fellow veterans around the camp-fires, not boastful yet proud of their maimed limbs, their scars, and the bullets still in their breasts. Sweet, peaceful, and refreshing was sleep!

Meanwhile the Army of the Potomac had reached the Rapidan and was bivouacking on its northern bank, the river alone between it and the Wilderness. The moon never moved upward with greater majesty, nor were the stars arrayed in finer apparel, than on that night. How could it have been otherwise? For are not brave hearts, filled with the spirit of peace and goodwill, the true coming down of Heaven to dwell among men? And naturally enough then every luminary of the firmament brightened.

The Rapidan listened with rapture while the old Army of the Potomac sang its songs; and after the voices all died down, and with hands under their cheeks, as in their childhood, the veterans fell asleep, the night wind gathered the perfume of jessamine, azalea, lin-

den, violet, and wild grape to fill the air, and then breathed lullabies through the willows and the æolian-throated pines. To show how through Nature's vast concourse of stars, winds, plains, mountains, and seas the heart's high beats are conveyed, it is said that during that night a square-rigged ship from New Orleans, loaded with cotton, spoke a barque in mid-Atlantic loaded with spars from the coast of Maine; both had every bit of bunting a-flying and, as they passed, yards, masts, and sails cheered for the respective armies, and then for the common country's glory.

The Wilderness, fully informed of the old armies' approach, and desirous that their reception should be suitable, called in conference the neighboring battlefields of Todd's Tavern, Mine Run, Spottsylvania, and Chancellorsville. Having assembled on a knoll crowned with open venerable trees, it was suggested that by reason of their common memories the Pike, Brock, and Plank roads, Caton's and Wilderness runs, the Widow Tapp's fields and the Chewning farm should be invited to the conference also. (The old Plank Road, owing to its infirmities, was the last to reach the meeting-place, and the Pike, on account of its years and consequent shortness of breath, had to sit down twice to rest before completing the journey.)

All having gathered at last, and as they were on the point of taking up the matter in hand, the little chapel constructed since the war, which stands on the side of the Pike near where Grant's headquarters once were, modestly drew near. She had been overlooked, but gladly they welcomed her to a place amongst them, for there is not an oak or a pine, green-alleyed vista, murmuring stream, or old entrenchment, within sound of her voice, that does not love her, and that does not join in worship on quiet Sunday

evenings, as the last pealing stroke of her bell dies away.

After full discussion it was decided that when the heads of the two armies bore in sight, the Southern, up the Brock Road from Spottsylvania, the Northern, up the Germanna Road from the Rapidan, a delegation of the best oaks — more than one of them carried bullets, shrapnel, and pieces of shell — should meet them and escort each to its former respective position; that meanwhile the azaleas, dogwood, and blooming laurel should line the roadsides, and that here and there canteens of cool fresh water should be hung on pendant boughs. Provision was also made that, on gaining their camps, piles of dry fagots should be ready for the camp-fires, and that wheresoever a horse or mule should be tied, there at his feet should lie a ration of glittering corn and a sheaf of bearded oats. The little chapel volunteered to supply a soft pillow for every head, and a far traveling wind, which had halted, attracted by the assemblage, suggested that as sleep was closing their eyes the runs should softly sing of home and peace.

In accordance with this programme, never were armies escorted with more dignity, and never were roadsides dressed with more beauty. For, as well as the dogwood, laurel, and azaleas, every blooming bush and wild flower of the woods came out to welcome them, every waxen, yellow cowslip, open-eyed houstonia, the spring beauties with their faintly pink-streaked petals, the spiritual white-clothed distant ærial wind-flower, the downy-stemmed liverwort, violets, white, yellow, and blue, all stood there facing one another, the road between, in childish expectancy and glee, the tall standing back to give place to the small. And as brigade after brigade came by, they and the trees over them would break into exulting cheers. Now you would hear them along

the Germanna Road, up which marched the old Army of the Potomac — God bless it! how the name always stirs my heart; now the woods along the Pike would take them up; and then you would hear them far away to the southwest, beyond New Hope Church, responding, — it was through them that the gallant Longstreet had marched; — and as the Army of Northern Virginia came up the Brock Road and filed into the Plank for the Widow Tapp field and the Chewning farm, wild, even tumultuous, was the acclamation of the Wilderness. In fact, as the two armies went into their camps, the voice of the timbered battle-fought region rose with such mighty force that every fellow ancient wood of our land, from farthest shore to shore, took up the cheers, and rejoicing waves rolled thundering in from the level, moonlit seas.

It is needless to say, seeing in what fellowship and kindness the armies had come together on one of their deadliest fields, that the heart of the reunited country was beating loud; and that, as always when the heart of man or nation flushes the brain with tides of feeling, Art, Poetry, and Religion, those mighty creative spirits, through her gifted sons, got ready to embody the glory of the land in immortal speech; or to add that, beholding their sincerity, Nature walked by their side and spoke, and heaven-lit was the vision of our country's majesty as she moved peacefully, brave, just, merciful, and clothed in righteousness, among the nations of the world.

But who are those envoys that, with banners, are traveling hitherward through the fields of moon and stars? Silence stands at the border of her kingdom, and her attendants are there, the carrying winds. Oh, with what a depth of acquaintance and meaning she meets them, and with what looks they answer the cheers of the Wilder-

ness! The envoys and their winged retinue have gone into camp on a beach, where lofty headland on headland appears. What new country is that? Wait a while; God is pouring his spirit out as he had promised to do on all men, and the literature of our land will at last tell you what country it is, and you will hear echoes from the cliffs of the mind.

It seems that Fame too had come to witness the reunion, and the good angel of our country went to her side and said, 'Why not throw the doors of your temple open and let them enter as friends?' Her trumpet sounds, the armies rouse and take up the march again. Abreast they mount the steps and pass through the high, wide doors. Ushers with suspended trumpets — oh, how they have sounded on many a field since the Christian Era began! — seated the Army of the Potomac on one side, the Army of Northern Virginia on the other; their colors, mingling, were planted around the chancel. The galleries were crowded, crowded with the true, gentle, gifted, heroic of the past, — Fame's sweethearts, — all looking down with fresh, noble unselfconscious interest. There was the Centurion, the Good Samaritan, Sidney, Sir Richard Grenville.

Noble, very noble was that company, waiting the arrival of Grant and Lee, who presently appeared marching up the aisle, led on by stern Duty, that

master soldier, 'with sword on thigh and brow with purpose knit,' attended on either hand by Victory and Law. The vast assembly rose and stood till they were seated. Then an invisible choir somewhere aloft in the mighty dome began to sing: 'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God'; the heads of all bowed in reverential silence. The song ended, History brought forward her Chronicle and read a glowing chapter; the wind of the Wilderness carried it forth; and then followed a great hush as if a voice from the firmament had pronounced a benediction. The two armies rose, and to the exulting music of the fields, rivers, mountains, and lakes of our loving land, marched away into the darkening past.

And as they vanished, the Future drew her curtain, and lo! appeared a vast multitude attentive to a figure with a radiant face — it may have been Poetry — who was addressing them with inspired lips, her uplifted hand pointing from time to time toward a dawn-tinted beacon peak. On inquiry, the soaring mountain-top was found to be the glory of the generation whose armies had the magnanimity, the greatness of soul, after a bitter war of four years, to meet as friends, to bury and forget all wrongs, and with stout but humble hearts, to take up the task of their country's destiny.

FOR THE HONOR OF THE COMPANY

BY MARY E. MITCHELL

THE old man came slowly up the little graveled path which bisected the plot, and painfully bent himself to one of the ornate iron settees facing the monument. Everything about him, the faded blue suit, the brass-buttoned coat with the tiny flag pinned on its breast, the old army hat, all bespoke the veteran. He wore, also, a look of unwonted tidiness which sat stiffly on his shambling figure. The frayed edges of his clean linen had been clipped, and his thin gray hair neatly brushed. His whole aspect told of a conscientious concession to the solemn rites of Decoration Day.

The bench already held one occupant, small and withered in person, with soft white hair showing beneath a rusty, old-fashioned bonnet. An observer would have pronounced her a contemporary of the newcomer. But it is harder to tell a woman's age than a man's; the way of her life marks her face more than do the years. In this case her deep corrugations bore witness to stress, but behind the furrows lay something which hinted that the owner had over-lived the storms, and that the end was peace.

The little green park which they had chosen for their resting-place was a fitting spot for old people, for it, too, spoke of battles past and victories won. The monument was one of those misguided efforts by which a grateful community is wont to show its appreciation of heroic service. It rose from the surrounding sward with a dignity of purpose and a pathos of intention quite

worthy of better expression. The scrap of ground around it had been promoted from unkempt waste, trampled by children and the occasional cow, to a proud position of national use. On this particular day it fulfilled its duties with an air of special integrity, while the monument fluttered with decorous gayety in a loyal drapery of red, white, and blue.

The Memorial Day sun was warmly manifesting its patriotism, and the veteran sank into the shaded seat with a sigh of tired content. He took off his hat and mopped his forehead. His part in the programme was over, and he had earned his rest. The celebration had been a success; not a threatening cloud had distracted the attention of the audience from the orator of the day. The procession had made an impressive progress to the cemetery, and one more chaplet had been laid upon the grave of the Civil War.

When he had restored his hat to his grizzled head, the veteran straightened up and regarded his seat-mate. He was a social soul, and the little cough he gave found no excuse in his bronchial regions; it was a purely voluntary and tentative approach to conversation. The look the woman vouchsafed him did not discourage his advance.

'Sightly place?' he ventured.

'Yes,' replied the woman.

'That monument now; it's somethin' to be proud of, ain't it?'

'It's real handsome.'

'I ain't been here since it was set up. I belong over Hilton way, but this

year the whole county's celebratin' together, you know, an' I thought I'd like to see the boys' names cut up there.'

The woman's gaze followed the veteran's to the tablet on the side of the shaft.

'They look good, don't they?' she said softly. 'I brought Danny to see them. His gran'father was my husband, an' I give him to his country.'

The veteran put his hand to his hat in an awkward gesture of sympathy.

'Well, ma'am,' he said, 'I often wonder why I warn't taken instead of some better man. I fought right through an' got nothin' but a flesh wound. Lord! but it was the women that suffered; they're the ones that ought to get pensions. I sense as if it was yesterday the mornin' I said good-bye to my sweetheart.'

For a moment the only sound was that of the breeze gently stirring the fresh young maple leaves overhead. Then the woman spoke.

'It seems queer, don't it, for us to be settin' here, an' them never knowin' that we're proud of 'em, an' that the country they died for is doin' 'em honor all over its length an' breadth? If they could come back an' join in the procession it would make a long line, but, my! would n't we make of 'em! I can't help thinkin' how much more they did than just fight.'

'That's so,' responded the veteran. 'There's somebody that says that when you pass out, what you've done don't die, but goes livin' on after you, an' I guess he's right. If we sensed that all the time we'd be more careful, mebbe.'

'It *has* lived after them,' approved the woman. 'I feel just that way when I'm thinkin' about my husband. He helped break the chains of the slave, but that warn't all or even most of what he done. I guess the war would n't have been lost if he had n't been in it, but

he gave the folks that knew him an example of what bein' a hero is, an' you can't calculate what that's meant.'

The veteran nodded.

'I never thought of it just that way before, but I guess you're right, ma'am.'

'You take Danny, now; he's the only gran'child I've got, an' we set store by him. Well, he's lame, an' the doctor says he won't ever be better. Seems as if it would fair kill his father when he heard that; men take such things hard, you know, and Danny was his eye's apple. But I guess he had some of the fightin' blood in him, for he marched straight up to the sorrier an' looked it square in the face. "My father faced the music, an' I guess I won't shame him, though it's a different kind of a bullet that's struck me; one you've got to live with instead of die of," he told Hatty Anne; she's his wife, an' she told me. As for Danny, well, when he was a little mite with a backache a good deal bigger'n he was, he would n't cry out because his gran'father was a soldier. We talk to him a lot about it, an' I guess it's given him courage to live.'

'Perhaps the little feller'll get over it,' said the veteran sympathetically. 'Doctors don't know everything.'

The woman shook her head.

'There ain't any perhaps about a spine as crooked as Danny's. But he's real sunny dispositioned an' he's got lots of grit. He's just set on playin' soldier, an' it would make you cry to see him drillin', brave as the best, with his poor little back, an' his pipe-stem legs. He's over there now, waiting for the band to come back; he's just crazy over bands, Danny is.'

The veteran strained his dim eyes in the direction of the little figure sitting, crutches by his side, on the broad curb which swept about the curve of the grass-plot.

'My husband did n't leave much in

the way of worldly goods,' continued the woman, 'but I guess the legacy he did leave has gone further an' done more'n dollars would have done.'

'That's so! That's so!' affirmed the veteran; and again on the two old people fell silence. It was the veteran who broke it.

'I'm thinkin', as I set here, how the real heroes, an' them that ain't heroes, are all mixed up in a war, an' both get equal credit. Here's your husband, now, a brave man who died for his country, an' then again I could tell you a story — but there! my son's wife says my tongue's longer 'n the moral law. I guess when I get goin' I don't know when to stop.'

The woman's face expanded in interest as she edged nearer her seat-mate.

'I'll be real pleased to hear it,' she said.

The veteran painfully crossed his stiff legs, took off his hat and put it on his knee, while with one wrinkled hand he nervously fingered the brim.

'It seems good to be talkin' of old times.' The veteran's voice took on an apologetic note. 'Young folks don't always know what that means to the old, an' sometimes they get a bit impatient. You can't blame 'em. But this thing I've mentioned I never told but just to one, an' that was my wife; she's dead, now, this twenty year. It ain't a pretty story to tell, or for a woman to hear, but somehow I kind o' feel as if you'd understand. I've never been quite sure I done right; my wife, she thought I did, but you know wives have a way of favorin' what their men do. Perhaps you'll judge different.'

The veteran's eyes were fixed on the monument. The woman adjusted herself in an attitude of attention. Now and then there floated over to them the broken sounds of a happy little tune Danny was singing to himself.

'It happened at Gettysburg,' said the veteran, 'on the second day of the fight. You can't know just how a soldier feels when a battle is in the air. War brings out all that's good in a man, an' right along beside it all that's bad. The thought of the cause you're fightin' for, an' the music, an' the marchin', an' the colors flyin', an' the officers cheerin' the men, all gets hold of somethin' inside of you, an' you could give up everythin' for your country. It's grand, but, Lord! it's no use talkin' about it! You can't put it into words. Queer, ain't it, how many things words can spoil?'

The veteran paused as the woman gave the expected note of assent.

'As for the other side — well, when you're really on the fightin' ground with the bullets flyin' all about you, an' you see the men you've marched with, shoulder to shoulder, shot down, an' you know it's goin' to keep on till one side has to cry quit, then the beast that's in you gets up an' roars, an' you want to kill an' kill; sometimes you turn sick an' want to run — but you don't; no, ma'am! runnin' 's the last thing you do. It takes all kind of feelin's to make a battle. It's a queer sort of a way to settle troubles, now, ain't it? Seems kind o' heathenish, don't it?'

The woman shook her head.

'I take it we ain't to criticize what the Lord's sanctioned,' she said. 'The God of Battles is one of his names.'

'Oh, when it comes to the Lord, I ain't takin' exceptions, of course,' responded the veteran with a slightly embarrassed air. 'I would n't set myself up to judgin' his doin's, but I should n't have thought of introducin' war as a pacifier of nations, myself, or of fightin' as a way to brotherly love. But then I ain't pious. There's a pretty side to war, but it warn't showin' itself that day at Gettysburg.'

'It was a gloomy mornin', with a mist like a steam bath, dreary an' drip-pin'. We could n't get a sight of anything, an' the fog got into the men's hearts an' wilted them down, like it does starch out of a collar-band. There were other reasons for feelin' low. Things looked pretty bad for our side, an' every one of us knew it. Our little cap'n danced about for all the world like a war-horse; just a bundle of nerves. He said a little speech to us — *said!* it shot right out of him. It hit, too, for the whole company straightened up as if it had got a backbone. "You do your *damnedest!*" he yelled, "or by George, I'll shoot every man of you!" You'll have to excuse me, ma'am; I had to repeat it just as he said it, or you wouldn't have understood how wrought up he was; an' "By George" ain't exactly the words, either.'

The woman nodded indulgently. Her interest outran the amenities.

'Time dragged that mornin',' the veteran went on. 'After a while the sun burned off the fog, an' everythin' lay as bright as if there was goin' to be a strawberry festival instead of a bloody battle. The fields was as green as grass an' crops could make 'em, an' the cattle grazed as peaceful as lambs on a May mornin'. One herd of them cows got a taste of what war was before the day was over. It was brought home to them personal, you might say.'

'You could hear the cocks crowin' first in one barnyard an' then in another, an' birds was singin' everywhere. Little puffs of far-off smoke was all that told of battle in the air. The mornin' wore on, an' still we waited; there ain't anythin' more wearin' to a soldier's nerves than waitin'. I'd rather fight a dozen battles than spend another mornin' like that.'

'It was well on to the middle of the afternoon when the orders was given. There was a racket then, all right!

The pretty, peaceful farmyard scene was broke up, an' instead, there was a hell of roarin' guns an' screamin' shells an' blindin' smoke. Talk about slaughter! You've heard of the Devil's Den, I'm thinkin'.'

The woman shook her head.

'It got pretty famous that day. It was a heap of rocks, full of little caves, an' every one of the holes held a Johnny with a sharpshooter. Our men got picked off as fast as they come up. A little ravine ran right by the place, an' the herd of cows I mentioned got penned up right in the range of the crossfirin'. Them animals would have learned a lesson that day, if there'd been anything left of them to remember it with. That's generally the way with life, most of us get our experience too late.'

'There was a hill called Little Round Top, an' General Warren see right off that was the key to the situation. There did n't seem to be anybody occupyin' it, but it was such a good point, right on the face of it, that he kep' a sharp eye on it. All of a sudden there came a bright flash from near the top, a blindin' flash that made us sit up an' take notice. The truth of it was a company of Rebs were in ambush, an' the sun struck on to their bayonets an' gave them away complete. It's funny how weather steps in sometimes an' balks things. Seems as if it had more to do with winnin' the battle than the whole army did.'

'The ways the Lord takes are beyond the understandin' of man,' said the woman. 'His arm is ever with the righteous.'

The veteran meditatively rubbed his rough hand over his shabbily-clad knee, as he remarked, —

'Mabbe I don't give the Lord credit where it's due. It seems to me we're mighty apt to call it the Lord's arm when it's on our side. I notice them

that lose ain't apt to regard it in that light. However, whoever had the man-agin' of it, that flash saved the day. Our company was one of those sent up to take the hill. In all the war there warn't a finer charge. I don't see how we ever done it with them guns. It was a steep slope, rocky, and rough with tangled undergrowth. We never could have got up in cold blood. We were facin' a hot fire, but our only thought was to get to the top. There warn't a man in the company but would rather have been shot than face our little cap'n after havin' played the coward. I say there warn't a man, — there was one, as I found out, but then, Lord! I don't 'call that thing a *man*.

'Well, up we went, rattlety-bang, yankin' them guns over the rocks, stumblin', scramblin', tearin' our faces an' hands an' barkin' our shins, but keepin' right on. An' that ain't mentionin' the bullets whizzin' all about us.'

'It must have been awful,' interrupted the woman. 'It takes a lot of prayin' to keep up courage in the face of danger like that.'

'*Prayin'*!' ejaculated the veteran. 'If you call it prayin' to be bound to keep on if you had to kill every all-fired Reb in the Confederate Army to do it, an' to make a road of their dead bodies, then we was all prayin'. I guess men do things different from women. It don't make any odds what we thought; we *did*, and that was more to the point.

'About halfway up the hill, one of the guns got stuck some way, an' I had to stop an' help free it, so I fell behind a bit. As I was hurryin' to ketch up I stumbled on somethin' soft and yieldin'. It was a man, an' he was wearin' the blue. It took me some seconds to sense what it meant, an' then I realized I had run down a skulker,

hidin' in the rocks. I just reached out an' hauled him up by the collar of his coat, an' says I, "What you doin' here?" He was a man from my own company, worse luck. He was tremblin', an' his face was white. I shook him just as I would a rat. "Lemme alone!" he whimpered. "I was just gettin' my breath!" "Gettin' your breath!" I yelled. "You march up that hill as fast as you can go, or you'll get what mean little breath you've got knocked clean out of you, an' it won't be the Rebs that does it either!" With that I give him a kick that sent him flyin' in the right direction. You see, ma'am, I was hot at havin' our company shamed by a thing like that.

'Everybody knows what we did on that hill, an' how our charge saved the day. The names of the officers we lost on Little Round Top are writ up high in the records of the war; an' the men who fought for 'em an' fell with 'em are n't any less heroes, though they may not be in such big print. You can read all about it in any of the histories, but there's just one little story of that day that never got into a book. Nobody knows it but me, an' I saved our company from shame, an' a dead man's name from bein' a by-word an' a reproach.

'That evenin', when the firin' had stopped, I was prowlin' round the hillside, lookin' after the wounded and such. I got off the main track of the charge an' blundered about a bit, tryin' to find my way back. I was gettin' a little impatient to know my course, when I saw somethin' black, lyin' on the ground behind a tree. I halted an' got my gun ready: you see, I thought it was a Johnny, skulkin' round to rob the dead. I crept up softly toward the figure. It did n't move. When I got near I see it was a dead body. It was lyin' on its face, an' its heels pointed up hill. Worse'n that, it was wearin' the

blue. With my gun as a lever I turned the body over an' looked at the face. It was more because I did n't want to accuse any one in my thoughts than because I wanted to see who the scamp was, that I turned him over.

'I bent over him to get a good look, an' there, with his white face starin' up at me, lay the man I had kicked up hill that afternoon. He had been shot as he was runnin' away again, shot in the back. That's the biggest disgrace a soldier can earn, I take it. Not an hour before, I'd been braggin' loud about our company, an' there was a man I'd messed with, an' marched with, givin' me the lie as he lay there, the marks of his guilt hittin' me in the face, as it were. It seemed to me as I stood there in the dusk an' stared down at his, as if he was a big, black blot on our fair record, an' as if he marred the glory of the company that had fought so brave. We was the heroes of the day, an' our deed would be in the mouth of every one the country over, an' that rascal spoilt it all. "Not a man but has done his duty," our cap'n had said. Oh, well, it ain't any use talkin', but I was mad clean through.

'As I told you, it ain't a pretty thing for you to hear, but I just took aim at that feller's forehead. It's bad enough to shoot a live man, but to send a bullet into a dead face turned up helpless to you — well — it's just plain butchery! But I done it. My shot hit him fair between the eyes. Then I left him.'

The veteran paused. The woman's face was turned toward his; both were lost in the interest of the story. The music of the returning band and Danny's shrill little cheers were unheeded. The streamers on the monument fluttered softly, and the shadow of the shaft, lengthening as the sun traveled to the west, fell upon the two old people. Finally the woman spoke.

'It was an awful thing to do. It makes me think of Indians maulin' the bodies they've killed. But I don't know but you was right. It would have been worse for them that loved him to bear a coward's shame. I guess you was right.'

'Thank you, ma'am,' returned the veteran. 'That's the way my wife took it. I'm glad if you can see it in that light. But you must n't make a mistake about one thing. I warn't thinkin' about that skulker, or them that loved him, when I done what I did. It was for the company I put that bullet into his dead skull, an' I'd do it for the company's sake forty times over — nasty job as it was.

'Of course,' he continued, 'I'm glad if his family got any comfort out of the thought that he was hit in the front. I never heard anything about him more, I never even heard if he was found, till I just see his name up there, writ in endurin' stone, along with brave men and heroes. Then the whole thing came back to me as plain as day, an' I felt the goose-flesh run over me, as I did when I shot into that coward's forehead. Yes, when I see that name, carved deep, Dan'el P. Ol——'

'Stop!'

The cry cut the name short, as clean as a shot. The veteran started in amazement. His companion had wheeled about on the bench, and was facing him. Her old eyes were blazing. Her withered cheeks flushed dark red; then the color went out and left the white of ashes.

'Why, ma'am!' stammered the old man. 'Why, ma'am! I guess you ain't feelin' well. I ought n't to have told you such a story. 'Tain't fit for ladies to hear. I guess you'll have to excuse me. You see, that name brought it back so vivid.

'Oh, stop!' again cried the woman. Her hands were working nervously

and she was trembling from head to foot.

A slow conviction dawned upon the veteran's bewildered brain.

'Why, ma'am!' he exclaimed once more. 'I'm right sorry if it was any one you happened to know. I'd never —'

'Hush! For God's sake, hush!' The woman was panting and breathless. 'Don't you see the child is comin'?'

The band had vanished and Danny, who had watched the last back around the corner, was hastening to his grandmother as fast as his crutches would allow. His eager little face was shining with its past delight. The woman rose quickly, clutching the back of the settee for support. The veteran struggled to his feet.

'*The child!*' he repeated in confusion. Then a light broke on him. He took a step forward, but the woman put out her poor quavering hands as if to push him away.

There they stood, those two old people, and stared dumbly into each other's eyes. The woman read in the man's face the horror of his deed, but she saw nothing to help her misery. The

veteran's face was as gray and drawn as that of his companion. His act was beyond recall. What he had smitten was more than life.

Then, as Danny came up and clutched his grandmother's gown, gazing half shyly, half admiringly at the old man in his uniform, the veteran straightened with a martial air. It was as if a call to battle had put new life into long unused muscles. He stretched out a tremulous hand and laid it on the crooked little shoulder. The rapture of being touched by a real soldier overcame the lad's bashfulness, and he smiled up at the old face above him.

'My grandfather fought in the war,' he said.

The veteran's voice was grave and steady as he answered, —

'Danny,' he said, 'always be proud of that. When things go hard you just shut your eyes an' think that you're a soldier's boy, an' that your name's his name, an' that he died in battle. Don't ever go back on that, Danny. There ain't any braver thing than a soldier, an' he died in battle.'

'He was shot in the forehead. He was the bravest of the brave,' said Danny.

THE SONG OF SIVA

BY AMEEN RIHANI

'T is Night; all the Sirens are silent,
All the Vultures asleep;
And the Horns of the Tempest are stirring
Under the Deep;
'T is Night; all the snow-burdened Mountains
Dream of the Sea,
And down in the Wadi the River
Is calling to me.

'T is Night; all the Caves of the Spirit
Shake with desire,
And the Orient Heaven's essaying
Its lances of fire;
They hear, in the stillness that covers
The land and the sea,
The River, in the heart of the Wadi,
Calling to me.

'T is Night, but a night of great joyance,
A night of unrest; —
The night of the birth of the Spirit
Of the East and the West;
And the Caves and the Mountains are dancing
On the Foam of the Sea,
For the River inundant is calling,
Calling to me.

GERMAN AND AMERICAN METHODS OF PRODUCTION

BY W. H. DOOLEY

FEW Americans realize the vast stride which the German metal industries have taken in the last few years. The great iron and steel manufactures of the Rhine district — of Düsseldorf, Essen, Dinsburg, and Oberhausen — have attained a remarkable development, owing partly to the coal-mines of the Rhine and of Westphalia, to the great waterway of the Rhine and an excellent system of railroads, and partly to economic conditions which it may be interesting to compare with our own. The rise of some of the great German shops reads like a romance.

The German shops are obliged to do a great many kinds of work. This is because they must compete with foreign machine-works, and consequently have to turn out a more varied product than the American shops, which are protected by a high tariff against foreign competition. The American manufacturer, through his protection, has the opportunity to specialize. By giving his whole attention, thought, and energy to the perfecting of a few tools, or of a single one, he is able to undersell in European territory the native tool-manufacturers, and this despite the lower wages paid there.

Another advantage which the American industry has over the German is shop efficiency. German manufacturers have not the thousand and one devices which we have for doing away with manual labor; they do not yet understand, in the majority of German shops, how to operate the greatest number of tools with the smallest

number of men. This calls for the highest degree of intelligence and skill, such as is found to-day in our best American shops. One can still see in Germany two men at work on a gear-cutter intended by its American designer to be run by one man.

But the Germans are learning how to get the most work out of tools; they are copying as far as possible our American shop-organization, and are putting more engineering thought into their designs than has been given to the subject at any time in the history of tool construction. While the mechanical skill remains in our favor, every tool imported into Germany is subject to scrutiny, and if engineering skill backed by careful mathematical deductions can make an improvement, the German will be the first to discover the fact, and within a short time a new machine with improvements will be on the market.

Many of the metal plants in Germany are small compared with ours, but no comparison detracts from the importance of the Krupp works. The city of Essen does not present the common type of industrial community as it exists in any country: it is simply a one-man town. In 1811, when the first crucible furnace for casting steel was set up by a poor hard-working young man, Frederick Krupp, the total population was under 4000. In 1901 it was 183,500, out of which the Krupp contingent numbered about 84,000. Now this and a great deal more is essentially the work of one man, and it is unparal-

leled in the history of industry. The corporation now owns iron- and coal-mines, and has put up more than four thousand houses.

This great plant, which employs in its steel works at Essen, its works at Buckau, its shipbuilding yard at Kiel, and in its coal-mines, blast furnaces, etc., a total of more than 63,000 men, has been in existence for a century and has never had a strike.

The products of Krupp's are very varied. The fame of the house is chiefly associated with war implements, but all kinds of finished and unfinished materials for use in railroads, engines, and mills, and for other industrial purposes, are turned out in large and small quantities.

A specialty here is the casting of very large ingots of crucible steel; it is a remarkable sight and an object-lesson in German methods. Ingots of eighty-five tons are cast — a feat not attempted elsewhere. The steel is melted in small crucibles which are carried by hand from furnaces ranged on both sides of the foundry to the ingot mould in the middle. At a signal the furnaces are opened, the crucibles are drawn out and seized by a small army of workmen who run them down to the mould and pour them in. The manœuvre is carried out with military precision and promptness. In a moment the place is aglow with the white heat of the furnace, the figures run from all sides and come staggering down in pairs with the pots full of liquid steel. It is a scene of intense activity, but without confusion. One after another the glowing pots are emptied; the molten metal runs like thick soup and plunges into the mould with a sputter. In a few minutes all is over; the furnaces close again, the used crucibles are thrown aside, and already the cast mass begins to congeal and change color. The steel so made is the purest known, close-grained, homogeneous

and uniform throughout, and of great strength. No such work could be done in this country with our impatience of hand-processes.

In some of the smaller foundries, women are employed in great numbers. They load the cars with coke and limestone, and do considerable of the general work around the plant. They usually begin work at six in the morning and leave as soon as the charge is drawn from the furnace — about four in the afternoon. One could not help noticing the contentedness of these female workers, who found time to knit and crochet between the charges.

The shops have been built at very different dates and vary accordingly, the most recent being quite up to date in construction, though not superior to those in our country and at Sheffield. They possess in a marked degree that neatness and cleanliness which is the most distinguishing feature of German factories, even the foundries showing an absence of the usual dirt, smoke, and confusion. Great order and system are maintained, largely with a view to the prevention of accidents. The Rhine-Westphalian Engineering and Small Iron Industries Association gives as the first of its rules for the prevention of accident that the gangways in all workshops must be broad enough to exclude, as far as possible, injury to workmen by machinery or transmission parts in motion; and must not be blocked by the heaping of material or the transportation of articles. Compare this condition with that of most of our engineering shops, where manufactured or half-manufactured articles are lying about promiscuously, blocking the gangway and affording no adequate room. The entire freedom from such disorderliness in German shops and workrooms undoubtedly conduces to efficiency as well as to safety; and it is secured chiefly through the habits in-

culcated in all alike — workmen, managers, and owners — by the military discipline they have alike undergone. Fencing of machinery is, for this reason, perhaps less complete and costly than that which is required in most factory districts in America.

With regard to the installation of machinery and workshop appliances, the larger German establishments are, generally speaking, quite up to the mark. They make use of electric power, automatic tools, and similar modern devices to as great an extent as any in America. There is no hesitation in introducing innovations, and no opposition on the part of the working people. Machinery and tools are procured from other countries without regard to any consideration but that of suitability; but Germany is year by year becoming more self-sufficing in this respect. Their small tools are nearly as good as the American, their heavy ones equal to the English.

German workshops are well equipped with sanitary washing and dressing accommodations. The workmen are more cleanly and careful in their habits than the Americans; they generally keep a working set of clothes and change before and after work. Consequently lockers are provided. Baths are common, particularly shower-baths with hot and cold water, and in summer are much used. The practice of providing comforts and conveniences for the employees is more common in Germany than in this country.

In some of the small metal industries, such as cutlery, the development of the trade has been hampered by the guilds. In the city of Solingen, for example, where they have made knives and forks, scissors and swords for centuries, the art has been jealously guarded by the old guilds, which strictly limited apprentices and output. Every master had to have a trade-mark, which was

registered by the local authority, nailed up on the church door, and had a legal validity. The greater part of this industry is still carried on at home, as in old times, on the 'chamber' system. It is encouraged by the local authority, which provides the men with gas and electric power, in place of the old water-wheel. The government has issued special orders in regard to the conditions under which work shall be carried on in the homes, with a result that the death-rate due to phthisis has been reduced from 18 to 3.1 in the thousand.

Cheap and inferior cutlery is turned out in Germany with the name Sheffield stamped on it; but they also produce first-class cutlery that will compete with any in the world. One is amazed at the incredible variety of knives made. One firm in Solingen has nine thousand patterns on its books for Germany alone, and may be actually making over three thousand to order at the same time. Every trade and district of Europe has its own knives, and they are constantly making new patterns for new societies or districts. In some cases one firm will average two new patterns a week for two years. This is a trade which will not be standardized, and that is one reason why America has failed to compete. Herein lies an important difference between the European and American manufacturer, — the former is always anxious to meet the needs of the market, while the latter standardizes certain brands and offers nothing else.

A great many of the working people in this district own their own houses; and it is the custom of the place to keep a goat, the 'poor man's cow.' There are over fourteen thousand goats in the city.

The German working people are, as a class, good, steady, regular, and trustworthy; they are not as quick as the

Americans, but they do what they are told to do, and do it well. We could not give to our mechanics, clever as they are, a piece of work to be done from foreign plans, with a metric system different from our own; but German mechanics may often be seen at work on an engineering order from England, using the original drawings with the English measures. At the same time they are not in the least inventive; they never make suggestions, nor is there any plan of encouraging them to do so; but they keep the rules and do not shirk. This is one of the principal reasons why German industry is so strong.

Roughly speaking, the working hours are ten a day. In the engineering works of Düsseldorf the hours are as follows: Begin work at 6.30 A.M.; breakfast, 8.15 to 8.30; dinner, 12 to 1.30 P.M.; tea, 4.15 to 4.30 P.M.; close at 6.30 P.M. Total, 12 hours minus 2 hours for meals, equals 10 hours; or 60 hours a week.

In the Krupp steel works at Essen, work is begun at 6 A.M.; breakfast is from 8 to 8.15; dinner 12 to 1.30 P.M.; tea 4 to 4.15; close at 6 P.M., making a total of 12 hours, minus 2 hours for meals. In the cutlery works at Solingen the time allowed for breakfast and tea is longer for women and youthful workers than for grown men, giving two or three hours less of work in the week.

Note the time required for meals; it is as characteristic of the Germans, as indifference to meals and hurry are of our people. American workmen in the iron and textile industries usually work about 56 hours a week, except in the southern cotton mills where they often work 62 hours a week. There is a movement on the part of legislatures to reduce by statute the number of hours of work a day to eight. As a rule, the only interval allowed here is for dinner, and that is generally no more than half or

three quarters of an hour. In some American shops, at moments of unusual pressure, no interval is allowed at all; the men work at the machines during their dinner period and eat their dinner as best they can. The machinery runs continuously with two shifts of workers, and this is the secret of the great production of the American steel mills in particular, and of the excessively high wages earned in them. Respect for meal-time belongs to Europeans.

Every branch of textile working in Europe is the outgrowth of a household art. When new conditions appeared, due to the changing from hand-processes to automatic machines, each mill or small factory that sprung up specialized in one or another of the textile operations, as wool-washing, weaving, carding, or spinning. The manager of a weaving mill frequently knows little if anything of a spinning mill, and vice versa. One of the results of this mill organization is that the manager of each establishment develops into a more competent man in his specific vocation than one who is hindered, like the mill-managers of the United States, with the superintendence of all the processes involved in the converting of raw cotton or wool into finished cloth. On the other hand, the concentration in textile work in America has tended to economy, and improvement in textile machinery, particularly in the matter of speed. The fastest-running machines in the world, for the formation of so delicate a fibre as silk, are in operation in the silk mills of Paterson, and so nice is their adjustment and so well perfected their mechanism that they run even more smoothly than the slow-geared machinery of Germany.

Parallel with this improvement in machinery has been the progress made in the quality of goods produced. While the early American weavers turned

out simple pieces, that is, plain silks, the American silk manufacturer to-day finds nothing too difficult for his skill or too expensive for the market. Slowly, but surely, the textile products of domestic manufacturers have crowded out foreign products, except for some novelty or new design in silk fabrics which the home silk-weaver of Germany has developed by the aid of the government.

Germany is not famous for the cotton industry, which is still in a comparatively early stage of development; but its advance is shown in the history of München Gladbach, where the chief cotton factories are situated. In 1860 the population of the city was about seventeen thousand; it is now over seventy thousand, and the increase is due to cotton. This compares with the progress of some of our southern cities. There is no doubt that Germany means to go forward with this branch of textiles.

No foreign market can compete with the United States in the manufacture of shoes. In Germany the shoe manufacturers send out their agents to find out what is wanted in the trade, and then attempt to manufacture ladies' shoes, slippers, men's and boys' shoes in the same factory. Here the manufacturer turns out a certain product which is his specialty, and sells it wherever possible. If he manufactures several products he has a separate factory.

The German shoe manufacturers say that they cannot work on the American basis of manufacturing a certain shoe product. They are obliged to collect their trade from almost every country except America; it comes in small orders. They have to accommodate themselves to everybody's whims, make patterns and styles for every district of Europe, which increases not alone the cost of production, but per-

haps, to a greater extent, that of distribution. In the German shoe shops, moreover, the old conditions of apprenticeship still hold, hampering the change from hand to machine processes and preventing a large output.

The average American thinks that the success of Germany is due to low wages and long hours of work. This is not true, for, if labor is cheaper there, coal is dear, machinery dearer, and imported raw material pays a tax. The industrial supremacy of Germany is the effect of definite and deliberate political action. Thirty years ago the German statesmen realized that the nation was inferior to the American and English in natural resources and natural ingenuity; this inferiority forced upon their attention the value of thrift and of education. Thrift was multiplied by capital, and education multiplied by industrial efficiency.

America and England have served them as models of shop-organization and equipment. They have imported American and English machines and tools; they have engaged the best men from the best shops of these two countries and have copied their methods of work and organization; but besides this they have devoted special attention to a matter which America has ignored to a great extent — the scientific or technical education of their people. In order to make this clear, it will be necessary to note the great change that has taken place in our industrial world in regard to the training of workmen.

In old times the education of the artisan was by a well-defined apprenticeship to a master with a number of workers and a few apprentices, who took the boys and taught them the complete trade. This was a very satisfactory method so long as the master had time to teach the apprentice, and the apprentice had time to learn all about

his trade. But a great scientific advance revolutionized industrial and economic conditions. Factory system and modern application of machines and capital to manufacture took place on a large scale.

Men, women, and children were needed to tend the machines, and young people, who would, under ordinary conditions, have become apprentices, were attracted to the mills and factories, etc., by the large initial wage. The master became so busy maintaining himself against the competition of others, and keeping up with the technical advancement of his trade, that time failed him for the instruction of his apprentice, while the latter found that the trade had developed to such an extent that he could no longer learn its fundamentals by mere activity in his master's workshop.

Thus the apprentice, no longer a pupil, has become merely a hired boy, who, while making himself useful about a workshop, learns what he can by observation and practice. If he sees the interior of his master's home, it is to do some work in no way connected with his trade. In old times the master worked with his men; now he rarely works at his trade; his time is more profitably spent in seeking for customers, purchasing material, or managing his finances. The workshop is put in charge of a foreman, whose reputation and wages depend on the amount of satisfactory work that can be produced at the least cost. He has no time to teach boys, and as there is little profit in the skilled trades for the boy between fourteen and seventeen, he is not wanted. Boys of this age are in great demand in factory work — cotton, worsted mills, etc.

The old apprentice system is not likely to be revived. The shop is no longer the training-school for craftsmanship. The workmen of the future

must learn how to work before they seek employment. All professional men do this. What the scientific schools are to the engineer and architect, what the business college is to the clerk, the trade school must be to the future mechanic. The rapid development of technical education in modern times is due largely to the discovery that, without such instruction, the trades themselves were deteriorating.

Practice in one section of a trade does not always produce skill, and gives no knowledge whatever of theory. A boy or girl who applies for a position at a mill is given some one operation at a machine which runs very rapidly day in and day out. As the result of performing this operation day after day, it becomes a habit, and is done without much mental effort. This is particularly true with certain industrial operations, as 'doffing' on the spinning frame, that is, replacing full spools with empty ones. This work can be performed only by young people during the age of fourteen to seventeen, and depends on dexterity of the fingers. A boy begins and leaves work at the stroke of the bell, when the machinery moves and stops, and really becomes a part of the machine. This continues till the age of seventeen, when the fingers become too stiff to do the work, and the boy or girl is practically turned on the street, having gained no knowledge or skill for future use. If a boy during these ages has a natural curiosity for information about the processes that precede or follow his own operation, the machine he tends, or the power that drives the machine, or the simple ordinary calculations used in figuring speeds, drafts, etc., he has little opportunity to see; and if he asks about what little he does see, older workers will tell him to find out as they did. The whole atmosphere around the mill is such as to stifle the propensity of young

people to know. If the boy desires to change to another department in order to learn the different processes, the overseer will refuse him because he is most useful in his present position. The outcome of a boy spending these precious years doing work which requires no thinking, and receiving no systematic training outside or inside of the mill, is that he loses the power of initiative, the habit of thinking, and all interest in his work. By the time he reaches manhood he knows less than when he left school, and has not sufficient education to take the responsibility attached to a better position. Such is the universal condition in large industrial centres.

Experience has shown that evening schools do not appeal to tired children. Boys between fourteen and eighteen have the 'gang spirit' in them, and after working hard all day they desire companionship of their fellow workers on the street corners, at music halls, or moving-picture shows. Their eyes, wearied with long labor in the day, cannot endure the fatigue of book-work by night, but they are revived and charmed by the splendor of gay lights of the theatre and moving pictures. Physicians confirm this experience by stating that children of this age should not attend evening schools.

We have built up in the United States at an enormous expense a colossal system of education, and we allow the results of it to be very largely wasted and lost. We cease to educate these all important years, during which we all know that education is most needed and valuable to our working people.

England faced this great educational problem years ago. A half-time system was introduced by the Commission on the Employment of Young Persons in Factories, in 1833, to prevent overwork and under-education. The success of this scheme is shown

by the report of the late Commission on Technical Education, which states: 'Half-time children of the great manufacturing [factory] town of Keighley, England, numbering from fifteen hundred to two thousand, although they receive less than fourteen hours of instruction per week, and are required to attend the factory for twenty-eight hours in addition, yet obtain at the examinations a higher percentage of passes than the average of children throughout the whole country receiving double the amount of schooling.' Similar experiences in different parts of England and the Continent show that the long-time system (all-day schooling) and the omission of industrial work are in violation of the laws of physiology.

The German Government has solved its educational problems in a more satisfactory manner than any other country. According to their scheme of education, every worker in a profession, trade, or commercial pursuit, must have not only a general education, but technical preparation for the particular work selected by him. In the United States we believe in the same policy, but apply it to those entering the professions only, disregarding the great mass — ninety-five per cent — that leave school at fourteen.

Germany insists that every child be under educational influence till the age of eighteen. The child leaves the common school at fourteen. He may go to work, to a higher school and prepare for college, or to a technical school. In America he may leave school at fourteen and is not obliged to attend any other school.

The Germans act on the principle, admitted by everybody who knows or cares anything about education, that the way to secure a good training for the mind is not to end the school life at the most plastic period, fourteen

years of age, or in the case of foreigners as soon as they can pass an examination, but to insist that every boy shall spend a certain number of hours a week under educational training and sound teaching till he reaches manhood. There is less 'cramming,' and the instruction is slower, more thorough, more reasoned, than it can be under our American system of hurrying children through the school. For we must remember that our young men in industrial plants are nothing more than mere machines; they exercise no independent thought any more than the spinning frames or the machine lathes, and the result is that they become deadened.

The German Government supports continuation schools, called Fortbildung Schule, for boys above fourteen to continue their instruction after leaving the regular day schools. Attendance upon this school is obligatory in most places for the boy till he is eighteen years of age. The weekly period of instruction is ten hours, of which three hours come on Saturday morning from 9 to 12 o'clock, and three hours each on two working days, from 9 to 12 in the morning, or from 4 to 7 in the afternoon. This arrangement of hours can be changed to suit the needs of the employer. No instruction is given after 7 P. M.

The instruction is adapted to the needs of the various trades; there are classes in arithmetic for machinists, loom-fixers, etc. The terms used in the class-room savor of the shop and mill. What is three fourths of $25\frac{1}{2}$? does not mean so much to the foundry man as a problem like this: If a copper casting weighs $25\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, and the specific gravity of iron is three fourths that of copper, what will the casting weigh if made of iron? Then again, the same problem would not interest the textile worker unless it involved

mill calculations. Working people have minds of a distinctly concrete order. They have intensely practical aims when they come to school, and are unwilling to study systematically an entire subject as they did in the common schools. They demand that the instruction shall lead directly to the specific things they are dealing with in their work. The German continuation school adapts its methods of instruction to meet the needs of the working people.

To give an illustration — the Munich Continuation School for Machinists' Apprentices offers the following subjects: Religion, machine-shop calculations and bookkeeping, business correspondence and reading, the study of life and citizenship, mechanical drawing, physics and machinery, materials and shop-work. The subjects of instruction are in the closest possible connection with the requirements of the machinist's trade.

The instruction in physics and machinery, as well as in materials and shop-work, is undertaken by a skilled machinist; the remaining instruction is imparted by teachers of the same grade as those of the common schools.

It is in these schools that those who are to form the rank and file of the metal trades receive their theoretical and basic training.

There are in addition special trade-schools for machinists, such as the Berlin School of Trades and Crafts. The trade-school for machinists aims to render them capable of acting as laboratory assistants, foremen, or superintendents of mechanical establishments. It also furnishes a basis for further studies in special lines. The course covers one year.

The winter term begins in October, the summer term in April. The tuition for each term is fifteen dollars. Pupils of small means may be allowed free

scholarships by the Board of Directors.

When workmen of the different metal industries have completed the courses in the lower industrial schools — continuation and trade-schools — and desire a preparation for positions between journeyman-machinist and engineer or draftsman, they have every opportunity, as there are four classes of middle technical schools: the schools of industry (*industriell Schulen*), the master-workmen's schools (*Werkmeister's Schulen*), the higher trade-schools (*höhere Schulen*), and the *Technicums*.

The master-workmen's schools are more ambitious in their aims than the lower industrial schools. They were established for the purpose of preparing the apprentice-journeymen to become master-workmen. Pupils cannot be admitted before the age of sixteen, and they are required to have had two or three years of practical experience in the machinist's trade, and to show industry and desire to learn. The studies are chiefly in the direct line of the machinist's trade, and the course is from one to two years, and requires the whole time of the pupil.

These schools have long been popular in Germany among the metal-workers. Some of them are intended mainly for men of a much larger workshop experience than the minimum limit, who wish to broaden their trade horizon. They take in the older men in the metal trades, those who have been long out of school and who never expect to become thorough book students, but whose strength lies in their shop skill. These men have only moderate aspirations for advancement; they may be ambitious to own little machine-shops of their own, but do not expect to rise high in the scale or to become heads of great industries. Such men usually have receptive minds and possess good

judgment. They expect to obtain in the schools, through direct practical teaching, the necessary theory to enable them to carry out the higher demands of the trade. These schools must of necessity be, to a great extent, evening schools, for they exist to give a chance to men already fully occupied who, in all probability, have families dependent upon them, and cannot give up a day's work. Even to exceptional men of this stamp, recognition, in the shape of advancement, comes but slowly.

Younger men who attend the higher trade-schools for machinists and metal-workers have, in some respects, more opportunity. These schools demand for entrance a fair degree of advancement in elementary mathematics and physical science, and accept only well-developed, ambitious young men, who may expect to attain to the higher positions in larger machine-shops and metal manufactories; some of them may even enter the technical universities to prepare themselves for the highest engineering positions.

The *Technicums* have in many instances a lower age-limit than the other schools — admitting at the age of fifteen, with the requirement of a year or two of high-school study, and only one year of practical experience in the machine shop. Thus it becomes a low-grade school of practical technology.

At the head of such institutions stands the school of technology, corresponding to our similar school, giving the highest possible training in engineering. The training received in this school often exceeds the requirement of the industries; hence the need of institutions of lower grade to meet the actual industrial demands.

There are also special schools for shoemaking, tanning, and other trades. In the textile industry, German schools hold high rank. The importance of

textile schools cannot be too highly estimated. They are the main factor by which the German textile industry maintains its competitive power in the foreign market. As has been said above, cheapness of labor is not sufficient to attain this end; cheap hands must be taught, and taught well, or their work in the end will cost more than that of more expensive hands who possess greater skill and have acquired a more thorough understanding of their trade.

The financial assistance given by the German Government in textile education has enabled enormous progress to be made. All these schools have large staffs of lecturers and assistants; the fees are moderate, the usual charge being fifty dollars a year for the day course. There is a large attendance, although the entrance examinations are severe. The fees charged to foreigners in all these schools are enormous, being usually five times the amount charged to German students.

Most of the textile schools have museums attached. The one at the Crefeld Textile School is very interesting. It is divided into two parts: one a room in which modern styles are exhibited, the pieces being constantly changed; here one will often find local manufacturers with their designers and customers, studying the fabrics and making new designs for the trade; the other, the museum proper, which is in two rooms, each being divided into sections, and containing over ten thousand pieces from the earliest periods to modern times. The Germans make a specialty of finishing and designing, and by the use of the museums are able to outdo the Americans.

The German Government recognizes the duty, and exercises the right, of regulating industries in the interest of the employed; but in doing so, it is careful to keep in view the general in-

dustrial interests. The German laws are consequently in many respects much less stringent than ours, which seem to have been enacted under spasmodic influences without any guiding principle. This may be explained by the fact that the German Government has been obliged to foster industries, and, in order to do this efficiently, must strike, in its legislation, a happy medium between the claim of the employed for protection, and that of the community at large for the promotion of industrial enterprise. In America and England the necessity for encouraging manufactures so far has not been considered, and the legislatures have merely from time to time taken up the duty of protecting the employed, with such drags upon their action as the private interests of employers have been able to effect. The protection, in short, has been all on one side.

But the time when this plan could be pursued with safety here and in England may be said to have passed. Manufacturing industries have now come to such a delicate balance that the possibility of their toppling over must be taken into account; and it is for the interest of the community to prevent such a catastrophe. If our industries do not need encouragement from the legislative branch of the government, they certainly do require protection from serious shocks. It is, therefore, instructive to note the way in which the German Government has dealt with this matter, and the excellence of the results.

The most stringent regulations passed by the government are those affecting children and women, and it is in this respect that the state has clearly in view the interests of the community as represented by its workers. The total number of children under fourteen years employed for special reasons and exempt by law in the manufacturing indus-

tries in Germany is about 1630. These children are between thirteen and fourteen, and the hours of employment are restricted to six, with half an hour interval for meals. Between fourteen and sixteen they may work not more than ten hours, they must have an hour's pause at midday, and half an hour both in the forenoon and afternoon, unless their working day is not more than eight hours; no continuous period exceeds four hours. During the rest periods, any participation in work is forbidden, even remaining in the room is allowed only when their own department of the work is brought to a complete standstill.

When past eighteen, they cease to be youthful workers and are under no special regulations except that all under twenty-one must be provided with a 'work-book' or register, containing name, age, birthplace, nature of employment, date of engagement, discharge, and other particulars. All boys under eighteen are obliged to attend a continuation school for nine or ten hours during the week, where they receive instruction in the technical knowledge of their trade, and religious instruction from their own clergyman. This time is taken out of the regular day-work without loss of pay. In a number of larger engineering and machine-shops the writer saw no youthful workers.

Workmen may be fined to the extent of one half of their earnings, except in cases of acts against fellow-workmen, of offenses against morality, or of those against regulations, maintenance of order and of security, when fines may be imposed to the full extent of the average earnings. All fines must be applied to the benefit of the workers, and generally go to the sick fund, but this does not affect the right of employers to obtain compensation for damage. All particulars of fines im-

posed must be entered in a book, which is open to inspection by a government officer.

Every industrial establishment must have a set of rules hung up in an accessible place in each department, stating the hours of work, with the regular interval for meals, the time and manner of paying wages, the length of notice terminating employment, and the conditions under which notice is unnecessary; also the particulars of punishment, including fines, and the objects to which they will be applied. Punishments which wound self-respect or offend morality are inadmissible. These rules are equally binding on employer and employed, but before they are issued, opportunity must be given to adult workers to express their views, and the rules to which objections are made must be submitted within three days of issue to the factory inspector, who may order amendments if they are not in accordance with the law or with special regulations. Punishments not provided for in the rules cannot be imposed, nor can other grounds of dismissal be included in the contract.

It is a rare thing for a firm to have any differences with its workmen. Indeed, I was definitely informed by one firm that there had been only five cases of dispute in nine years, and these did not come from the workmen as a whole, or any considerable number of them, but were cases of individual complaint. They have in Germany an institution corresponding to the Conseil des Prud'hommes in France, which they call Gewerbe Gerichte, to which are brought all cases of disputes of employees and employers. The average number of cases tried by this bureau never exceeds five hundred a year. The bureau consists of five or three people. The government appoints a chairman who is a lawyer, and there are representatives of the employer and the employee also

appointed by the government. Sometimes two are selected instead of one. Their decision is not final, as is that of the arbitration board in this country. If a workman or employer does not accept this decision, it is binding for only two weeks. Then the workman may leave, or the employer may discharge him. To give an illustration: One of the workmen in an engineering firm thinks he should receive four marks more a week in wages. He goes to the firm and makes the demand. They refuse him. He appeals to the *Gewerbe Gerichte*. The *Gewerbe Gerichte* says, 'No, do not pay it.' The workman can leave at the end of two weeks by giving a two-weeks' notice; or, if the decision is given in favor of the workman, the firm is obliged to pay him the increase for at least two weeks, and then they may give him a fortnight's notice to quit.

Notice of termination of employment is usually a fortnight, but it may be dispensed with on the part of an employer on the following grounds: false representation, theft, or other criminal acts; leaving work without permission, or refusing to fulfill the contract; carrying fire or lights about, contrary to orders; acts of violence or gross abuse

directed against the employer, his representatives or family; willful damage; inducing member of an employer's family or his representatives, or fellow workmen, to behave in a manner contrary to law or morality; inability to continue work; or an alarming disease. Notice may be dispensed with by the workers on corresponding grounds; also for non-payment of wages in the prescribed manner; neglect to provide sufficient work for piece-workers; or some danger to life and health in the employment which could not be inferred from the contract.

The rate of wages is not included in these rules. The existence of such a code, legally binding on employers and employed, is a characteristically German method of doing business; it is in accordance with that respect for law and order which is such a marked feature of German life, and contributes materially, no doubt, to the smooth working of the industries. The rights and obligations of 'work-giver' and 'work-taker' — to use the excellent German terms — are publicly defined and guaranteed by law. This conduces to tranquillity, and makes attempts at individual bullying or vague talk about 'rights' palpably futile.

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

IN searching for standards of criticism in fiction, recalling on the one hand the failure of the purely dogmatic formula to meet our need, and, on the other, the kaleidoscopic fashion in which contemporary appreciations shift and veer, one wonders whether an author is not, after all, his own best judge. The lesser achievement, measuring itself by the greater, needs little help from the critic in showing its limitations, while the greater helps set a standard, not only for others but for himself. There is no other judge of a man that quite equals his own best self; there is no other critic at once so just and so severe as his own best work; and the best work of a serious writer of prose fiction is that in which he gives the deepest interpretation of the human spectacle, penetrating beneath the mask of contemporary fashion and custom to the struggle of those spiritual forces that make for human failure or human growth.

In placing the poorer work of some of our contemporary authors side by side with the better, one is sometimes inclined to cry out against the age for the way in which it drags down talent. Why does the author of *Peccavi* turn to writing clever but mischievous tales of burglar life? Why does the man who could create *The Four Feathers* begin to write mere detective stories? ¹ That earlier book was a genuine contribution to art, an unusual interpretation of human character, worked out through

a plot which kept alive the finer sort of suspense that comes from wondering which way the human will will turn. Countless people are writing detective stories; many can write them worse, and some can write them better than Mr. Mason does. To readers of this species of fiction, who enjoy the clever processes of reasoning by which, in logical succession, the many wrongfully suspected people are eliminated, and attention is fixed on the guilty one, it will prove a disappointment in this story to find that nearly all the suspected people committed the murder. There proves to be one innocent person, but the artistic as well as the ethical balance is better when there proves to be one sinner. Interesting as the book is in many ways in its foreign setting, one cannot help wishing that Mr. Mason would leave to lesser people the mystery and murder stories, and express in his earlier manner his rather remarkable insight into character and his subtle moral sense.

The same kind of criticism may be applied to *Mrs. Fitz*.² This lively comedy reverses the order of the tottering-kingdom-and-young-hero story, bringing princess, king, and the conspiracy that doth hedge a king, into the quiet atmosphere of an English country house. The book provides harmless amusement, and it is a relief to find, in an English tale, the endless scenes about the inevitable tea-table varied by the introduction of a bit of powder

¹ *At the Villa Rose*. By A. E. W. MASON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

² *Mrs. Fitz*. By J. C. SNAITH. New York: Mofatt, Yard & Co.

and shot; but one cannot help wishing that Mr. Snaith could see how much more original, how much better of its kind, was *Broke of Covenden* than is his lighter work, be it historical comedy, pseudo-historical, or mere comedy. Except in the case of Nevil Fitzwaren, the rake who becomes the hero of the tale, there is nothing distinctive in the character-study; while the plot is, as has been suggested, only the familiar one of the *Prisoner of Zenda* turned the other way about.

From Arnold Bennett comes another of his realistic novels,¹ so long that they bid fair to be as long as life itself, and yet are full of interest. Again a section of life in one of the Five Towns is presented, dreary, smoky, sordid; and against this background moves Clayhanger's lad, 'the spitten image of his poor mother.' 'The fat old women . . . who, in child-bed and at grave-sides, had been at the very core of life for long years,' see, when he passes, only a fresh lad with fair hair and gawky knees and elbows, 'but they could not see the mysterious and holy flame of desire for self-perfecting blazing within that tousled head.' Through seven hundred pages he holds your attention as he slowly gives up his plans and hopes, reluctantly abandons his own ambitions and enters his father's business, loves a woman who unaccountably proves false, and, believing in her throughout, wins her at the end, when life has played with her and cast her off and she brings him only her wrongs. It is apparently a story of slow defeat, wrought inch by inch with terrible thoroughness, yet the last words are, 'He braced himself to the exquisite burden of life.'

It is a rather fine thing, the art of Arnold Bennett, though one would not be exaggerating in saying that it

lacks selective power. He denies himself the spectacular; here is none of the picturesque misery of the slums; here is no vivid rendering of quick sensations, only the endless jogging on along humdrum ways. Slowly the personalities emerge, going the round of their dreary tasks, and as you follow you have no sense of reading a book, only a half-painful, half-pleasant feeling of sharing human experience, difficult in a thousand homely ways. The actual uncertainty of daily life attends you. Was it, or was it not, a pity that the boy had to give up his hope of being an architect? You never know, any more than he did; and the same blind forces seem to carry you forward that carry you on in existence itself. This grim clinging to life and the best one has found in it, though it be but a decent habit, the fashion of stumbling blindly along the trail of old hopes, brings to the reader at times an almost intolerable sense of reality. Maggie, who never suspects her own heroism; Hilda Lessways, revealed to you chiefly through her sympathy with the old Methodist parson, whose only offense against society was that he had forgotten to die; the father, with his hard idealism wrought out in his stationer's business, are more real than many personages in fiction more vividly sketched; and the father's illness and death bring before you with almost unendurable pathos the manifold pitifulnesses of life. If, at times, you stop, resenting the author's power, saying that this is a rendering of experience without faith, without beauty, with no windows left open for the soul; if you cry out against the intolerable thoroughness with which the author seems to represent all of life except the point, you realize, upon longer consideration, that this is an art of submerged ideals, and of faiths that live on unconscious of themselves. After all,

¹ *Clayhanger*. By ARNOLD BENNETT. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Clayhanger is a story of the slow, sure shaping of the clay in the light of a divine idea.

Two comedies, also from the hand of this indefatigable author, appear among the new books: *Helen with the High Hand*,¹ and *Denry the Audacious*,² the former a study of feminine, the latter, of masculine audacity, of power to work one's will, just the quality lacking in the hero of *Clayhanger*. *Helen with the High Hand* has a touch of the artificial in the heroine's character, suggesting old comedy types; and the best of the book consists in the presentation of the old uncle, with all the minute realism of a Dutch portrait. The second comedy is by far the better of the two, and the account of the hero who knows invariably how to grasp the opportunity of the moment is amusing throughout. How, one wonders, did the Five Towns happen to produce a type which seems American rather than English, possessing in such marked degree the qualities that have led here to success in business and in statesmanship? But the irony of *Clayhanger* and *The Old Wives' Tale* is better than the humor of the lighter stories.

Celt and Saxon,³ an unfinished novel found among the papers of George Meredith, has a brilliant opening, with promise of vital delineation of interesting characters. It is, however, fragmentary, and it is impossible, from the chapters left, even to guess at the scheme of the book, or the dramatic relationships of the many personages introduced. It may be that, in the determination to contrast, in as many ways as possible, the impulsive and imaginative Celt with the steadier and more

dogmatic Saxon, the story would have suffered. Certainly, the latter part, as it now stands, is more a disquisition with illustrations, than a story, and the sadness of realizing that this is the last work to come from the great author is tempered by the fear that his brilliant rendering of human beings, alive and capable of growth, would have been henceforward vivid in moments only. It is with deep regret that we say farewell to the only one of our great novelists in whose work a knowledge of evolution was real and vital as part and parcel of his being, the very condition of his perception. In George Eliot's novels, the knowledge of the newly discovered scientific laws lies side by side, in solid blocks, with the creative parts of the work; in Meredith it is subtly back of all perception and of all imaginative creation, so that his characters, to an extent unprecedented in fiction, seem directly related to the mainspring of life.

In several of the *Tales of Men and Ghosts*⁴ the psychological subtleties of Mrs. Wharton's art are carried into the realm of illusion, or even into the dim border-lands of insanity. There is one real ghost story, 'Afterward,' which achieves the prime object of its species in making you believe in the ghost; while in 'The Eyes,' a haunting illusion, described by its victim, suddenly betrays a crisis in the life of one of the listeners. For sheer cleverness, 'The Bolted Door' perhaps stands out as the best in the book. It is a story of apparent insanity, centring in a delusion of murder; the circumstantial accounts of the murderer, growing more and more improbable as he tries to confess to one person after another, become evidence of growing insanity, — only to prove true at the end. The shrewd handling of the intricate mazes of

¹ *Helen with the High Hand*. By ARNOLD BENNETT. New York: The George H. Doran Company.

² *Denry the Audacious*. By ARNOLD BENNETT. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

³ *Celt and Saxon*. By GEORGE MEREDITH. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

⁴ *Tales of Men and Ghosts*. By EDITH WHARTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

thought in this incipient mental unbalancing are admirable, and here, as in all the tales, we have the mastery of a story-teller who knows how to manage her climaxes.

Mrs. Wharton's skill in handling her material, the balance, measure, restraint of her work, are too well recognized to need comment. It is a pleasure to watch her unfolding of a story, the deft way in which descriptive phrase, unobtrusive incident, and bit of conversation play into one another's hands, until the working of the inner life stands fully revealed. Here, as is usual, we have that indefinable atmosphere of satire, pungent, purifying, if not always satisfying. In one or two stories of the group we have something deeper than satire, as in 'The Debt,' an all-too-brief tale, having the technical skill of the others and something more. This analysis of the mind and heart of a man on the advance wave of modern thought brings one a longing for more work of this kind from the author's hand. The finer sense of honor recorded here, the passion for truth that burns through all else, leave one with the hope that our immense gain in outer matters, mere material matters, mere knowledge of external things, has not meant, as so many would have it, retrogression for the soul. Another phase of the new morality shows, with a bit less of originality than in 'The Debt,' in 'The Blond Beast.' In both, the positive note somewhat shames the lighter, cleverer, merely satiric work of this gifted author. If she can discern in this fashion the underlying forces making for truth and righteousness, discern with an insight granted to but few, why is not more of her work constructive, positive, instead of negative? Why does she not write a tale of the height and scope of *The House of Mirth*, designed to build up where that tore down? The least of us can satirize, can see many

of the things that are wrong with the world, though few can tell with such skill the tale of the things that are wrong; but few, perhaps, can detect, in the rush and stir of modern life, sweeping our old ideals away, the presence of permanent sources of consolation, of hope, of self-respect for the rapidly advancing race. One wishes that 'The Debt' were a three-volumed novel, that it might outweigh the desolating influence of *The House of Mirth*.

The idealism that sets high the prizes of life and of art, as high as the artist's best endeavor, and high above mere success of the market-place, is always welcome, and is rare enough to-day. In *The Creators*¹ we enter an atmosphere of straining after high achievement; and we find that, in many ways, the young, who are trying to win the prizes of the world unseen, are good company. And yet, the new book by the author of *The Divine Fire* is disappointing. There is an immaturity about it, and a lack of that rather profound wisdom that made *The Divine Fire* so unusual. Youthfulness of mood is refreshing, but not always satisfying, and an air of unripeness marks this book, in which each character thinks himself or herself a genius, and recognizes geniuses in all his friends. England has not in a century produced so many geniuses as walk through the pages of this book, and the word is repeated with a distressing frequency that makes one wonder what the author means by it. It is a surprise to come upon something so akin to the callowness of spirit of the young German Romanticists in the work of a writer capable of such severe analysis as Miss May Sinclair. The lack of measure, of judgment, is apparent in many ways, and nowhere

¹ *The Creators*. By MAY SINCLAIR. New York: The Century Company.

more apparent than in the snobbishness voicing itself in the outcry of the geniuses against the 'dreadful, clever little people.'

The immaturity of spirit is reflected in the workmanship. There is a lack of centralization; it is everybody's story; it is nobody's story. That power of developing a central character, so amazingly good in *The Divine Fire*, is absent from *The Creators*, and one turns back to the earlier book with a feeling of satisfaction that, whatever present or future brings from this gifted writer, she has the permanent satisfaction of having produced a masterpiece.

One must approach the work¹ of Mr. Henry James with all the respect due to our master of fiction, who has, for many years, held a great part of our discriminating public in an attitude of unquestioning discipleship, and whose influence is stronger than any other upon several of our cleverest younger writers of fiction. Many of those unable to assume the rôle of disciples are silent in their doubt, so potent is this author's name; and we have grown to accept, as one of the conventions of our criticism, a belief that his work stands upon an almost impossibly high level. Yet, if I may speak out boldly, much of the later work rouses question in my mind, question in regard to the depth of its interpretative power; and more than one tale leaves an impression, both as regards theme and style, of a straining after effect that does not belong to the highest artistic achievement.

The power of the earlier work is not difficult to recognize; the power of dealing with the apparently trivial, as in *Daisy Miller*, and of making it the medium of large interpretations; the appealing power of a delicate and subtle character-study, as in *The Portrait of*

a Lady. I cannot help feeling that the balance has been slowly changing in Mr. James's work, more and more of the sensational in situation and in style creeping into it, more and more of the trivial that is merely trivial, and that has not larger interpretations to offer. *What Maisie Knew* exemplifies the point; so, surely, does part of *The Golden Bowl*; so do some of the stories in this new book, especially the first one, 'The Velvet Glove,' whose central plot is this, that the gifted American author, instead of praising the work of the novelist bearing the pseudonym Amy Evans, kisses her. The second story, 'Mora Montravers,' gives you the character-sketch of a girl of modern type, independent and audacious, against a background of old-fashioned conventions. She is never directly presented, and it is only by combining, with the author's help, the various somewhat distorted reflections in her relatives' minds, eliminating, and setting straight, that you get an idea of her. 'The Bench of Desolation' is a clever study of some of the ironies of the human affections; the 'Round of Visits' is perhaps the best of the tales, with its sudden, illuminating flash of character-contrasts; and here the disproportion between matter and manner is not so apparent as in the others.

It requires courage to challenge the style of Mr. James, who so long has stood as the master that we take for granted in all that comes from his pen a masterfulness. Delicate shades of thought and of feeling are his province, and he is granted subtlety of style that expresses the exact *nuances* he wishes to convey. Granted those qualities of delicacy, distinction, and quiet charm which characterize innumerable passages in his work, what is Mr. James doing with expressions like these, dealing with minor situations? 'With the sense somehow that there were too

¹ *The Finer Grain*. By HENRY JAMES. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

many things, and that they were all together, terribly, irresistibly, doubtless blessedly in her eyes and her own person.' 'The logic of his having so tremendously ceased, in the shape of his dark storm-gust, to be engaged to another woman.' 'Her motive, in fine, disconcerting, deplorable, dreadful in respect to the experience otherwise so boundless.' 'The adventure that . . . he would have been all so stupidly, all so gallantly, and, by every presumption, so prevailingly ready for.' 'This so prodigiously different, beautiful and dreadful truth'; 'idiotized surrender'; 'inordinately'; 'betrayingly,' 'tinglingly,' 'tortuously,' 'immensely exposed and completely abashed,' — pages bristle with expressions like these.

Delicate shadings of thought are not usually brought out by such highly colored adjectives and adverbs. The great artist is known always by the measure and the mastery of his style; he saves the great word for the great moment, and the great word, which suggests the depth of human experience, is characterized by its power of suggestion rather than by its violence. Mr. James, in 'The Velvet Glove,' amuses himself with the style of Amy Evans's book, a commonplace love-story of the superlative type, but her vocabulary, with its 'passionate,' its 'flowering land,' its 'blighting desolation,' is no more extreme than his own, though his words are more far-sought. Is he not doing just that which he accuses Amy Evans of doing, straining to make the moment assume greater significance than it has, lashing adjective and adverb to a fictitious value? The story which he is writing and the story at which he is laughing are both, though in widely different spheres, lacking in that simplicity and sincerity which are the marks of genuine art.

A reviewer in a recent magazine

challenges the reader to produce another author whose processes of thought are so labyrinthine, who can express so many shades and phases of human feeling. At times I cannot help wondering if the thought is really as labyrinthine as the expression. Does not the ambiguity that results from a brigand lawlessness in the fashioning of sentences cause often a look of intricacy of thought which vanishes upon closer consideration? 'That would be an answer, however,' he continued intensely to see, only to inane importunate, to utterly superfluous Amy Evans — not a bit to his at last exquisitely patient companion, who was clearly now quite taking it from him that what kept him in his attitude was the spring of the quick desire to oblige her, the charming loyal impulse to consider a little what he could do for her, say "handsomely yet conscientiously" (oh, the loveliness!) before he should commit himself.'

In kindly spirit we may grant much of license to this master of unchallenged position, whose whims lead him to most individual views in regard to the parts of speech, and whose relative pronouns may or not emerge from these sentence-heaps to attach themselves to the right nouns, but surely we are not bound to consider this a great style, or even a good style. Measure, balance, lucidity, — these qualities are not too much to ask of the prose style of great masters of English, and the spell of a great name should not keep us from recognizing the lack of these qualities in Mr. James's later work. Few can doubt the value and the charm of his long line of character-interpretations of national and of international interest. Can any readers who recall the clarity of the earlier style deny that for Mr. James to rewrite his earlier work in his later manner is almost a national calamity?

A novel of great originality and

depth comes to us in *Hearts Contending*,¹ by Georg Schock, who has heretofore been known only as a writer of short stories dealing, as does this work, with Pennsylvania Germans. This is a tale of primitive lives and passions, among a people shut away in their mountain valley from the stream of modern life. Its basic idea is that of the Book of Job, and the tale is in many ways almost as primitive as the Book of Job. The slow and powerful unfolding of the story compels the deepest interest; more and more the reader finds himself in the grip of real tragedy, brought about, not by external causes, but by natural human feeling and innocent human motives. Not every writer of tragedy has, combined with such deep insight into the causes of human trouble, so much balance and moderation of judgment. The way in which, after the many-sided, fatal misunderstandings, all slowly rights itself, has something of the slow sanity of Nature's very self.

The author of this book betrays the rare combination of the power to observe with the power to think out the results of observation; too many realists have an excess of the former gift, and crowd their fiction with insignificant details. Here every touch picturing the people, their customs, and their background has interpretative power, and relates itself to the underlying idea of the book. Moreover, there is a genuinely poetic quality in the nature-interpretations, whereby you are permitted to see the gray sweep of the Blaueberg, the green Heilighthal, and to share the color and the mystery of spring, the depth of life in summer days. A Homeric simplicity and dignity attend the life; husband and wife salute each other from opposite sides of the kitchen like a pair of friendly sovereigns

meeting, and the son Anthony, emerging from the gray mist, riding his white steed and leading a pair of gray roans, is worthy to stand by the heroes who fought about Troy.

So simple and natural are the people that we find ourselves, in watching them, doubly bewildered that life should so cast its net to entangle them. Job, the house father, and Susanna his wife; Anthony, the eldest son; Jonathan, who, drawn by the smell of the earth and the love of a girl, gives up the ministry and breaks his parents' hearts, are brought before us by simple and vivid touches; and two of the characters, the son Jesse, and Bertha, who innocently starts all the trouble, are made still more real by means of that subtler fashion of suggestion, of tracing their effect upon other people.

The language of these people strikes one as being a bit stilted and overcorrect. Though this gives an effect of quaint dignity which in certain ways suits the majestic story, and is a relief after the over-insistence and dialect in other tales, it detracts in certain ways from the naturalness that attends everything else in the book. In spite of this defect, the author's style shows unusual restraint, and unusual suggestive power, not in mere epigram or in intellectual snap-shots, but in brief and pregnant sayings that sum up an immense amount of experience and of wisdom regarding life.

There is a tonic quality, a tonic reality about the book, and one will go far in the new fiction without finding anything to equal it in picturesque reality and simplicity. Nowhere else, among the new books, are there scenes of such tragic power as that of the quarrel in the harvest field, or of the chapter giving Anthony's revenge, ending with the scene where Job took his dead son on his back, 'reversing the way of generations,' and carried him to the top and

¹ *Hearts Contending*. By GEORG SCHOCK. New York: Harper & Brothers.

over the slope, along the road toward home.

The season's output of fiction brings before us many interesting phases of American life. *The Married Life of the Frederick Carrolls*¹ presents the domestic difficulties and adventures of a young artist and his wife in a somewhat alien suburban atmosphere. The tales are at once humorous and thoughtful, and there is a refreshing originality about the two young folk, who face the world-old situation with their minds full of new ideas and questions. The frank speech of a newer day strengthens the bond between them, as the struggle to carry out an artist's ideals in a material and mechanical civilization strengthens the man's hold on his art. One might perhaps plead with the author not to explain so fully at times by reflective comment that which his own deft turning of the narrative has already explained; but one would not quarrel with work so full of vitality, in which very real people face the facts of life with courage, and with eyes wide open.

It is a pleasure to find Richard Harding Davis returning, in his book of short stories,² to his earlier manner, which many of his readers prefer to his later style in the stories of romantic adventure. Most of these new tales, simple in *motif* and in execution, emphasize the permanent and genuine in human affection, and certain clear distinctions between right and wrong. Several play pleasantly, in the fashion which the author likes, on moral ideals made a bit more piquant by social contrasts, and here and there, as in some of the earlier work, the social contrast is made more important than the moral issue.

¹ *The Married Life of the Frederick Carrolls*. By JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

² *Once Upon a Time*. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*The Prodigious Hickey*³ and *The Varmint*,⁴ by Owen Johnson, give lively pictures of American boys at boarding school, and are, in many ways, amusing enough. Various types are vigorously represented, and the practical jokes, the inexhaustible spirits, the worship of physical courage make the pictures seem, to those who know boys, true to life. The notices that state kinship between this work and Tom Brown's *School-Days at Rugby* are, however, misleading, and rouse misgiving. There are plenty of hard knocks in 'Tom Brown,' and there is much emphasis on the passion for tarts and the love of jokes; but all through, you are aware of shaping forces: the school trains the boys, and the reader can feel, through the rough-and-tumble deeds, the influences making them gentlemen, holding up a high sense of honor, and leading the ideals of school-boy pluck to finer issues. Here, there is nothing of this; the authorities are mere ciphers. Lucius Cassius, the professor of Latin, has methods so outgrown and pedantic that the intellectual part of the school life must be, if he represents its best, worse than useless. Of moral influence from the elders there is as little as of intellectual, and though the lads have a rough-and-ready code of their own, it sadly needs strengthening. In Hickey's selling to his comrades the silver clappers as if they were genuine souvenirs of the missing college bell, and earning much money thereby, there is a touch of American business trickery that would be below the English boy's sense of honor. If the American boy in school is as absolutely unrestrained as this would seem to indicate, the schools sadly need re-

³ *The Prodigious Hickey*. By OWEN JOHNSON. New York: The Baker Taylor Company.

⁴ *The Varmint*. By OWEN JOHNSON. New York: The Baker Taylor Company.

form; for football, though it undoubtedly has its uses, can hardly serve as the one and only civilizing force brought to bear upon the young.

Among the books are certain local studies, some by people with well-known names, some by new-comers, representing different degrees of artistic and interpretative value.

Opal,¹ a tale of common life and folk in the middle west, is a racy account of character and event, with more substance than its name would imply. The shrewd turns of characterization betray a nice sense of humor, and much insight into the quips and cranks of human nature, which, in this author's gentle philosophy, are but minor discords in the music of humanity. If a bit too much of the obviously didactic sways conversation, incident, and character; if some of the characters turn almost too suddenly from hard feelings to kindly deeds; at least the author is aware of the actual motives of change and the depths from which they sprung.

Jim Hands,² a tale of a factory town, is the story of the love of the proprietor's son for a daughter of one of the employees. While it has many of the conventional features of its type, it digs down much deeper than the ordinary dialect story into the sources and meaning of our democracy; and the scene where the elderly Irish woman gives the governor her opinions on corrupt politics, is enough to revive fading hopes in regard to the permanency of a republic. The wit and wisdom of the book, though poured out too lavishly at first, too sparingly at the last, are real wit and real wisdom.

Just Folks,³ is a series of sketches of

life in a poor quarter of Chicago, from the point of view of a young woman who is acting as truant officer. It is valuable in bringing to the reader a sense of the complexities of life in such a quarter, where many nationalities and countless temperaments are jostling one another. The fact that the book is not fitted to a certain theme, cutting off all other issues, lends it a certain effectiveness, as it permits the author to present the many daily crises of life in their human rather than in their artistic relationship. The story of lost Angela Ann is full of deep significance; and the picture of Mary Casey, her mother, with the indomitable Irish love enfolding sinning daughter, erring son, and vagabond husband, is beautifully wrought. The book is full of concrete suggestions and incidents, which, bringing the lives of the submerged vividly before us, may set many minds at work, and at work hopefully, upon some of our innumerable social problems.

Regarding a record, as terrible as that contained in *The House of Bondage*,⁴ of a side of life not usually confessed, comments on art or lack of art would be almost as great an impertinence as discussion of æsthetic values in the cloud-effects of the judgment day. Yet, if these things are true, and the quiet massing of detail carries conviction with it, this presentation of the most cruel of all the cruel human tragedies of our modern life cannot be ignored. Suffice it to say that this story of the traffic in the bodies and the souls of women is told with high dignity, and, in spite of its full revelations, a certain reserve. There is close centralization, and all the network of political chicanery and corruption, all the many manifestations of unscrupulous greed, are

¹ *Opal*. By BESSIE R. HOOVER. New York: Harper & Brothers.

² *Jim Hands*. By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD. New York: The Macmillan Company.

³ *Just Folks*. By CLARA E. LAUGHLIN. New York: The Macmillan Company.

⁴ *The House of Bondage*. By REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company.

closely interwoven about the central figure of the one helpless girl. She is all the more appealing because there is nothing especially notable about her; she has no unusual power or grace; she is only one of the many victims of what we call our civilization; and one follows with increasing horror the Nemesis worked out in the story, as a fate worse than the worst of Greek tragedy becomes the consequence of an initial slight mistake. The book is, primarily, an arraignment of men, but there is another side also, best expressed, perhaps, in the words of one of Olive Schreiner's *Dreams*: —

'I thought I stood in Heaven before God's throne, and God asked me what I had come for. I said I had come to arraign my brother, Man.

'God said, "What has he done?"

'I said, "He has taken my sister, Woman, and has stricken her, and

wounded her, and thrust her out into the streets; she lies there prostrate. His hands are red with blood. I am here to arraign him, that the kingdom be taken from him, because he is not worthy, and given unto me. My hands are pure."

'I showed them.

'God said, "Thy hands are pure. Lift up thy robe."

'I raised it; my feet were red, blood-red, as if I had trodden in wine.

'God said, "How is this?"

'I said, "Dear Lord, the streets on earth are full of mire. If I should walk straight on in them my outer robe might be bespotted; you see how white it is! Therefore I pick my way."

'God said, "*On what?*"

'I was silent, and I let my robe fall. I wrapped my mantle about my head. I went out softly. I was afraid that the angels would see me.'

THE PACE THAT KILLS

BY FORD MADOX HUEFFER

IN New York the thing that most impresses the newly arrived stranger — coming at any rate from London — is the pace set by foot-passengers in the streets. On the other side we are accustomed to hear and to believe that America is the land of hurry; here, if anywhere, we think, the adage that time is money will be appreciated. We expect to find streets filled with messenger boys rushing on errands; telegraph boys running; shops in which the serving is done at lightning speed, and trains that the eye can hardly follow. We expect to find, in short, a new se-

cret of speed — which is equivalent to saying highly-organized service of all kinds. So that, riding in a trolley up Broadway for the first time (and you cannot imagine how romantic a thing it is to be on that Broadway of which one has heard so much!), I rubbed my eyes in astonishment.

Between, say, Union Square — or perhaps between Ninth Street — and Bowling Green, Broadway is the more or less exact counterpart of the London Strand. It is actually broader, but it appears more narrow because the houses are so much higher, and it is a

little straighter because it is a made road, not a road evolved from what was once a path along river-mud. The general effect is identical: there are the same kinds of shops, and a crowd of the same type passing to or from the business quarter of the city. But, as I have said, one rubs one's eyes, looking out at the crowd on the sidewalk. It is the Strand crowd — cosmopolitan, varied; people touching one another so closely that the tops of their heads appear to form another tier on the street: a tier paved with hats instead of wood blocks or granite sets. There it is, the crowd. But it appears to stop still!

In one's first astonishment one thinks that all these people are waiting for a procession to pass; one cannot believe that they are the procession. Nevertheless, as the slow trolley passes onward one realizes that the crowd is actually in motion; that it is the thing itself, not the procession. It is an extraordinary shock — this first impression of the land of hurry.

For the dweller in great cities grows accustomed to the *tempo* of his streets, and for me, to whom the Strand sets the tone of life, this slow progress of the crowd on Broadway is a standing bewilderment. I have looked at it again and again, and although I have long since given up expecting to see it accelerate its pace, the words still rise to my lips, the question still remains unanswered in my subconsciousness: 'When are they going to hurry up?'

For, in the Strand, all the heads bob up and down to the time of a quick-step waltz; on Broadway they go with the slow stride of a processional march. And the Londoner, jumping off the Broadway trolley at a block in the traffic, expecting that, as he would in the Strand, he will be able to get along faster on foot and will be able to jump on another trolley higher up and so gain a minute or two, this Londoner dis-

covers, bewildered and irritated, that there is no getting through the crowd — and there's no getting the crowd to hurry up. It is, for his quicker-tuned pulse, a solid, packed mass with which he must fall in step. And for him in New York it is always the same. There is no saving a minute or two, and no one appears to wish to do it. In London you may save a little by sending a district messenger to do an errand; in New York you will do it quicker yourself. In London the motor-bus dodges through a jam; the hansom cuts in between a great wagon and the curb, slips round a side street and into the main thoroughfare, and there is that glorious thing, your 'minute saved.' But here the trolley cannot dodge traffic; the driver of the hansom is an autocrat who says, 'Wall!' if you tell him to look sharp. And, personally, I am inclined to see the reason for all this in the fact that the New York crowd does not sympathize with hurry.

All Nature loves a lover — and all London loves a Londoner in a hurry. If in London you tell a cabman that you have only seven minutes in which to catch a train — two miles off, he will say, 'Yes, sir,' and whip up his horse, gallop through a square, taking his chance of a fine if a bobby sees him; he will put his hand to the trap-door and say, 'I think we shall do it, sir,' — and he *does* do it. He enters, in fact, into the spirit of the thing — it is a sporting matter for him. And it is the same with messenger-boys, railway-porters, or fellow passengers. I have even made a South Eastern train come in 'on time,' and catch an almost impossible connection, by telling the guard that I was in a hurry.

But I cannot imagine myself doing any of these things in New York. I received too many rebuffs in my first day or two. I should positively dread to tell a hotel clerk to hurry up with

my bill because I wanted to catch a train. Instead, I must miss two engagements and reckon that I can do in the day in New York only two thirds of what I can do in London. The New Yorker, in fact, may be in a hurry at times — but he finds no one to help him. This is of course a free country, and there is no reason why a servant should put himself out to oblige his master; there is no reason why a servant should work at top speed. And, indeed, he is n't, your New Yorker, even a servant. The railway officials, the ticket clerks, the baggage-men, the brakemen, are officials, and there it ends. In London every official is a servant of the Public. In London every railway official is there to help you; in New York he is there to give you your ticket, to see that you have a ticket, or to see that you do not travel without a ticket. And you cannot hurry.

At Charing Cross Station in London there are three hundred baggage-porters whose duty it is to help passengers. I dash up in my cab, with my trunk, five minutes before the train starts; one porter takes my ticket, another takes my trunk; I am driven to the basement of the station, throw myself into the barber's chair, say I have three minutes to be shaved in, am shaved, and catch my train. I could not do that in New York. And think what a difference that makes to the amount of work one can do in the year. At Charing Cross Station there are three hundred porters; in the Boston North Station there are seven baggage-men. To get your baggage checked yourself you must be in the depot twenty minutes before the train starts, you must bribe a baggage-man extravagantly, and even then your trunk will not come on the train by which you travel. As for a shave —!

I think that the New Yorker's shave is symptomatic of the whole rate of life

in New York. It is, if you will, luxurious, but you have to allow twenty minutes out of your day for it. In London I never allow more than five minutes. Here I lie down in a chair and say, 'I'm in a hurry. Be as quick as you can, please.' My barber surveys me with no look of interest and goes to talk for five minutes to the lady manicurist. When he returns I say from my recumbent position, 'I'm in a *great* hurry.' He says, 'Yep?' interrogatively, as if I had given him a piece of quite uninteresting information. He goes to a mirror and for some moments examines a wart on his cheek. Eventually he shaves me. It is the same in the banks. In Boston I had to wait exactly seventeen minutes to cash a letter of credit. The clerk was talking to a lady-typist about a clam-bake. — Well: he was a free man — so he told me when I remonstrated.

Fortunes are made with great rapidity in the United States. But think how fast they might be made. For time is money. I have made this little calculation: my time is worth say ten shillings — or two dollars and a half — an hour. I travel by rail with luggage one hundred and twenty times a year; in London I gain fifteen minutes per time, or in the year thirty hours, or seventy-five dollars. In London I am shaved three hundred times in the year and on each shave, in comparison with New York, I gain one quarter of an hour. In the year this saves me upwards of thirty pounds sterling. And, when I take into account the time lost over meals, over the purchase of things in stores, everything that depends upon quick and efficient service, I figure out that my working efficiency in London is at least one third greater than it is here. The baggage-check system alone in America is responsible for an incalculable loss of time; it is absolutely unnecessary — and anyhow I would a

hundred times rather lose my baggage than be kept waiting for a check.

Let me, however, at once say that I do not wish to be taken as implying that the New Yorker is not in the right in thus sacrificing his time to the mental attitude of his servants. Each nation without a doubt has the type of service that it most desires — and I very well know that the New Yorker is proud of the independence of his — I was going to say dependants, but that is not the word; and I cannot quite think of *any* word that is *le mot juste*. It is, of course, part of the American's fine idealism; of his reverence for humanity, and of his irresponsibility. London is a serious place: we are all so terribly in earnest. New York, and that is part of its fascination, is absolutely irresponsible. A thing may get done, or it may not. It is all part of the day's journey. At any rate, no man's personal dignity is lessened. If you have not, in the large, any very efficient public service in New York, you have not at all the menial spirit. And it is a good thing to have crushed that out of life. For there is, in the world, nothing more disagreeable than the thoroughly efficient English servant who sneers at his master behind his back. At the same time there is nothing more agreeable than the English spirit of efficient service when the servant is thoroughly interested in his work, likes his master, and is anxious, in the English phrase, to 'make a good job of it.' I don't, but then I am an Englishman, know of any feeling more delightful than that of directing thoroughly efficient subordinates with a love of their and my particular organization, the feeling that I am getting the most out of myself, out of my helpers, and out of the whole machine. That of course happens only when things are at their best in London, but when it does happen there is no human feeling for me so nearly divine.

New York, of course, has another problem before it. It has to go the one step further; it has to show London and the Eastern world how something still more nearly divine can be extracted from human contacts. It has done away with the menial spirit, which is the reverse of the European medal; it has done away, very largely, with the feeling of responsibility which over there furrows so many brows and renders so many lives so burdensome. That is why New York is gay, and London heavy and solemn. New York has another problem: it has evolved the proud, free, independent, and non-menial man. Before it will have definitely taken its poor humanity the one stage further forward on the long road toward the millennium, it must evolve a spirit — perhaps it is only a spirit — of co-ordinate effort, of noble discipline. It has produced a fine individualism; it has not yet, it seems to me, evolved a system of getting from each individual his very best in the interests of the whole machine of the state. For it must be remembered that the problem of humanity is really that; that what humanity really needs is the time to think. And while men lose time at their work they have no leisure, or less leisure to, in the American phrase, loaf and invite their souls.

And, if I have any criticism to make of a life that excites, interests, and fills me with wonder, it is simply this: in Europe we have evolved a leisure class, which is a good thing. America is in the way to evolve a much better thing: not a class, but a race with leisure; not a race that does no work, but one that gets rid of the necessary daily toil, with a minimum of wasted effort, in a minimum of time. For the man who does this is indeed the free man. And that America will evolve this type when it has had time to settle down, who shall doubt?

THE PATRICIANS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

XLVI

LEFT alone among the little mahogany tables of Gustard's, where the scent of cake and orange-flower water made happy all the air, Barbara had sat for some minutes, her eyes cast down, as a child from whom a toy has been taken contemplates the ground, not knowing precisely what she is feeling. Then, paying one of the middle-aged females, she went out into the Square. There a German band was playing Delibes' Coppélia; and the murdered tune came haunting her, a ghost of incongruity.

She went straight back to Valleys House. In the room where three hours ago she had been left alone after lunch, with Harbinger, her sister was seated in the window, looking decidedly disturbed. In fact, Agatha had just spent an awkward hour. Chancing, with little Ann, into that confectioner's where she could best obtain a particularly gummy sweet which she believed wholesome for her children, she had been engaged in purchasing a pound, when, looking down, she perceived Ann standing stock-still, with her sudden little nose pointed down the shop, and her mouth opening; glancing in the direction of those frank, inquiring eyes, Agatha saw to her amazement her sister and a man whom she recognized as Courtier. With a readiness which did her complete credit, she placed a sweet in Ann's mouth, and saying to the middle-aged female, 'Then you'll send those, please. Come Ann!' went out.

Shocks never coming singly, she had no sooner reached home than from her father she learned of the development of Milton's love-affair. When Barbara returned, she was sitting, unfeignedly upset and grieved; unable to decide whether or no she ought to divulge what she herself had seen, but withal buoyed up by that peculiar indignation of the essentially domestic woman whose ideals have been outraged.

Judging at once from the expression of her face that she must have heard the news of Milton, Barbara said, 'Well, my dear Angel, any lecture for me?'

Agatha answered coldly, 'I think you were quite mad to take Mrs. Noel to him.'

'The whole duty of woman,' murmured Barbara, 'includes a little madness.'

Agatha looked at her in silence.

'I can't make you out,' she said at last; 'you're not a fool!'

'Only a knave.'

'You may think it right to joke over the ruin of Milton's life,' murmured Agatha; 'I don't.'

Barbara's eyes grew bright; and in a hard voice she answered, 'The world is not your nursery, Angel!'

Agatha closed her lips very tightly, as who should imply, 'Then it ought to be!' But she only answered, 'I don't think you know that I saw you just now in Gustard's.'

Barbara eyed her for a moment in amazement, and began to laugh.

'I see,' she said; 'monstrous depravity — poor old Gustard's!'

And still laughing that dangerous laugh, she turned on her heel and went out.

At dinner and afterwards that evening she was very silent, having on her face the same look that she wore out hunting, especially when in difficulties of any kind, or if advised to 'take a pull.' When she got away to her own room she had a longing to relieve herself by some kind of action that would hurt some one, if only herself. To go to bed and toss about in a fever — for she knew herself in these thwarted moods—was of no use! For a moment she thought of going out. That would be fun, and hurt them, too; but it was difficult. She did not want to be seen, and have the humiliation of an open row. Then there came into her head the memory of the roof of the tower, where she had once been as a little girl. She would be in the air there, she would be able to breathe, to get rid of this feverishness. With the unhappy pleasure of a spoiled child taking its revenge, she took care to leave her bedroom door open, so that her maid would wonder where she was, and perhaps be anxious, and make them anxious.

Slipping through the moonlit picture-gallery, to the landing outside her father's sanctum, whence rose the stone staircase leading to the roof, she began to mount. She was quite breathless when, after that unending flight of stairs, she emerged on the roof at the extreme northern end of the big house, where, below her, was a sheer drop of a hundred feet. At first she stood, a little giddy, grasping the rail that ran round that garden of lead, still absorbed in her brooding, rebellious thoughts. Gradually she lost consciousness of everything save the scene before her. High above all neighboring houses, she was almost appalled by the majesty of what she saw. This night-

clothed city, so remote and dark, so white-gleaming and alive, on whose purple hills and valleys grew such myriads of golden flowers of light, from whose heart came this deep incessant murmur — could it possibly be the same city through which she had been walking that very day! From its sleeping body the supreme wistful spirit had emerged in dark loveliness, and was low-flying down there, tempting her.

Barbara turned round, to take in all that amazing prospect, from the black glades of Hyde Park, in front, to the powdery white ghost of a church-tower, away to the east. How marvelous was this city of night! And as, in presence of that wide darkness of the sea before dawn, her spirit had felt little and timid within her — so it felt now, in face of this great, brooding, beautiful creature, whom man had made. She singled out the shapes of the Piccadilly hotels, and beyond them the palaces and towers of Westminster and Whitehall; and everywhere the inextricable loveliness of dim blue forms and sinuous pallid lines of light, under an indigo-dark sky. Near at hand, she could see plainly the still-lighted windows, the motor-cars gliding by far down, even the tiny shapes of people walking; and the thought that each of them meant some one like herself, seemed strange.

Drinking of this wonder-cup, she began to experience a queer intoxication, and lost the sense of being little; rather she had the feeling of power, as in her dream at Monkland. She too, as well as this great thing below her, seemed to have shed her body, to be emancipated from every barrier — floating deliciously identified with air. She seemed to be one with the enfranchised spirit of the city, drowned in perception of its beauty. Then all that feeling went, and left her frowning, shivering, though

the wind from the west was warm. Her whole adventure of coming up here seemed bizarre, ridiculous. Very stealthily she crept down, and had reached once more the door into the picture-gallery, when she heard her mother's voice in amazement say, 'That you, Babs?' And turning, saw her coming from the doorway of the sanctum.

Of a sudden very cool, with all her faculties about her, Barbara only stood looking at Lady Valleys, who said with hesitation, 'Come in here, dear, a minute, will you?'

In that room, resorted to for comfort, Lord Valleys was standing with his back to the hearth, and an expression on his face that wavered between vexation and decision. The doubt in Agatha's mind whether she should tell or no, had been terribly resolved by little Ann, who in a pause of conversation had announced, 'We saw Auntie Babs and Mr. Courtier in Gustard's, but we did n't speak to them.'

Upset by the events of the afternoon, Lady Valleys had not shown her usual *savoir faire*. She had told her husband. A meeting of this sort in a shop celebrated for little save its wedding-cakes was, in a sense, of no importance; but, being both disturbed already by the news of Milton, it seemed to them nothing less than sinister, as though the heavens were in league for the demolition of their house. To Lord Valleys it was peculiarly mortifying, because of his real admiration for his daughter, and because he had paid so little attention to his wife's warning of some weeks back. In consultation, however, they had only succeeded in deciding that Lady Valleys should talk with her. Though without much spiritual insight, both these two had a certain cool judgment; and they were fully alive to the danger of thwarting Barbara. This had not prevented Lord Valleys from expressing himself strong-

ly on the 'confounded unscrupulousness of that fellow,' and secretly forming his own plan of dealing with this matter. Lady Valleys, more deeply conversant with her daughter's nature, and by reason of femininity more lenient toward the other sex, had not tried to excuse Courtier, but had thought privately, 'Babs is rather a flirt.' For she could not altogether help remembering herself at the same age.

Summoned thus unexpectedly, Barbara, her lips very firmly pressed together, took her stand coolly enough by her father's writing-table.

Seeing her thus suddenly appear, Lord Valleys instinctively relaxed his frown; his experience of men and things, his thousands of diplomatic hours, served to give him an air of coolness and detachment which he was very far from feeling. In truth, he would rather have faced a hostile mob than his favorite daughter in such circumstances. His tanned face, with its crisp, gray moustache, his whole head indeed, took on, unconsciously, a more than ordinarily soldier-like appearance. His eyelids drooped a little, his brows rose slightly.

She was wearing a blue wrap over her evening frock, and he seized instinctively on that indifferent trifle to begin this talk.

'Ah! Babs, have you been out?'

Alive to her very finger-nails, with every nerve tingling, but showing no sign, Barbara answered, 'No; on the roof of the tower.'

It gave her a malicious pleasure to feel the real perplexity beneath her father's dignified exterior. And detecting that covert mockery, Lord Valleys said dryly, 'Star-gazing?'

Then, with that sudden resolution peculiar to him, as though he were bored with having to delay and temporize, he added, 'Do you know, I doubt whether it's wise to make appoint-

ments in confectioners' shops when Ann is in London.'

The dangerous little gleam in Barbara's eyes escaped his vision, but not that of Lady Valleys, who said at once, 'No doubt you had the best of reasons, my dear.'

Barbara curled her lip, inscrutably. Indeed, had it not been for the scene they had been through that day with Milton, and for their very real anxiety, both would have seen then, that, while their daughter was in this mood, least said was soonest mended. But their nerves were not quite within control; and with more than a touch of impatience Lord Valleys ejaculated, 'It does n't appear to you, I suppose, to require any explanation?'

Barbara answered, 'No.'

'Ah!' said Lord Valleys. 'I see. An explanation can be had, no doubt, from the gentleman whose sense of proportion was such as to cause him to suggest such a thing.'

'He did not suggest it. I did.'

Lord Valleys's eyebrows rose still higher.

'Indeed!' he said,

'Geoffrey!' murmured Lady Valleys, 'I thought I was to talk to Babs.'

'It would no doubt be wiser.'

In Barbara, thus for the first time in her life seriously reprimanded, there was at work the most peculiar sensation she had ever felt, as if something were scraping her very skin — a sick, and at the same time devilish, feeling. At that moment she could have struck her father dead. But she showed nothing, having lowered the lids of her eyes.

'Anything else?' she said.

Lord Valleys's jaw had become suddenly more prominent.

'As a sequel to your share in Milton's business, it is peculiarly entrancing.'

'My dear,' broke in Lady Valleys

very suddenly, 'Babs will tell me. It's nothing, of course.'

Barbara's calm voice said again, 'Anything else?'

The repetition of this phrase in that maddening cool voice almost broke down her father's sorely-tried control.

'Nothing from you,' he said with deadly coldness. 'I shall have the honor of telling this gentleman what I think of him.'

At those words Barbara drew herself together, and turned her eyes from one face to the other.

Under that gaze, which, for all its cool hardness, was so furiously alive, neither Lord nor Lady Valleys could keep quite still. It was as if she had stripped from them the well-bred mask of those whose spirits, by long unquestioning acceptance of themselves, have become inelastic, inexpansive, commoner than they knew. In fact, a rather awful moment! Then Barbara said, 'If there's nothing else, I'm going to bed. Good-night!'

And as calmly as she had come in, she went out.

When she had regained her room, she locked the door, threw off her cloak, and looked at herself in the glass. With pleasure she saw how firmly her teeth were clenched, how her breast was heaving, how her eyes seemed to be stabbing herself. And all the time she thought, 'Very well! my dears! Very well!'

XLVII

In that mood of rebellious mortification she fell asleep. And, curiously enough, dreamed not of him whom she had in mind been so furiously defending, but of Harbinger. She fancied herself in prison, lying in a cell fashioned like the drawing-room at Sea House; and in the next cell, into which she could somehow look, Harbinger was digging at the wall with his nails.

She could distinctly see the hair on the back of his hands, and hear him breathing. The hole he was making grew larger and larger. Her heart began to beat furiously; she awoke.

She rose with a new and malicious resolution to show no sign of rebellion, to go through the day as if nothing had happened, to deceive them all, and then —! Exactly what 'and then' meant, she did not explain even to herself.

In accordance with this plan of action she presented an untroubled front at breakfast, went out riding with little Ann, and shopping with her mother afterwards. Owing to this news of Milton, the journey to Scotland had been postponed. She parried with cool ingenuity each attempt made by Lady Valleys to draw her into conversation on the subject of that meeting at Gustard's, nor would she talk of her brother; in every other way she was her usual self.

In the afternoon she even volunteered to accompany her mother to old Lady Harbinger's, in the neighborhood of Prince's Gate. She knew that Harbinger would be there, and with the thought of meeting that other at 'five o'clock,' had a cynical pleasure in thus encountering him. It was so complete a blind to them all! Then, feeling that she was accomplishing a master-stroke, she even told him, in her mother's hearing, that she would walk home, and he might come if he cared. He did care.

But when once she had begun to swing along in the mellow afternoon, under the mellow trees, where the air was sweetened by the southwest wind, all that mutinous, reckless mood of hers vanished, she felt suddenly happy and kind, glad to be walking with him. To-day too he was cheerful, as if determined not to spoil her gayety; and she was grateful for this. Once or

twice she even put her hand up and touched his sleeve, calling his attention to birds or trees, friendly, and glad, after all those hours of bitter feelings, to be giving happiness. When they parted at the door of Valleys House, she looked back at him, with a queer, half-rueful smile. For, now the hour had come!

In a little unfrequented ante-room, all white panels and polish, she sat down to wait. The entrance drive was visible from here; and she meant to encounter Courtier casually in the hall. She was excited, and a little scornful of her own excitement. She had expected him to be punctual, but it was already past five; and soon she began to feel uneasy, almost ridiculous, sitting in this room where no one ever came. Going to the window, she looked out.

A sudden voice behind her said, 'Auntie Babs!'

Turning, she saw little Ann regarding her with those wide, frank, hazel eyes. A shiver of nerves passed through Barbara.

'Is this your room? It's a nice room, is n't it?'

She answered, 'Quite a nice room, Ann.'

'Yes. I've never been in here before. There's somebody just come, so I must go now.'

Barbara involuntarily put her hands up to her cheeks, and quickly passed with her niece into the hall. At the very door the footman William handed her a note. She looked at the superscription. It was from Courtier. She went back into the room. Through its half-closed door the figure of little Ann could be seen, with her legs rather wide apart, and her hands clasped on her low-down belt, pointing up at William her sudden little nose. Barbara shut the door abruptly, broke the seal, and read: —

DEAR LADY BARBARA, — I am sorry to say my interview with your brother was fruitless.

I happened to be sitting in the Park just now, and I want to wish you every happiness before I go. It has been the greatest pleasure to know you. I shall never have a thought of you that will not be my pride; nor a memory that will not help me to believe that life is good. If I am tempted to feel that things are dark, I shall remember that you are breathing this same mortal air. And to beauty and joy I shall take off my hat with the greater reverence, that once I was permitted to walk and talk with you. And so, good-bye, and God bless you.

Your faithful servant,
CHARLES COURTIER.

Her cheeks burned, quick sighs escaped her lips; she read the letter again, but before getting to the end could not see the words for mist. If in that letter there had been a word of complaint or even of regret! She could not let him go like this, without good-bye, without any explanation at all. He should not think of her as a cold, stony flirt, who had been merely stealing a few weeks' amusement out of him. She would explain to him at all events that it had not been that. She would make him understand that it was not what he thought — that something in her wanted — wanted —! Her mind was all confused. 'What was 'it?' she thought; 'what did I do?' And sore with anger at herself, she screwed the letter up in her glove, and ran out. She walked swiftly down to Piccadilly, and crossed into the Green Park. There she passed Lord Malvezin and a friend strolling up toward Hyde Park Corner, and gave them a very faint bow. The composure of those two precise and well-groomed figures sickened her just then. She wanted to run, to fly to this

meeting that should remove from him the odious feeling he must have, that she, Barbara Caradoc, was a vulgar enchantress, a common traitress and coquette! And his letter — without a syllable of reproach! Her cheeks burned so that she could not help trying to hide them from people who passed.

As she drew nearer to his rooms she walked slower, forcing herself to think what she should do, what she should let him do! But she continued resolutely forward. She would not shrink now — whatever came of it! Her heart fluttered, seemed to stop beating, fluttered again. She set her teeth; a sort of desperate hilarity rose in her. It was an adventure! Then she was gripped by the feeling that had come to her on the roof. The whole thing was bizarre, ridiculous! She stopped, and drew the letter from her glove. It might be ridiculous, but it was due from her; and closing her lips very tight, she walked on. In thought she was already standing close to him, her eyes shut, waiting, with her heart beating wildly, to know what she would feel when his lips had spoken, perhaps touched her face or hand. And she had a sort of mirage vision of herself, with eyelashes resting on her cheeks, lips a little parted, arms helpless at her sides. Yet, incomprehensibly, his figure was invisible. She discovered then that she was standing before his door.

She rang the bell calmly, but instead of dropping her hand, pressed the little bare patch of palm left open by the glove to her face, to see whether it was indeed her own cheek flaming so.

The door had been opened by some unseen agency, disclosing a passage and flight of stairs covered by a red carpet, at the foot of which lay an old, tangled, brown-white dog full of fleas and sorrow. Unreasoning terror seized on Barbara; her body remained rigid, but

her spirit began flying back across the Green Park, to the very hall of Valleys House. Then she saw coming towards her a youngish woman in a blue apron, with mild, reddened eyes.

‘Is this where Mr. Courtier lives?’

‘Yes, Miss.’ The teeth of the young woman were few in number and rather black; and Barbara could only stand there saying nothing, as if her body had been deserted between the sunlight and this dim red passage, which led to — what?

The woman spoke again, ‘I’m sorry if you was wanting him, Miss, he’s just gone away.’

Barbara felt a movement in her heart, like the twang and quiver of an elastic band, suddenly relaxed. She bent to stroke the head of the old dog, who was smelling her shoes.

The woman said, ‘And, of course, I can’t give you his address, because he’s gone to foreign parts.’

With a murmur, of whose sense she knew nothing, Barbara hurried out into the sunshine. Was she glad? Was she sorry? At the corner of the street she turned and looked back; the two heads, of the woman and the dog, were there still, poked out through the doorway.

A horrible inclination to laugh seized her, followed by as horrible a desire to cry.

XLVIII

By the river the west wind, whose murmuring had visited Courtier and Milton the night before, was bringing up the first sky of autumn. Slow-creeping and fleecy gray, the clouds seemed trying to overpower a sun that shone but fitfully even thus early in the day. While Audrey Noel was dressing, sunbeams danced desperately on the white wall, like little lost souls with no tomorrow, or gnats that wheel and wheel in brief joy, leaving no footmarks on the air. Through the chinks of a side

window covered by a dark blind, some smoky filaments of light were tethered to the back of her mirror. Compounded of trembling gray spirals, so thick to the eye that her hand felt astonishment when it failed to grasp them, and as jealous as ghosts of the space they occupied, they brought a moment’s distraction to a heart not happy. For how could she be happy, her lover having been away from her now thirty hours, without having overcome with his last kisses the feeling of disaster which had settled on her when he told her of his resolve. Her eyes had seen deeper than his; her instinct had received a message from Fate.

To be the dragger-down, the destroyer of his usefulness; to be not the help-mate, but the clog; not the inspiring sky, but the cloud! And because of a scruple which she could not understand! She had no anger with that unintelligible scruple; but her fatalism and her sympathy had followed it out into his future. Things being so, it could not be long before he felt that her love was maiming him; even if he went on desiring her, it would be only with his body. And if, for this scruple, he were capable of giving up his public life, he would be capable of living on with her after his love was dead! This thought she could not bear. It stung to the very marrow of her nerves. And yet surely life could not be so cruel as to have given her such happiness, meaning to take it from her! Surely her love was not to be only one summer’s day; his love but an embrace, and then — forever nothing!

This morning, fortified by despair, she admitted her own beauty. He would, he *must* want her more than that other life, at the very thought of which her face darkened. That other life was so hard, and far from her! So loveless, formal, and yet — to him so real, so desperately, accursedly real! If he must indeed

give up his career, then surely the life they could live together would make up to him — a life among simple and sweet things, all over the world, with music and pictures, and the flowers and all Nature, and friends who sought them for themselves, and in being kind to every one, and helping the poor and the unfortunate, and loving each other! But he did not want that sort of life! What was the good of pretending that he did? It was right and natural that he should want to use his powers! To lead and serve! She would not have him otherwise. With these thoughts hovering and darting within her, she went on twisting and coiling her dark hair, and burying her heart beneath its lace defenses. She noted too, with her usual care, two fading blossoms in the bowl of flowers on her dressing-table, and, removing them, emptied out the water and refilled the bowl.

Before she left her bedroom the sunbeams had already ceased to dance, the gray filaments of light were gone. Autumn sky had come into its own. Passing the mirror in the hall which was always rough with her, she had not courage to glance at it. Then suddenly a woman's belief in the power of her charm came to her aid; she felt almost happy — surely he must love her better than his conscience! But that confidence was very tremulous, ready to yield to the first rebuff. Even the friendly, fresh-cheeked maid seemed that morning to be regarding her with compassion; and all the innate sense, not of 'good form,' but of form, which made her shrink from anything that should disturb or hurt another, or make any one think she was to be pitied, rose up at once within her; she became more than ever careful to show nothing even to herself.

So she passed the morning, mechanically doing the little usual things. An overpowering longing was with her all

the time, to get him away with her from England, and see whether the thousand beauties she could show him would not fire him with love of the things she loved. As a girl she had spent nearly three years abroad. And Eustace had never been to Italy, nor to her beloved mountain valleys! Then, the remembrance of his rooms at the Temple broke in on that vision, and shattered it. No Titian's feast of gentian, tawny brown, and alpenrose could intoxicate the lover of those books, those papers, that great map. And the scent of leather came to her now as poignantly as if she were once more flitting about noiselessly on her business of nursing. Then there rushed through her again the warm, wonderful sense that had been with her all those precious days — of love that knew secretly of its approaching triumph and fulfillment; the delicious sense of giving every minute of her time, every thought and movement; and all the sweet unconscious waiting for the divine, irrevocable moment when at last she would give herself and be his. The remembrance too of how tired, how sacredly tired, she had been, and of how she had smiled all the time with her inner joy of being tired for him.

The sound of the bell startled her. His telegram had said, the afternoon! She determined to show nothing of the trouble darkening the whole world for her, and drew a deep breath, waiting for his kiss.

It was not Milton, but Lady Casterley.

The shock sent the blood buzzing into her temples. Then she noticed that the little figure before her was also trembling; drawing up a chair, she said, 'Won't you sit down?'

The tone of that old voice, thanking her, brought back sharply the memory of her garden at Monkland, bathed in the sweetness and shimmer of summer,

and of Barbara standing at her gate, towering above this little figure, which now sat there so silent, with very white face. Those carved features, those keen, yet veiled eyes, had too often haunted her thoughts; they were like a bad dream come true.

'My grandson is not here, is he?'

Audrey shook her head.

'We have heard of his decision. I will not beat about the bush with you. It is a disaster — for me a calamity. I have known and loved him since he was born, and I have been foolish enough to dream dreams about him. I wondered perhaps whether you knew how much we counted on him. You must forgive an old woman's coming here like this. At my age there are few things that matter, but they matter very much.'

And Audrey thought, 'And at my age there is but one thing that matters, and *that* matters worse than death.' But she did not speak. To whom, to what should she speak? To this hard old woman, who personified the world? Of what use, words?

'I can say to you,' went on the voice of the little figure, that seemed so to fill the room with its gray presence, 'what I could not bring myself to say to others; for you are not hard-hearted.'

A quiver passed up from the heart so praised to the still lips. No, she was not hard-hearted! She could even feel for this old woman from whose voice anxiety had stolen its despotism.

'Eustace cannot live without his career. His career is himself; he must be doing, and leading, and spending his powers. What he has given you is not his true self. I don't want to hurt you, but the truth is the truth, and we must all bow before it. I may be hard, but I can respect sorrow.'

To respect sorrow! Yes, this gray visitor could do that, as the wind passing over the sea respects its surface, as

the air respects the surface of a rose, but to penetrate to the heart, to *understand* her sorrow, *that* old age could not do for youth! As well try to track out the secret of the twistings in the flight of those swallows out there above the river, or to follow to its source the faint scent of the lilies in that bowl! How should she know what was passing in here — this little old woman whose blood was cold? And Audrey had the sensation of watching some one pelt her with the rind and husks of what her own spirit had long devoured. She had a longing to get up, and take the hand, the chill, spidery hand of age, and thrust it into her breast, and say, 'Feel that, and cease!'

But, withal, she never lost her queer dull compassion for the owner of that white carved face. It was not her visitor's fault that she had come! Again Lady Casterley was speaking.

'It is early days. If you do not end it now, at once, it will only come harder on you presently. You know how determined he is. He will not change his mind. If you cut him off from his work in life, it will but recoil on you. I can only expect your hatred, for talking like this; but, believe me, it's for your good, as well as his, in the long run.'

A tumultuous heart-beating of ironical rage seized on the listener to that speech. Her good! The good of a corse that the breath is just abandoning; the good of a flower beneath a heel; the good of an old dog whose master leaves it for the last time! Slowly a weight like lead stopped all that fluttering of her heart. If she did not end it at once! The words had now been spoken that for so many hours, she knew, had lain unspoken within her own breast. Yes, if she did not, she could never know a moment's peace, feeling that she was forcing him to a death in life, desecrating her own love and pride! And the spur had been given by another! The

thought that some one — this hard old woman of the hard world — should have shaped in words the hauntings of her love and pride through all those ages since Milton spoke to her of his resolve; that some one else should have had to tell her what her heart had so long known it must do — this stabbed her like a knife! This, at all events, she could not bear!

She stood up, and said, 'Please leave me now! I have a great many things to do, before I go.'

With a sort of pleasure she saw a look of bewilderment cover that old face; with a sort of pleasure she marked the trembling of the hands raising their owner from the chair, and heard the stammering in the voice: 'You are going? Before — before he comes? You — you won't be seeing him again?' With a sort of pleasure she marked the hesitation, which did not know whether to thank, or bless, or just say nothing and creep away. With a sort of pleasure she watched the flush mount in the faded cheeks, the faded lips pressed together. Then, at the scarcely whispered words, 'Thank you, my dear!' she turned, unable to bear further sight or sound. She went to the window and pressed her forehead against the glass, trying to think of nothing. She heard the sound of wheels — Lady Casterley had gone. And then, of all the awful feelings man or woman can know, she experienced the worst: she could not cry!

At this most bitter and deserted moment of her life, she felt strangely calm, foreseeing clearly, exactly, what she must do, and where go. Quickly it must be done, or it would never be done! Quickly! And without fuss! She put some things together, sent the maid out for a cab, and sat down to write.

She must do and say nothing that could excite him, and bring back his illness. Let it all be sober, reasonable!

It would be easy to let him know where she was going, to write a letter that would bring him flying after her. But to write the calm reasonable words that would keep him waiting and thinking, till he never again came to her, broke her heart.

When she had finished and sealed the letter, she sat motionless, with a numb feeling in hands and brain, trying to realize what she had next to do. To go, and that was all!

Her trunks had been taken down already. She chose the little hat that he liked her best in, and over it fastened her thickest veil. Then, putting on her traveling-coat and gloves, she looked in the long mirror, and seeing that there was nothing more to keep her, lifted her dressing-bag, and went down.

Over on the embankment a child was crying; and the passionate screaming sound, broken by the gulping of tears, made her cover her lips, as if she had heard her own escaped soul wailing out there.

She leaned out of the cab to say to the maid, 'Go and comfort that crying, Ella.'

Only when she was alone in the train, secure from all eyes, did she give way to desperate weeping. The white smoke rolling past the windows was not more evanescent than her joy had been. For she had no illusions — it was over! From first to last, not quite a year! But even at this moment, not for all the world would she have been without her love, gone to its grave, like a dead child that evermore would be touching her breast with its wistful fingers.

XLIX

Barbara, returning from her visit to Courtier's deserted rooms, was met at Valleys House with the message: Would she please go at once to Lady Casterley?

When, in obedience, she reached Ravensham, she found her grandmother and Lord Dennis in the white room. They were standing by one of the tall windows, apparently contemplating the view. They turned indeed at sound of Barbara's approach, but neither of them spoke or nodded. Not having seen her grand-uncle since before Milton's illness, Barbara found it strange to be so treated; she too took her stand silently before the window. A very large wasp was crawling up the pane, then slipping down with a faint buzz.

Suddenly Lady Casterley spoke.

'Kill that thing!'

Lord Dennis drew forth his handkerchief.

'Not with that, Dennis. It will make a mess. Take a paper-knife.'

'I was going to put it out,' murmured Lord Dennis.

'Let Barbara with her gloves.'

Barbara moved towards the pane.

'It's a hornet, I think,' she said.

'So he is!' said Lord Dennis dreamily.

'Nonsense,' murmured Lady Casterley, 'it's a common wasp.'

'I know it's a hornet, granny. The rings are darker.'

Lady Casterley bent down; when she raised herself she had a slipper in her hand.

'Don't irritate him!' cried Barbara, catching her wrist.

But Lady Casterley freed her hand. 'I will,' she said, and brought the sole of the slipper down on the insect, so that it dropped on the floor, dead. 'He has no business in here.'

And, as if that little incident had happened to three other people, they again stood silently looking through the window.

Then Lady Casterley turned to Barbara. 'Well, have you realized the mischief that you've done?'

'Ann!' murmured Lord Dennis.

'Yes, yes; she is your favorite, but that won't save her. This woman — to her great credit — I say to her great credit — has gone away, so as to put herself out of Eustace's reach, until he has recovered his senses.'

With a sharp-drawn breath Barbara said, 'Oh! poor thing!'

But on Lady Casterley's face had come an almost cruel look.

'Ah!' she said. 'Exactly. But, curiously enough, I am thinking of Eustace.' Her little figure was quivering from head to foot. 'This will be a lesson to you not to play with fire!'

'Ann!' murmured Lord Dennis again, slipping his arm through Barbara's.

'The world,' went on Lady Casterley, 'is a place of facts, not of romantic fancies. You have done more harm than can possibly be repaired. I went to her myself. I was very much moved. If it had n't been for your foolish conduct —'

'Ann!' said Lord Dennis once more.

Lady Casterley paused, tapping the floor with her little foot.

Barbara's eyes were gleaming. 'Is there anything else you would like to squash, dear?'

'Babs!' murmured Lord Dennis.

But, unconsciously pressing his hand against her heart, the girl went on, — 'You are lucky to be abusing me today — if it had been yesterday —'

At these dark words Lady Casterley turned away, her shoes leaving little dull stains on the polished floor.

Barbara raised to her cheek the fingers which she had been so convulsively embracing. 'Don't let her go on, uncle,' she whispered, 'not just now!'

'No, no, my dear,' Lord Dennis murmured, 'certainly not — it is enough.'

'It has been your sentimental folly,' came Lady Casterley's voice from a far corner, 'which has brought this on the boy.'

Responding to the pressure of the

hand, back now at her waist, Barbara did not answer; and the sound of the little feet retracing their steps rose in the stillness. Neither of those two at the window turned their heads; once more the feet receded, and again began coming back.

Suddenly Barbara, pointing to the floor, cried, 'Oh, granny, for Heaven's sake, stand still; have n't you squashed the hornet enough, even if he did come in where he had n't any business?'

Lady Casterley looked down at the débris of the insect. 'Disgusting!' she said; but when she next spoke it was in a less hard, more querulous voice. 'That man — what was his name — have you got rid of him?'

Barbara went crimson. 'Abuse my friends, and I will go straight home and never speak to you again.'

For a moment Lady Casterley looked almost as if she might strike her granddaughter; then a little sardonic smile broke out on her face. 'A creditable sentiment!' she said.

Letting fall her uncle's hand, Barbara cried, 'In any case, I'd better go. I don't know why you sent for me.'

Lady Casterley answered coldly: 'To let you and your mother know of this woman's most unselfish behavior; to put you on the *qui vive* for what Eustace may do now; to give you a chance to make up for your folly. Moreover, to warn you against —' she paused.

'Yes?'

'Let me —' interrupted Lord Dennis.

'No, Uncle Dennis, let granny take her shoe!'

She had withdrawn against the wall, tall, and as it were, formidable, with her head up. Lady Casterley remained silent.

'Have you got it ready?' cried Barbara. 'Unfortunately he's flown!'

A voice said, 'Lord Milton.'

He had come in quietly and quickly, preceding the announcement, and stood

almost touching that little group at the window before they caught sight of him. His face had the rather ghastly look of sunburnt faces from which emotion has driven the blood; and his eyes, always so much the most living part of him, were full of such stabbing anger, that involuntarily they all looked down.

'I want to speak to you alone,' he said to Lady Casterley.

Visibly, for perhaps the first time in her life, that indomitable little figure flinched. Lord Dennis drew Barbara away, but at the door he whispered, 'Stay here quietly, Babs; I don't like the look of this.'

Unnoticed, Barbara remained hovering.

The two voices, low, and so far off in the long white room, were uncannily distinct, emotion charging each word with preternatural power of penetration; and every movement of the speakers had to the girl's excited eyes a weird precision, as of little figures she had once seen at a Paris puppet-show. She could hear Milton reproaching his grandmother in words terribly dry and bitter. She edged nearer and nearer, till, seeing that they paid no more heed to her than if she were an attendant statue, she had regained her position by the window.

Lady Casterley was speaking.

'I was not going to see you ruined before my eyes, Eustace. I did what I did at very great cost. I did my best for you.'

Barbara saw Milton's face transfigured by a dreadful smile — the smile of one defying his torturer with hate.

Lady Casterley went on. 'Yes, you stand there looking like a devil. Hate me if you like — but don't betray us, moaning and moping because you can't have the moon. Put on your armor, and go down into the battle. Don't play the coward, boy!'

'By God! Be silent!'

Milton's answer cut like the lash of a whip.

And weirdly, there was silence. It was not the brutality of the words, but the sight of force suddenly naked of all disguise — like a fierce dog let for a moment off its chain — which made Barbara utter a little dismayed sound. Lady Casterley had dropped into a chair, trembling. And without a look Milton passed her.

If their grandmother had fallen dead, Barbara knew he would not have stopped to see. She ran forward, but the old woman waved her away. 'Go after him,' she said; 'don't let him go alone.'

And infected by the fear in that wizened voice, Barbara flew.

She caught her brother as he was entering the taxi-cab in which he had come, and without a word slipped in beside him. The driver's face appeared at the window, but Milton only motioned with his head, as if to say, 'Anywhere, away from here!'

The thought flashed through Barbara, 'If only I can keep him in here with me!' She leaned out, and said quietly, 'To Nettlefold, in Sussex — never mind your petrol — get more on the road. You can have what fare you like. Quick!'

The man hesitated, looked in her face, and said, 'Very well, Miss. By Dorking, ain't it?'

Barbara nodded.

L

The clock over the stables was chiming seven when Milton and Barbara passed out of the tall iron gates, in their swift-moving small world, that smelled faintly of petrol. Though the cab was closed, light spurts of rain drifted in through the open windows, refreshing the girl's hot face, relieving a little her dread of this drive. For, now that Fate

had been really cruel, now that it no longer lay in Milton's hands to save himself from suffering, her heart bled for him; and she remembered to forget herself. The immobility with which he had received her intrusion was ominous. And though silent in her corner, she was desperately working all her woman's wits to discover a way of breaking into the house of his secret mood. He appeared not even to have noticed that they had turned their backs on London and passed into Richmond Park.

Here the trees, made dark by rain, seemed to watch gloomily the progress of this whirring-wheeled red box, unconciled even yet to such harsh intruders on their wind-scented tranquillity. And the deer, pursuing happiness on the sweet grasses, raised disquieted noses, as who should say, 'Poisoners of the fern, defilers of the trails of air!'

Barbara vaguely felt the serenity out there in the clouds, and the trees, and the wind. If it would but creep into this dim, traveling prison, and help her; if it would but come, like sleep, and steal away dark sorrow, and in one moment make grief — joy. But it stayed outside on its wistful wings; and that grand chasm which yawns between soul and soul remained unabridged. For what could she say? How make him speak of what he was going to do? What alternatives indeed were now before him? Would he sullenly resign his seat, and wait till he could find Audrey Noel again? But even if he did find her, they would only be where they were. She had gone, in order not to be a drag on him — it would only be the same thing all over again! Would he then, as granny had urged him, put on his armor, and go down into the fight? But that indeed would mean the end, for if she had had the strength to go away now, she would surely never come back and break in on his life a second time. And a grim

thought swooped down on Barbara. What if he resigned everything! Went out into the dark! Men did sometimes — she knew — caught like this in the full flush of passion. But surely not Milton, with his faith! 'If the lark's song means nothing — if that sky is a morass of our invention — if we are pettily creeping on, furthering nothing — persuade me of it, Babs, and I'll bless you.' But had he still that anchorage, to prevent his slipping out to sea?

This sudden thought of death to one for whom life was joy, who had never even seen the Great Stillness, was very terrifying. She fixed her eyes on the back of the chauffeur, in his drab coat with the red collar, finding some comfort in its solidity. They were in a taxi-cab, in Richmond Park! Death — incongruous, incredible death! It was stupid to be frightened! She forced herself to look at Milton. He seemed to be asleep; his eyes were closed, his arms folded — only a quivering of his eyelids betrayed him. Impossible to tell what was going on in that grim waking sleep, which made her feel that she was not there at all, so utterly did he seem withdrawn into himself!

He opened his eyes, and said suddenly, 'So you think I'm going to lay hands on myself, Babs?'

Horribly startled by this reading of her thoughts, Barbara could only edge away and stammer, 'No; oh, no!'

'Where are we going in this thing?'

'Nettlefold. Would you like him stopped?'

'It will do as well as anywhere.'

Terrified lest he should relapse into that grim silence, she timidly possessed herself of his hand.

It was fast growing dark; the cab, having left the villas of Surbiton behind, was flying along at great speed among pine trees and stretches of heather, gloomy with faded daylight.

Milton said presently, in a queer,

slow voice, 'If I want, I have only to open that door and jump. You who believe that "to-morrow we die" — give me the faith to feel that I can free myself by that jump, and out I go!' Then, seeming to pity her terrified squeeze of his hand, he added, 'It's all right, Babs; we shall sleep comfortably enough in our beds to-night.'

But so desolate to the girl was his voice, that she hoped now for silence.

'Let us be skinned quietly,' muttered Milton, 'if nothing else. Sorry to have disturbed you.'

Pressing close up to him, Barbara murmured, 'If only — Talk to me!'

But Milton, though he stroked her hand, was silent.

The cab, moving at unaccustomed speed along these deserted roads, moaned dismally; and Barbara was possessed now by a desire which she dared not put in practice, to pull his head down, and rock it against her. Her heart felt empty, and timid; to have something warm resting on it would have made all the difference. Everything real, substantial, comforting, seemed to have slipped away. Among these flying dark ghosts of pine trees — as it were the unfrequented borderland between two worlds — the feeling of a cheek against her breast alone could help muffle the deep disquiet in her, lost like a child in a wood.

The cab slackened speed; the driver was lighting his lamps, and his red face appeared at the window.

'We'll 'ave to stop here, Miss; I'm out of petrol. Will you get some dinner, or go through?'

'Through,' answered Barbara.

While they were passing the little town, buying their petrol, asking the way, she felt less miserable, and even looked about her with a sort of eagerness. Then when they had started again, she thought: If I could get him to sleep — the sea will comfort him!

But his eyes were staring, wide open. She feigned sleep herself; letting her head slip a little to one side, causing small sounds of breathing to escape. The whirring of the wheels, the moaning of the cab-joints, the dark trees slipping by, the scent of the wet fern drifting in, all these must surely help! And presently she felt that he was indeed slipping into darkness — and then — she felt nothing.

When she awoke from the sleep into which she had seen Milton fall, the cab was slowly mounting a steep hill, above which the moon had risen. The air smelled strong and sweet, as though it had passed over leagues of grass.

'The Downs!' she thought. 'I must have been asleep!'

In sudden terror, she looked round for Milton. But he was still there, exactly as before, leaning back rigid in his corner of the cab, with staring eyes, and no other signs of life. And still only half awake, like a great warm sleepy child startled out of too deep slumber, she clutched, and clung to him. The thought that he had been sitting like that, with his spirit far away, all the time that she had been betraying her watch in sleep, was dreadful. But to her embrace there was no response, and awake indeed now, ashamed, sore, Barbara released him, and turned her face to the air.

Out there, two thin, dense-black, long clouds, shaped like the wings of a hawk, had joined themselves together, so that nothing of the moon showed but a living brightness imprisoned, like the eyes and life of a bird, between those swift sweeps of darkness. This great uncanny spirit, brooding malevolent over the high leagues of moon-wan grass, seemed waiting to swoop, and pluck up in its talons, and devour, all that intruded on the wild loneliness of these far-up plains of freedom. Barbara almost expected to hear coming

from it the lost whistle of the buzzard hawks. And her dream came back to her. Where were her wings — the wings that in sleep had borne her to the stars; the wings that would never lift her — waking — from the ground? Where too were Milton's wings? She crouched back into her corner; a tear stole up and trickled out between her closed lids — another and another followed. Faster and faster they came. Then she felt Milton's arm round her, and heard him say, 'Don't cry, Babs!' Instinct telling her what to do, she laid her head against his chest, and sobbed bitterly. Struggling with those sobs, she grew less and less unhappy — knowing that he could never again feel quite so desolate as before he tried to give her comfort. It was all a bad dream, and they would soon wake from it! And they would be happy; as happy as they had been before — before these last months! And she whispered, 'Only a little while, Eusty!'

LI

Old Lady Harbinger dying in the early February of the following year, the marriage of Barbara with her son was postponed till June.

Much of the wild sweetness of spring still clung to the high moor borders of Monkland on the early morning of the wedding-day.

Barbara was already up and dressed for riding when her maid came to call her; and noting Stacey's astonished eyes fix themselves on her boots, she said, 'Well, Stacey?'

'It'll tire you.'

'Nonsense; I'm not going to be hung.'

Refusing the company of a groom, she made her way towards the stretch of high moor where she had ridden with Courtier a year ago. Here, over the short and as yet unflowering heather, there was a mile or more of level gal-

loping ground. She mounted steadily, and her spirit rode, as it were, before her, longing to get up there among the peewits and curlew, to feel the crisp, peaty earth slip away under her, and the wind drive in her face, under that deep blue sky. Carried by this warm-blooded sweetheart of hers, ready to jump out of his smooth hide with pleasure, snuffling and sneezing in sheer joy, whose eye she could see straying round to catch a glimpse of her intentions, from whose lips she could hear issuing the sweet bit-music, whose vagaries even seemed designed to startle from her a closer embracing—she was filled with a sort of delicious impatience with everything that was not this perfect communing with vigor.

Reaching the top, she put him into a gallop. With the wind furiously assailing her face and throat, every muscle crisped, and all her blood tingling—this was a very ecstasy of motion!

She reined in at the cairn whence she and Courtier had looked down at the herds of ponies. It was the merest memory now, vague and a little sweet, like the remembrance of some exceptional spring day, when trees seem to flower before your eyes, and in sheer wantonness exhale a scent of lemons. The ponies were there still, and in distance the shining sea. She sat thinking of nothing but how good it was to be alive. The fullness and sweetness of it all, the freedom and strength! Away to the west, over a lonely farm, she could see two buzzard hawks hunting in wide circles. She did not envy them—so happy was she, as happy as the morning. And there came to her suddenly the true, the overmastering longing of mountain-tops.

‘I must,’ she thought, — ‘I simply must!’

Slipping off her horse she lay down on her back, and at once everything was lost except the sky. Over her body,

supported above solid earth by the warm, soft heather, the wind skimmed without sound or touch. Her spirit became one with that calm, unimaginable freedom. Transported beyond her own contentment, she no longer even knew whether she was joyful.

The horse Hal, attempting to eat her sleeve, aroused her. She mounted him, and rode down. Near home she took a short cut across a meadow, through which flowed two thin bright streams, forming a delta full of lingering ‘milkmaids,’ mauve marsh orchis, and yellow flags. From end to end of this long meadow, so varied, so pied with trees and stones and flowers and water, the last of Spring was passing.

Some ponies, shyly curious of Barbara and her horse, stole up, and stood at a safe distance, with their noses dubiously stretched out, swishing their lean tails. And suddenly, far up, following their own music, two cuckoos flew across, seeking the thorn trees out on the moor. While she was watching the arrowy birds, she caught sight of some one coming towards her from a clump of beech trees, and suddenly saw that it was Mrs. Noel.

She rode forward, flushing. What dared she say? Could she speak of her wedding, and betray Milton’s presence? Could she open her mouth at all without rousing painful feeling of some sort? Then, impatient of indecision, she began, ‘I’m so glad to see you again. I did n’t know you were still down here.’

‘I only came back to England yesterday, and I’m just here to see to the packing of my things.’

‘Oh!’ murmured Barbara. ‘You know what’s happening to me, I suppose?’

Mrs. Noel smiled, looked up, and said, ‘I heard last night. All joy to you!’

A lump rose in Barbara’s throat.

'I'm so glad to have seen you,' she murmured once more; 'I expect I ought to be getting on'; and with the word 'Good-bye,' gently echoed, she rode away.

But her mood of delight was gone; even Hal seemed to tread unevenly, for all that he was going back to that stable which ever appeared to him desirable ten minutes after he had left it.

Except that her eyes seemed darker, Mrs. Noel had not changed. If she had shown the faintest sign of self-pity, the girl would never have felt, as she did now, so sorry and upset.

Leaving the stables, she saw that the wind was driving up a huge, white, shining cloud. 'Is n't it going to be fine after all?' she thought.

Reëntering the house by an old and so-called secret stairway that led straight to the library, she had to traverse that great dark room. There, buried in an armchair in front of the hearth, she saw Milton with a book on his knee, not reading, but looking up at the picture of the old cardinal. She hurried on, tiptoeing over the soft carpet, holding her breath, fearful of disturbing the queer interview, feeling guilty, too, of her new knowledge, which she did not mean to impart. She had burnt her fingers once at the flame between them; she would not do so a second time!

Through the window at the far end she saw that the cloud had burst; it was raining furiously. She regained her bedroom unseen. In spite of her joy out there on the moors, this last adventure of her girlhood had not been all success; she had again the old sensations, the old doubts, the dissatisfaction which she had thought dead. Those two! To shut one's eyes, and be happy — was it possible? A great rainbow, the nearest she had ever seen, had sprung up in the park, and was come to earth again in some fields close by.

The sun was shining already through the wind-driven bright rain. Jewels of blue had begun to star the black and white and golden clouds. A strange white light — ghost of Spring passing in this last violent outburst — painted the leaves of every tree; and a hundred savage hues had come down like a motley of bright birds on moor and fields.

The moment of desperate beauty caught Barbara by the throat. Its spirit of galloping wildness flew straight into her heart. She clasped her hands across her breast to try and keep that moment. Far out, a cuckoo hooted — and the immortal call passed on the wind. In that call all the beauty and color and rapture of life seemed to be flying by. If she could only seize and evermore have it in her heart, as the buttercups imprisoned the sun, or the fallen raindrops on the sweetbriers round the windows inclosed all changing light! If only there were no chains, no walls, and finality were dead!

Her clock struck ten. At this time to-morrow! Her cheeks turned hot; in a mirror she could see them burning, her lips scornfully curved, her eyes strange. Standing there, she looked long at herself, till, little by little, her face lost every vestige of that disturbance, became solid and resolute again. She ceased to have the galloping wild feeling in her heart, and instead felt cold. Detached from herself, she watched, with contentment, her own calm and radiant beauty resume the armor it had for that moment put off.

After dinner that night, when the men left the dining-hall, Milton slipped away to his den. Of all those present in the little church he had seemed most unemotional, and had been most moved. Though it had been so quiet and private a wedding, he had resented all cheap festivity accompanying the passing of his young sister. He would have

had that ceremony in the little dark disused chapel at the Court; those two, and the priest alone. Here, in this half-pagan little country church, smothered hastily in flowers, with the raw singing of the half-pagan choir, and all the village curiosity and homage — everything had jarred, and the stale aftermath sickened him. Changing his swallow-tail to an old smoking-jacket, he went out on to the lawn. In the wide darkness he could rid himself of his exasperation.

Since the day of his election he had not once been at Monkland; since Mrs. Noel's flight he had never left London. In London and work he had buried himself; by London and work he had saved himself! He had gone down into the battle.

Dew had not yet fallen, and he took the path across the fields. There was no moon, no stars, no wind; the cattle were noiseless under the trees; there were no owls calling, no night-jars churring, the fly-by-night chafers were not abroad. The stream alone was alive in the quiet darkness. And as Milton followed the wispy line of gray path cleaving the dim glamour of daisies and buttercups, there came to him the feeling that he was in the presence, not of sleep, but of eternal waiting. The sound of his footfalls seemed desecration. So devotional was that hush, burning the spicy incense of millions of leaves and blades of grass.

Crossing the last stile, he came out, close to her deserted cottage, under her lime tree, which on the night of Courtier's adventure had hung blue-black round the moon. On that side, only a rail and a few shrubs confined her garden.

The house was all dark, but the many tall white flowers, like a bright vapor rising from earth, clung to the air above the beds. Leaning against the tree, Milton gave himself to memory.

From the silent boughs which drooped round his dark figure, a little sleepy bird uttered a faint cheep; a hedgehog, or some small beast of night, rustled away in the grass close by; a moth flew past, seeking its candle flame. And something in Milton's heart took wings after it, searching for the warmth and light of his blown candle of love. Then, in the hush he heard a sound as of a branch ceaselessly trailed through long grass, fainter and fainter, more and more distinct; again fainter; but nothing could he see that should make that homeless sound. And the sense of some near but unseen presence crept on him, till the hair moved on his scalp. If God would light the moon or stars, and let him see! If God would end the expectation of this night, let one wan glimmer down into her garden, and one wan glimmer into his breast! But it stayed dark, and the homeless noise never ceased. The weird thought came to Milton that it was made by his own heart, wandering out there, trying to feel warm again. He closed his eyes and at once knew that it was not his heart, but indeed some external presence, unconsoled. And stretching his hands out, he moved forward to arrest that sound. As he reached the railing, it ceased. And he saw a flame leap up, a pale broad pathway of light blanching the grass.

And, realizing that she was there, within, he gasped. His finger-nails bent and broke against the iron railing without his knowledge. It was not as on that night when the red flowers on her window-sill had wafted their scent to him; it was no sheer overpowering rush of passion. Profounder, more terrible, was this rising up within him of yearning for love — as if, now defeated, it would nevermore stir, but lie dead on that dark grass beneath those dark boughs. And if victorious — what then? He stole back under the tree.

He could see little white moths travelling down that path of lamplight; he could see the white flowers quite plainly now, a pale watch of blossoms guarding the dark sleepy ones; and he stood, not reasoning, hardly any longer feeling; stunned, battered by struggle. His face and hands were sticky with the honey-dew, slowly, invisibly distilling from the lime tree. He bent down and felt the grass. And suddenly there came over him the certainty of her presence. Yes, she was there — out on the veranda! He could see her white figure from head to foot; and, not realizing that she could not see him, he expected her to utter some cry. But no sound came from her, no gesture; she turned back into the house. Milton ran forward to the railing. But there, once more, he stopped — unable to think, unable to feel; as it were, abandoned by himself. And he suddenly found his hand up at his mouth, as though there were blood there to be stanchd that had escaped from his heart.

Still holding that hand before his mouth, and smothering the sound of his feet in the long grass, he crept away.

LII

In the great glass house at Ravensham, Lady Casterley stood close to some Japanese lilies, with a letter in her hand. Her face was very white, for it was the first day she had been allowed down after an attack of influenza; nor had the hand in which she held the letter its usual steadiness. She read: —

‘MONKLAND COURT.

‘Just a line, dear, before the post goes, to tell you that Babs has gone off happily. The child looked beautiful.

She sent you her love, and some absurd message — that you would be glad to hear, she was perfectly safe, with both feet firmly on the ground.’

A grim little smile played on Lady Casterley’s pale lips: Yes, indeed, and time too! The child had been very near the edge of the cliffs! Very near committing a piece of romantic folly! That was well over! And raising the letter again, she read on: —

‘We were all down for it, of course, and come back to-morrow. Geoffrey is quite cut up. Things can’t be what they were without our Babs. I’ve watched Eustace very carefully, and I really believe he’s safely over that affair at last. He is doing extraordinarily well in the House just now. Geoffrey says his speech on the Poor Law was head and shoulders the best made.’

Lady Casterley let fall the hand which held the letter. Safe? Yes, he was safe! He had done the right — the natural thing! And in time he would be happy! He would rise now to that pinnacle of desired authority which she had dreamed of for him, ever since he was a tiny thing, ever since his little thin brown hand had clasped hers in their wanderings amongst the flowers, and the furniture of tall rooms. But, as she stood — crumpling the letter, gray-white as some small resolute ghost, among her tall lilies that filled with their scent the great glass house — shadows flitted across her face. Was it the fugitive noon sunshine? Or was it some glimmering perception of the old Greek saying — ‘Character is Fate’; some sudden sense of the universal truth that all are in bond to their own natures, and what a man has most desired shall in the end enslave him?

(*The End.*)

AMERICAN UNTHRIFT

BY CHARLES T. ROGERS

IF the flat statement were to be made that one city-dweller in every twenty — one voter in every four — finds it necessary at some time during the course of a year to discount two days' labor for the immediate price of one, finds it necessary to borrow money at 120 per cent, the general public, and even economists too, perhaps, would exclaim that the thing was impossible. Yet such a statement is approximately demonstrable.

The loan-office, with a fixed place of business, frankly announced by a sign and advertised in the newspapers, and lending money on salary or chattel mortgage to strangers, is virtually an American institution. Twenty years ago it was almost unknown here, and in its organization and method of doing business it is not known to-day outside this country. To any one who doubts the startling percentage of city borrowers, I offer the following facts.

Except in one or two New England States and some of the Southern States, these loan-offices flourish generally throughout the country to-day; and, even in the states excepted, there is no want of 'vest-pocket' lenders, of whom more will be said hereafter. To get information in regard to the established offices, write to the assessors of any cities you may select; the answers will show that the proportion of loan-offices to the average city's population is about the same the country over — one such office for every twenty thousand people. Certain investigations, which can readily be verified in a sim-

ilar way, show that the average loan-office, during the course of a year, clears from eight hundred to a thousand loans — or, to come back to my original assertion, one loan to one person in twenty in the city in question. When one considers the number of 'vest-pocket' lenders and persons who practice usury as a 'side line,' it is apparent that the proportion of borrowers must be even greater; but, as these irregular lenders and the extent of their operations cannot be accurately traced, they are left out of the computation.

'It is the oldest, or one of the oldest, commercial enterprises in the world,' said the manager of a loan-office, as I stood in his office and watched the borrowers come and go. A surprising number were respectably dressed, and a majority even of the shabbier customers afforded, to a close observer, unmistakable signs of being in employment. Whenever a patron entered and found another borrower in the place, there were signs of mutual uneasiness. The business was accomplished with dispatch, the only hitches, apparently, occurring in the case of persons appearing for the first time.

'And it looks as though it will never become respectable,' said the manager, resuming his reflections after a pause. 'It is mentioned in the ethical writings of the ancient Hindus, and the Chaldeans had a statute applying to usury three thousand years before Christ kicked the money-changers out of the Temple. And yet it seems to thrive.'

The manager was a rather more scholarly person than one would expect to find in his professional pursuit. He had, apparently, been driven into the business to satisfy his belly-need; and had found that, for a comfortable salary, he had put himself beyond the reach of most of those social amenities which make life worth while. Thrown upon his own intellectual resources, he had evidently taken a certain flagellating delight in delving into the history and bibliography of his business.

That his statement as to the growth of usury was a truthful one became apparent on the most casual investigation. Every state in the Union has a statute forbidding the exaction of interest beyond a certain percentage. In most states the limit is six per cent per annum; in a few it is eight per cent, and in some others a rate of ten per cent is legal if stipulated in the paper binding the loan. In a majority of the states these hoary statutes have been supplanted by others imposing a heavy license tax on those who make a business of lending money, as distinguished from banking operations. Within the past decade there have been written into many state codes laws imposing pains and penalties on persons convicted of practicing usury; and these clauses lie cheek-by-jowl on the same page with those other statutes licensing a business that, apparently, cannot be suppressed. Yet, except in some eight or nine states, scattered throughout the South and New England, there is scarcely a city of twenty thousand or more inhabitants lacking one or more 'loan-offices,' established in a professed place of business, and with signs and newspaper advertisements informing the man who wants to borrow money, 'with or without security,' where to apply for it.

The 'vest-pocket' usurer, whose clientèle is limited to those with whom

he is personally acquainted, does business in every hamlet. In the cities, also, the 'vest-pocket' man may be found, concealing his occupation and avoiding the payment of high license taxes; while few, indeed, are the factories and mercantile establishments where one cannot find some employee who loans money to his fellows in sums ranging up to the amount of the weekly wages, and charges them therefor from ten to twenty per cent interest per week.

One firm of three brothers has loan-offices bearing its name in more than twenty cities, and, presumably, many more conducted in the name of the local manager wherever such concealment of identity seems expedient. The name of another money-lender is blazoned in gold letters on the doors of offices in nearly forty cities. Oddly enough his business is conducted under the active supervision of women managers,—a fact which may furnish matter for speculation to those who contend that women are not acute and exact in such matters, as well as to persons who believe that the usurer's most profitable occupation is snatching the last crust from the mouths of the needy. Still another money-lender—the only Hebrew among those cited—who has offices scattered all over the country prefers to mask his identity in different cities as this or that 'Security' or 'Trust' company. Firms known to conduct half a dozen or more offices are numerous, and there are a vast number of local houses.

'Three features of this business,' said my pessimistic manager, 'never fail to furnish me with at least one surprise per week, each. They are: the average American's lack of thrift, the average man's utter ignorance of arithmetic and simple interest, and the extraordinary resourcefulness of the people who swindle us.'

As soon as money-lending became systematic—when the business developed beyond the 'vest-pocket' stage, and lenders began lending money to strangers without security—the swindlers came into the field. The commonest scheme is for the swindler to post himself as to the address, employers, etc., of some workman who may never have had any need to borrow. Then the swindler comes to the lender and gives the other man's name and address, supplementing the information with details as to the work he is doing, the salary paid him, and so forth. The lender's custom, when a new patron appears, is to tell the borrower to return in a day or two and get the money he wants or a refusal. In the interim, of course, he inquires into the customer's statements, and finds out everything possible concerning his financial standing and character.

The method originally employed by the first houses organized to lend money to strangers, was to make inquiry by telephone or mail, disguising the queries so as to make it appear that the information was wanted by a small tradesman, or by some one who was contemplating hiring the prospective borrower. The thing that made the impersonator's scheme feasible was the necessity for circumspection on the part of the lender, lest the prospective patron's employer might learn that the man was borrowing money of a 'Shylock.' In a majority of such cases, employers are prone to discharge the workman forthwith, rather than be bothered with possible garnishment and the like—although such methods are seldom resorted to by the lender nowadays. One office where I made especial inquiry, lost, I was told, through dishonest borrowers and impersonators, as much as eighteen per cent of the amount loaned out each month.

The agent told me he knew not one case, but a score of cases, where an incorrigible drunkard or loafer impersonated some wage-earner in his own family.

In all such instances the lender works at a disadvantage, for although the public has only a vague idea of the ethics of the loan business, it is commonly considered almost a virtue to swindle a usurer. Another source of heavy loss is the journeyman laborer. Many craftsmen see the world without expense by wandering all over the country; and, in nearly every town they visit, they are too apt to work only long enough to get themselves some sort of a standing with employers. This standing they use for the purpose of borrowing all the money they can get before 'jumping' the town. Sometimes they defraud three or four lenders in one city, but this form of swindling is passing. Nowadays, the losses from this source are considerably modified by a more or less effective interchange of local information as to borrowers. The large concerns with offices scattered over the country can, of course, trace a defaulting borrower still further. Their safety, as well as that of the smaller houses, has been increased by the close unionizing of many trades. Nowadays a man who travels to another city for work usually carries his union card and, naturally, cannot have it changed to fit a new alias each time, in case he desires to defraud a lender.

When my friend the manager spoke of the ethics of his business he was, perhaps, not far wrong. That the usurer fills a want and meets a condition is evident. The frowns of forty centuries have not daunted him. He has multiplied as population has increased, and here he still is taking his profit—an outrageous profit it is true, as the borrower views it; but the fact that he

is allowed to take it with but scanty interference demonstrates that he is firmly entrenched behind the necessities of the community. The greater part of the excessive interest charged is, according to the showing made by the loan-offices, due to the importance of charging off a large amount each year to profit-and-loss, on account of defaulted loans, loans settled by borrowers who refuse to pay more than the legal rate and who cannot be bluffed, loans settled at less than legal interest, expense of guarding against defaults, and, finally, heavy license taxes, legal or illegal.

A brief summary of conditions revealed by the books and card-indexes of three firms in three different cities may throw some light on this condition. In the case of one of the cities mentioned, the books and indexes of the loan-offices were gone over by accountants appointed by a court, and found to be in good condition. The court was trying an action brought by certain loan-offices in a Middle Western city to enjoin the imposition of a license tax, which they claimed amounted to confiscation. After some difficulty, for capital is proverbially timid in these matters, the books of the firms in the other cities were available for inspection. The entries of the three firms were averaged, and the result proved as follows:—

Average capital: \$10,000.

Average number of loans outstanding the year round: 400.

Average size of loan: \$20.

Terms of loan: usually to be paid in four monthly installments, averaging \$7 each. On smaller loans the rate is somewhat higher; and on larger ones, made to the better class of borrowers, a trifle less.

Fixed expenses: salaries, \$3000 per year; office-rent, \$600; advertising, \$400; license (legal or illegal), \$1500.

Losses on defaults and settlements, at legal or less than legal interest: \$1500.

By totaling the expense and the losses it will be seen that a loan-office doing business with strangers on a standing capital of \$10,000 must charge off seventy per cent of the standing (not the working) capital for all operating charges before it can earn anything for itself.

When one begins to calculate profits, several considerations must be included within the scope of the problem. A glance at the terms of the loans will show that each borrower paid \$8 interest on a loan of \$20, the loan being cleared in four months. Comparing the number of loans outstanding, on the average, throughout the year, it is obvious that the loan-office was able to keep about \$8000 at work. Inasmuch as the average loan is closed in four months, it follows that the loan-office turns over its average working capital three times each year at simple interest.

Setting the problem down in dollars, and supposing that the office started the year with an absolutely clean slate, the account would stand something like this:—

First four months: amount loaned \$8000; interest due at the end of the first four months, under the terms of the average \$20 loan, \$3200.

Second period of four months: the same.

Third period of four months: the same; making a total gross interest profit of \$9600 for the year, on an active capital of \$8000.

From this, deduct the \$7000 before itemized as expense and losses, and it will be seen that the three loan-offices furnishing the average here set down cleared an average profit for the year (1908) of \$2600. This was an even 26 per cent on the average capital set

aside by the various owners of the offices named.

It will be noted that no mention is made in the foregoing computation of the possibilities of compounding. This omission is due to the fact, heretofore indicated, that the average loan-office, with a capital of \$10,000, is able, as a rule, to keep only four fifths of its money employed. Experience, comparatively recent, has taught the backer of the loan-office that the most economical results are to be obtained from an office working on \$10,000, or, at the outside figure, \$15,000 capital, and employing four persons. Attempts to extend the business of any one office beyond this scale have resulted disastrously.

The American loan-office as it is conducted to-day can be successfully conducted only by rigid adherence to the rule — 'personal investigation of each borrower.' If the man who finances a loan-office desires to compound his interest, he can do so only by opening new offices working on the plan outlined in the foregoing paragraphs — which could hardly be called compounding. Aside from the economical working of an office of the sort mentioned, borrowers fight shy of a crowded office, the majority of them, for sufficient reasons, not caring to extend their list of personal acquaintances while borrowing from a loan-office — much less, to run the risk of meeting old friends at an office patronized by more than an average number of clients.

Considered in its larger aspects, after the brief survey already made of its nation-wide extent, the business of lending money as it is conducted in the United States to-day is, perhaps, most interesting as an appalling exhibit of prevalent American unthrift. When one considers that, in addition to the loan-offices with a fixed place of

business, there are heaven only knows how many lesser usurers, the problem becomes a nice one for the experts who are attempting to diagnose the commercial ills that affect the nation — despite our seeming prosperity and enormous commerce. Some few of the economists who have considered the problem have fastened the guilt of the present stringency in the financial affairs of the body of the nation, upon the increased production of gold — alleging that, as money has become more plentiful, it naturally requires more money to buy a given article. The general public, less contemplative in so vital a case, has chosen to lay the blame for the higher cost of living upon certain rich men who are believed to possess secret control of the transportation and marketing of a considerable portion of the food and staple supplies. For an economist who, instead of undertaking a survey of the affairs of the nation as a whole, should study carefully and in detail the movement of money, the figures here cited might prove interesting. When one urban dweller in every twenty finds it necessary at some time during the year to borrow money at the rate of 120 per cent per annum, it ought to be fairly evident that the increased production of gold — the world's accepted standard of value — has not wrought any beneficent change in the status of the average American.

What is perhaps the most disheartening phase of the business becomes apparent when one undertakes to estimate the benefit that the loan-office affords to the really needy — the class popularly supposed to furnish the bulk of its business. As a matter of fact, the modern American money-lending establishment fails utterly to reach the really poor. Three fifths of the loans made nowadays by the established loan-offices are made on salaries —

that is, to persons in employment who sign a note-of-hand secured by nothing more than the fact that they have a job.

The loan-office affords no relief to persons out of work and in want — no matter how honest they may be. It prefers to lend money on a salary rather than on a chattel mortgage on personal effects. Some offices even scorn jewelry left in pledge. Experience has taught both borrower and lender that a man established in a salaried position will make a greater effort to pay promptly than one who gives a chattel mortgage.

'Three fourths of the loans on chattel mortgage have to be extended,' has become a maxim among money-lenders. The reason is obvious. No man contemplates with equanimity any prospect of losing his employment; and troubles with money-lenders, once they become public, result almost invariably in the discharge of the borrower by his employer. This fear, it is true, is usually a vague one. The lender in nearly all cases finds it to his interest to conduct his operations discreetly, and will not air the business except in extreme cases. He may be trusted not to kill the goose that lays the golden egg until the fowl stops laying, and is apparently pluming for a flight to another roost.

Newspaper men, who are called upon to investigate a large number of cases involving alleged rapacity on the part of the money-lender, are generally somewhat cynical in such matters. In most instances the foreclosure of a chattel mortgage by the lender means that he has an uncomfortably long line of such loans outstanding in some particular neighborhood, and that he is taking the action for the sake of the moral effect it may have in the cases of the other delinquents. A reputation for persistent and consistent hard-heartedness in such matters is likely to

bring results as disastrous to the usurer as it does to the small tradesman. He has his prospective, as well as his present clientèle to consider; and both are limited.

Money-borrowing — or rather borrowing and discounting the future, which seems to be unusually popular at present — may be termed a great national palliative, which, in turn, has had other palliatives applied to it by well-meaning persons; but thus far the remedies suggested have all been offered by one class of people. These would-be healers are well-meaning folk whose hearts have been wrung by tales of atrocities practiced upon the poor by 'loan-sharks.' Legislation has proved of no use. Some few philanthropists have given sufficient attention to the problem to make them chary of law, and have attempted to meet the condition by 'competition.' Loan-companies designed to serve the laudable double purpose of furnishing needy persons with money at a fair rate of interest, and of lowering the rates charged by the ordinary loan-office, have been experimented with in a number of cities. These quasi-philanthropic concerns have as a rule been planned either as offices organized and conducted in the same way as the regular loan-offices, or as loan-funds operated in factories, etc., for the sole benefit of the employees.

The philanthropic loan-office, designed to deal with all comers and to meet the professional usurer on his own ground, is naturally the more interesting, because it offers a fair basis for comparison with its rival, and furnishes a reasonable opportunity of testing the veracity of statements made as to returns. In nearly every case, the philanthropic loan-office dealing with strangers has been abandoned by the backers after they found that doing business along regular loan-office

lines at a 'fair' rate of interest meant simply the furnishing of benefactions instead of loans. In most instances, no detailed financial statement as to defaults, extensions, etc., can be had from them, but one case, that of a Cincinnati institution, affords some interesting figures.

The Cincinnati concern was set in motion by a 'practical' man, who hoped to get into running order a machine that would provide loans on chattels at moderate rates for the self-respecting poor. The necessary capital was furnished by local philanthropists, and the plan was given a fair and prolonged trial. After successive readjustments of terms and practice, the office was finally brought to a point where it met the conditions imposed by the backers — that it be self-supporting. When it reached that point the manager found to his disgust that he was charging 48 per cent per annum on the smaller loans; furthermore, that he was not reaching really needy folk at all; and, finally, that, in order to remain self-supporting, the office was compelled to refuse applications from persons, a considerable number of whom were afterwards able to obtain loans from the 'Shylocks,' at the latter's higher rate. The manager gave the public a detailed statement of the case, which was investigated and found to be correct.

There are now, principally in the Eastern States, a number of loan-organizations conducted for the benefit of the employees of various factories, department stores, and the like. Inasmuch as these are close corporations, doing business only with the employees of the particular concerns in question, they do not offer a fair basis for comparison with the operations of the professional usurer. They do not lend money to strangers, but to persons known to those having the loan-fund

in charge; also, in collecting payments on loans they have obvious advantages over the usurer. Some of them have a system whereby the amount due on the loan is withheld from the employee's pay envelope, without regard to his ability to make some particular payment with comfort.

These industrial concerns are capitalized in various ways: sometimes by the employer acting alone, sometimes by his coöperation with his employees, who furnish part of the capital by assessment, while some few corporations have loan-funds capitalized wholly by their employees. In the two last-named cases, there is of course an object-lesson in thrift furnished by the operations of the loaning system. In order that the coöperative industrial loan-fund be conducted with success, it is of course necessary that thrifty employees be offered a greater inducement than savings banks can give in order to get small investors to contribute their share of the capital. This fact, combined with the necessity of paying some one to manage the business, and the further necessity of charging off a certain number of inevitable defaults, results in an interest-charge exceeding the legal rate. In other words, the employees, in order to protect themselves from usury, are compelled to practice usury themselves. The rate of interest charged by these industrial loan-organizations varies between fifteen and thirty per cent — the former rate being virtually the minimum, although special conditions obtaining in some shops may make a slightly lower rate possible.

That these industrial institutions, if generally operated throughout the country, would rob the ordinary loan-office of a considerable portion of its patronage, and deprive the 'fellow employee,' and the 'vest-pocket' man, whose rates are the highest of all, of

their opportunities for usury, is apparent. The people reached by the industrial concerns are the very cream of the usurer's patronage. What the elimination of these folk from the clientèle, actual and prospective, of the loan-office would lead to, in the way of still higher interest-rates for those still at the mercy of the loan-office, remains to be seen, inasmuch as the industrial concerns are, so far, not numerous. It is, however, a prospect not to be considered with any great equanimity, in view of the unquestionable fact that employers generally would look with more favor on a proposition to start such a loan-fund than they would on any proposal to increase wages.

One other fact worth noting in the case of these industrial loan-enterprises has been fairly well established. They fail to stop a certain proportion of employees from resorting to the 'Shylock.' Experience shows that there are always a number of employees who do not care to have their fellows or their employers know when they fail to make both ends meet. In addition to these, there is the usual percentage of transient employees who resort to the loan-offices in times of stress because they are not eligible as borrowers from the fund, or from other motives sufficient to themselves.

Disregarding people who might be reached by industrial or coöperative loan-agencies of the kind just considered, there still remains the bulk of the loan-office patrons — persons employed by smaller factories or firms which do not have a working force large enough to make an industrial loaning enterprise feasible. For these the loan-office is still the only refuge in time of stress brought by sickness, birth, and, frequently, by death. The office also stands there as a beguilement to those who lack the thrift and self-denial necessary to accumulate the purchase

price of some coveted article, no matter whether the thing desired be a Christmas gift for some 'best girl,' or a necessary article of furniture or wearing apparel. And also there are, and always will be, unnumbered persons with whom the cost of a bare living so closely approaches the amount of the weekly wage, that the delayed purchase of necessary wearing apparel, furniture, and the like, becomes, at some time or other, a very real and pressing emergency. To these the loan-office must continue to appeal successfully.

I have said that the philanthropic loan-office and the industrial loan-fund, in order to do business successfully, have found it necessary to weed out prospective borrowers more vigorously than the 'loan-shark'; and that the 'loan-shark,' with his higher rate of interest, has, in turn, a dead-line beyond which he cannot operate at a profit. Beyond this second line are the people who need a loan most cruelly of all, and who are unable to get it at any price — unless they are fortunate enough to possess certain stock articles which custom has made the pawnbroker's familiar security. Just what a dollar is worth to these people when obtainable in the form of a loan is a matter of pure conjecture. That the great majority of them are negatively honest, in that they do not steal, is certain. What percentage of the whole number would prove honest borrowers when dealing with a loan-office specially designed to meet their needs can, of course, be determined only by actual practice.

There is another pressing need for money of which the prosperous think seldom, — I mean the increased chances for getting a job which a little cash confers on a man out of employment. It is not only that cash supplies him with meals and carfare. Many a man has forfeited his chance of a

position by reason of an unpaid board-bill or shabby clothes. There are plenty of workmen in every large city to-day who carry from office to office perfectly useless letters of recommendation from their last employer, men whose honesty, for the practical purposes of a loan-office, can be measured with as much exactness as that of the man who is able to get a loan by virtue of being at work.

The loan-office that will serve those who are needy and self-respecting must, evidently, be prepared to make a much longer time-loan than any of the agencies already considered, philanthropic or otherwise, have thus far been willing to offer. The loan must be made upon no security beyond carefully investigated evidences of good character, good habits, and industry. Interest and partial payments cannot be expected until the borrower finds employment. The rate necessarily cannot be determined until actual operations have shown the percentage of defaults in this class of borrowers. It remains to be seen whether such an institution can ever be conducted on a self-supporting basis at something like the rate the loan-office now charges persons with chattels, or persons in employ-

ment. Should such an institution ever be proved practicable, though it might not herald a millennium, it would mark a considerable stride in the direction of service to the people.

In the mean time the great mass of people who own no commercial security will, under the stress of real or fancied necessity, be compelled to resort to the loan-office when wanting a loan. For these folk there is apparently no hope of a lowering of the rates now in force. Competition by industrial or employers' loan-funds does not promise to lower the loan-office rate to those not fortunate enough to be employed where they can obtain a co-operative loan. On the contrary, by the paradox already noted, such competition will, if it ever becomes extensive, be likely to cause a rise in the loan-office rate, or a closer weeding-out of borrowers. For the generality of borrowers who *will* or must patronize loan-offices there is little to be offered in the way of advice save the mocking adjuration: 'Put money in thy purse,' to which may be added the sage advice, well understood by those who have had experience, 'Never borrow an amount exceeding two thirds of one month's wages.'

THE STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

THE exercise of hospitality, as described in the earlier records of our race and still observed in parts of the old world, has primarily to do with strangers, the poor, and the holy orders. Its obligations are regarded, in Oriental countries, as more sacred than human life. The scriptures of all religions emphasize its importance, but almost invariably associate it with considerations of future reward. Abraham and Lot are held up as exemplars for all posterity because, having taken in some wayfarers, they discovered later that they had been entertaining angels unawares. Even the great woman of Shunam, who built a little guest-house and furnished it for Elisha, did so because she was convinced that he was 'an holy man of God,' and received her compensation in a double miracle.

Long before our generation, these primitive ideals lost their hold. In modern civilization the holy orders have largely made place for secular charity organizations, and hospitality for the purpose of sparing hardship we call philanthropy. The entertainment of others with the design of filling them with wine, which in the old times seemed about the only variant, we tolerate as conviviality or condemn as carousing. We have given the term 'stranger' a new interpretation, so that it no longer means the person we do not know, but any one not of our own household; the real stranger seeks shelter and food in a public hostelry, and only the friend is invited to take up his abode with us.

Finally, the host who is suspected of dispensing his courtesies in the hope of a reward, becomes an object of contempt.

Although these negative changes are universally recognized, there are affirmative phases of the subject which still perplex many good people. What reason has hospitality, nowadays, for existing? To whom shall it be extended? What forms shall it take? These are among the questions one hears discussed. It would be foolish to attempt to answer them with reference to any individual, without knowing him pretty well, because so much would depend on his idiosyncrasies. As regards the interests of the family, however, which not only is the social unit, but in a sense also represents the social mean, a few reflections may not come amiss.

First, then, the practice of hospitality has the same value, as a factor in family life, that the stirring of the soil and occasional mulching have in the life of a tree. The family which settles down to a hermit existence, no matter how clever, how genial, or how fond of each other its members may be, grows either sodden or eccentric as time goes on; or, as a friend expresses it, they 'seem more and more Dickens-y every year.' If the members have much force of character, their peculiarities gradually intensify and crystallize; and, if they are commonplace, their dullness becomes wooden. The intrusion of an unaccustomed element now and then, prying up their imbedded prejudices, putting them for a time

upon their manners, stimulating their merriment by applications of unfamiliar wit and humor, and letting in upon them some of the atmosphere of the larger world outside, is a blessing past estimating. Hospitality is a habit easy to neglect, for at the outset we are flattered by discovering how well we can get on alone; and, once in the rut of isolation, inertia — in this instance another name for laziness — keeps us there indefinitely.

Like the old savage whose first experience of a Christmas-tree was so delightful that he wanted one every week, the skeptical reader may ask why, if a visit from a friend is so wholesome, I do not advocate keeping one always in the house. That extreme would be as bad as the other. Every family, just as every human being, ought to have certain periods of privacy. This is necessary for the individual in order to restore his moral equipose, give his mind a chance to work without any external impulse, and, to borrow a phrase from commerce, enable him to take account of stock. It is advisable for the family, in order that the good derived from a visit may be deliberately absorbed and assimilated, and that all may feel the refreshment which comes with a change back from unusual conditions, however tonic in themselves, to the normal and customary. Father, mother, sons, and daughters, see one another in a new light by a process of unconscious comparison with the departed guest. The foibles of one seem less irritating, the virtues of another more conspicuous, the small details of household administration more interesting, after a temporary diversion.

Where shall you draw the lines to bound your hospitalities? Is it incumbent to throw open your house to any old acquaintance from a distance who happens to be staying a day or two in

town to break a journey? That depends. A sound, well man, more accustomed to a free existence than to home restraints, would doubtless prefer a hotel or a club, with the privilege of dropping in at your house when the spirit moves. If, on the other hand, he is ill or on the verge of illness, and needs the sympathetic environments of a home, take him in by all means if you can. That is more than hospitality; it is humanity, and its reagent effect upon yourself will be as fine as its direct effect upon the beneficiary.

Must you open your home to one whose sole claim is that he is of your blood kindred? Perhaps I shall provoke some sincere censure when I answer, No. Let the honor of guestship crown only individual desert. Consanguinity may expand your financial responsibilities, or impel you to shield from punishment the blackest sheep who bears your father's surname; but that is a matter of sentiment, not duty.

And what shall we say of the demands on you where the person you are considering has forced civilities upon yourself in the past? As to that, your judgment must reckon first with your conscience. Were the courtesies actually forced, or were they accepted under a mere pretense of reluctance? If the latter, then obviously your honest course is to pay your penalty with as good grace as possible, and try to profit by the experience.

Not so easy to solve is the problem presented by a friend of earlier days, whom you would enjoy having with you for his own or for old times' sake, and about whom, if you were living alone, you would not hesitate for an instant; but whose personality or connections, wholly outside of the nicer moralities, seem to render him ineligible for the intimacy of your family life. Unconscious of his own short-

comings from your point of view, he probably wonders at your aloofness. It would be more embarrassing to attempt to explain matters than to risk offending him by inaction and silence; yet, there you are! Your first allegiance is not to your friend, but to your family. If you were to stretch the protective line far enough to admit him, future complications could hardly fail to arise. He might insist, for instance, on returning your favors, and in a way which you could neither conscientiously accept nor graciously refuse. So the breach of a lifetime's friendship would better be hazarded now than assured later.

Most discussions of hospitality err, it seems to me, in trying to settle all such difficulties by referring them to one test question: Do we invite a guest into our home for his pleasure, or for ours? To proceed on either assumption alone is unfortunate, for inevitably the guest soon bores the host, or the host the guest. Every one knows persons whom he respects thoroughly, and at a convenient distance even likes, but who, to his taste, are as uninteresting as good. That they enjoy his society is shown by the eagerness with which they seek it at every opportunity, and continue in it as long as they can. Were he a pure altruist, he would urge them to come to him at any time and stay indefinitely; but how long he would last under this constant drain on his vitality is an open question. It must be equally evident to any of us who are capable of taking an honest inventory of ourselves, that there are persons at the further focus of our social ellipse whose intimacy we should like to cultivate by hospitable attentions, but whom we should surely wear out by an overdose of them.

Now, what is to be gained by doing, in the name of good-fellowship, that which is bound to inflict suffering upon

your neighbor or yourself? Whether or not your tedious friend realizes his limitations, at least do his general intelligence the credit of believing that he would be sure to find out the truth after a little, and that he would then feel sorry for the annoyance he had caused.

A like regret would overcome you if you awoke one day to the fact that you had been forcing unwelcome civilities upon somebody else. As one of our main desires ought to be to promote the happiness of the world, why should we be willing to increase its discomforts for the sake merely of observing sundry empty conventions? The right test question, in short, is not whether we should enjoy entertaining a certain person as a guest, or whether he would enjoy being thus entertained, but whether the enjoyment would be reciprocal, and as nearly equal as may be. Unless we can be sure that both parties will find pleasure in the temporary relation, we are worse than foolish to establish it, since it means the saddling of our guest with a sense of obligation, whose discharge in kind will bring on another ordeal for him, or for us, or for both.

Keeping this fundamental thought in mind, let us consider the forms our hospitality may take. Here again we find popular opinion divided between two extremes. On one side it is taken for granted that the chief end of hospitality is to fill a guest's cup of enjoyment to overflowing, by surrounding him with all the luxuries the host's purse can afford, or more if need be. In the remoter districts we sometimes find a family stowing itself away in cramped and cheerless quarters under its own roof, to the end that a 'best room' and a 'spare chamber,' used but twice or thrice a year, may be kept always in spick-and-span order for guests who are to be entertained ceremoniously.

'Company' viands are then served on 'company' china, spread on 'company' table-linen; and 'company' conversation supersedes, to every one's discomfort, the usual flow of friendly chat. The whole family heaves a sigh of relief when its guest takes himself off, and the burden which has oppressed its spirit is lifted.

And the guest? He must be dull indeed if he cannot see, beneath their effort to be polite, what a dead weight these good people find him to carry. The impression he bears away from his visit has nothing genial in it. If he is a person of right feeling, the consciousness that he has been a nuisance to his entertainers clouds his memory of the period, and his sense of the uselessness of it all is irritating, in spite of his appreciation of the kindly intent that inspired it. This crude illustration need only have some of its harsher lines softened in order to fit situations encountered daily in places not remote, and among a class of whom we expect a broader social outlook. They are simply a little more clever than the others in elaborating their disguise of accustomedness and spontaneity.

Putting the form and method of entertainment to the test suggested in an earlier paragraph, what is the result? If we would assure the mutual pleasure of host and guest, it is plain that the host must not rush into extravagances, involving needless privations for himself and his household, and try to hoodwink his guest into believing these the every-day conditions of his domestic life. This rule would not forbid putting an extra touch of daintiness upon the fare offered the visitor, as an expression of everybody's gratification at his coming; but such a simple tribute of friendship is a wholly different thing from a display for shallow purposes of deception, or a vain-glorious attempt to surround the guest

with the thousand luxuries with which, as the possessor of larger wealth than his host, he is assumed to have been surrounded at home.

At bottom, of course, all this is a question of conscience. But once more try to put yourself into the other fellow's place, and pay him the compliment of supposing that he is as capable of guessing at your daily environment as you are of guessing at his. If you have discovered his sumptuousness, he probably had discerned your simplicity of living. What you lay before him, therefore, will be pretty certain to take in his mind its intrinsic value, whether it be real or counterfeit; and the idea that he may suspect you of having merely played a part, while you know that that is just what you have been doing, will not prove the pleasantest souvenir of his visit. One of the most notable dinner-givers at whose table I have ever sat, once poured into my private ear her grievance that nearly every one seemed to feel compelled to repay her civilities in her own coin. 'It reduces society to the sordid level of a market,' she said; adding, with a candor quite devoid of ostentation, 'It is easy for me to do this sort of thing, but not for many of the friends I like best to draw about me. Yet most of them fancy that they must entertain me on a grand scale or not at all. Why can't they unbend, and let me drop in upon them now and then for a chop and a boiled potato?'

So, instead of shouldering your guest with a smothered groan at his weight, and straining yourself out of shape to carry him, bid him welcome to what you have, and in the way you have it. Is your breakfast hour eight? Continue it during his visit, though you may know that he ordinarily breakfasts at nine. If he feels the need of later sleep than you, keep his portion hot so that he can have it when he does appear.

But don't send the children to school with half-satisfied appetites, and make John late at his office, and subject the whole domestic administration to a convulsion, on account of your guest; for, if he is as courteous in thought as you aim to be in action, such a disturbance will only cause him chagrin. If the family bed-time is ten and he is a night-owl, put him in an easy-chair, see that the lamp is well trimmed, freshen the fire with an extra log, lay your books and magazines and cigars convenient to his hand, and tell him to loaf and invite his soul to as late an hour as he chooses; but go to bed yourself as usual. In short, show him that your home is liberty-hall in the best sense, being dedicated to the liberty of the family as well as to that of the friend.

As a non-abstainer, but a believer in moderation in all things, I listen with much interest when others debate the question of stimulants in its relation to our present subject; but I notice that they rarely get very far with their general conclusions. I never met but one man who was willing to avow the doctrine that the rites of hospitality take precedence of any consideration for the inward moral struggles of a fellow being; and that whoever crosses a neighbor's threshold should have all the consequent privileges pressed upon him, irrespective of his antecedents, his present condition, his habits, or his preferences. This seems like the wild idolatry of a phrase, with no sane appraisal of the thing for which it stands. The last extremity of inhospitality, as I view it, would be knowingly to lead one's guest into doing that which would injure him; and I should as soon think of urging a giddy-headed friend to climb out upon the edge of a precipice for the pleasure of the landscape, as of encouraging my neighbor to trifle with a tipping in-

firmity of which I was aware or seriously apprehensive. Personally, indeed, I carry precaution so far that no one whom I have reason to believe weak in this respect ever sees wine on my table. If I have occasion to invite other guests to meet him at dinner, I choose those on whom the absence of stimulants will impose no sacrifice; and I am astonished at the increasing multitude of such men, even in walks which used to be more or less notorious for free-living.

Descending from the sphere of morals to that of mere good taste, how far is it well to go in the way of petty deviations to meet the possible whims of your guest? Suppose, for instance, that he is accustomed to a cocktail before dinner, but you are not. In the cause of hospitality, are you required to make and take one with him? By no means, I should say. If you wish one, very well; if not, why should you make a martyr of yourself for his imaginary delectation? You reason, perhaps, that it would seem unsociable to let him take his artificial appetizer alone. My dear sir, you might just as well say that if he prefers boiled tea to your favorite quick decoction, you must be prepared to tan the lining of your stomach, too, for sociability's sake. Nay, nay! Point him to the decanter and the bitters, and bid him do his own mixing, as he will be able to do it more satisfactorily than a tyro like you; then help yourself to a few sips of water, or what you will, if you wish to toy with a glass of something while he is disposing of his cocktail. He will have no ground for complaining of your churlishness, and you will have no belated apologies to make to your department of the interior.

A few years ago, the weed that cheers presented no problems worth considering; but of late —? Well, I confess that I am still too old-fashioned

to enjoy seeing a woman with a lighted cigarette between her lips. Grant all that any one has to say about the pure logic of it: admit that a woman has as good a right as a man to smoke—which carries the correlative acknowledgment of her right to chew tobacco, take snuff, play football, and hang convicted murderers; there is nevertheless something within me, an instinct or a sensibility beyond the reach of syllogisms, against which the idea grates. Perhaps this is due to the survival of an idealization planted in my mind during its callow period; a survival which, thanks to my peculiar environment, has resisted atrophy thus far. Whatever the cause, I am inhospitable enough never to offer cigarettes to a guest of the other sex. If she feels that she must have one, she knows where they are to be found; but I would rather have her take one away and consume it in privacy than join me in my after-dinner smoke in the library. That is not because I should relish the notion of her clandestine self-indulgence, but on the same principle which would move me, when a good Catholic is at my table, to steer the talk away from the merits of Renan as a biographer, however pleased I might be to take part in such a conversation at some other time and place.

A safe general rule of hospitality for the community at large would run somewhat like this: Treat your guest with the same consideration which, in your inmost heart, you feel that you owe to the members of your own household who are on an equal footing of maturity and dignity with yourself. Please note that I say 'owe,' not 'show,' thus escaping the violent assumption that you habitually treat your family in all respects as you know you ought to. The best of us, unhappily, are apt to slip into an easy-going neglect of the minor amenities when we are strictly 'among ourselves.'

The little familiarities of daily intercourse tend to blunt our perception that marriage is only a longer and stronger betrothal; that our children who have grown up are now men and women like ourselves; and that our parents have not ceased to be our parents because our respect for their authority has outgrown its first garment of awe. So I have founded my rule on the conditions which ought to obtain, rather than on those which commonly do; and my proposal is that, instead of turning your household upside down, changing your family's ways into others which do not appeal to you as better, or running into excesses which you cannot defend to your sober sense, you simply throw open your door to your guest, draw him in with an unstudied welcome, and make him one of yourselves for the time he passes under your roof. Could you pay him a more touching compliment? Could you be more considerate at once of his feelings and of your own self-esteem?

Obligation to your guest, however, does not end with his departure. He leaves behind him an odor—it may be aromatic, or disagreeable, or neutral—of which the whole household is sensible while it lasts. How shall it be treated? Like the memory of the dead, of whom we strive to say nothing unless it be good? His character may commend itself to your admiration more than ever, and yet his tactlessness or ineptitude may have given everybody a deal of discomfort. He may be a friend from whom you had been separated so long that you had forgotten his oddities, yet in whom you discover them, not only persistent, but enlarged. Or, in your diverging careers, he may have acquired points of view and modes of thought with which you cannot sympathize in the least. Or you find that he has lost all

real interest in you, and you in him, though neither realized it in the first flush of your reunion.

Possibly, again, he may be a friend whom you have been in the way of meeting at intervals, but not in circumstances which would give you the inside view that you cannot help getting by daily contact even for a fortnight; and you find him to be wholly different from the image formed in your mind. He may have presumed upon his closer relations with the family to reveal as clay the feet you had fondly conceived to be of brass. Or he may have proved one of those sprawling personalities — figuratively speaking, of course — who take up a great deal more room in any group than they are expected or entitled to; who appear to be everywhere at all hours; who lack repose themselves, and seem obsessed by a mania for robbing every one else of it. Or, though unable to entertain himself when left alone for the purpose, he may have been too profusely uneasy about the trouble he was causing whenever any one came to his rescue.

The temptation to canvass the departed guest is strong, and not at all unnatural. To denounce him because he has not measured up to your ideal, is pitifully narrow; to dwell exclusively on his virtues and ignore his shortcomings, is pure hypocrisy. There is a golden mean, however, between evasive praise and distilled censure. It consists in a process of analysis equally free from the carping and the mawkish disposition. For those traits which are exemplary, a good word can always be said without exaggeration; the imperfections which are so clear as to call for no comment may safely be left without any; while the subtler faults may be discussed without bitterness, and only to such extent as may be necessary for their use as domestic correctives.

In their educational aspects, a clear distinction must be drawn between the hospitality which is sporadic and the hospitable habit. The members of a family where a visit from an acquaintance is an event, may derive much benefit from such a visit through the opportunity it affords for filling their lungs with the outside air, as it were, exchanging views with one who has been studying the world from a different angle, refurbishing stores of information which had grown stale in their memories, and, after all is over, summing up both visit and visitor, comparing notes and drawing parallels and contrasts. To revert to a metaphor already used, sporadic hospitality has the effect of an occasional loosening and sprinkling of the social soil, as distinguished from the continuous cultivation which results from the hospitable habit. The good which comes to a field from being stirred and refreshed now and then is by no means negligible; the consequent growth, though perhaps fitful and irregular, is growth nevertheless. Measure it, however, by the productiveness of the soil kept constantly in condition, and you realize how great an advantage every live organism put into the latter enjoys from the very start. There are no stones to dig out, no clods to dissolve, no weed-growths to disintegrate, before the vital forces you are about to call into action can have their full scope. Moreover, there is the land always in such a state as to profit to the utmost by every alternation of sunshine and shower, breeze and dew-fall.

The household whose latch-string is never drawn in, which makes room for its friends in bedchamber and at table on the shortest notice and without ceremony, in which the children have grown up to feel no surprise at finding an unaccustomed face by the fireside any day on their return from

school, has the perpetual receptiveness of the well-tilled acre. Of whatever comes its way, it is sure to capture and hold all the beneficent elements, whose influence reveals itself in due season in increased fertility. The family with the hospitable habit both enjoys more guests, and enjoys them more, than the family which has to go through a separate preparation for the advent of every one. Its spirit is more mellow, its judgments are more charitable; its fixed animosities, when it has any, are

less fanatical; its moral perspective is more trustworthy, its attitude toward untried things more worldly wise, its sense of humor keener and more constant, its contempt for trifles more spontaneous. The stranger within its gates fares better here than anywhere else outside of his own home, for it absorbs him into itself, for the time being, almost as an integral part; he yields to it unbidden the best he has to give, and it gives him its best in return.

SIR WALTER'S ORPHANAGE

BY N. P. DUNN

IF one should summon in mental review the maidens fair and dark — all beautiful — whose joys and sorrows fill the pages of the 'Wizard of the North,' how many, think you, would be found provided with mammas? Sometimes a brother guides the heroine's destinies — in each case, I believe, to an unhappy end. Fathers of every description, intrusted with rearing this exotic genus, bring to the task an infinite variety of temperaments and disabilities. There is the old father, bent and gray, broken by the weight of many sorrows. There are fathers selfish, sombre, suffering from remorse, grieving for the beloved wife who died long since, disappointed, misanthropical, agnostic, religious, sternly strict, blindly doting. There is one grandmother and there are several aunts — shadowy aunts — abbesses generally. Again, it is a duenna more remotely related who accompanies the fair one on some ro-

mantic journey or quest. Then it is the young cousin or girl friend, and, in two instances, the sister, whose companionship relieves the loneliness of the heroine without putting upon her actions the restraint that a mother might be supposed to enforce. The quite friendless orphan is also to be found, and the uncle figures as guardian, sometimes loving and tender, sometimes fierce and tyrannical.

In the twenty-seven novels Scott has given us, one mother moves — sternly enough — through the scenes his wand has conjured up. In the presence of a rule so generally observed and so uniquely broken we ask ourselves, 'Can the heroine of pure romance consistently have a mother?' With the exception of Lucy Ashton, in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, these maidens fulfill their destinies untrammelled by maternal advice. The care and love and counsel of a mother, besides making

for the commonplace, must be unnecessary in the development of character, for we find all virtue blossoming on the Scottish crags, or wherever the scene may take us, quite independent of the training of mamma. We must infer that maternal protection is essentially prosaic, and the friendship and mutual confidence of mother and daughter, as a matter of course, uninteresting.

We mothers are evidently not picturesque. As modern 'copy,' we are obvious foils for charming daughters, sordid or vulgar or simply ungrammatical. In the old days, to be the mother of a heroine one must die young. The trick — if trick it is — was easily turned. One sentence early in the action disposes of the obstacle, and then, uncribb'd, uncabin'd, unconfin'd, a Diana Vernon or a Flora McIvor follows the dictates of her own sweet will along paths not exactly conventional. With a background of savage cousins and a father in disguise, Diana fascinates us with her beauty and her mysterious sorrows; while Flora, with a chieftain-brother for sole protector, develops and soars like a young eagle. How different would have been their lives had each had a mother with ideas! I am convinced that an ounce of maternal common sense would have wrecked the plot of any one of Scott's novels. How simple, then, the formula!

In the recipe for a full-fledged heroine of the good, old-fashioned sort, we might expect to find the initial injunction, 'First kill the mother.' Let us look at the novels as they appeared in turn. The epoch-making *Waverley*, 1814, has its dual interest in Flora McIvor — whole orphan — and Rose Bradwardine, 'the very apple of her father's eye. Her beauty, in which he recalled the features of his beloved wife, would have justified the affection of the most doting father.' *Guy Mannering* the next year provided the reading public with

two more interesting young women. Lucy Bertram's mother dies at her birth. Mrs. Mannering has died out in India before the real story opens, and the melancholy father of Julia, pursued by remorse for a supposed crime, makes an ideal protector for a pair of moon-struck girls. In 1816 *The Anti-quary* presents to us Isabella Wardour. 'She with a brother absent from home formed now her father's whole surviving family.' The constant companion of Sir Arthur, and peace-maker between him and Mr. Oldbuck, she goes from adventure to adventure, and finally marries the hero, as all good heroines should.

The year 1817 saw the publication of both *The Black Dwarf* and *Old Mortality*, but no marplot mammas appear to alter either tale. In the former, 'Mr. Vere of Ellieslaw was many years absent from his family estate. Suddenly and unexpectedly he returns, a widower, bringing with him his daughter, then a girl of about ten years old.' Isabella has a hard time until rescued by the Black Dwarf; for Mr. Vere, you recall, was a gentleman of uncommon selfishness and cruelty. A sensible wife doubtless would have ruined the action of the story. Edith Bellenden, in *Old Mortality*, has the most natural and delightful of grandmothers, but in the care of old Lady Margaret there is that carelessness which insures plenty of romantic happenings.

Rob Roy and *The Heart of Midlothian* followed the next year. In the first, Diana Vernon describes herself as 'a creature motherless, friendless, alone in the world, left to her own guidance and protection.' In the latter, dear Jeannie Deans's mother is dead when the story opens, and the stepmother dies at Effie's birth, leaving us again with two motherless girls. In 1819 appeared *The Bride of Lammermoor* and

The Legend of Montrose. In Lady Ashton we find our one exception to the embargo put upon mothers. No memory this of a sainted parent, wafted heavenward from the first page, but a dominant, worldly-minded, inexorable woman, bent upon the attainment of her own ends, and showing no remorse that her pathway should be strewn with murder, madness, and sudden death. Perhaps in the *Legend of Montrose* we should note another exception, but Annot Lyle, stolen from her parents when a child and brought up as an orphan, never sees her mother nor knows of her existence. The poor lady, a tall, faded, melancholy female, dressed in deep mourning, flickers in one sentence on one page, and is extinguished in woe before Annot's identity is disclosed to the surviving father.

In 1820 Scott gave the world three novels, *Ivanhoe*, *The Monastery*, and *The Abbot*. Rowena, the high-born ward of the Saxon Cedric, and Rebecca, the daughter of Isaac the Jew, are alike motherless. Catherine Seyton says, on her first entry on the scene, 'I also am an orphan'; while Mary Avenel, her father already dead, loses her mother when only twelve years old. The next year saw the publication of *Kenilworth*. If Sir Hugh had received, in the training of Amy Robsart, the aid of a woman, if his blind devotion and foolish indulgence had been checked by the firm hand of a mother, what dull reading the book would have made.

In 1822 Sir Walter produced again three novels in a twelvemonth, and one would expect that through mere carelessness a mother might have got left alive somewhere between the pages of *The Pirate*, *The Fortunes of Nigel*, and *Peveril of the Peak*. Not so. An early chapter of the first-named story opens thus: 'We have already mentioned Minna and Brenda, the daugh-

ters of Magnus Troil. Their mother had been dead for many years and they were now two beautiful girls.' Everybody remembers the adventures of Minna and Brenda. Would you forego the creepy sensation they gave you for any comfort a mother might have been to those girls? In *The Fortunes of Nigel*, where Margaret Ramsay, god-daughter of the court jeweler to James I, is shown to us at the age of twenty, her mother is already dead. Beautiful, willful, spoiled by her father and petted by Heriot, she falls in love with Nigel, and, disguised as a page, follows, saves, and marries him. *Peveril of the Peak* introduces us to another half-orphan in Alice Bridgenorth, the victim of her father's ambition and an uncle's villainy, whose mother died at her birth.

Quentin Durward in 1823 takes up the tale of the 'Orphan of Croye,' where the charming Countess Isabelle rides to many adventures, accompanied by her ridiculous aunt and her true and loyal knight, the Scottish hero. The next year we have *St. Ronan's Well* and *Redgauntlet*. In the first the unhappy Clara Mowbray dies, half-mad — a scapegrace brother is the only protector of her orphan state. Lillias Redgauntlet, the heroine of the last, is kidnapped by an uncle when two years of age, and never knows her mother, who is already dead when the story opens.

In 1825 came from the pen of this ready writer both *The Betrothed* and *The Talisman*. In *The Betrothed*, an aunt, an abbess, has the care of Eveline Berenger, only child of Raymond Berenger, who died early in the action, leaving her an orphan at the age of sixteen; while Edith Plantagenet walks majestically through the delightful pages of *The Talisman* with only the hot-headed Richard for guardian and the companionship of his frivolous queen.

Woodstock, in 1826, gives us the picture of Alice Lee, patiently supporting the tottering footsteps of Sir Henry, who says of her dead mother, 'Ah! my beloved companion, who art now far from the sorrows and cares of this weary world.' *The Surgeon's Daughter* (1827) lost her mother at her birth. Her father died before her journey to India and her painful adventures there. *The Fair Maid of Perth* was published in 1828, and Catherine Glover, the heroine, who marries Henry Wynd, is the beloved daughter of Simon, a wealthy and respected glover—mother dead.

The next year appeared the charming story of *Anne of Geierstein*, the Maid of the Mist. Motherless, she is sent by her father, Count Albert, to be brought up by her uncle, the democratic Arnold. In *Count Robert of Paris* our rule may be said to be broken again. Brenhilda—father dead—has a mother on the first page, described

by the author as 'easily kept under management by the young lady herself'; but as she is never referred to again, and as Brenhilda marries the count at once and finds all her adventures in a foreign land with her husband, I have thought that at least she was no important factor in the heroine's life. *Castle Dangerous*, which brings to a close in 1832 the wonderful series of Scott's novels, has for its heroine Augusta of Berkely, an orphan, and the king's ward. She, disguised as a boy, follows afar off the adventures of her lover, having set him a hard task and fearing for his safety.

And so amidst the din of arms and the vows of lovers, we come to the end of our list. When we contemplate this enrollment of thirty odd names on the books of the Waverley Orphan Asylum—all popular and successful heroines—we confidently advise the young novelist pondering plots to consider the mother as a negligible quantity.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE LITTLE BOY THAT LIVED IN THE LANE

Ba, ba, Black Sheep, have you any wool?

Yes, Sir, Yes Sir, three bags full;

One for my Master, one for his dame,

And one for the little boy that lives in the
lane.

AN, yes; the little boy that lived in the lane! Knee-breeches, dusty shoes, sun-burned face, yellow hair, (not golden locks, mind you!) and still, blue eyes. That is he! I have snubbed him since nursery days, yet here he comes from the hinter-lands of the mind,

emerging into my consciousness again like some old friend from my native village whom at first I am half-ashamed to meet. He rides atop of the nursery furniture as on a throne, claiming again the kingdom that I had almost stolen from him.

But there is no modern strenuousness about this prince. He is just the little boy that lived in the lane. That is all. That is enough. He is not being trained for a vocation, nor prepared for college. He expects nothing but to go on living in the lane; and to have the good old black sheep bring him all the

wool he needs. He has made the descent down the dark chimney, as Mr. Chesterton says, into a fixed abode, and there is his whole field of romance and adventure.

A lane: what a splendid place to live in! With the little boy as Virgil to my Dante, I see again the dark trees, the quiet road damp with dews, the fence blending its color with the grass and the woods; the curving path with a neighbor beyond it; the sunlight that flickers through the leaves, but never scorches here; the birds that come from a great beyond; and the girl that passes on her way from school, whom I may watch until she is out of sight, and still not be rude. These are some of the perquisites of living in the lane. Theirs are the voices that remind us again that life is not all progress, nor moral uplift, nor striving, nor a strained condition of human betterment upheld by nerves, but that most of it is living in a lane.

For, whether city-bred or country-bred, our first years are in the lane and of it. The path is narrow, to teach us not to wander, yet rich in beauty, to tell us that all good lies within our grasp. Blinding, and oppressive sometimes? Yes, and trodden by 'unwilling steps to school,' yet imprinting on us forever the fact that it is the concentrated gaze, and the repeated path, that really counts. Not only narrow, but short, too. Painfully short? Yes, and no. Yes, in that no boy ever lived who did not think boyhood too long. No, in that no boy ever lived who was not glad that the swimming-pond was just at the end of the lane. Back and forth we went in this lane, until nature had taught us, if she could teach us anything, the meaning of two straight lines, — to hem us in, and yet to give us freedom. In and out of the lane, until it came to pass that even great cities were to be nothing but

huge collections of lanes. For civilization is not a scattered tent-ground, but lanes and lanes of houses, methods, and institutions, all sprung from the brains of the little boys that lived in lanes. The races of little boys who have been born and lived in the open, and not in lanes, the Arabs for instance, have produced no great civilization. They have had inspiration enough in the broad expanse of sky and desert, but they have had no pattern to go by. The lane alone furnishes that, for a pattern means limitation, but also power. Anglo-Saxons are lane men, so were the Greeks, and the Romans: verse-makers, mental lanes; road-builders, traffic lanes.

I have often wondered whether the little boy was the son of the master and the dame mentioned in the same breath by the good black sheep. I have come slowly to believe that he belonged to another family in the neighborhood. For this reason: if the master and dame wanted a whole bag of wool apiece they did not deserve to have a little boy. They were selfish people. Somehow I think the bag of wool that went to the little boy was for a mother and father who drew their support from him, and who regarded him as their chief incentive to making a living. Whatever came to their door was marked in his name, not in theirs.

And to this, too, we are all trying to get back. The impress of the lane is awake in us whenever we cry aloud for ownership in life's true values. We want something with our name on it. We care little what we own, but that we own something is all important. The piercing cry of our hearts is the echo of the dear lane wherein a good black sheep brought us a bag full of wool to be our very own. 'One for the little boy that lives in the lane.' That is the sum and substance of our cry for life. Some people are trying to

socialize everything, to divide everything up, share and share alike. And which part you get and which I get, to their thinking, makes little difference. But we will not have it. Something in us protests against it as a desecration. When we lived in the lane, something was our own, no matter what. Make us owners! Not of wealth, but of something. Give us back our hearts, our lane, our birth-right! Don't ticket our possessions in card-catalogues! Don't parcel out God into thin layers, a wafer for every man alike; but give us of His bounty for our very own, as we knew it when we lived in the lane. You need not give us back a selfish heaven. We will not insist on what you despise as personal salvation, but we will insist on having heaven, nevertheless; the ownership of a glittering home beyond our reach, instead of a merely improved world as a substitute. Through the leaves of the bending trees we saw a heaven and we refuse to give it up. The little boy saw truly. The vision is unchangeable. It does not fade for all the new cry about cleaned-up cities and a heaven upon earth. Living in the lane we learned ownership, and we claim it again. Give us back the old sense of private property in the universals, our grip upon the stars, the tentacle-hold of our baby-fingers upon love, and truth, and faith; our own, our very own! Take back your social theories and we'll lean again upon our gate at eventide and say, 'All is mine.' And the next boy to us in the lane may say it, too!

Did the little boy go on living in the lane? I do not know, but I think not. Either the good black sheep died, and the little boy had to seek for wool elsewhere; or, which is more likely, he one day decided that he preferred white wool to black and so started out to find it. In giving us no sequel, the

poem (for it is one!) discloses its deepest insight. For it must surely be remarked that if the little boy had gone on living in the lane he would have grown to be a young man, or even an old man; and in that case the poem would have needed reëditing. It would not have continued all these years to talk about 'the little boy.' Plainly the little boy went away, that is the main point; although by inference another came to take his place.

Yes, we leave the lane. It was intended that we should. There are seas to cross, women to see and one to love, men to know and some to hate, and the lane would be disturbed by all this; or we think it would. We must leave it. There are thoughts to think, clues to follow, waves to rise and fall on, experiences to climb or burrow through, desert sands to feel in our throat, and cooling springs to drink from. These all lie outside the lane. New faces alone will let us try our new wings, and who ever saw a new face in our lane? So we leave it. Rightly leave it? Yes, perhaps. Who can say otherwise?

But, look, we are back again! The thousand men you know? See them! They are ranged in order before you. It is in single file they pass! Yours is not a sea of faces; it is a lane of them, one at a time. The women you knew? Yes, but by your side is only one. You are in the lane with her, just as when you were a little boy and lived there. You cannot live on Broadway. You are in the lane again, just wide enough for you and her, as it used to be. The ocean that you crossed? Yes, but the track of your boat was scarce wider than the lane. You only crossed a line, not the ocean. Experiences? Ah, yes, millions of them! But through them there runs no broad highway, but only the print of two feet, toiling one after the other. Just a foot-path, just

a lane! And thoughts? Yes, and your brain is weary with them! But across that same brain the tracks of the thoughts are as fine as a hair. There are no expanses, but only little lanes of thought running here and there. Follow the lanes and there is light at the end, as there used to be. Make the spaces too broad, and you will kill the shade trees. Then the sun will madden you. Keep to the lane. That's the type.

'The little boy that lived in the lane'? Yes, he went away. But he came home again. The old lane was gone. So was the house. But he straightway built another house just like it; and choose as he would, there was no place to build it in but a lane.

And if you look for him you will still find him there.

THE GLORY OF BEING WICKED

Not long ago I happened to pass two little boys on a street corner, standing close together with faces nearly touching, and so intent on the difficult operation they were performing as to be quite unconscious of being in every one's way. The operation in question was the feat of lighting one cigarette-stub from another cigarette-stub, each stub being firmly held in one of the respective mouths. They had apparently picked up the two half-smoked cigarettes from the gutter, one still burning, and the other out. Just why the burning one had to be held by mouth, rather than by hand, did not appear; but the operation of lighting and smoking the cigarettes was obviously great fun. Moreover, to all appearances at least, the fun did not come from the taste of the smoke, nor from the burning of fingers and lips, nor from the nasty tobacco that got into their mouths. The fun lay deeper than that; it was not physical, but

spiritual in its nature. There was a third boy—a still smaller one—standing by, looking on with open mouth and admiring eyes. And I am sure that the real inwardness of the smokers' fun consisted in the consciousness that the other boy and the public in general could see plainly that they were really very wicked.

This aspiration toward wickedness dominates a great part of 'child-psychology,'—of boy-psychology at any rate,—and has its ramifications in most of the activities of the boy. He learns to 'cut' Sunday School, and throw stones and swear and say darn, largely out of loyalty to this ideal. He brings with him into the world a strong tendency toward resistance to authority, and a genuine admiration for the law-breaker; and all this is as real a part of his 'social psychology' as is his tendency to imitation and suggestion. And he is led in the same direction by his natural desire to 'show off.' It is the fact that the other boy is watching that lends most of the spice to the situation. Wickedness is pretty sure to command attention even when it fails to command respect. And the small boy who wants you to think him 'tough'—together with his relatives, the big boy and the overgrown boy and the old boy who cherish the same ambition—will generally be found to be acting (if I may be pardoned an impossible figure) with one eye on the gallery and the other on the mirror.

This, to my thinking, is one of the reasons for the 'ignominy of being good.' Its roots go rather deep into human nature. There is nothing particularly new about it, nor is it in any sense peculiar to our age and generation. To be good has always been ignominious, and the ignominy is not chiefly due, as a recent writer in the *Atlantic* seems to think, to our failure to admire the conventional standards.

We may not admire them, to be sure; but we also have a sneaking desire to attract attention by being 'different,' and we like to rebel against any standard that has been prescribed for us. Rebellion is good fun for its own sake, and submission, even to that which we approve, often seems 'conventional,' and has for the natural man a certain element of ignominy. The 'fear of being caught reading your Bible' will probably never die out of the world; and for the same reason that the fear of being caught studying your lesson will never die out. This fear, as I have suggested, very considerably antedates St. Augustine, or any assignable era. And I am sure that, in so far as Homer was made required reading in the Age of Pericles, many an Athenian lad was rather proud of his ignorance of the Story of Troy.

It is, moreover, a curious fact that some of the things which we really consider supremely good have this in common with the ignominious, that we wish to conceal them. We don't care to wear everything we possess on our sleeves; we should be ashamed to display there either the shameful or the sacred. Some one has called public prayer an indecent exposure of soul. The little boy who would blush to be found reading his Bible might also blush to be found kissing his mother, — just as the big boy would pretty certainly blush to be found kissing his sweetheart. But the fear of being found kissing your sweetheart is not generally taken to indicate that the custom is a conventional retention of an effete ideal.

Doubtless the native, untutored tendencies and tastes of the boy (of various ages) rebel against some of the ideals which the Present receives from the Past. And doubtless also these spontaneous and unreflective impulses and feelings must contribute, and ought

to contribute, their share in the formation of our ideas of moral excellence. But they must not be taken as the only criterion. The true, moral ideal for the twentieth century A. D. is not so simple a thing as it was for the fifth century B. C. It includes many different elements — Barbarian, Hebrew, Greek, Christian, Teutonic. It has been built up laboriously by the experience of the race through all its painful education. Hence it is not something that we can expect the individual fully to appreciate, without considerable education on his own part. If, then, the boy or the young man—who, it must be remembered, comes originally into the world on a level much lower than that of the Greeks — does not fully grasp the beauty of the ideal which the race has formed for him and holds up to him, we must not conclude that therefore the ideal is wrong. Of course it may be wrong; some ideals doubtless are. But the question whether or not it is wrong cannot be settled by showing simply that it is not up-to-date and that some of us blush when found with it in our possession. For a great deal of the ignominy of being good is due to the rather sophomoric glory of being wicked.

BY-PRODUCTS OF BIRD-STUDY

THE interest in birds brings its own exceeding great reward, but there are a few phases of the question which have received too little attention, and the chief of these is the attitude of other people toward one's hobby. I am always filled with astonishment at the cheapness of a reputation for knowledge. Before I had mastered the rudiments of the subject, the papers would call me up and say, 'I hear you are an authority on birds, will you please give us a column on the subject,' — gratis,

of course. I being too busy at the moment to comply with this modest request, the reporter next day drops in and wastes an hour of my valuable time in getting perfectly good 'copy' on 'The Birds to be seen at this Time of Year in the Parks,' for which he receives pay. In some mysterious way my fame seems to grow, and in the spring I can scarcely go out without encountering some one who greets me with, 'I saw such a cunning little bird to-day which reminded me of you,'—this to a dignified, stout woman, belonging to one of the learned professions!

If you are unfortunate enough to board, your fellow boarders will become slightly infected, and will ask you to identify a bird 'dark-colored and twice as tall as an English sparrow,' or a bird 'with a sort of accordion pleating on its back.' The most astonishing request was that of a pleasant gentleman who unexpectedly asked me 'to go like a wren,' but whether physically or vocally I never discovered. This thirst for identification is one of the joys of the bird 'expert.' Some one has seen 'a bird larger than a robin, with a light blue stripe about two inches wide around its neck.' I will pass this on to some of my more experienced fellow ornithologists for an opinion.

When an interest in birds begins in a house there is no stopping it. Last spring our cook was seen half out of the kitchen window, and when asked what she was doing replied, 'Did you notice that little black-and-yellow bird?' The gestures accompanying the descriptions of birds are an added pleasure, as people always illustrate their meaning. 'It had a gray breast,' they will say with a pass in the air in the region of their stomachs; and a young man, a friend of mine, nearly dislocated his shoulder trying to show me that a bird had stripes on its back,

when all the time I knew perfectly well where its back was.

I had no idea of the range of bird songs until I had them whistled or sung or hummed to me, with the expectation that I should instantly recognize them. Sometimes I wonder if the birds themselves would be willing to own them. Now, to tell the truth, I have not yet progressed so far in this interesting study, as to be absolutely sure of any but the commoner birds by their songs; but experience has convinced me that the lovely plaintive song of the white-throated sparrow is the only one which can be reproduced by the amateur in a manner readily to be recognized. When I have mastered this branch of the subject I shall expect to be easily able to identify the Parsifal music, when played by a beginner, on a Jew's-harp.

An added pleasure is the education of the public. It is now possible to stop at a farmhouse for a drink of water and have the farmer's wife give a glance at one's opera-glasses and ask, 'What kinds of birds have you seen?' Yet, once we were viewed with suspicion, if we stood half an hour in the same spot gazing fixedly at nothing.

The friendly relations established during birding tramps form another asset. I have never yet found a boy, who had not some interesting information to impart in return for a look through opera-glasses, which pride would not let him admit were not adjusted for his eyes. Even the most popular clergyman in my city may become in common parlance 'one of the boys,' when he is pursuing with me a Savannah sparrow through a particularly wet marsh; I have never had time to go to hear him preach, but I am confident that he would do it well, since he is such a friendly companion and good 'birder.' Any person with a pair of opera-glasses in hand needs no other introduction,

but is at once a comrade and a competitor, anxious to impart information and usually willing to receive the same; but it is astonishing how small a person ordinarily generous may become, when confronted with the other man's list of rare species. I have even known people to sink so low as to say, 'I do not believe it!'

The deep snow in April last year started me out, with bird-seed and suet, to succor the migrants in the park, only to find that the burly policeman had been before me, with bread and cracker crumbs on a nicely-brushed path in a sunny place. He greeted me thus: 'I found a dead robin yesterday, and I could not stand it to think of all the birds starving to death, so I went to the nearest house and got some bread for them, and when I came from dinner to-day, I brought some more things along, and see what a lot of them there are eating!' Was it not worth wet skirts to hear that? The humane policeman and I have been staunch friends ever since, and he has

given me much useful information, even to the extent of telling me that he saw an eagle in the Park; and I believe it, even if in this case I must think it was a 'garden escape.'

Then there is a gentle glow of superiority at being able to see and hear things, which are unknown to the multitude. One day I saw a bobolink singing his heart out on a telegraph wire, and watched twenty people go by him, not one of whom raised an eyelash! What could they have been thinking of, one half so lovely? Nothing but the bird-craze has ever been able to get me to the country at sunrise in the spring. For years I never realized that Nature is at her best when the dew is sparkling on the grass, and the multitudes of the feathered host are singing their anthem of love and thanksgiving. It is impossible at five o'clock of a fine May morning not to give thanks for the seeing eye and the hearing ear which have been unconsciously acquired during the time spent in bird-study.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

[MRS. COMER's 'Letter to the Rising Generation,' which appeared in the issue of the *Atlantic* for February last, roused the letter-writing proclivities of our readers to an unusual pitch of activity. By way of *finis* to the general discussion continued in the *Atlantic* through papers by Mrs. Hard in the April number, and by Mr. Bourne in the present issue, we select from an immense mass of correspondence one letter which many friends of ours will read with understanding. Written by a young woman, obviously responsive to the stimulus of college life, it is sent us by her father. — THE EDITORS.]

COLLEGE,
February 26, 1911.

DEAREST FATHER,—Inclosed are my term bills, which I have been asked to send to you. They were sent to me through college mail, and were much delayed on that account.

Now to answer your dear letter which I found last Monday. Father, I have just finished reading Mrs. Comer's letter 'To the Rising Generation,' which you sent me. I tried my best to read it from an absolutely unprejudiced point of view, and I think I have done so; though it is pretty hard for a girl who has been earnestly trying

to make herself 'worth while' to read an accusation like this one, which is couched in such aggressive language, and not feel that it is somewhat unjust.

Mrs. Comer has addressed her letter to the rising generation as a whole, so I suppose that the example which she puts forth she considers characteristic of the generation. I have really tried pretty hard to think of the body of girls and boys about my own age, whom I have known ever since I was old enough to think for myself, and, honestly, if they are to be taken as an example (and I don't see why they are not a *fair* example), I believe that her types are exaggerated.

I don't know who Mrs. Comer is, or in what position to judge; but, as a matter of fact, my own friends as a whole, I think, are the sort who have not been accustomed to show their real selves to their seniors. I believe that young people are unwilling to let older people look into their hearts, because they find them unsympathetic — and I know it is true of myself usually, though I have many older friends; so I think that this Mrs. Comer is an exceptional woman if she really is able to judge. I know that she *may* be able — and in that case, her experience with young people is very different from mine. You may say I have not had experience enough to judge, but surely, I have known a great many young people pretty intimately, and I hardly can think of one who has been so selfish or so empty-headed as those she tells of.

Well, I am glad you sent me the article, and I shall be glad of any others that you may send me. I am also anxious to read the reply to this article. I did not think you were disposed to find fault with me, or that you sent me the article because you thought it applied to me. On the other hand, I often am disposed to find fault with

myself, and I try to take criticism kindly, though it surely is hard.

In the essay you sent me, I find the same sort of remark made which you quoted me as having said to mother: I mean, the fact that I had heard the talk of the scarcity of money 'every year since I could remember.'

I do remember making that statement to mother, but absolutely in a different way from that in which she thought I said it. I know, as you say, I have no idea of the value of money. As I have said before, I have no way of knowing its value, and I have never had the chance to know it; but as mother told you, I am sorry I said it, for as she took it in another sense, you have too. I do not underrate what either of you say. I am sorry to say that the constant worry of it simply depresses and makes me so tired of it that I can't bear to hear it talked of. 'The Rising Generation' seem to be the ones whom the world blames, and that is all right; but if the effort of that generation is worth anything, surely the world ought to take account of it. I think we are all trying, but we are not old enough to know just the wisest way, when a thousand different methods are being shouted in our ears.

I have not said any of this resentfully, but simply have stated what seems true to me. I may be wrong; and, if so, you will tell me. I don't pretend to know much, but at least what I have said is not what I have read or heard others say. It is what I have really thought out and believe for myself.

I love to get your letters. They help me a great deal, and I try to follow your suggestions. To me, you are the best man alive, and more than that, you are *far* ahead of the other best ones. I am just as grateful to you as I know how to be. I love you dearly, father, and am counting the days be-

fore I can go home for Easter and see you again. It is less than a month now.

Please give mother my dear love. With much to you,

Always your devoted daughter,
DOROTHY.

P. S. — Father, I forgot to ask if you can furnish me any bits of material for a theme I must write next week? The subject is 'Social Work in Factories,' and I know nothing about it. This means such things as your 'First-Aid' classes, night classes for employees, your boarding house (?) and such other institutions as are for the good of employees. I want to know as much as I can about any and every branch of such work. Can you give me any information on the subject? Is n't there a club-house for some mill in White-stone? Do they have entertainments there? What sort? etc. I am at a loss for material, and must get it somehow before next week. Whether or not the work has been successful does not matter. All I want is material. Can you help me out? I don't care what sort of factory it may be. Do send me some data, please.

DOSS.

P. S. (2) I did n't mean any one factory, but any number of different ones.

This letter was forwarded to Mrs. Comer, who in reply writes as follows:

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA,
March 20, 1911.

DEAR EDITORS, — I am returning Miss Dorothy's letter. She is obviously a mighty nice girl, and I am sure, if she has any failings, that they are her father's fault! For there is no other factor in a girl's education like a father she so admires. To this day I temper my judgments by asking myself what *my* father would say about any matter, — although I lost him soon after I

left school, — and, as a school-girl, no matter how strongly I might be prejudiced in any direction, if I differed from him, I had the disconcerting assurance deep in my mind, that I was undoubtedly wrong and would find it out later, even if momentarily I quite failed to get his point of view.

There would be a great deal in Miss Dorothy's argument, if it were true that our knowledge of people depends on what they *tell* us about themselves. But of course it does not so depend at all — as one learns a little later. One does not realize this in the least at Dorothy's age. At least, *I* did n't. I recall perfectly my surprise (and on the whole my relief) when I began to understand that 'Character teaches above our wills' and that whatever of virtues or demerits one has, will out — without any speeches of introduction on our part.

But while this is true, it is also true, on the other side of the argument, that the very strong feeling all young people undoubtedly have that they are n't understood, and that there is a lot *to* themselves that nobody but themselves knows (though every one will know it shortly), is a justified feeling, and one necessary to healthful growth — because it is creative. For that very body of beliefs about the hidden self is the matrix of the forming character, nourishing and developing it — until we turn out as we expect, largely because we expect to!

I believe this is sound psychology, and the deduction from it is that young persons should be inspired rather than lectured, and that middle-aged ladies who write 'Letters' apparently addressed to the rising generation, are really talking to the parents — the only people who are able to profit by lectures.

Very sincerely yours,

CORNELIA A. P. COMER.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JUNE, 1911

NORTH AND SOUTH

AN ISLAND STORY

BY JULIA D. DRAGOUMIS

... Under the burning slopes,
Where summer through the oleanders blow
Rose-red among the shadows, and the air
Is lightly scented with the myrtle bloom.
— R. RODD.

I

KATHARINE SHERMAN, the American girl who loved Poros so well that this was the third time in two years that she was staying in the island, had crossed over this morning to one of the old gardens on the mainland, where the trees grow so low down on the sea-shore that the overhanging branches often dip in the water.

One of the strong north winds, that sometimes blow in July and August, was covering the sea with frothy white-capped waves, and Katharine had been drenched two or three times with the salt spray while crossing over from the island in the sailing-boat. It had been delicious, though, with the boat heeling over, the sail spread to the fresh wind, one of old Louka's boatmen with his hand on the small ropes ready to let the sail slip down at any unexpected gust, and Dino, the son of Yoryi the blind one, sitting at the helm.

VOL. 107—NO. 6

Katharine had only arrived the day before, and had found her old room in the little pink-washed hotel on the quay duly kept for her. Dino was the first old acquaintance she had met. He told her shyly that he was earning independent wages now, ever since the last Feast of the Virgin, and could provide his own boots. Katharine glanced inquiringly at his bare brown feet, but was promptly told that the boots were naturally only for Sunday and holiday wear. When, after a good deal of tacking, the boat touched at the little wooden pier of the garden, Katharine jumped out, paid the men and told them not to wait. She would walk back, she said, through Galata, and cross where the port narrowed.

She ran to the end of the long avenue of cypress trees—so tall that only a narrow strip of deep summer-blue sky showed above them—and halfway back again, before she stopped to rest, leaning against one of the straight, rugged trunks.

Good God, how beautiful it was!

How glad she felt that she had refused to follow her sister to Switzerland, but had braved the heat of a

summer in Greece to see her beloved Southern land in all its splendor.

It was even more beautiful than she remembered it.

Below the cypress trees the taller straggling branches of the oleanders formed an archway, and she stood under a perfect glory of rose-red and white blossoms. Many of these climbed right up into the trees, and stood out in vivid rose-pink against the dense black foliage. Behind her was a long vine-clad pergola, heavily laden with bunches of still unripe grapes; before her, away down the avenue, the wide wooden gate, between its tall stone posts, leading out to the shore. One of the sides was thrown back, and through the opening the deep sapphire of the sea gleamed in the sun blaze, while showers of dazzling white spray covered the little pier.

Katharine thought that she knew Poros in all its phases and was familiar with all its lovely changes, but this summer wind was new to her.

Slowly she came down the avenue, drinking in the beauty and the light, and listening to the continuous chirping of the tettix on all sides of her.

In the open space down by the gate, the wind was tossing the tops of the giant eucalyptus trees to and fro, turning their feathery bunches of narrow leaves into blurs of whitish green. Long strips of bark hung in loose ends, laying bare the smooth gray-blue trunks.

They were picking lemons in the garden. The gatherers, women and children, carried their laden panniers on their shoulders into the spacious white-washed barn, where the packers awaited them.

Katharine stood in the open doorway, looking in.

It was cool and pleasant inside. On the broad sill of the low window the water was cooling for the workers, in rows of earthen jars. The lemons lay

in yellow heaps on the floor, and the women and girls were twisting them with incredible rapidity into fine tissue-paper wrappers, and laying them in rows in the small cases, bound for Odessa or Roumania.

Many of the workers looked up smiling. The foreign lady with her light step, her pretty clothes and shining dark hair, was a familiar figure to most of them, and in a vague way they were pleased to see her in Poros once more.

The master of the garden, a thin man bearing an old historic name, came forward with words of greeting and the offer of a seat, but Katharine would not stay. She could not rest long in one place. She longed to see and enjoy everything at the same time. And when she stood a few moments later in the lemon-orchard, where beyond the wall the sea-line showed purple, — Homer's 'wine-colored' sea, — where the scent of the lemon-blossom and the myrtle, and the shivering of the eucalyptus leaves were about her, all the old island sights, and scents, and sounds, she felt as though she might open her arms wide, and clasp them to her heart.

Suddenly, in the distance, among the many workers who came and went, filling their panniers, Katharine recognized a familiar figure.

The woman came slowly through the orchard, out of the shade of the many trees, into the clearer opening.

She wore a white kerchief which shaded her face, and whose ends were tied round her throat. The long sleeveless coat hung round her in straight folds. A large pannier full of lemons was on her shoulder. With her left arm she steadied the pannier, while her right hung loosely by her side.

On the trees behind her the fruit hung in yellow clusters, and the waving leaves made patches of shadow and

light on her kerchief. She walked slowly, being heavily laden, and sometimes lifted her face to meet the breeze. She was a large woman, and all her movements were simple, free, almost classic.

'Myrto, it is you?' exclaimed Katharine.

The woman's face lighted up as she brought down her pannier and rested it on the ground beside her. Her lips parted in a smile of glad welcome.

'You have come to Poros again! That is well. Our hearts have pained for a sight of you.'

'It is very sweet of you to say so, Myrto.'

Katharine's Greek was distinctly original, and her genders and tenses wonderfully mixed, but she talked fluently enough, and always succeeded in making herself understood.

'Yes,' she continued, 'of course I have come again. Did I not say I would? Do you think anything would keep me away from Poros, once I was in Greece?'

'And the lady, your sister?'

'The lady, my sister, was with me in Athens, but she found it became too hot. She hates the blue sky when it is always without clouds. Just fancy that, Myrto! So she took her husband and the dear little girl, and they all went off to Switzerland, where it will rain as much as they like. You do not know where Switzerland is, do you, Myrto?'

'Switzerland,' repeated the woman slowly; 'is it in Europe where the lemons are sent?'

'Yes, it is in Europe, but then so are we here.'

'No,' corrected Myrto, 'the garden here is on the Peloponnesus, opposite Poros.'

'Still it is part of Europe.'

Myrto looked puzzled.

'I do not know,' she said at last.

'You are learned, and know many things; but so we say here, this is the Peloponnesus, and Poros is opposite, and the lemons go in the ships to Europe.'

An old woman came shuffling up to them, with bent back and outstretched hand.

Katharine greeted her kindly.

'How are you, Kyra Marina? how is the bad knee? quite well again now? And do you always make such fine preserves of the little green lemons as you used to do? You must make some more for me to take back to my little niece. She does love them so!'

'At your service always,' answered the old dame. 'But we must wait for the next crop; these are too large now.'

Katharine nodded smilingly, and turned again to the younger woman.

'And Leftheri, Myrto? Is he well? Does he catch much fish in the new boat?'

The woman did not reply. She half turned aside, fingering the lemons in the high pannier.

Something in her attitude surprised Katharine. This was not a shy young girl, but a woman who had been already married some months the last time she had seen her.

'How is your husband?' she repeated curiously.

Myrto kept her face almost entirely turned away, but Katharine could see the shiver that ran through her whole body. She did not notice the pursed-up lips of the old woman behind her.

'What is it?' she asked boldly, ascertaining by a rapid glance that Myrto's kerchief was white. 'Where is Leftheri?'

'Gone,' muttered the woman at last, without turning round.

Katharine sprang toward her.

'Gone! what do you mean? Where? How?'

'I cannot tell you here,' answered

Myrto in a colorless voice. 'If you come some day to my house as you used to do, I will tell you, perhaps.'

'Gone!' repeated Katharine in amazement; 'gone for long do you mean? but where?'

'No,' broke in Kyra Marina, 'gone for always; gone where the men go who do not care for their lives, who are driven away by evil ways, and bad words; gone to the sponge-fishing.'

'To the sponge-fishing!' echoed Katharine in dismay; 'with the sponge-divers? Leftheri?' For she had lived enough in the islands to know a little of what such going meant.

Kyra Marina blinked her small wicked eyes set in a brown network of wrinkles.

'Tell the lady about it,' she commanded authoritatively. 'Wherefore will you be dragging her to your house? Is it a place for her, and you a deserted woman? Do you think perhaps that people care to come to you now?'

'No,' said Myrto meekly, 'I know; few come.' Then turning to Katharine, 'I brought no shame to my man, God be my witness, but he would flare up easily, and we often had hard words. Anger rises quickly in me too. I had no mother to teach me patience. I always wished him to work harder, and do more than the others. I told him every day that he was lazy,—too often, perhaps. Then one day that dawned badly I said it had been better I had married Penayi, the miller's son: him who had asked for me. I said I should have fared better. I did not mean it really, it was just the evil moment that made me speak the words. But he believed them. You do not know these things, but it is a madness that comes over you.'

'Yes,' said Katharine gently, 'yes, I know.'

'And just then,' continued Myrto, 'there were those sponge-captains here,

the dogs! drinking at Sotiro's, tempting the lads, offering much money—and that night he went off with them. That is all.' Then, in a hard voice, 'Now you need not come to my house.'

'No, no, of course she need not,' piped the old crone shaking her head.

Katharine turned on her fiercely.

'Please not to answer for me, Kyra Marina.' Then to Myrto very simply, 'Of course I shall come to see you, Myrto, perhaps to-morrow.'

Others were gathering round them by this time, so Katharine wished them good-day and made her way through the trees and up the long avenue to where an old gate, built under an archway thickly lined with swallows' nests, led out of the garden.

She entered a narrow lane between high stone walls, green with overhanging plants. The rough path was shaded by the walnut and mulberry trees of the gardens on each side.

At first she walked along with bent head and troubled face. Myrto's story had saddened her, and besides this, other thoughts had been awakened which she had been resolutely lulling to sleep for many days now.

'It is a madness that comes over you—it is a madness—' she repeated over and over again.

But by the time she emerged from the narrow walled-in path on to the seashore at Galata, she had shaken off her preoccupation, and was walking rapidly, with her shoulders well set back, her face lifted to the breeze, and her lips slightly apart.

Galata had grown since she had seen it last. Little straw-thatched sheds, open on all sides, where coffee and *masticha* were served, had been erected close to the sea, and many new houses had been built on the slopes among the olive trees.

Katharine loved it all, every step of the way, every sight and sound.

The boat in which she crossed over to Poros, painted in vivid blue-and-green stripes, with its sail of many patches, charmed her. The short crossing of scarcely two minutes was breezy and sunny, and the island, as she drew nearer and nearer to its amphitheatre of old sun-baked houses, overshadowed by the brown man-faced rock, gave her the impression of a monster living cinematograph.

She jumped out of the boat, searching eagerly for known faces. The crew of urchins, that always haunted the quay, were the first old acquaintances she met. It was holiday-time, and they were nearly all there: Nasso, Yoryi, Mitso, Stavro, Kosta, Niko, Aristidi, Andrea, Savva, all in various degrees of tattered undress, all smiling and crowding round the quickly recognized 'foreign lady,' the well-remembered distributor of *koulouria* and *lepta* in the past.

It was good to see it all again, just as she had dreamed of it so often. The brilliant flame-red, grass-green, and sky-blue little boats rocking on the waves outside the sea-wall; the fruit-sheds with their panniers of ripe tomatoes, mounds of yellow melons, and purple *aubergines*, with the enormous over-ripe yellowish cucumbers, that only Poriot digestion can tackle with impunity. The groups of old men, sitting cross-legged under the scanty shade of the acacia trees, mending their fishing-nets; the old fountain standing close to the sea, with its marble dolphins twisting their tails round a trident on the one side, and the waves splashing on the other; Pappa Thanassi, the priest, who passed, bowing gravely, laying his hand on his breast as he did so; the familiar greeting of Kyr Apostoli, the baker; Barba Stathi's old donkey, Kitso, waiting patiently outside the oven till his load of thyme should be lightened.

At last she stood on the steps of the little hotel, and gazed seaward before making up her mind to enter. The waters of the bay heaved and sparkled in the dazzling light, far away to the great mass of the Sleeper, whose highest peaks, seen dimly through the heat haze, might have been taken for clouds. The steamer from Piræus was just turning the corner by the lighthouse, and numbers of little boats started out to meet her.

Katharine ran quickly up to the balcony of her room, and with her opera-glasses carefully scanned every passenger who disembarked. When the last one had been rowed out to the quay, and the steamer had weighed her anchor and was on her way to Nauplia, Katharine laid down her glasses with a sigh, and began a long letter to her sister at Grindelwald.

II

Myrto, with the red earthen pitcher full of water on her shoulder, climbed up the rocky street in the fast-fading light, pushed open the door of her little low house, and closing it behind her, went into the dim, close room.

It was a small room and her loom, with the blue and white threads stretched tightly across it, took up nearly all the space between the solitary window and the open fireplace, — an old-fashioned one, this, with an overhanging whitewashed mantel, and a deep flounce of faded cotton stuff nailed underneath it. Over the loom, a plate-rack, ornamented with bright green paper cut into fantastic shapes, held five white plates and two cups. Besides the rack there was also a little painted cupboard let into the wall, high up beyond the fireplace, for the safe-keeping of the better crockery. On a shelf on the other side stood half a melon, two tomatoes and a big hunch

of brown bread. Two hens and a cock were walking unconcernedly over the loom, picking up stray crumbs which had fallen on it.

Myrto set down her pitcher from her shoulder with an effort, filled the smaller drinking one and set it to cool outside on the ledge of the small courtyard at the back. Cool water is a serious question in Poros. The nights were long and hot; Myrto, who did not sleep much, was often thirsty. Treading heavily, she came back into the room, and carefully stopped up the mouth of the larger pitcher with a green lemon which she had brought with her from the garden.

Suddenly she let herself drop on a low stool, leaning her head against the wooden post of the loom. She felt faint and sick. Her back ached as if it would break, and her knees trembled as she tried to stretch her legs to give them more ease. She had been down to the fountain quite late, hoping to meet no one. But Kyra Marina had been there. The other women had taken her turn, she said; there was no respect left for old age. Myrto had tried to keep silence, but she had been soon overwhelmed by a torrent of words.

'Yes,' the old woman wound up, 'Leftheri may have been lazy enough, and easily roused to anger, but you must have broiled the fish on his very lips, my girl, to make him go off so, and to such work. Do you know that the poor divers are the slaves of the sponge-captains? That they keep them down in the sea till they burst if they do not bring up many sponges the first time, and throw them into a dark hold to rot when their legs are seized and they can work no more? Are they few, the strong men who have returned crippled for life? Like enough, if ever you see your man again, he will be dragging his legs after him, and then you may have him lying there on a

mattress, a useless log all the rest of his days. And that will be bad work to remember, my girl. To have driven a man away from his country, and his house, by your evil tongue! Eh, but there are few have a good word for you now.'

'I know,' sobbed Myrto.

Poros gossip would have it that Kyra Marina's own daughter and son-in-law had been driven to seek work out of the island, to escape her railing tongue. It is true this was long ago, and with her age her memory may have been failing her.

'I am sorry,' she continued, 'that you are with child. It is bad enough to be born a widow's child, but worse still to have a deserted wife for mother.'

She would probably have gone on for some time in this encouraging strain had not her victim at last seized her pitcher, only three quarters full, and started homeward, leaving the old woman muttering behind her.

But now as she sat there, weary and sick in mind and body, every cruel word came back to her with renewed force. Her poor man! a slave to those brutes! Left to rot in the dark hold of a rolling ship or sent off with both legs paralyzed. He who was so proud of his strength and agility. He the best dancer in the *Skyrto* dance at the Vithi fair! Myrto clasped her hands together as she half sat, half crouched there in the gloom, and broken words of prayer escaped her.

'My little Virgin, have mercy upon me! Pity me, my little Virgin! Stretch out your hand and save my poor man. I have been bad, yes — but save him and bring him back hale and sound for the sake of the child that lies heavy within me.'

She lifted her head and clasped her hands over her burning eyes.

Would the Holy Virgin listen to her? What had she done to be heard? Little

by little the vague notion of some necessary sacrifice took form in her tired brain. She could scarcely drag her limbs to the fountain this evening after her hard day's work in the garden, and on the morrow she had meant to sit at her loom all day for a rest. But she decided that instead of this she would go on foot to the Monastery, and repeat her petition to the Virgin up there in the Chapel, lighting a candle before the icon which the Italian painter had painted.

But even then—what? Was there any hope? Would her prayers, her candle, her pilgrimage, help her man ever so little? They let them rot in the hold, Kyra Marina had said. Rot! that meant what? Ah, yes, she knew! Had not the sailors of the little transport ship which had been sent out by the Government to overlook the sponge-diving, told their women, and had not their women repeated it at the fountain? Had she not heard the gruesome tale of the poor young man from Smyrna, rescued by the officers of the transport ship from the clutches of one of those sponge-captains, only to die of advanced gangrene three days later? Had not the sailors spoken of the festering wounds caused by long neglect; by days and nights spent untended on a loathsome mattress in a filthy, noisome hole? Had not these wounds been described in all their sickening details by those who had seen them with their own eyes—aye, and not only seen them!—

Myrto dropped her head on her breast and swayed backwards and forwards with clenched teeth, as the picture arose before her.

A lull came, and she heard footsteps approaching. Then a tapping at the closed door.

She knew at once that it must be Katharine. No one else in Poros had that light, springy step. The old people

shuffled; the young ones, being generally laden, or tired, trod heavily; and the little children pattered. Besides, no one but the 'foreign lady' would have dreamed of knocking at the door.

She opened it at once and Katharine entered; a trim figure in white linen, holding a bunch of pink oleanders in one hand, and a tall shepherd's stick in the other.

'I have been up to the Temple of Poseidon,' she announced, 'right up to the top with Barba Stathi, though I never once got on to Kitso's back. It was hot, but I did it, and now I am tired and thirsty. So I thought I would rest for a little here, and have a talk with you at the same time.'

'Welcome,' said Myrto simply. 'Will you sit here?' spreading a clean cloth on the second stool. 'Or will you come into the *sala*? there is a sofa there.'

'Oh, here; certainly.' Then, catching sight of the woman's face, of the eyes that had no light in them, of the waxen color which made the strong, arched eyebrows look too black, 'You poor thing!' she exclaimed, 'what have they been doing to you? Sit right here beside me, and tell me all about it.'

But Myrto would not hear of it.

Katharine had said she was thirsty. She must drink first: drink out of one of the glasses kept in the little wall-cupboard, a thin glass with a gold rim, and a gold fox engraved on one side. Myrto wiped it very carefully and filled it from the drinking-pitcher outside, explaining to Katharine as she came and went, that she need have no scruple about drinking of the water, as she herself never drank from the mouth of the pitcher, as some of the villagers did, but always used a cup or a tin dipper.

Then she placed the filled glass on a little round tray, and beside it a small pot of small lemons preserved, which Kyra Sophoula, a kind neighbor, she

said, had given her, and one of the six silver spoons which had formed part of her dowry. This tray she presented to Katharine, standing before her while Katharine served herself. Only when the duties of hospitality were over could Katharine persuade her to sit down again.

'What were you doing when I came in? You must not let me stop your work,' she said.

'I was doing nothing. I often sit idle now, with my hands crossed.'

'Ah, but that is bad!' exclaimed Katharine with swift Anglo-Saxon energy; 'there is nothing like work, you know, to make you forget troubles.'

Myrto shook her head. 'There is always work enough,' she said in a tired voice, 'if one would not starve. Besides, as you see, there is the child that will come soon, and I am often heavy and tired.'

Katharine knew Poros ways and talk. 'May it be safely born, and live long to be a joy to you,' she said in a grave, compassionate voice. 'Tell me, at least,' she added after Myrto had thanked her, 'what you were thinking of, since you were not doing anything.'

'I was thinking that to-morrow I shall go to the Monastery.'

'To the Monastery? You?'

'Yes, on foot; to light a candle before the icon of the Holy Virgin. — Ah, yes, I know what you would say — you are foreign, you speak our language, but you do not know our Faith, and you will say that it will do no good; that I cannot walk so far. But I can, and I will, and it *must* do good.'

'Why should it not do good?' said Katharine quietly. 'And if it makes you any happier, of course you must go. Only you must rest when you get there.'

'Yes, I will rest.'

'How long ago is it that Leftheri went?'

'Very soon it will be eight months.'

'Then,' asked Katharine, hesitatingly, 'had you — I mean did he know?' —

'No,' said Myrto, 'he did not know anything.'

'Poor Myrto! If he had known he would never have left you.'

'I do not know — perhaps not. He wished for a child. But perhaps also he bore all he could. What can a man do when a woman is always angry, and has evil words ready when he returns from his work? Ah, Kyra Marina was right, you should not come to my house! I am a bad woman! Not in deeds — not — that I swear on my marriage-wreath — but in words — Ah, God, did I not tell him it were better I had married another man! I, his wife! There are some words no man can forgive; words that the longest life is too short to forget in.'

Katharine started a little, and leaning forward looked into Myrto's face.

'Do you think so, Myrto? Are there any unforgivable words? Then more than ever should I come to your house and sit with you, and listen to you — for I too have spoken such.'

'You! to whom? You are not married?'

'No — but there is some one — I am — I was engaged to. You understand?'

'I understand — you were betrothed. Your parents had exchanged your rings, though the priest had not yet exchanged your wreaths.'

'Well, not quite,' said Katharine, 'but it comes to the same thing.'

'Was he foreign also? — was it in your own country?'

'He is not Greek; but not of my own country, either; he is an Englishman. Never mind, I cannot explain. Anyway, a foreigner here, like myself. And it was not in my own country we met, but in Athens. We stayed many months there, and traveled together

with some other people. And when we found out, Myrto, that we loved each other very much, we were betrothed as you call it, though there was no ceremony, we just knew it ourselves.'

Myrto looked puzzled. 'But the lady, your sister?'

'Oh, my sister knew of course; her husband also. And — and, we were to have been married now, this Easter.'

There was a pause.

'Why then did not the marriage take place?' asked Myrto; 'was not your dowry ready?'

'Oh, quite ready; yes.'

'Then why?'

'Well, you see, we loved each other very, very much, but still we often disagreed, and like you, I too get angry easily; I have always been free, and sometimes I hated the thought of feeling bound, of being asked where I went and what I did.'

'But since he was your betrothed?' said Myrto gravely.

'I know; but it was only at times I hated it. Sometimes I liked it. Then you know I am — well, rather rich. My father left me what you would call here a big dowry, and he — Jim — has very little money, and one day when he had vexed me about something — I — as you say it is a madness that comes over you — I told him that he did not care for me so much as I had thought he did, and that perhaps if I were not so rich he would not wish to marry me! Yes, I told him that, beast that I was!'

And, like Myrto a little while ago, Katharine covered her face with her hands and rocked backwards and forwards.

'But — ah, please do not say such words — you! a beast! but, perhaps what you told him was true.'

'How dare you, Myrto? What do you mean?'

'I ask your forgiveness — I only

mean that though he must have been glad that you were beautiful and good, of course he must have been very glad also that you were rich; such a "good bride."'

'Ah, you do not understand. How should you? But I must say it all — I must, I must.'

She rose suddenly, laid her arms down on the narrow chimney-shelf, and buried her face on them. 'He was a man, you see, who was very proud; who did not care anything at all for the riches, and if another man had said this to him he would have knocked him down. But I was a woman, so he — he just went away and left me. And at first I thought I did not care much — but now —'

'Ah, yes; I know; I understand. At first one is angry and glad, — not a good gladness, — but afterwards you do not wish to see the sun shine by day, and when night comes you cannot sleep.' Then, after a pause, 'He went far away?'

'Not very far, but he was away a long time.'

'He has returned?'

'Yes.'

'Then if you suffered still, why did you not ask his forgiveness?'

'You did not, Myrto.'

'I? It is different. We are poor people, I cannot write; and if I could, do I know where he is, if I could find him? But you, a lady, it is another thing. You are learned, and can write and say much. Why did you not send him a letter?'

'I did, Myrto. But he never answered.'

'Then you must send another. Perhaps it was not given to him, or perhaps even his anger is slow to pass. You must write once more.'

Katharine lifted her head from her arms and looked at Myrto.

'I think I will,' she said slowly.

III

Though the afternoon was well advanced, the heat was still great when Myrto the next day toiled up behind the white-walled cemetery on her way to the Monastery.

The first part of the road is arid and treeless, without a particle of shade. Myrto had laden herself with a small earthen pitcher to fetch back water from the Monastery spring, which is famed even beyond Poros for its sweetness and purity.

The flocks of brown and black goats browsing on the slopes, to her left, were scarcely distinguishable among the huge gray rocks. Only the tinkle of their bells revealed their presence. Myrto dragged her feet wearily, and changed her pitcher from one arm to another. She rested it for a few moments on the top of the low wall which is built on the right of the road, where the cliffs are steepest, and then, with a spurt of courage, walked on, crossed the stone bridge, and almost ran down to the wide stretch of beach where the big fig trees grow. There, under their shade, she rested a while.

The old woman who was guarding the ripe figs spoke to her. 'Where may you be for?'

'For the Monastery: to light a candle.'

The old woman glanced at her. 'That is far. You should go to Saint Eleftherios. That is the church for those who are as you are.'

'No,' said Myrto simply, 'it is not for that I am going. My man — is away — I want to light a candle for his safe return.' She rose as she spoke.

'May it be for your help,' cried the woman after her. 'There is shade the rest of the way.'

Myrto passed the walled-in lemon-gardens, the tiny white chapel among the rocks close to the sea; and then the

pinces began. She was rested now, and a little breeze cooled her face as she walked.

Nature as a rule appeals little to those who live in the heart of her loveliest spots, but in a vague way Myrto felt the beauty of the road and the hour. The warm Sienna-red of the steep path wound up through the luminous green of the young pines. Very far below, on the right, the sea lapped lazily against the wooded crags, and the mountains of the mainland opposite stood out in one uniform tint of deep blue, against the paler blue of the sky. Nothing broke the silence but the low note of the crickets along the wayside, and the far distant striking of the waters by a many-oared *trata*, making for one of the little inlets below.

Long before she reached the Monastery she could see it in the distance. A long, low, white building, built round a square, after the fashion of the old Moorish palaces, half buried in the masses of surrounding trees.

The path wound in and out, now rising, now falling. It rose to the top of the cliff where the bright red earth crumbled between the gray rocks on the left; the open sea spread out in all its glorious expanse at the foot of the sheer fall of wooded crags on the right, and the Monastery gleamed white before her. Then again the path would dip suddenly, closing her in among the great pines, with nothing but their waving branches over her head, and their soft needles beneath her feet. Farther on, multitudes of young pines grew right down the hill to the water's edge. Seen from the height, they stood out in bright golden green against the dazzling blue of the sea. On canvas the colors would have seemed too crude, too shadowless, too glaring; but enveloped in that warm, quivering sunlight, they were a perfect harmony.

Three or four times the winding of the path made Myrto entirely lose sight of the Monastery, before she reached the spring under the giant plane tree overhanging the ravine.

There were some rough wooden benches under the shade of the tree. Letting her empty pitcher slip to the ground, she sank down inertly on one of these. Her aching back leaning against the trunk of the tree, her arms hanging down at either side of her body, her legs stretched out limply before her, her head drooping on her breast, and her eyes closed, she remained there, not asleep, but with all thought and sensation wiped out, save the one of rest after toil.

It was much later, almost dusk, when the thought began to shape itself in her tired brain, that she was at the Monastery, and her task not yet accomplished. She dragged herself wearily off the bench. A separate pulse seemed throbbing in each limb, and as she stooped over the spring to fill her pitcher, she felt a numb pain in her back which made her think that she could not stand upright again. However, it passed in a moment, and she rose and placed her full pitcher in the shade with a sprig of myrtle to stop up the mouth.

Then she slowly skirted the ravine, painfully climbing the broad low steps cut into the rock, leading up to the natural terrace on which stands the Monastery of the 'life-giving spring.'

Through the covered gateway she went into the inner court, planted with orange trees. Rows of arches support the white cells above. Two or three monks, standing on the wooden gallery which gives access to the cells, looked down curiously at her as she passed under the trellis with its overhanging bunches of grapes, and stopped to lean for a moment against the tall palm outside the chapel door.

One of them called out to her that they were just going to close the chapel for the night, but she passed straight in, seeming not to have heard him.

The double-headed Byzantine eagle on the centre flag of the floor, the magnificently carved *templon* before her, were nothing to Myrto, nor the graves of by-gone heroes of the War of Independence, whose epitaphs she could not read.

She took two candles off the brass tray at the entrance, laying down her copper coins in exchange. She lighted the first before the icon of the venerable white-bearded Saint Nicholas, who helps all those at sea; the second and larger one she stuck carefully, after lighting it, on a small iron spike in the circle of little candles placed round the tall wax candle, in its monumental candlestick, before the Virgin's icon.

This was quite a modern picture, the work of an Italian painter whose daughter had died, about fifty years ago, in the guest-house of the Monastery. It had been painted in gratitude for the care and attention she had received at the hands of the monks; the Virgin's face, it is said, being that of the lost daughter. Certainly it is a sweet, gentle face, not like the dark stern-looking Madonnas of most of the Byzantine icons.

Myrto stood with bent head before it, crossing herself devoutly. She felt strangely weak and dizzy, and words seemed to have lost their meaning. No form of prayer, no connected words even, rose to her lips.

'My little Virgin — my little Virgin, oh, my little Virgin!' she repeated over and over again. Then she bent forward and kissed the painted hand, the smooth, white, long-fingered hand, that made her think of Katharine's.

An old man, gray-bearded, in a rough frieze coat, came up to her out of the gloom.

'Are you staying long?' he asked. 'It will soon be dark.'

'Nay, I shall go now. I only came up to light a candle. This is it. Please leave it there, till it burns itself out, It is for my man. He is — away at sea.'

'Be easy,' he answered, 'no one ever touches the candles.'

They passed out of the chapel to the terrace. Over the wooded hill and the sea below, the light was fading fast.

'You came alone?'

'Yes; who should come with me?'

'You are from Poros?'

'Yes, from Poros.'

'The way is long for you.'

'I shall hold out,' she said. 'Good-night to you.'

'Good-night,' he answered; 'God be with you.'

Myrto never clearly remembered afterwards the details of that walk home in the fast-falling darkness.

At first, forgetting her pitcher at the spring, she plunged straight down into the ravine, into a tangle of lentisk and osier bushes. But as she had an impression afterwards of pieces of broken red earthenware on the ground and of the water about her feet, she must at some time have returned for the pitcher. She had vague memories of trees looming unnaturally tall before her, of rocks that seemed to rise under her feet, of a road that seemed as endless as a dream road, of darkness, and heat, and pain, and deadly fear. At last she had laid herself down, to die, she thought, on the broad ledge of the well, where the flocks are watered outside the village. Here there must have been a period of complete unconsciousness. She woke to find Barba Stathi's kind old face bending over her. She remembered being lifted on Kitso's back, and then waking again on her own mattress. Then she sent

the old man to fetch her neighbor, Kyra Sophoula, to her.

The small brown-faced old woman came at once. She grunted angrily, though, when she heard of the expedition.

'One dram of good sense while you had your man with you, my daughter, would have availed you more than walking barefooted from here to the Annunciation in Tenos, if you could do it.' Then, with a sort of rough pity for the hidden face, and writhing body, 'I do not say the Holy Virgin and Saint Nicholas will not listen to you, but I am old and have seen much. The saints will not help a fool too often.'

Myrto had sent for the old woman in all confidence, for Kyra Sophoula was that best of all things in man or woman, in gentle or simple: she was absolutely and entirely dependable. One knew that she would never fail in any emergency, great or small, from a cut finger to sudden death.

She was sharp-tongued — no doubt about that; many knew it to their cost, more especially as she had the mysterious gift of proving suddenly well aware of secret weaknesses, which the owners fondly imagined safely hidden. She would call any one a fool with the greatest equanimity, if she thought the epithet deserved; but she would help that same fool afterwards, or even before, if the matter pressed.

In the present case the necessity was urgent, and Kyra Sophoula talked no more, but did all that could be done to help Nature; for in Poros a doctor is called only if the case is very desperate. Happily Myrto's strong constitution and simple life helped her in her trial; perhaps even this last mad expedition had been of some use; for though she suffered much, the big clock of the Naval School had not struck midnight before her little son was born to her.

There was no circle of sympathizing neighbors to admire him, no proud father to receive him, no gun-shots were let off for joy at his birth; but Kyra Sophoula duly rubbed the tiny limbs with sugar that sweetness might follow him all his life, and did not neglect to fasten a piece of cotton-wool inside the little cap, that he might live to be white-haired. Then she laid him down beside his mother and watched them while they slept.

IV

About five days later, when the passengers from the Piræus steamer stepped out of Louka's rowing-boats upon the quay, there was a stranger among them who stood looking curiously about him. Not only a stranger, but certainly a foreigner as well. He was a square-shouldered young man of middle height, with a fair, sunburnt skin, dressed in a suit of gray flannels, of unmistakably English cut, and closely followed by a plump little fox-terrier, whose black patches on each side of his head were separated by a broad white parting.

His master shaded his eyes with his hand and looked out across the bay. He had traveled much in Greece, but had never before been to Poros.

What he saw was a blazing sun in a deep blue sky, a stretch of glittering water, the wooded hills, golden green with pines, on his right, and gray green with olives, on his left; and far away, masking the entrance by which the steamer had just come into the bay, the blue mass of the Sleeper.

'Pretty decent, is n't it, Pat?'

Pat looked up, cocked his ears, then, running across the quay, began vigorously sniffing at a row of empty jars set out for sale.

'Thirsty, eh? Well, wait a minute, old fellow.'

He beckoned to a man who was setting out little tables under the awning round the old column.

'*Oristé,*' came the quick reply, 'at your service.'

As the new-comer was a stranger of whom it was considered wise to take immediate possession, before the people at the rival inn could even discover his arrival, in a moment the master of the hotel himself was beside him, listening with admirable gravity to his halting Greek.

A room, certainly! one of the best, with a balcony to it. — Clean? Oh, that did not need a question. He had been to Athens and knew what gentlemen and ladies required. — Water for the little dog? '*Oristé,*' — at once. Yanni; Kosta; quickly a pan of water for the gentleman's little dog!

And as Pat proceeded to slake his thirst, the hotel-keeper eyed him approvingly.

A fine little dog, truly; there was one like him at the red house on the hill, but thinner. What did the gentleman say his name was? stooping over him as he asked. 'Paat? oh yes, Paat, Paat, good dog!'

Pat, who was admirably brought up, made a polite little movement with his tail and went on drinking.

But the gentleman was asking another question; Kyr Panayoti straightened himself up to answer.

A young lady? A stranger? Was she at his hotel? But certainly, certainly. She could not possibly have gone to the other little inn. Honest people? Oh yes, he did not wish to say the contrary, but not a fit place for a lady! What? Was she in the hotel just then? Well, he supposed so. At this hour! Where else would she be in the sun blaze?

At this moment the man at his elbow explained volubly.

'You will pardon me,' Kyr Panayoti

continued, 'I see I was mistaken. The servant says she left early this morning; an old man and his beast went also; and they took a basket. She said, it seems, that she would return late. I did not see the direction — no. Kosta, did you not notice which road the lady took with Barba Stathi, you stupid one? No, unfortunately the servant also does not know. It is a pity, but —'

Jim Larcher interrupted the flow of words. 'Very well. I will wait here. Can I have something to eat?'

'But certainly, *oristé*, at once; the *pilaf* will be ready now in two minutes, and the red mullets are of this morning's fishing.'

The young man crossed over to the shade and sat down.

Pat started on a little voyage of investigation on his own account, sniffed round the fishing-nets and the fruit-sheds, refused with disdain the invitation to fight of a little yellow dog, begged shamelessly from an old man who was eating bread with white *touloumi* cheese; chased two pigeons for a little way; jumped, with remarkable agility, considering his bulk, over a pannier placed in his way by one of the boat-boys; and at last returned to his master. After lolling out a pink tongue, and panting violently for a few seconds, he sat up and begged.

'What's the matter, old man? Feel the heat, eh, and want me to stop it? Well, I've already explained that that is n't so easy as you think. Sure to feel the heat, you know, with all that superfluous flesh of yours!'

For Pat was undoubtedly very stout. Disrespectful people had even been known to compare him to a little prize pig.

While waiting to be served, Jim pulled a letter out of his pocket, and began reading it. Though not a very lengthy one, it had occupied most of his time during the three hours' jour-

ney from Piræus; but he read every word of the four pages twice over again, and returned a third time to the postscript.

'Please, Jim, dear,' he read, 'don't think for a single instant that I shall be too proud to ask for your forgiveness, if you come to me, or that I have written all this to avoid the awkwardness of speaking it. Why, I shall just love to do it — after dreaming of it so often.'

The man came up with the dishes, and Jim thrust the letter back into his pocket.

After his coffee, he went up to his room and attempted a siesta, after the fashion of the country. But it was maddening to lie open-eyed on his bed, listening to Pat's contented snores. So he awoke the dog ruthlessly.

'Come along, Pat, you lazy brute, it will be better outside, anyway.'

Pat, having been most comfortably settled, felt doubtful, but he followed dutifully out to the now deserted quay.

V

Katharine had spent most of the preceding day in Myrto's little house, comforting and encouraging her, cooking beef-tea for her on her own little spirit-lamp, nursing the baby, trying hard to persuade Kyra Sophoula to dress it American-fashion and release its little arms from the swaddling clothes, promising that she and none other should be its god-mother.

'What shall we name him, Myrto?'

'Whatever your nobility pleases,' had answered Myrto.

But her 'nobility' knew better.

'What was the name of Leftheri's father?' she inquired.

'Petro.'

'Then Petro it shall be, and if it be allowed, I will give him also the name of my own father, Paul.'

'Why,' cried Myrto, delighted, 'he will have the same name-day for both names, on the twenty-ninth of June.'

'That will be splendid. Peter Paul! It was a great painter's name too, but I suppose you do not care about that.'

It so fell out that on the morning Jim arrived, Katharine felt the need of open air, after having been cooped up one whole day and the greater part of another in a tiny house, and had started early, accompanied by Barba Stathi and his donkey, for Poseidon's Temple; descending, before the heat became too great, over the hills into the Monastery woods. There she stayed during the greater part of the afternoon, reading, talking to old Barba Stathi, exploring the chapel, even attempting to sketch the beautiful inner court, with its trellis of grapes and its tall palm tree in the centre.

About five o'clock they started for Poros by the Monastery road. But when they arrived at the big beach, where the fig trees grow, it occurred to Katharine that it would be far too early when she returned to the village to shut herself up in the hotel, so she explained to Barba Stathi that she would stay here by the sea, and return alone later on. She paid him generously, and dismissed him with a smile, and Kitso with a friendly pat, on their homeward way.

There is a tiny crescent-shaped beach after the big one, closed in by white-veined gray rocks, over which the little waves tumble and foam. Katharine sat down there and watched the sea washing in between the jutting rocks in a perfect semi-circle, leaving white fringes of froth as it retreated. Beyond the point of the rocks, far away to the left, she could just distinguish a little white house, a walled-in garden with tall cypresses towering above the lemon trees, and then the headland with the sunset glow on its pines. At the ex-

treme point two solitary trees stood out darkly against the pale pink of the sky. The red line of the Monastery road wound up through the pines, and below them the rocks dipped boldly into the purple sea. Then straight out from the rocks swept the line of the horizon, that perfect, pure blue line that surpasses any curve in beauty. The violet hills of the mainland opposite closed it in on the other side.

The whole scene was almost too perfect, its coloring too vivid. In a painting, Katharine was positive she would have criticised it as too conventionally beautiful in all its details. But in Nature the eye had nothing left to wish for. Katharine thought of her sister at Grindelwald. Not for all the snow mountains and foaming cataracts in the world would she have changed with her, though she knew Hester was convinced of the contrary, and must be contemptuously pitying her for staying behind to be broiled in Greece, without any necessity. She wondered what part of the brain or temperament it is that invests all lines and coloring of the South with such an intense charm for some people, a charm which they cannot always put into words, when lovers of the North complain so bitterly of the heat, the dust, and the monotony of constant sunshine. This made her think of the book she had with her, and open it. The author was not only a lover of the South like herself, but he put her love into words for her, for which she was profoundly grateful. The book was Rodd's *Violet Crown*, without which she rarely went anywhere in Greece. Not the verses of a great poet. She knew that. But of one who had written the most tenderly of the land she loved, and who had defined its charm more perfectly than any modern author.

She opened the volume at hazard, looking up at the end of each verse.

A hillside scored with hollow veins
Through age-long wash of Autumn rains,
As purple as with vintage stains.

Surely those were the hills opposite
her on the mainland! And then —

A shore with deep indented bays,
And o'er the gleaming waterways
A glimpse of islands in the haze.

Yes, there were two of them: San
Giorgio and the lion-shaped Modi, in
the distance.

When she came to the last verse,
she smiled to hear the goat-bells tinkle
on the slopes behind her, they fitted in
so perfectly.

A shepherd's crook, a coat of fleece,
A grazing flock; the sense of peace,
The long sweet silence — this is Greece!

As she put the book down, its leaves
fell open of their own accord at one
of the last pages, and she read once
more the verses she almost knew by
heart.

There is a spirit haunts the place
All other lands must lack,
A speaking voice, a living grace,
That beckons fancy back,
Dear isles and sea-indented shore,
Till songs be no more sung,
The souls of singers gone before
Shall keep your lovers young.

She had not read for many minutes,
but when she looked up again the glow
was already fading. The purple of the
sea turned to green as she watched, the
violet of the hills to a dull blue, and
over the rose of the sky a gray veil
seemed to be slowly drawn. The little
house in the distance stood out whiter
against the hill, and the pines darker.
A small brown fishing-boat shot out
behind the rocks on the right. The
two men in it sang as they rowed: a
monotonous chant which died away
as they disappeared round the rocks
to the left. The plash of their oars
came fainter and fainter for a few mo-
ments, and then ceased.

Katharine stood upright, shook her
skirt free of the pebbles she had col-
lected in her lap, picked up her basket
and book, and turned to go.

From the road behind the shore
came a series of short, sharp barks.

Surely, she thought, that was not a
sheep dog.

The next moment a wildly-excited
little white ball came tumbling down
the slope, and was followed a moment
later by a man in gray, walking rapidly
toward her. As soon as she caught
sight of the outline of his figure against
the sky, she stopped suddenly. For a
moment a darkness came before her
eyes, and her knees trembled. The lit-
tle dog jumped wildly about her, but
she did not heed him.

The man came nearer. As he came
he raised his hat, and just spoke her
name in a low voice: —

'Katharine!'

When she heard his voice, she started
forward, and her lips parted. But no
sound came from them. They only
trembled a little.

'Katharine!' he said again, hoarse-
ly, putting out his hands.

She came two steps nearer and
stretching out both her own, she laid
them in his, and stood before him, her
head bent so low that her face was
hidden.

The man's face flushed.

'No,' he said, almost roughly, 'no,
don't do that. Look at me. For God's
sake, look at me, Katharine.'

She raised her head, and their eyes
met.

'I have come, you see, as soon as you
sent for me, though — if you remember
— I swore I would never see you again.
Tell me now, if you can, what made
you say what you did to me at that
awful time? It was a brutal thing to
say to a man, Katharine!'

'Jim,' and she disengaged one hand
to wipe her eyes clear of the tears

which had gathered in them, 'it would be far harder for me to beg your forgiveness for the vile words I said, if I had wronged you in my thoughts for any length of time. But I never really believed them, Jim. I was angry, dear, blindly, furiously angry, and I just picked out the words I knew would hurt most terribly, as, had I been younger, I might have picked up a stone to throw at you.'

'I wish it *had* been a stone. It would have hurt much less.'

'Yes; I know that. Jim, you can *never* understand, however you may try, those moments of mad anger, of cruel anger. You are so different, so good, they never come to you. When they get hold of me, I *want* to hurt and to hurt badly. Afterwards, when you had left me, I tried to make myself believe what I had said, as a sort of justification. Jim, I know you will be loving and dear to me always, I know you will want me to forgive myself, to forget — but you, *you*, can you ever quite forgive? Can you ever forget that I wanted to hurt you? Can you ever wipe out entirely? Ah, Jim, Jim,' and her voice broke, 'Jim, we shall *always* remember. There is no forgiveness that can ever make cruel words unsaid.'

The tears rolled fast down her face. Jim lifted her hands to his lips and kissed them, very tenderly.

'No, dear, I am afraid there is n't.'

For a moment her face was convulsed. Then she lifted her head up and tried to smile bravely through her tears.

'Yes, Jim, I know. But we will try not to let them spoil our happiness, won't we?'

He pressed both her hands close to him and looked into her face. 'Dear,' he said, 'my own dear one, I know perfectly well that I seem a brute, and worse, not to say that no forgiveness

is needed; that everything you do or say is forgiven in advance; that it is all forgotten long ago. But it would not be true. I've suffered horribly, dear, and you would not believe me if I said I had not. Only this you must believe. I love you *so*, that if you were to hurt me ten times worse, I should come back to you again, whenever you sent for me. Katharine, I can't forget the pain all at once, dear, but I know you will take it away — and now, I only love you — I love you.'

His voice trembled as he spoke.

'If I live,' she said solemnly, 'I will take all the pain away. Oh, Jim, Jim, I don't deserve you should be so good to me.'

And then she put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

VI

'Look here, dear,' said Jim, presently, 'you know my Aunt Charlotte has been staying all last spring in Athens, at the Angleterre, don't you?'

'Yes, I met her one day last March, when I was out shopping alone, and she stopped and spoke so nicely to me. It was so lovely of her to do it, when she might have passed me by with the chilliest of bows. I could have hugged her for it.'

'She's really fond of you. So you won't be vexed, will you, that last night I told her about your letter and how things were all right with us again. You don't mind, do you?'

Katharine gave a little start, but she answered at once, 'Why, no, I don't mind. Did she seem pleased, Jim?'

'Pleased! Why she was so glad, she just sat down and regularly cried for joy. She's an awfully good sort, is Aunt Charlotte, and she promised, any time I wired to her, that she'd come out here and stay with us for as long as we

liked. How does that idea strike you? Better than returning to town just now, is n't it?'

'Let's go right away now and cable, shall we?'

Then as they got on the road again, she stopped a moment and laid her hand on his arm.

'Ah, Jim, just look! You have never been here before, I know. Look at that red road through the pines — we shall go there to-morrow. Look at that curve of the bay and the reflection of those pink clouds. Did you ever see anything so perfect? Jim, speak — is n't it glorious?'

'Pretty decent,' acquiesced Jim, after a hasty glance round; and then, 'Don't ask me to look at anything else but you for a few days yet; I've been too famished. And photos are no good after you've had them for some time. They get to look like themselves, and not like the real person at all.'

'I know,' agreed Katharine, laughing happily.

When they came in sight of the Naval School the lights were already lighted, and by the time they reached the Narrow Beach, night was upon them, the soft summer night of Poros, star-lighted and pine-scented.

VII

It was nearly a month later, in the early dawn. The sky in the east was very faintly tinted with pink. There was a pinkish reflection on the white walls of Myrto's little house, and every leaf of the old mulberry tree in the courtyard was clearly outlined on the pale morning sky.

'You stay outside, Jim. She may be asleep yet, poor thing.'

Jim, nothing loath, waited with Pat beside him, while Katharine, after tapping gently, pushed open the door and went in.

He heard voices at once. Evidently Myrto was awake. He could not catch the rapid Greek, but once he fancied he heard a sort of a gasp. Then silence. Then Katharine's voice again, low and pleading, then slightly raised.

At last the shutters of the low window were thrown open and he heard himself called.

Katharine was standing at the open window, framed in the vine that grew around it, with the little child in her arms.

'Jim, come and help me: I can't persuade her that she must go to him. She thinks he will not want her.'

Myrto staggered past Katharine and stood in the doorway, her hands tightly pressed against her breast. She looked very white, and her eyes were fixed.

'And if he should send me away from him?' she said in a choking voice.

Jim saw that Katharine was on the verge of tears, whereupon he summoned up his best Greek to come to the rescue.

'No,' he said, 'never will he send you away. He wishes to see you very much, so much that he fears to come to you.'

'He fears! — he fears!' she repeated. 'Oh, my man, my man!'

Suddenly she sank down beside the door-post, and began sobbing violently, hiding her face in her arms.

In an instant Katharine was bending over her, trying to make her cease, thrusting the child into her arms.

'Take it, Myrto. Take it and go. Take the wee creature to his father, who has never seen him. The boat stands out there near the Rock of the Cross. All the men left it last night. Only Leftheri remained on board. Go, I tell you, go!'

At last they persuaded her. She rose, tied her kerchief over her head, wrapped a shawl round the child. As she closed the door and turned toward

the sea, Katharine, who knew many of the island phrases, said, 'May his return be joyful to you.'

Myrto stopped and turned her face toward them, with the tears still streaming down her cheeks. 'Whether he return with me or not, God lengthen your years, you who have been so good to me, and may your eyes never see parting.'

They smiled their thanks and stood together, looking after her, and she went down the steep street with the soft burden in her arms.

She walked past the deserted square, past the market-place, where a few early sellers were setting out their wares, and straight along between the smaller houses of the village and the line of moored boats, toward the Rock of the Cross.

Three or four people looked after her, curiously, but she never saw them. A girl whom she pushed unconsciously out of her way, called out angrily after her, but she paid no heed to the cries. The child whimpered and she hushed it mechanically, without looking at it. Once she stumbled over a net, and the old man who helped her up, said, 'Surely the net is big enough before your eyes. And carrying a child, too! Are you blind, my good woman?'

But she never answered him.

The boat, a large, blue-painted one, with its sails spread open to dry, was moored close to the sea-wall. A broad

plank led from the shore to the low deck.

Myrto knew it at once for a Poros boat which often carried lemons to Constantinople.

A little yellow dog came to the edge of the boat, and barked at her persistently. He seemed the only live thing on board.

Without pausing, only holding the child a little closer to her, she placed her foot on the sloping plank and stepped firmly up, on to the little deck.

There she staggered and caught at a rope to steady herself. Her limbs were heavy and numb, and her head felt as though she walked in a dream.

At last it seemed to her that she heard a movement below, like the drawing of a wooden stool across the floor. She advanced noiselessly to the dark opening leading to the small cabin, and looked down.

A man was there alone, seated before a table, his head buried in his arms.

Suddenly Myrto seemed to awaken, and with an inarticulate cry, just as she was, with the child in her arms, she half climbed, half flung herself down the stairs toward him.

It was long after sunrise when the man and the woman, with their child in his arms, climbed up the steep cabin-stairs and stepped out together into the light.

UNDERGRADUATE SCHOLARSHIP

BY WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER

UNDERGRADUATE scholarship has been for some time, and not without reason, the object of special criticism in educational discussions. It is a matter of encouragement that criticism is beginning to advance toward the more direct and vital issues involved. Probably nine tenths of the critics, academic and non-academic, have attributed the deficiencies which they note to athletics, to fraternities, or to social distractions of various sorts — in a word, to the environment of the student. Such criticism is not uncalled for, but it is quite insufficient. It makes the problem too easy. No one, for example, who deprecates the effect of athletics upon scholarship would be willing to guarantee an advance in scholarship corresponding to a decline in athletics.

Due account must be taken of the reflex influence of environment upon the student; but any criticism of the undergraduate at so vital a point as scholarship, if it is to be really remedial, must concern itself with forces which are immediately and constantly directive, — forces in fact which are institutional. Undergraduate scholarship is the product of the undergraduate school, in a broad sense the exponent of its aim, whether the school be a department of a university, or an independent college. To the degree in which the ideal or type of scholarship aimed at, differs from that set forth by the preparatory, technical, or professional school, there must be, as compared with these schools, an equivalent

adaptation of means to end. At the same time equal attention must be given to those principles and methods in general practice, which are found to be most effective in stimulating scholarship.

It is to be further noted, at the very outset of this discussion, that undergraduate scholarship, though the product of the undergraduate school, is not altogether and exclusively under its influence. Other forces which cannot produce scholarship may greatly affect it. Some of these outlying forces are very active and very influential. Special attention will be called later to this outward environment of educational work, of which the critics ought to be more observant and critical, and with which all who wish for the increase of scholarship ought to concern themselves.

But to return to the undergraduate school, which is immediately responsible for the character and quality of undergraduate scholarship — where may its responsibility be increased or be made more controlling?

A student is admitted to college by certification or by examination. In either event, during his course of preparation, his instructors have had continually in mind the tests through which he must pass to enter upon further academic study. They know that they are to be held reasonably responsible for the results of their instruction. The certificate system is supposed to stand, and does stand, in increasing degree, for guaranteed fitness on the part of the

student certified. By the restriction of the privilege of certification to schools amply qualified to fit for college, and by the further restriction of the privilege, by the schools themselves, to students of high grade, a college is reasonably assured that authorized instructors have taken a proper responsibility for the training of the incoming student. The examination system throws a greater responsibility upon the college, but it in no way lessens the feeling on the part of the preparatory teacher that he is held to definite results from his teaching. Whichever the way by which the student is delivered to the college, he comes out of the hands of instructors who have accepted certain well-defined responsibilities for results.

Four years later the same student, if he enters a professional school, finds himself at work under like conditions. At the end of his course he must pass given tests, imposed from without — by Medical Boards, by Bar Associations, by Ecclesiastical Councils, in the case of medicine and law the State virtually determining the tests. Instructors in these schools know that their work is to be tested. The student in the graduate school (so called), at work for the doctor's degree, carries on his investigations independently, and yet in a kind of comradeship with his instructors.

The work of college instructors is not subjected to any tests, except to those which are self-imposed. The diploma of a reputable college will admit to any professional school, unless there is some specific requirement for admission called for; but a college diploma represents the minimum of attainment which a given faculty judges to be necessary for graduation. It is not a certification of the special fitness of the student who holds it to proceed with academic study. The majority

of college graduates do not carry their studies beyond graduation. This exemption of college instruction from such tests as are applied elsewhere, from outside the instructing body, has not always obtained in this country. In the days of oral examinations, boards of examiners were appointed by trustees, to pass upon the standing of students. The work of these boards, at the beginning at least, was not perfunctory. The rating of students was largely determined by these examiners, and the relative proficiency of instructors, as well as of students, was freely discussed in the reports which they submitted to trustees. With the necessary change from the oral to the written examination, and for the reasons attending the change, the principle fell into disuse. Trustees put the examination of students, as well as their instruction, into the hands of faculties.

Where the principle of separating examination from instruction survives, as in the English colleges, it is generally conceded that the separation is to the advantage of scholarship. On the one hand, the instructor is relieved altogether of the imputation of being a taskmaster, and becomes the intellectual helper and friend of the student in the accomplishment of a common task. And on the other hand, the substitution of an outside standard for one of his own making is a stimulus to the instructor, so far as his work with and upon the student is concerned with definite results. This phase of scholastic life in the English colleges is brought out at first hand very clearly in an article by Assistant Professor Reed of Yale, entitled 'Yale from an Oxford Standpoint,' in the *Yale Alumni Weekly* for October 7, 1910; and also in the editorial comment upon this article in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, under date of November 2.

Unfortunately, there has come of

late into our American colleges a method of separating examination from instruction which is antagonistic to the original principle, and in every way deleterious to scholarship. As this method was in use while I was engaged in college work, and as I was 'consenting to it' under the exigencies of administration, I feel justified in condemning it, as in so doing I condemn myself for any official support which I then gave it. The instructor is allowed, and in most cases provision is made in accordance with the allowance, to turn over minor examinations, and not infrequently a large part of the major examinations, to subordinates who have had no place in instruction. The equal, if not superior, work of examination is committed to the inferior person. The examiner, known as the reader, may have scarcely more attainment in the subject than the better student. What incentive has such a student to do his best in an examination-paper which never comes under the eye of a really competent examiner? As a relief to an over-worked professor, or to an over-burdened treasury, the method speaks for itself; but it also speaks for itself as a method to degrade the examination system, to make instruction more impersonal, and to remove one of the chief incentives to the highest scholarship. The results of scholarship, when it really becomes scholarship, require delicate handling. The student of good intention and hard work, who can never be classed among scholars, is no less entitled to the most discriminating and therefore stimulating treatment.

It is also to be considered that the dignity as well as the validity of an examination depends upon the safeguards which are thrown around it. But proctoring is irksome, if not repugnant, to many members of a faculty. Consequently there is so much difference in

the personal conduct of examinations as to affect at times the value of the result: and, what is of more account, the indifference or inefficiency of reluctant proctors lowers the general value and significance of the test.

The arrangement of the curriculum of the undergraduate school has a direct bearing upon the character of undergraduate scholarship. In general, it may be said that whereas the curriculum of the preparatory school is to a degree intensive and cumulative, and that of the professional school altogether intensive and cumulative, the curriculum of the undergraduate school is extensive and discursive. Some of the subjects which make up the curriculum are brought over from the preparatory school for advanced treatment. Whether specifically required or not, the further study of them is requisite as a condition to the choice of distinctively college subjects. The increasing variety of subject-matter consists in part in the introduction of new subjects, but more in the constant division and subdivision of subjects old and new.

In considering the effect of this confusing or tempting variety of subject-matter upon scholarship, account is to be taken chiefly of its effect upon those who have the aptitudes and desires of the scholar. The omnivorous scholar still exists. Every new subject whets his appetite. Practically all subjects are of equal interest to him. The scholar still exists who likes to play the game, even though competition has pretty much died out. He is not so much interested in the thing to be done, as in the way of doing it. If anything is to be done it can be done in one way only, and that the best way — this compulsion being with him quite as much a matter of taste as of conscience. Such scholars as these are not types: they are simply individuals.

Undergraduate scholars are for the most part of three types: the born specialist, taking everything within reach bearing upon his specialty, taking anything else only by compulsion; the student who works under the lure of the practical end, keeping as close as possible to the vocational subject; and the man who wishes to make himself familiar with the widest range of subjects practicable. It is evident that no one of these types can represent the highest degree of conventional scholarship. The undergraduate specialist is pulled down by the necessary, but undesired subjects; the practical student cannot make his whole course, or indeed any large part of it, vocational; and the man-of-the-world in college does not aim so much at supreme excellence as at ready attainments.

What is the effect of the college curriculum upon the scholarship of the average student? It cannot be said that it is a stimulus to competitive scholarship. Competition presupposes a common and restricted field of endeavor. Men do not compete in scholarship more than in other things for general excellence. The curriculum lacks the essential stimulus of concentrated and protracted interest. It tends rather to discursiveness, to a certain amount of experimentation, and to a conclusion of effort in secondary results.

It was assumed, and with good reason, that the elective system would prove to be a stimulus by individualizing scholarship: that somewhere within the range of personal choice the subject would 'find' the man. I think that it has in many cases justified this assumption. I have in mind not a few brilliant illustrations of its finding-power. But in fulfilling this purpose it necessarily allows much experimenting. As a result the majority, unaided (and too much aid is inconsistent with the principle), never get beyond the stage

of self-experimenting. They keep, that is to say, too closely within the range of elementary courses; and when they are through college they can look back only upon a series of unfinished jobs.

Certain correctives, like the group system, the system of majors and minors, and, best of all, the requirement making proficiency in some advanced courses essential to graduation, have been introduced with good effect; but still comparatively few students reach the satisfaction, the courage, the joy, of any great accomplishment. It is something, sometimes it is very much, to have gained a certain facility in foreign languages, to have found out some of the methods of scientific research, to have become familiar with some of the problems of philosophy and of the social sciences, but these results cannot be very well expressed in the terms of exact scholarship. The construction of a curriculum which shall be a surer guide and a more effective stimulus to scholarship, is one of the inner problems of college administration which is yet to be solved, if scholarship of the intensive and cumulative type is expected of the colleges. At present, the curriculum is set toward breadth rather than toward intensity, toward quantity rather than toward quality.

A much more serious difficulty, in its effect upon undergraduate scholarship, than either of the foregoing, is the difficulty of making right adjustment between the mind of the instructor and the mind of the student. In the other higher departments of the educational system this adjustment is more nearly complete. The sympathetic relation between a preparatory-school teacher and his students is usually very close. The most effective teachers in this department, the most effective because the most influential and stimulating, are what Phillips Brooks

used to call 'boys' men.' In the technical and professional schools the mental adjustment of instructor to student is almost complete, largely because the specific intellectual interests are identical. The medical student is as eager to understand, as his instructor is eager to explain, the last discovery in medical science. So far as intellectual interest is concerned, the gap between the immature and the mature mind closes rapidly when the professional stage is reached.

Probably there are no two states of mind within any educational group of persons more remote from one another than the state of mind of the average boy entering college, and the state of mind of the doctor of philosophy just leaving the graduate school to enter upon college instruction. These, of course, are the extremes in the college group, yet they meet there and have to be adjusted. The solution of the difficulty does not lie in any lessening of the intellectual authority of the instructor. College students take very little account of instructors who do not know their subject, who have to draw too hard upon their reserves in teaching. But contact between instructor and student comes about only through the mutual widening of their intellectual sympathies, and here the greater obligation rests upon the instructor. That is, at least, the practical part of his business.

The separating effect of specialized study cannot be overlooked. It is manifest in the intellectual life of any faculty. The tendency of personal interest is more and more from the general to the specific. A language club tends to break up into several groups, or a scientific club, or any other club, which starts with wide affiliations. Any general club, to be successful, must be altogether social in its aims. It is doubtful if many members of a faculty

take much interest in those parts of the curriculum which are unrelated to their own, but which make an equal claim upon the interest of the student. Probably the relative number of Phi Beta Kappa men among college instructors is less than formerly, not because the men are less intellectual, but because they are more specialized, caring more for the training of the graduate than of the undergraduate school.

Meanwhile the undergraduate is in the dilemma of working under a curriculum which is growing more extensive (through the constant division and subdivision of subject-matter), and under instructors who are growing more specialized in their intellectual interests. The curriculum bears the stamp of the college, the faculty bears the stamp of the university, many of them being on their way to university teaching, or having that before them as the goal of their ambition. Which stamp shall be put upon the student? Which type of scholarship shall he express, so far as he becomes distinctively a scholar? Or, if it be insisted that the inconsistency is not so great as it appears to be, how shall the spirit of scholarship be kindled and developed under these general conditions? When the question is thus simplified, it is quickly answered — the instructor must take the initiative. The student is the objective of the instructor, not the instructor of the student. The immediate objective of the student is the subject before him. If the instructor, who is, as he ought to be, an investigator, is to be a quickening force among undergraduate students, he must see to it that his intellectual sympathies widen as his intellectual interest intensifies. A recognized authority he must be at any cost, but this will not avail without some equivalent power of contact.

The adjustment between instructor and student through the principle of intellectual sympathy is substantially the process which is at work in the preceptorial system at Princeton. Undergraduates are grouped around an instructor, who is not only qualified to instruct, but is in sympathy with the method; and who is at an age when he can afford to take the time which the method demands. It is at least germane to the preceptorial system that an instructor shall have to do with two or three related subjects, thus neutralizing in some measure the effects of specialization. The retirement of President Wilson from Princeton while this most interesting experiment is going on, however great may be the ultimate advantage to the country, is to be much regretted from the educational point of view.

The questions which have been under consideration, suggested by the present state of undergraduate scholarship, are all inner questions, institutional, as being in and of the undergraduate school itself. Reversing the order of inquiry: How shall the right adjustment be effected between the mind of the instructor and the mind of the student? Which shall determine the type of scholarship in the undergraduate, the curriculum, or the intellectual interests of the instructor? Who shall examine the undergraduate? Shall examination be included in instruction, or shall instructor and student work together under the common stimulus of an outside test? These are questions which have an immediate bearing upon the scholarship of the undergraduate. On the one hand, the answer to them may relieve his mind of confusion as to the type of scholarship demanded of him. And on the other hand, the answer may determine more clearly the relation in which he stands to his instructor, and to his

examiner, whether these be one and the same or different persons. Other questions of like character are coming under discussion. The suggestive and encouraging fact is, as has been already intimated, that the college mind is becoming introspective. The turn of thought is that way. It is no longer satisfied with excuses, or explanations, or criticisms, which have to do chiefly with the environment of the undergraduate.

Neither is it content to abide in the gains which have defined the progress of the colleges during the past thirty years. From the strictly educational point of view, the great gain of this period has consisted in the introduction of the new and vast subject-matter of the sciences, physical and social, into the curriculum; in the reconciliation of this subject-matter with that already in place; and in the provision made for the adequate treatment of the new and the old, by methods equally essential to both. In the order of progress it was clear that the next gain must come from the utilization of the new material and the new methods in the advancement of scholarship. By a happy coincidence, in the case of several of the New England colleges, the opportunity for this specific result in college development comes at the same time with changes in administration. A group of relatively young men, of similar training, with like general views and purposes, and all imbued with the high spirit of modern scholarship, have entered upon their several tasks with a fine community of interest, and a clear definiteness of aim. Much in every way is to be expected from their individual and united action, much especially because their approach to their task has been singularly positive and direct in the endeavor to reach the springs of scholarship. Unlike many of the critics, they do not appear

to be overmuch concerned with questions of mere environment, while closer and more determining questions lie unsolved.

But what of the environment of the undergraduate as affecting his scholarship? Because it is not, as commonly interpreted, the determining influence, it does not follow that it is not a potent influence. There is a very definite, though very subtle, danger to scholarship in the environment of the undergraduate. It is important that no mistakes be made in the attempt to locate it. When a student enters college he goes into residence for four years in a somewhat detached community. This fact of protracted residence has gradually created an environment unlike anything which has preceded in the experience of the undergraduate, except as he may have come from a private school of long history; and unlike anything which will probably follow. The average professional student can hardly be said to be in residence. He may live anywhere; and, for that matter, anyhow. Careful provision has been made for the undergraduate in all that goes to make up his life in residence. College halls are halls of learning; they are equally the homes of men. This man lived or lives here, that man there. This life in residence, as it goes on from generation to generation, evolves its own environment of traditions, of associations and fellowships, of collective or organized activities, and, most subtle and powerful of all influences, of sentiment — college sentiment.

The ordinary effect of traditions is easily overestimated. In emergencies, or on occasions, the great traditions come out in commanding force. But the traditions which affect the daily life are quite ephemeral. Many of them disappear as quickly as they are formed. A graduate of ten years is surprised to

find, on his return, that most of the traditions of his time have been supplanted. Few customs, good or bad, persist under the force of tradition; and of those which do persist, few have any direct bearing upon scholarship.

The social life of the undergraduate seems complex and distracting, but the complexity and distraction are more in appearance than in reality. For one thing, the undergraduate has no social duties. A few functions like Junior Prom. are exacting. These are in contrast with the ordinary conventions. There is the constant opportunity to waste time agreeably. The temptation to loaf is always at hand, but so is the remedy — increase the requirement of work. As to fraternities and clubs, it is probable that men who belong to them rank in scholarship below those who do not. It is, however, an open question whether the lower rank is due to the fraternity or to the man. The unsocial man has the advantage over the social man in respect to the use of time. It is doubtful if this advantage is a sufficient compensation for real social losses. The college fraternity has the same reason in human nature as the club in the town-community. A lonesome mind is not the only mind fitted for study. Companionship is a proper setting for intellectual effort. For this reason it is doubtful if social intimacy between the members of a faculty and younger undergraduates can be real enough to be very helpful. Among mature undergraduates there is a sufficient social basis for any direct intellectual stimulus from those of a faculty who are inclined and qualified to make use of it.

It is only as we enter the field of the organized activities of undergraduate life that we find anything which comes into competition with scholarship. All else is merely diverting: athletics alone are competitive. Why are aca-

demic athletics competitive with scholarship? Because they represent attainment, an attainment representing many of the qualities, and much of the discipline, which scholarship requires. At present, football is the only game which rises to the dignity of competition, largely because of its intellectual demands. It is a game of strategy quite as much as of force. The recent uncovering of the game makes this fact more evident. Baseball has become, for the most part, a recreation, and training for track events is an individual discipline.

An attitude of jealousy on the part of a faculty toward athletics, viewed as competitive with scholarship, is a weak attitude. Athletics, rising to the standard of attainment, and therefore of interest to a college at large, ought to be recognized, — in a certain way organized into the life of the college; or they ought to be abolished, that is, reduced to a recreation. Can the colleges afford to reduce athletics to a recreation? Would this course be in the interest of scholarship? What would take their place in supplying virility, physical discipline, and the preventive moral influence which they exert? What substitute would be introduced for protection against the soft vices? The alternative to athletics is to be feared. The virile sports must keep their place among us, lest there become 'dear to us,' as to the Phæacians of the *Odyssey*, 'the banquet, and the harp, and the dance, and changes of raiment, and the warm bath, and love, and sleep.'

Academic athletics have their drawbacks: there are personal liabilities from overtraining as from overstudy, there are tendencies to professionalism which must be carefully watched, there are rivalries which may become ungenerous, and which ought to be suspended; but, fundamentally, ath-

letics are a protection to vigorous and healthy scholarship far more than a detriment to it, as I believe would appear in no long time, if recreation were offered as a substitute for athletics. From the days of the Greeks till now, athletics have had a legitimate place in academic life.

Wherein, then, lies the danger to scholarship from the environment of the undergraduate? I reply at once, in college sentiment — the most subtle, constant, and powerful influence which comes upon the undergraduate out of his environment. College sentiment is at present negative toward scholarship. By contrast, it is positive toward one form of athletics. But, as has been argued, if the athlete were removed, it does not follow that college sentiment would become positive toward the scholar. We must look deeper for the reason of the lack of undergraduate enthusiasm for scholarship.

Any analysis of college sentiment will show, I think, two facts bearing directly upon the question. First, the undergraduate has learned to dissociate scholarship from leadership. Has learned, I say, for this is the result of his own observation within his own world. It is difficult to show an undergraduate that he is mistaken in his observation, for leadership is an unmistakable influence. Men feel it, and can tell from whence it emanates. The opinions and practices of the leading men in college virtually determine college sentiment. Leadership grows out of the combination of personality with attainment. The proportion of personality to attainment varies greatly, but neither one is sufficient of itself to make a leader. The loafer cannot become a leader, however agreeable he may be personally. The athlete cannot become a leader, if he is not essentially a gentleman, with some recognizable intellectual force. When the scholar fails

to reach leadership, the lack is somewhere in those qualities which make up effective personality—authority, virility, sympathy, sincerity, manners.

Probably the majority of real college leaders are to be found in the second grade of scholarship, adding a few athletes, who would be in that grade except for the exacting requirements of athletics at some one season of the year. These men have personality and attainment, but not attainment enough to make them influential scholars. If with one accord and with generous enthusiasm these men would add twenty per cent to their scholastic attainment, they would in due time convert the undergraduate to the idea of scholarship. This act on their part would require concentration of purpose, where now their energies are directed toward various kinds of attainment and accomplishment.

It would not be a difficult thing to effect this result were it not for the second fact which must be considered in this connection, namely, the fact that undergraduate sentiment regarding scholarship is the reflection, in large degree, of the sentiment of the outside world regarding it. Although it is true, as has been said, that the undergraduate lives in a somewhat detached community, still that community is very vitally and sensitively related to the world without, of which it is consciously a part. In this world into which the graduate passes, the scholar as such, with one exception which will be noted, has little public recognition and less public reward. In Germany the scholar is sure of reputation, if not of more tangible reward. This at least is the present fact. Whether the scholarship of the nation, which was developed during the period of its isolation, will maintain its relative place as the nation adjusts itself to the rising commercial instinct, and takes

the political fortune of a world-power, is yet to be seen. In England, the leaders of the nation are picked from the honours men of the universities. It is not necessary that they make connection with the public service through related subjects of study. It is enough that they prove themselves to be men of power by the ordinary tests of scholarship. In this country there is no sure and wide connection between scholarship and reputation, or between scholarship and the highest forms of public service. The graduate, as he takes his place in the outer world, must pass the tests which are applied to personality quite as rigidly as to attainment. In Germany, the personal element is of secondary account. In England, care is taken in advance to see that it meets public requirements, so far at least as it can be secured by good breeding. Among us, the scholar of insufficient or of untrained personality takes his chance in the world, and usually at his cost.

An exception, a marked exception to the unresponsiveness of the public mind to scholarship, appears in the recognition and appreciation of scientific research leading to utility. The president of a university has recently proposed to concentrate the work of his university, through a great endowment, upon scientific research as the only rewarding business of a university. This would mean, as he frankly admits, the elimination of students to whom the scientific stimulus could not be applied. This proposal suggests the changing, if not the lessening, area of contact between academic scholarship and the outer world. Science has done much, very much, to quicken and enlarge the intellectual life; but it has not as yet created a widespread culture of its own. Meanwhile, through the interest which it has aroused in its practical application, and in the

expectation which it is awakening of yet greater practical results, it has in a measure disconnected the mind of the world from the intellectual wealth of the past. Interest in the past has become of the same general kind with interest in the present and future: that is, scientific. The sympathetic attitude toward the higher experiences of mankind, resulting in a familiarity with the best things which men have said and done, has given place to the inquiring and investigating attitude. The humanities have not been discarded, but they have been discredited to the extent that no expression of human thought, outside the realm of poetry, is any longer taken at its face value. It is not too much to say that the current intellectual life is in a state of confusion, which makes it incapable of reacting in any very stimulating way upon that intellectual life in the colleges which is in the formative and developing stage. The intellectual life of the undergraduate cannot be considered apart from the intellectual life out of which he comes, and to which he returns.

There is a certain apologetic attitude in this country toward intellectual achievement, of which we are hardly conscious, but which is manifest in our desire to associate intellectual power with some conspicuously worthy end — an attitude of which the *Nation* has fitly reminded us in a recent editorial on 'Intellect and Service.' Acknowledging its full 'admiration of the man who makes his scholarship an instrument of service,' the editorial proceeds: 'We do not object to praise of the scholar in politics, or of the scholar in social betterment or in economic reform; we object only to the preaching of a gospel which leaves all other scholars out in the cold. If, on the one hand, you offer all the shining outward rewards of effort to those

who do not go into intellectual pursuit at all, and, on the other hand, you reserve all appreciation and praise for such intellectual achievements as bear directly on the improvement of political and social conditions, you cannot expect the life of the scholar and thinker and writer in other domains to present to aspiring youth that fascination which is the greatest factor in determining the direction of his ambitions. Exalt service by all means, but preserve for pure intellectual achievement its own place of distinction and regard. Do the one, and applaud it; but leave not the other undone or unhonored.'

The advancement, then, of undergraduate scholarship is to be considered, not merely or chiefly as a question of the environment of the undergraduate — his world of associations or activities, or even of sentiment, except as that is understood in its wide relations. Undergraduate scholarship is fundamentally related to the aim and purpose and actual operation of the undergraduate school, involving many questions of the kind which have been suggested. It is vitally related to those laws of human nature which insist upon personal power as an element in leadership, and which cannot be waived in favor of the scholar who persists in ignoring the requisite physical and social training. It is no less vitally related to the intellectual life of the whole community, committed as every college is, according to the measure of its influence, to the high endeavor of bringing order out of the present confusion; of elevating the intellectual tone of society; and especially of creating a constituency able to resist the more enticing, but demoralizing, influences of modern civilization, and able to support those influences which can alone invigorate and refine it. It is always best to take the real measure of an urgent problem, to dismiss all

impatience, to work on under the inspiration of the knowledge that the process of solution is long and hard, and that it widens as it advances; but to feel that delaying questions, which rise on the way, contribute to the assurance of a satisfying result. Some-

thing will have been gained in the present instance, if it has been made evident to the public that the problem of undergraduate scholarship is not so easy, so narrow, or so uninspiring a problem, as many of the critics would have us believe.

THE OLD BRIDGE¹

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

ON the old, old bridge, with its crumbling stones
All covered with lichens red and gray,
Two lovers were talking in sweet low tones:
And we were they!

As he leaned to breathe in her willing ear
The love that he vowed would never die,
He called her his darling, his dove most dear:
And he was I!

She covered her face from the pale moonlight
With her trembling hands, but her eyes looked through,
And listened and listened with long delight:
And she was you!

On the old, old bridge, where the lichens rust,
Two lovers are learning the same old lore;
He tells his love, and she looks her trust:
But we, — no more!

¹ Freely rendered from the French of Auguste Angellier.

THE WAR AGAINST WAR

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

IN recent years a famous millionaire has presented a more than princely gift to the cause of peace. His action has been significant, not only because it has shown that a hard-headed man of business considers that the abolition of war is a cause in which he may profitably spend millions, but because of the attitude of the man in the street. Not so very long ago a millionaire who gave money for the cause of peace would have been regarded by the average man as an amiable faddist, perhaps touched by senile decay, who was attracted to the dream of Universal Peace as another might be attracted to a Hospital for Consumptive Cats or a Society for the Promotion of Vegetarianism in Greenland. But Mr. Carnegie's magnificent donation has to-day been generally received, quite seriously, as a noble effort toward the solution of a practical problem which is becoming acute.

There are, no doubt, special reasons why at the present time war, and the armaments of war, should appear an intolerable burden which must be thrown off as soon as possible. But the abolition of the ancient method of settling international disputes by warfare is not a problem which depends for its solution on any mere temporary hardship. It is implicit in the natural development of the process of civilization. As soon as in primitive society two individuals engage in a dispute which they are compelled to settle, not by physical force, but by a resort to an impartial tribunal, the thin end of the

wedge is introduced and the ultimate destruction of war becomes merely a matter of time. If it is unreasonable for two individuals to fight, it is unreasonable for two groups of individuals to fight.

The difficulty has been that while it is quite easy for an ordered society to compel two individuals to settle their differences before a tribunal, in accordance with abstractly determined principles of law and reason, it is a vastly more difficult matter to compel two groups of individuals so to settle their differences. This is the case even within a society. Hobbes, writing in the midst of civil war, went so far as to lay down that the 'final cause' of a commonwealth is nothing else but the abolition of 'that miserable condition of war which is necessarily consequent to the natural passions of men when there is no visible power to keep them in awe.' Yet we see to-day that, even within our highly civilized communities, there is not always any adequately awful power to prevent employers and employed from engaging in what is little better than a civil war; nor even to bind them to accept the decision of an impartial tribunal they may have been persuaded to appeal to. The smallest state can compel its individual citizens to keep the peace; a large state can compel a small state to do so; but hitherto there has been no guarantee possible that large states, or even large compact groups within the state, should themselves keep the peace. They commit what injustice they please, for

there is no visible power to keep them in awe. We have attained a condition in which a state is able to enforce a legal and peaceful attitude in its own individual citizens toward one another. The state is the guardian of its citizens' peace, but the old problem recurs, — *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*

It is obvious that this difficulty increases as the size of states increases. To compel a small state to keep the peace by absorbing it if it fail to do so, is always an easy and even tempting process to a neighboring larger state. This process was once carried out on a complete scale, when practically the whole known world was brought under the sway of Rome. 'War has ceased,' Plutarch was able to declare in the days of the Roman Empire; and though himself an enthusiastic Greek, he was unbounded in his admiration of the beneficence of the majestic *Pax Romana*, and never tempted by any narrow spirit of patriotism to desire the restoration of his own country's glories. But the Roman organization broke up, and no single state will ever be strong enough to restore it.

To-day the interests of small states are so closely identified with peace that it is seldom difficult to exert pressure on them to maintain it. It is quite another matter with the large states. The fact that during the past half-century so much has been done by the larger states to aid the cause of international arbitration, and to submit disputes to international tribunals, shows how powerful the motives for avoiding war are nowadays becoming. But the fact, also, that no country hitherto has abandoned the liberty of withdrawing from peaceful arbitration any question involving 'national honor,' shows that there is no constituted power strong enough to control large states. For the reservation of questions of national honor from the sphere of law is as ab-

surd as would be any corresponding limitation by individuals of their liability for their acts before the law; it is as though a man were to say, 'If I commit a theft, I am willing to appear before the court and will probably pay the penalty demanded; but if it is a question of murder, then my vital interests are at stake, and I deny altogether the right of the court to intervene.' It is a reservation fatal to peace, and could not be accepted if pleaded at the bar of any impartial international tribunal with the power to enforce its decisions. The proposals, therefore, — though not yet accepted by any government, — lately mooted in the United States, in England, and in France, to submit international disputes, without reservation, to an impartial tribunal, represent an advance of peculiar significance.

The abolition of collective fighting is so desirable an extension of the abolition of individual fighting, and its introduction has awaited so long the establishment of some high compelling power, — for the influence of the Religion of Peace has in this matter been less than nil, — that it is evident that only the coincidence of very powerful and peculiar factors could have brought the question into the region of practical politics in our own time. There are several such factors, most of which have been developing during a long period, but none have been clearly recognized until recent years. It may be worth while to indicate the great forces now warring against war.

1. *Growth of international opinion.* There can be no doubt whatever that during recent years, and especially in the more democratic countries, an international consensus of public opinion has gradually grown up, making itself the voice, like a Greek chorus, of an abstract justice. It is quite true that of

this justice, as of justice generally, it may be said that it has wide limits. Renan declared once, in a famous allocution, that 'what is called indulgence is, most often, only justice'; and, at the other extreme, Remy de Gourmont has said that 'injustice is sometimes a part of justice'; in other words, there are varying circumstances in which justice may properly be tempered either with mercy or with severity. In any case, and however it may be qualified, a popular international voice generously pronouncing itself in favor of justice, and resolutely condemning any government which clashes against justice, is now a factor of the international situation.

It is, moreover, tending to become a factor having a certain influence on affairs. This was the case during the South African War, when England, by offending this international sense of justice, fell into a discredit which had many actual unpleasant results, and narrowly escaped, there is some reason to believe, proving still more serious. The same voice was heard with dramatically sudden and startling effect when Ferrer was shot at Barcelona. Ferrer was a person absolutely unknown to the man in the street; he was indeed little more than a name even to those who know Spain; few could be sure, except by a kind of intuition, that he was the innocent victim of a judicial murder, for it is only now that the fact is being slowly placed beyond dispute. Yet immediately after Ferrer was shot within the walls of Monjuich a great shout of indignation was raised, with almost magical suddenness and harmony, throughout the civilized world, from Italy to Belgium, from England to Argentina. Moreover, this voice was so decisive and so loud that it acted like those legendary trumpet-blasts which shattered the walls of Jericho; in a few days the Spanish gov-

ernment, with a powerful minister at its head, had fallen. The significance of this event we cannot easily overestimate. For the first time in history, the voice of international public opinion, unsupported by pressure, political, social, or diplomatic, proved potent enough to avenge an act of injustice by destroying a government.

A new force has appeared in the world, and it tends to operate against those countries which are guilty of injustice, whether that injustice be exerted against a state or even only against a single obscure individual. The modern developments of telegraphy and the press — unfavorable as the press is in many respects to the cause of international harmony — have placed in the hands of peace this new weapon against war.

2. *International financial development.* There is another international force which expresses itself in the same sense. The voice of abstract justice raised against war is fortified by the voice of concrete self-interest. The interests of the propertied classes, and therefore of the masses dependent upon them, are to-day so widely distributed throughout the world that whenever any country is plunged into a disastrous war there arises in every other country, especially in rich and prosperous lands with most at stake, a voice of self-interest in harmony with the voice of justice. It is sometimes said that wars are in the interest of capital, and of capital alone, and that they are engineered by capitalists masquerading under imposing humanitarian disguises. That is doubtless true to the extent that every war cannot fail to benefit some section of the capitalistic world, which will therefore favor it; but it is true to that extent only. The old notion that war and the acquisition of territories encourage

trade by opening-up new markets, has proved fallacious. The extension of trade is a matter of tariffs rather than of war, and in any case the trade of a country with its own acquisitions by conquest is but a comparatively insignificant portion of its total trade. But even if the financial advantages of war were much greater than they are, they would be more than compensated by the disadvantages which nowadays attend war.

International financial relationships have come to constitute a network of interests so vast, so complicated, so sensitive, that the whole thrills responsively to any disturbing touch, and no one can say beforehand what widespread damage may not be done by shock even at a single point. When a country is at war its commerce is at once disorganized, that is to say, its shipping, and the shipping of all the countries that carry its freights, is thrown out of gear to a degree that often cannot fail to be internationally disastrous. Foreign countries cannot send in the imports that lie on their wharves for the belligerent country, nor can they get out of it the exports they need for their own maintenance or luxury. Moreover, all the foreign money invested in the belligerent country is depreciated and imperiled. The international voice of trade and finance is, therefore, to-day mainly on the side of peace.

It must be added that this voice is not, as it might seem, a selfish voice only. It is justifiable, not only in immediate international interests, but even in the ultimate interests of the belligerent country; and not less so if that country should prove victorious. So far as business and money are concerned, a country gains nothing by a successful war, even though that war involve the acquisition of immense new provinces: after a great war, a con-

quered country may possess more financial stability than its conqueror, and both may stand lower in this respect than some other country which is internationally guaranteed against war. Such points as these have of late been ably argued by Norman Angell in his remarkable book, *The Great Illusion*, and for the most part convincingly illustrated. As was long since said, the ancients cried, *Vae victis!* We have learnt to cry, *Vae victoribus!*

It may, indeed, be added, that the general tendency of war, putting aside peoples altogether lacking in stamina, is to moralize the conquered. And to demoralize the conquerors. This effect is seen alike on the material and the spiritual sides. Conquest brings self-conceit and intolerance, the reckless inflation and dissipation of energies. Defeat brings prudence and concentration; it ennobles and fortifies. All the glorious victories of the first Napoleon achieved less for France than the crushing defeat of the third Napoleon. The triumphs left enfeeblement; the defeat acted as a strong tonic which is still working beneficently to-day. The accompanying reverse process has been at work in Germany: the German soil that Napoleon ploughed yielded a Moltke and a Bismarck, while to-day the German press is crying out that only another war — it has not the insight nor the honesty to say an unsuccessful war — can restore the nation's flaccid muscle. It is yet too early to see the results of the Russo-Japanese war, but already there are signs that, by industrial over-strain and by the repression of individual thought, Japan is threatening to enfeeble the physique and to destroy the high spirit of the indomitable men to whom she owed her triumph.

3. *The natural exhaustion of the warlike spirit.* It is a remarkable

tendency of the warlike spirit — frequently emphasized in recent years by the distinguished zoölogist, President David Starr Jordan — that it tends to exterminate itself. Fighting stocks, and peoples largely made up of fighting stocks, are naturally killed out, and the field is left to the unwarlike. It is only the prudent, those who fight and run away, who live to fight another day; and they transmit their prudence to their offspring.

Great Britain is a conspicuous example of a country which, being an island, was necessarily peopled by predatory and piratical invaders. A long succession of warlike and adventurous peoples — Celts, Romans, Anglo-Saxons, Danes, Normans — built up England and imparted to it their spirit. They were, it was said, 'a people for whom pain and death are nothing, and who only fear hunger and boredom.' But for over eight hundred years they have never been reinforced by new invaders, and the inevitable consequences have followed. There has been a gradual killing-out of the warlike stocks, a process immensely accelerated during the nineteenth century by a vast emigration of the more adventurous elements in the population, pressed out of the over-crowded country by the reckless and unchecked increase of the population which occurred during the first three quarters of that century. The result is that the English (except sometimes when they happen to be journalists) cannot now be described as a warlike people. Old legends tell of British heroes who, when their legs were hacked away, still fought upon the stumps. Modern poets feel that to picture a British warrior of to-day in this attitude would be somewhat far-fetched. The historian of the South African War points out, again and again, that the British leaders showed a singular lack of the fighting

spirit. During that war English generals seldom cared to engage the enemy's forces except when their own forces greatly outnumbered them, and on many occasions they surrendered immediately they realized that they were themselves outnumbered. Those reckless Englishmen who boldly sailed out from their little island to face the Spanish Armada were long ago exterminated; an admirably prudent and cautious race has been left alive.

It is the same story elsewhere. The French long cherished the tradition of military glory, and no people has fought so much. We see the result to-day. In no country is the attitude of the intellectual classes so calm and so reasonable on the subject of war, and nowhere is the popular hostility to war so strongly marked. Spain furnishes another instance which is even still more decisive. The Spanish were of old a preëminently warlike people, capable of enduring all hardships, never fearing to face death. Their aggressively warlike and adventurous spirit sent them to death all over the world. It cannot be said, even to-day, that the Spaniards have lost their old tenacity and hardness of fibre, but their passion for war and adventure was killed out three centuries ago.

In all these and like cases there has been a process of selective breeding, eliminating the soldierly stocks and leaving the others to breed the race. The men who so loved fighting that they fought till they died had few chances of propagating their own warlike impulses. The men who fought and ran away, the men who never fought at all, were the men who created the new generation and transmitted to it their own traditions.

This selective process, moreover, has not merely acted automatically; it has been furthered by social opinion and social pressure, sometimes very dras-

tically expressed. Thus in the England of the Plantagenets there grew up a class called 'gentlemen,'—not, as has sometimes been supposed, a definitely defined class, though they were originally of good birth,—whose chief characteristic was that they were good fighting men, and sought fortune by fighting. The 'premier gentleman' of England, according to Sir George Sitwell, and an entirely typical representative of his class, was a certain glorious hero who fought with Talbot at Agincourt, and also, as the unearthing of obscure documents shows, at other times indulged in housebreaking and in wounding with intent to kill, and in 'procuring the murder of one Thomas Page who was cut to pieces while on his knees begging for his life.' There, evidently, was a state of society highly favorable to the warlike man, highly unfavorable to the unwarlike man, whom he slew in his wrath. Nowadays, however, there has been a revaluation of these old values. The cowardly, and no doubt plebeian, Thomas Page, multiplied by the million, has succeeded in hoisting himself into the saddle, and he revenges himself by discrediting, hunting into the slums, and finally hanging, every descendant he can find of the premier gentleman of Agincourt.

It must be added that the advocates of the advantages of war are not entitled to claim this process of selective breeding as one of the advantages of war. It is quite true that war is incompatible with a high civilization, and must in the end be superseded. But this method of suppressing it is too thorough. It involves not merely the extermination of the fighting spirit, but of many excellent qualities, physical and moral, which are associated with the fighting spirit. Benjamin Franklin seems to have been the first to point out that 'a standing army diminishes the size and breed of the human spe-

cies.' Even in Franklin's lifetime that was being demonstrated on a wholesale scale, for there seems little reason to doubt that the size and stature of the French nation have been permanently diminished by the constant levies of young recruits, the flower of the population, whom Napoleon sent out to death in their first manhood and still childless. Fine physical breed involves also fine qualities of virility and daring which are needed for other purposes than fighting. In so far as the selective breeding of war kills these out, its results are imperfect, and could be better attained by less radical methods.

4. *The growth of the anti-military spirit.* The decay of the warlike spirit by the breeding-out of fighting stocks has in recent years been reinforced by a more acute influence, of which in the near future we shall certainly hear more. This is the spirit of anti-militarism. This spirit is an inevitable result of the decay of the fighting spirit. In a certain sense it is also complementary to it. The survival of non-fighting stocks by the destruction of the fighting stocks works most effectually in countries having a professional army. The anti-military spirit, on the contrary, works effectually in countries having a national army, in which it is compulsory for all young citizens to serve, for it is only in such countries that the anti-militarist can, by refusing to serve, take an influential position as a martyr in the cause of peace.

Among the leading nations, it is in France that the spirit of anti-militarism has taken the deepest hold of the people; though in some smaller lands, notably among the obstinately peaceable inhabitants of Holland, the same spirit also flourishes. Hervé, who is a leader of the Insurrectional Socialists, as they are commonly called, in opposition to the purely Parliamentary

Socialists led by Jaurès, — though the Insurrectional Socialists also use parliamentary methods, — may be regarded as the most conspicuous champion of anti-militarism, and many of his followers have suffered imprisonment as the penalty of their convictions. In France, the peasant proprietors in the country and the organized workers in the town are alike sympathetic to anti-militarism. The syndicalists, or trade-unionists, with the *Confédération Générale du Travail* as their central organization, are not usually anxious to imitate what they consider the unduly timid methods of English trade-unionists; they tend to be socialistic and anti-military. The congress of delegates of French trade-unions, held at Toulouse last year, passed the significant resolution that 'a declaration of war should be followed by the declaration of a general revolutionary strike.'

The same tendency, though in a less radical form, is becoming international; and the great International Socialist Congress at Copenhagen has passed a resolution instructing the International Bureau to 'take the opinion of the organized workers of the world on the utility of a general strike in preventing war.' Even the English working-classes are slowly coming into line. At a Conference of Labor Delegates held at Leicester last February to consider the Copenhagen resolution, the policy of the anti-military general strike was defeated by only a narrow majority, on the ground that it required further consideration and might be detrimental to political action; but as most of the leaders are in favor of the strike policy there can be no doubt that this method of combating war will shortly be the accepted policy of the English Labor movement. In carrying out such a policy the Labor Party expects much help from the growing social and polit-

ical power of women. The most influential literary advocate of the Peace movement, and one of the earliest, was a woman, the Baroness Bertha von Suttner, and it is held to be incredible that the wives and mothers of the people will use their power to support an institution which represents the most brutal method of destroying their husbands and sons.

The anti-militarist, as things are at present, exposes himself not only to the penalty of imprisonment, but also to obloquy. He has virtually refused to take up arms in defense of his country; he has sinned against patriotism. This accusation has led to a counter-accusation directed against the very idea of patriotism. Here the writings of Tolstoi, with their poignant and searching appeals for the cause of humanity as against the cause of patriotism, have undoubtedly served the anti-militarists well, and wherever the war against war is being urged, even so far as Japan, Tolstoi has furnished some of its keenest weapons. Moreover, in so far as anti-militarism is advocated by the workers, they claim that international interests have already effaced and superseded the narrower interests of patriotism. In refusing to fight, the workers of a country are simply declaring their loyalty to fellow workers on the other side of the frontier, a loyalty which has stronger claims on them, they hold, than any patriotism which simply means loyalty to capitalists; geographical frontiers are giving place to economic frontiers which now alone serve to separate enemies. And if, as seems probable, when the next attempt is made at a great European war, the order for mobilization is immediately followed in both countries by the declaration of a general strike, there will be nothing to say against such a declaration even from the standpoint of the narrowest patriotism.

If we realize what is going on around us it is easy to see that the anti-militarist movement is rapidly reaching a stage when it will be able easily, even unaided, to paralyze any war immediately and automatically. The pioneers in the movement have played the same part as was played in the seventeenth century by the Quakers. In the name of the Bible and their own consciences, the Quakers refused to recognize the right of any secular authority to compel them to worship or to fight; they gained what they struggled for, and now all men honor their memories. In the name of justice and human fraternity, the anti-militarists are to-day taking the like course and suffering the like penalties. To-morrow, they also will be revered as heroes and martyrs.

5. *The overgrowth of armaments.* The hostile forces so far enumerated have converged slowly on to war from such various directions that they may be said to have surrounded and isolated it; its ultimate surrender can only be a matter of time. Of late, however, a new factor has appeared, of so urgent a character that it is fast rendering the question of the abolition of war acute: the overgrowth of armaments. This is, practically, a modern factor in the situation, and while it is, on the surface, a luxury due to the large surplus of wealth in great modern states, it is also, if we look a little deeper, intimately connected with that decay of the warlike spirit due to selective breeding. It is the weak and timid woman who looks nervously under the bed for the burglar who is the last person she really desires to meet, and it is old, rich, and unwarlike nations which take the lead in laboriously protecting themselves against enemies of whom there is no sign in any quarter.

Within the last half-century only have the nations of the world begun to com-

pete with each other in this timorous and costly rivalry. In the warlike days of old, armaments, in time of peace, consisted in little more than solid walls for defense, a supply of weapons stored away here and there, sometimes in a room attached to the parish church, and occasional martial exercises, with the sword or the bow, which were little more than an amusement. The true fighting-man trusted to his own strong right arm rather than to armaments, and considered that he was himself a match for any half-dozen of the enemy. Even in actual time of war it was often difficult to find either zeal or money to supply the munitions of war. The *Diary* of the industrious Pepys, who achieved so much for the English navy, shows that the care of the country's ships mainly depended on a few unimportant officials who had the greatest trouble in the world to secure attention to the most urgent and immediate needs.

A very different state of things prevails to-day. The existence of a party having for its watchword the cry for retrenchment and economy is scarcely possible in a modern state. All the leading political parties in every great state — if we leave aside the party of Labor — are equally eager to pile up the expenditure on armaments. It is the boast of each party that it spends not less, but more, than its rivals on this source of expenditure, now the chief in every large state. Moreover, every new step in expenditure involves a still further step; each new improvement in attack or defense must immediately be answered by corresponding or better improvements on the part of rival powers, if they are not to be out-classed. Every year these moves and counter-moves necessarily become more extensive, more complex, more costly; while each counter-move involves the obsolescence of the improve-

ments achieved by the previous move, so that the waste of energy and money keeps pace with the expenditure. It is well recognized that there is absolutely no possible limit to this process and its constantly increasing acceleration.

There is no need to illustrate this point, for it is familiar to all. Any newspaper will furnish facts and figures vividly exemplifying some aspect of the matter. For while only a handful of persons in any country are sincerely anxious under present conditions to reduce the colossal sums every year wasted on the unproductive work of armament, an increasing interest in the matter testifies to a vague alarm and anxiety concerning the ultimate issue. For it is felt that an inevitable crisis lies at the end of the path down which the nations are now moving.

Thus, from this point of view, the end of war is being attained by a process radically opposite to that by which, in the social as well as in the physical organism, ancient structures and functions are outgrown. The usual process is a gradual recession to a merely vestigial state. But here what may perhaps be the same ultimate result is being reached by the more alarming method of over-inflation and threatening collapse. It is an alarming process, because those huge and heavily-armed monsters of primeval days who furnish the zoölogical types corresponding to our modern over-armed states, themselves died out from the world when their unwieldy armament had reached its final point of expansion. Will our own modern states, one wonders, more fortunately succeed in escaping from the rough hides that ever more closely constrict them, and finally save their souls alive?

6. *The dominance of social reform.* The final factor in the situation is the growing dominance of the process of

social reform. On the one hand, the increasing complexity of social organization renders necessary a correspondingly increasing expenditure of money in diminishing its friction and aiding its elaboration; on the other hand, the still more rapidly increasing demands of armament render it ever more difficult to devote money to such social purposes. Everywhere even the most elementary provision for the finer breeding and higher well-being of a country's citizens is postponed to the clamor for ever-new armaments. The situation thus created is rapidly becoming intolerable.

It is not alone the future of civilization which is forever menaced by the possibility of war: the past of civilization, with all the precious embodiments of its traditions, is even more fatally imperiled. As the world grows older and the ages recede, the richer, the more precious, the more fragile become the ancient heirlooms of humanity. They constitute the final symbols of human glory; they cannot be too carefully guarded, too highly valued. But all the other dangers that threaten their integrity and safety, if put together, do not equal war. No land that has ever been a cradle of civilization but bears witness to this sad truth. All the sacred citadels, the glories of humanity, — Jerusalem and Athens, Rome and Constantinople, — have been ravaged by war, and in every case the ruin has been a disaster that can never be repaired. If we turn to the minor glories of more modern ages, the special treasure of England has been its parish churches, a treasure of unique charm in the world and the embodiment of the people: to-day in their battered and irreparable condition they are the monuments of a civil war waged all over the country with ruthless religious ferocity. Spain, again, was a land which had stored up, during

long centuries, nearly the whole of its accumulated possessions in every art, sacred and secular, of fabulous value, within the walls of its great fortress-like cathedrals; Napoleon's soldiers overran the land and brought with them rapine and destruction; so that in many a shrine, as at Montserrat, we still can see how in a few days they turned a paradise into a desert. It is not only the West that has suffered. In China the rarest and loveliest wares and fabrics that the hand of man has wrought were stored in the Imperial Palace of Pekin; the savage military hordes of the West broke in less than a century ago, and recklessly trampled down and fired all that they could not loot. In every such case the loss is final; the exquisite incarnation of some stage in the soul of man that is forever gone, is permanently diminished, deformed, or annihilated.

At the present time all civilized countries are becoming keenly aware of the value of their embodied artistic possessions. This is shown in the most decisive manner possible by the enormous prices placed upon them. Their pecuniary value enables even the stupidest and most unimaginative to realize the crime that is committed when they are ruthlessly and wantonly destroyed. Nor is it only the products of ancient art which have to-day become so peculiarly valuable. The products of modern science are only less valuable. So highly complex and elaborate is the mechanism now required to insure progress in some of the sciences that enormous sums of money, the most delicate skill, long periods of time, are necessary to produce it. Galileo could replace his telescope with but little trouble; the destruction of a single modern observatory would be almost a calamity to the human race.

Such considerations as these are, indeed, at last recognized in all civilized

countries. The engines of destruction now placed at the service of war are vastly more potent than any used in the wars of the past. On the other hand, the value of the products they can destroy is raised in a correspondingly high degree. But a third factor is now intervening. And if the museums of Paris, or the laboratories of Berlin, were threatened by a hostile army it would certainly be felt that an international power, if such existed, should be empowered to intervene, at whatever cost to national susceptibilities, in order to keep the peace. Civilization, we now realize, is wrought out of inspirations and discoveries which are forever passed and repassed from land to land; it cannot be claimed by any individual land. A nation's art-products and its scientific activities are not mere national property: they are international possessions, for the joy and service of the whole world. The nations hold them in trust for humanity. The international force which will inspire respect for that truth it is our business to create.

The only question that remains — and it is a question the future alone will solve — is the particular point at which this ancient and overgrown stronghold of war, now being invested so vigorously from so many sides, will finally be overthrown, — whether from within or from without, whether by its own inherent weakness, by the persuasive reasonableness of developing civilization, by the self-interest of the commercial and financial classes, or by the ruthless indignation of the proletariat. That is a problem still insoluble, but it is not impossible that some already living may witness its solution.

Two centuries ago the Abbé de Saint-Pierre set forth his scheme for a federation of the states of Europe, which meant, at that time, a federation of all the civilized states of the

world. It was the age of great ideas scattered abroad to germinate in more practical ages to come. The amiable abbé enjoyed all the credit of his large and philanthropic conceptions. But no one dreamed of realizing them, and the forces which alone could realize them had not yet appeared above the horizon. In this matter, at all events, the world has progressed, and a federation of the states of the world is no longer the mere conception of a philosophic dreamer. The first step will be taken when two of the leading countries of the world—and it would be most reasonable for those which have the closest community of origin and language to take the initiative—resolve to submit all their differences, without reserve, to arbitration. As soon as a third power of magnitude joined this federation the nucleus would be constituted of a world-state. Such a state would be able to impose peace on even the most recalcitrant outside states, for it would furnish that 'visible power to keep them in awe' which Hobbes rightly declared to be indispensable: it could even in the last resort, if necessary, enforce peace by war. There are other methods than war of enforcing peace, and these such a federation of great states would be easily able to bring to bear on even the most warlike of states, but the necessity of a mighty armed international force would remain for a long time to come. To suppose, as some seem to suppose, that the establishment of arbitration in place of war means immediate disarmament is an idle dream. At the recent Conference of the English Labor Party on this question, the most active opposition to

the proposed strike-method for rendering war impossible came from the delegates representing the workers in arsenals and dockyards. But there is no likelihood of arsenals and dockyards closing in the lifetime of the present workers; and though the establishment of peaceful methods of settling international disputes cannot fail to diminish the number of the workers who live by armament, it will be long before they can be dispensed with altogether.

It is feared by some that the reign of universal peace will deprive them of the opportunity of exhibiting daring and heroism. Without inquiring too carefully what use has been made of their present opportunities by those who express this fear, it must be said that such a fear is altogether groundless. There are an infinite number of positions in life in which courage is needed, as much as on a battlefield, although, for the most part, with less risk of that total annihilation which in the past has done so much to breed out the courageous stocks. Moreover, the certain establishment of peace will immensely enlarge the scope for daring and adventure in the social sphere. There are departments in the higher breeding and social evolution of the race—some perhaps even involving questions of life and death—where the highest courage is needed. It would be premature to discuss them, for they can scarcely enter the field of practical politics until war has been abolished. But those persons who are burning to display heroism may rest assured that the course of social evolution will offer them every opportunity.

THE PROBLEM OF PRISCILLA

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

THE older children have gone their several ways out of the home. Tom took his bachelor's degree in the arts department of his university, spent two years in the law school and two in the office of an all-round practitioner, and then hung out his sign as an attorney and sat down to wait for clients. Sarah, almost immediately on leaving school, was claimed in marriage by a thrifty young business man who had been one of the big boys there while she was in the primary class, and had early marked her for his own. Emily kept at her studies longer, took a year of 'finishing' at the Lafayette Seminary for Young Ladies, and enjoyed a winter or two of social experience before settling down at home 'to take care of mamma and papa'; and then, without offering rhyme or reason to account for her change of purpose, one day decided to give herself for life to a physician several years her senior, whom she had first met at the bedside of a friend.

'And now,' says mamma, 'Priscilla is going on seventeen, and her father and I are wondering what we had better do with her.' For mamma is a rather old-fashioned person, who still cherishes the traditions of an era when parents were accustomed to 'do something with' their offspring. As an intimate of the family, I have been called into consultation, and I find that the question uppermost is whether or not to send Priscilla to college. 'More and more girls go every year,' mamma adds, presently. 'I don't know just why; but I dare say it is because so many more

young men go now than formerly, and it is only natural that a girl should wish to fit herself for intellectual companionship with her husband.'

'As we can't consult the taste of the still shadowy Mr. Priscilla,' papa interrupts, with a quizzical glance in my direction, 'we may dismiss this phase of the case from consideration. How about its larger aspects?'

It is an embarrassing problem to lay before me, and I tell them so; for I am not by profession an instructor of youth or a statistician, neither am I widely read on the subject of sex as related to the scholastic career. There is no escaping the fact that the college woman is here to stay, that she has become as well recognized an institution as taxation, and a factor in our social evolution as surely to be reckoned with as the annual death-rate. Yet my memory goes back to the time when she was a novelty almost inchoate, and when learned men wrangled fiercely over such mooted points as whether the female brain could stand the strain of four years of incessant exercise on the conventional curriculum; whether the higher education would not take all the bloom off girlhood, and leave its votaries defeminized and graceless; and whether the tendency of this mental over-stimulation of one half the human race would not be to reduce matrimony, the home, and posterity, to so many cold and colorless terms in a mathematical proposition. I never followed these debates so far as to sum up my own conclusions thereon; all

that I know — perhaps it would be more seemly to say, all that I think — about girls and the higher education, is the fruit of close observation of individual cases, of which I have studied not a few, and with ever-deepening interest.

Physically, certainly, Priscilla is as fit as any girl of my acquaintance; she is strong, well-nourished, active, fond of outdoor sports. But also, she has always been a trifle bookish, with a fair faculty of observation, an absorbent memory, and a little leaning toward hero-worship in a maidenly way, though she is too alive to be in any sense a prig; and how she browses on rainy days betrays itself now and then in conversation, when she cites Lubbock for an analogue or barbs a moral with Lecky. So I tell mamma and papa that the first thing to ask, it seems to me, is how Priscilla herself looks at the matter.

A dear old friend of mine, lamenting his own deficiencies of learning, used to say that if he had forty sons he would send them all through college, even though he had to flog them through. That is mistaken zeal. By forcing a boy through college against his will, you risk spoiling a fair initiator to make a poor pedant. It is better to treat scholarship as we do morals: show by precept and example the practical wisdom of doing the right thing; but, if your pupil prefers penalties to rewards, let him taste the consequences of his waywardness. No adviser can take the place of experience.

Priscilla, it appears, although not averse to the idea of going to college, is not stirred to enthusiasm by it. She has talked over the subject with friends who have gone or are going, and finds a wide variety of motives inspiring their action. Amy has literary ambitions; Kate a taste for science; Elizabeth expects to earn her living by teach-

ing, and feels that a degree would be a valuable asset; Julia is going because Elizabeth is; Louise frankly declares that she is going for the purpose of having a good time, and intends to stay only as long as she gets that; while Ann desires a college course for the same reason that a baby reaches for the moon: she could n't tell exactly why — she justs wants it.

On the whole, Priscilla thinks that it would be 'rather nice' to go to college; so we turn our attention to the question, Where? which involves more considerations than any one has dreamed of. One leading institution, we find, makes a specialty of its training for domestic life; another is like a nunnery in its abjuration of male instructors, at least of any still in marriageable condition; a third goes to the opposite extreme, and employs men in every post of real responsibility; in a fourth, most of the studies are elective, and what passes for discipline is substantially student rule; and there are several other variants, unnecessary to catalogue here. Priscilla conscientiously assays and regroups these manifold characteristics, and selects the college showing the broadest average, first discarding all coeducational projects on the theory that her sex would place her at a disadvantage there, regardless of her independent merits. At this point, we who are interested in her must pass from settled facts to prophecy or conjecture.

When a boy says that he would like to go to college, even though he may not show any strong thirst for erudition, we take it as a matter of course, and the only uncertainties have to do with ways and means. When a girl says the same thing, why does it occasion a flurry, or even surprise? Is it because there still lingers in so many minds a doubt as to the value of the investment proposed? Not that alone, perhaps; though the air yet rings with praises

of the wife and mother of the good old days, when homes were run with far less respect for sanitary precautions or executive method, and when grand-ma had a hand in everything in her domain, prescribed for most of the children's ills, and fed all her household, from baby to grandpa, on what they wished, rather than on what they ought, to eat. Woman, say the glorifiers of that era, was then the chief figure in the home, received the recognition which she had earned, and filled the place in our cosmogony for which Nature had designed her. There was no need, they insist, for the higher education of her mind, because she was devoting her best energies to the education of her character, which was of vastly more importance. The inevitable inference is that the two educational enterprises are so alien to each other as to be beyond harmonizing.

A moment's reflection will expose the fundamental fallacy of this view. One might as well assume that because Daniel Webster was a great lawyer in spite of a great failing, no lawyer with controlled appetites could hope for like success; or that, because Thomas Edison has wrested so many secrets from air and earth without a university course, the graduate contingent can never produce his equal. A more sensible reflection would be, how much greater Webster might have been without his weakness, or what might not Edison have accomplished if his native cleverness and grit had been armed with weapons sharpened in the college laboratory. There are kinks, too, in the logic of some preachers of the crusade for female education who take all discrimination between women and men as casting a constructive libel on the former. Is not a woman's brain as good as a man's, they demand. Undoubtedly. So is a machine for making envelopes as fine and useful an industrial

instrument as one for weaving barbed fence-wire; but it would be stupid to ignore the essential difference between them, as regards the care to be taken of each or the product to be expected of it.

The young of our species learn as much from rubbing elbows with each other as from their formal schooling. The little boy usually is turned out to find his own amusement with other little boys, while his sister is more cautiously guarded in her companionships. This, I suppose, is due to our instinctive presumption of a more delicate moral fibre in the girl and a keener sensitiveness to impressions. So she is apt to grow up with the hall-mark of her home always in evidence, while the boy has it pounded out of him. He may loyally believe that his father and mother are the wisest of human beings; but this faith finds its counterpoise as soon as he enters into controversy with a larger boy. He has the best of the argument logically when he makes affirmative assertions on the authority of his parents to which his adversary vouchsafes no more satisfying answer than 'Rats!' The next course on his argumentative *menu* is knuckles *au naturel*; and although no myriad of bruises and abrasions would convince him that his father and mother have borne false witness, he begins to realize that other persons may have views on the same topics which are worthy of examination.

Now, this preliminary trimming-down, coarse and sordid as it may seem, is of incalculable value to the boy when he passes the portal leading to young manhood and enters a class in college. He has, in a certain measure, already found himself. An oracular statement from one of the faculty he accepts as the depositor accepts the bank's footing of his account: 'errors and omissions excepted.' If it differs from what

he has been taught at home, he gives the benefit of the doubt, temporarily, perhaps, to the professor, as having come lately from the great sources of learning; but he is not ready to surrender the beliefs in which he has been reared, till they have had their fair chance in the open field of discussion.

This was Tom's attitude toward his new life when he entered college. Will it be Priscilla's? Probably not. Her protected existence up to this time cannot be brought into sudden contrast with the freedom of the collegiate atmosphere without an unsettling shock to her preconceptions in matters of authority. Obedient to the feminine impulse to cling to something within reach in whose strength she trusts, she is likely to transfer her intellectual allegiance from parents to professors. The faculty is always at hand; the home is far away. Her parents are the salt of the earth, and she loves them as deeply as ever; but they have put her into this institution for hermental improvement, and it would be ungrateful not to take full advantage of her privileges. Therefore, whereas formerly whatever papa said about the tariff or the Panama Canal, and all mamma's forthgivings on the ethics of human intercourse, were treasured for repetition to her mates as the last word on the subject, henceforward any comment of papa's is liable to be faced down with a citation from 'Professor Newfresh of our college — the most eminent living expert, you know, on social dynamics,' or what-not. Mamma's antique maxims, likewise, will be exploded by an echo from the last lecture of 'the Dean,' who once a week tells the undergraduate body what it ought to think about everything. It is immaterial that the Professor has never been heard of in the larger world in which papa moves, or that the Dean is a rather pompous person whose tragedy-queen manner

has done more to advance her career than any very solid merits; whatever either of these worthies says must be accepted as part of the eternal verities, and cuts off debate.

But let us not be disconcerted by all this. It is merely a surface froth, and will evaporate by degrees during Priscilla's passage from freshman to senior years, till, before the ink on her diploma is dry, her mental processes will have acquired such independence of action that she can smile charitably at some of the infatuations of her very immature youth. You will notice a like alteration in some other respects, notably in her companionships. To share her first vacation — if I know her good heart as I think I do — she will bring home a classmate whom, with all your hospitable prepossessions, you will not be able quite to make out. Priscilla will not fail to notice the unconscious reserves in your bearing which show that you do not look upon her friend as belonging in just the same stratum with herself. It may be necessary even for the dear child to remind you, in a moment of confidential chiding, that 'the scholastic world is a great democracy, where the lines of cleavage do not parallel those in the common world outside.' Before the fortnight is ended, however, your diminished heads will harbor a suspicion that she has found her guest no light load to carry; and this will harden into assurance as time goes on and you observe that the same classmate does not come back a second time, every succeeding vacation introducing a new visitor a shade more congenial than any who have come before, as if the young hostess were slowly finding her way out of a fog of altruistic sentiment and into the warmer glow of natural selection.

Nor should I wonder if mamma's old-fashioned soul received an occasional jar like that which beset the hen in the

barnyard fable on discovering a duckling among her brood of chicks. I knew one girl like Priscilla who terrified her elders by developing opinions on marriage and divorce. Though brought up in a home fragrant with love and the spirit of mutual helpfulness, she reached the conclusion that matrimony was a fetter to which no normal human being could submit without more or less discomfort; that, as soon as it becomes seriously irksome, either party should be able to break loose from it by an easy process of divorce, since to continue bound would be a progressive torment, paralyzing to all ambition and effort; and that the present system of life-contract is merely a scion of the barbarous twelfth century grafted upon the stock of the enlightened twentieth. She had the charity to admit that in a few instances, like that of her father and mother for example, uncommonly forbearing dispositions on both sides made the bond enduring; but for the race at large —!

‘And what would become of the children?’ her mother ventured to ask between gasps of horror.

‘They should be cared for by the state,’ was the prompt response. ‘As the family’s contribution to the commonwealth, they are more properly a public than a private charge.’

Are you affronted by my suggestion that Priscilla’s sweet, modest mind could ever be tainted with such dreadful doctrines? Pardon me. Your girl was a baby once, mamma, and rashes came out on her little body. They were not pleasant to look at, but you went into no panic over them; on the contrary, you took comfort in the reflection that every disagreeable thing on the surface meant one less inside. Bear in mind that the tongue is as faithful a safety-valve for sophistical humors as the skin is for those of the blood. The mind has to go through a certain round

of measles and chicken-pox and the like, about as uniformly as the body has; every one who reads and thinks, but lacks experience of the matters he thus studies in the abstract, is a victim first or last; and, at one stage of her life, a girl with a moral constitution as sound and a character as wholesome as Priscilla’s may babble all day about social problems whose premises she knows only by hearsay, without giving her parents reason for five minutes’ solicitude. Why, every man who has been through college will support me in saying that, even after their rougher preparation, the same phenomena may be observed among boys. During my own course, there swept across our adolescent firmament a Huxley fad, and a Swinburne fad, and a dozen others whose very names I have long since forgotten. Lads who had been reared in the literal belief that the creation of the universe began a little before Sunday morning and ended Friday night, locked themselves in their rooms and shudderingly peered into the blasphemies of modern biology; while others, who would n’t knowingly have trifled with the moral sensibilities of a ladybug, tucked ‘*Laus Veneris*’ under their pillows to read when they awoke in the night. Our generation was simply repeating the history of its fathers with Tom Paine and Lord Byron; it would be strange indeed if Tom’s and Priscilla’s should not repeat ours.

Mamma, who has followed me thus far with evidences of alternate dismay and relief, now interrupts to ask what I think will happen after Priscilla has been graduated. Well, a good many things may. You will introduce her to society, doubtless, in the same way in which you introduced your older daughters. She will greet your friends so prettily that they will be charmed with her. Then will begin the usual round of luncheons and dinners and

dances with which the town celebrates the advent of every year's crop of débütantes. Priscilla will try hard, for your sake, to keep up an appearance of enjoying her festivities; but if you could peep into some of the letters she is writing to her beloved classmates, now scattered all over the country, you would discover that her heart is not in the whirl, but back in the classic shades where they spent the happiest part of their girlhood; at least, that is the way she will express what is really not a longing for a return to the old conditions, but only a natural uneasiness in the process of adjusting herself to the new. For a while, every mention of college will bring a little lump into her throat; she will seize eagerly any opportunity that offers to run back there for a day or two; and if you cultivate her intimacy she may confide to you her conviction that she will never be able to build up any more friendships like those that she formed as an undergraduate.

But all this, too, will pass. One by one the intimacies of the campus will grow a little less intense. Amy, let us say, will become a librarian, and immerse herself in her work; Kate will go upon the stage, and, like other beginners, spend most of her time on the road, making correspondence difficult; Julia and Elizabeth will marry early, and be full of the excitement of starting homes; Louise will teach school; and Ann will become secretary to a man of science, and dabble a bit in research on her own hook. Scarcely one of them, I'll be bound, will follow the career she originally marked out for herself; but every one will, in her turn, strike her roots down into the day-by-day world and become so reconciled to it as to give up living in the past. Of course, Priscilla's turn will come like the others. Her long and satisfying association with her own sex exclusive-

ly may make her appear somewhat indifferent to men for a while; and during that period she will be open to the seductions of, say, some branch of benevolent work, for she must fill the gap left by the cessation of her student routine and the falling-off of her class correspondence. And here again, my friends, fortify yourselves against surprises.

To-day she may have just finished a course of lectures on applied philanthropy, only to fall to-morrow under the spell of a cult which deifies the Civic Uplift, denounces philanthropy as a drag upon progress, and declares the very word 'charity' odious. If her activities in this field bring her for the first time into close contact with the so-called working classes, she will view their condition only through the media which they hold up to her eyes; and trade-unionism, boycotts, picket-service, scab-stalking, may fill her thoughts by day and her dreams by night, till you are electrified, when a parade of the unemployed passes your house, to see her lean out of her window and shout her shrill huzzah for the Peerless Debs!

Pray muster your philosophy. I know what you will ask: Is this the child you have brought up in love of law and respect for the constituted authorities? Surely, none other. Did you ever run into a storm on shipboard in mid-ocean, and feel your stanch vessel leaning over so far on one side that you half expected her to turn turtle? Yet here you are, to tell the tale. On the whole, you have reason to be thankful that the ship yielded to the assault instead of presenting to it so stiff a broadside as to be broken in two. She need not have encountered any storm, if her master had been willing to let her lie still in port instead of ploughing the seas; but, being a ship and not a wagon, it is a good thing that she did

go through just such experiences of the harder phases of her calling. So with Priscilla. You have set out to make her an educated woman. If she is built of first-rate timber, and you have equipped her with suitable machinery, calked and trimmed her as you ought, and headed her for the right point on her chart, you may trust her in any sea, however tempestuous; confident that, though she may bend to the gale when it strikes her, she will right herself after all and go ahead, the surer of her own strength and worth the more for the experience.

The educated woman is, at her best, a woman seasoned in life as well as stored with knowledge. Priscilla's shortcomings, if you will take the trouble to analyze them, are due either to too generous impulses or to a belated maturity. The other daughters did not carry you through this sort of an ordeal, yet they are fine girls? True. Their continuance with their feet on the earth during her four years of sublimated segregation, will fit them, though not less pitiful toward human misfortune, to apprehend more readily than she the extent to which it is the fault of the unfortunates. With her trained boldness in attacking obstacles, leaping to the conclusion that the whole system on which the world now conducts its affairs must be wrong, she may ally herself for a time with some party which is trying to make everything over to its own taste. While its novelty lasts, she will be pretty thoroughly absorbed in this association. Be patient with her, and give the ballast of her common sense a chance to make itself felt.

Now, I fully realize that I am not casting the horoscope of any commonplace, phlegmatic miss, whose case would never present a problem after you had decided to let her go to college, and provided the wherewithal to

pay her term-bills. I am dealing with Priscilla, who is neither a plodder nor a wooden image, but a girl with an alert mind, high spirits, a good digestion, and a circulation that can be counted on to furnish seventy-two heart-beats to the minute. But I have heard more than one Priscilla of my acquaintance, who is at worst no more of an abnormality than the live-witted, mettlesome college boy, and whose most grievous sin has been her candor in following the lead of her individuality, used as an argument to prove the unwisdom of bestowing the higher education upon girls.

Do you know why this type is singled out for criticism in one sex and not in the other? Because the critics have got into the habit of looking for something different in a girl — more of the graces and less of the brawn, moral as well as physical, than in a boy. But I tried to show you, early in this paper, that the girl's start in childhood differs from the boy's. When he goes away from home he is already prepared to some extent for the change awaiting him; she, emerging from her shelter for the first time, is not. It is like a re-birth for her, and into a strange world. Her sense of perspective is still embryotic, and her judgment of relative weights and values is unawakened. Therefore, as new things loom on her horizon, she is without trustworthy tests to apply to them, and often novelty usurps in her estimate the place that belongs to merit.

If you could imagine the situation of a person who had always lived in some corner of the earth where disease was unknown, and, coming suddenly into a miasma-laden region, had had thrust under his notice a dozen patented nostrums, would you wonder if he fell a victim to quackery? By analogy you can explain what may have seemed to you a weather-vane quality

in Priscilla, as I have forecast the possibilities of her career. She will have to find out for herself later, what her brother found out long ago, that whoever resolves to overturn the existing social order and crush with one blow our well-crystallized code of conventions, had better think out his programme carefully in advance, and go a trifle slow at the outset.

Another phase of Priscilla's problem remains to be considered; mamma hinted at it in our first talk. What sort of home-maker will she be? I have heard undiscerning people sneer at college women for their lack of that incomparable something which we recognize, by sensibility rather than by the senses, as distinguishing femininity, wifehood, motherliness. So I have heard ministers as a class accused of a canting, physicians of a fawning, teachers of a didactic, and lawyers of a cut and-dried, manner. Such generalizations belong in the same category of absurdities with the claim that authors and painters can be picked out of a crowd by their neckwear, or leaders in high finance by their spats. There are persons whose calling is so much bigger than they are that it envelops them as with a cloak, and others so much bigger than any form of livelihood that they are men and women first, and ministers, lawyers, or artists only incidentally.

The same principle holds good of female college graduates. There is some human material cast in feminine mould out of which you could no more make the head of a real home than you could make a rose out of a dahlia. But sharpened intuitions, a large resourcefulness in the presence of difficulties, a deep-rooted sense of self-dependence, a fearless front to turn toward untried things, and a never wearying receptiveness for whatever can prove itself deserving: these traits do no more harm

to the womanly girl than to the manly boy; and, so far as a college course tends to encourage and develop them, let us commend it for either sex. Heaven forbid that any word of mine should be tortured into disparagement of that sturdy phalanx of wives and mothers and grandmothers who never saw the inside of a college hall, to whom Latin and Greek are not only dead but buried languages, and whose mathematical accomplishments leave them still a bit uncertain where to put the decimal point, but whose sunny souls and splendid lives entitle them to a high place on the world's honor-roll! Let us not, however, drop into the easy error of assuming that Priscilla, if made of the same stuff as they, will be the worse for an education which will empower her to begin her lifework where theirs has ended.

It is possible that Priscilla may take longer about making up her mind to marry than her sisters did. She may not draw any better prize in the lottery than either of them, but I'll venture to say that she will be able to analyze more clearly the considerations which govern her in holding out till she is sure. On his part, her future husband will not choose her, consciously at least, for her 'intellectual companionship'; if that is his desideratum, he will find it cheaper to marry a Carnegie Library than a woman. I will not deny that her cultivated responsiveness may add greatly to her attractions. But what will happen to this young man is what happens to most of us male creatures: he will conclude one day that Priscilla is the only girl he knows with whom he would like to spend the rest of his life, and he will tell her so, in phrases so far from intellectual that they would n't parse. If such things, my friends, were of the mind and not the heart, those clever old Greeks would have clad Minerva in a pair of

infantile wings and armed her with a bow-and-arrow.

Sarah and Emily are good house-keepers, and understand the art of making a modicum of the world's wealth go a long way. There is no reason why Priscilla should not do as well as they, and perhaps with less expenditure of effort. She may not be so ready to accept advice or the reported experience of others, until she has got at the underlying principle involved and assured herself that it is sound; but, once convinced to the point of trying a plan, she will keep turning it over in her mind as she used to turn her algebraic puzzles, adding and eliminating till she has become an inventor instead of a mere learner.

Her children will not be neglected like those of the blue-stocking in the comic weeklies, or dosed and swaddled, punished and hardened by rule of thumb, as children were in the good old times we love—to read about. They will draw out of her all that is instinctively motherly, seasoned with the salt of an enriched intelligence; and her discipline of them, like her handling of her servants, will command the respect of those on whom it is exercised because it will be based on her study of the psychology of every situation rather than on its surface indications.

But, then, suppose Priscilla does

not marry? A good many women do not. Probably the proportion of marriages worthy the name would be found, if we could make an accurate census, as large among college women as among others. It is not a college course that takes a woman out of the marrying class, but something with which her education has rarely anything to do — native traits, or domestic responsibilities, or the lack of a calling for matrimony, or accident, or any of a thousand things which might have diverted the current of your career and mine without our voluntary complicity. In that event you will find, dear papa and mamma, that you have in your daughter no dead weight to carry. Whatever she is not, you may be assured of her being a busy woman, and of her putting her full strength and a brave spirit into the work to which she settles down. Though a home of her own may have been the centre of your ideal career for her, she will make a not less important success in yours; or, if her interests take her elsewhere, in the activities of her chosen field. At any rate, you will have given her the chance to live her own life, and on the highest plane accessible to her; and the solution of Priscilla's problem need not be the less complete because the road to the result is not the one you first surveyed.

THE ORDER OF THE GARDEN

BY ELIZABETH COOLIDGE

LATE in life I have come into an experience which is to me a very new and fundamental one, although doubtless trite enough to many of my sisters. Advisedly I call them sisters, for my new experience is nothing less than the joining of a sisterhood, — the Order of the Garden. I hesitate to speak of gardens, well appreciating the strain that has already been put upon the reading public by the constantly increasing body of gardening-authors. For years I was myself a member of that public, and vividly enough I remember my own unsympathetic state of mind at the time. But I now live in the country; my home demands the ornament of a garden, and my name is Elizabeth. These facts have proven too compelling for me, and I have indeed joined the Order of the Garden.

The patience which to-day you are putting at my disposal, however, I should not abuse by delivering a technical horticultural treatise, even were such a feat an intellectual possibility on my part. Fascinated as I myself have been by the 'cultural notes' of the nurserymen's catalogues, and credulously as I have gloated over their impossibly illustrated wonders, I think it well, nevertheless, at once to assure my listeners that my enthusiasm is as yet purely visionary, and that the garden I speak of consists to-day of nothing but a few hundred feet of earth, buried under tons of mountain snow; and of a pile of text-books, almanacs, manuals, seed-lists, drawings, and charts, which represent to me a

Great Cause. In short, it must remain, until planting-time, purely a Mind-Garden, — a hot-bed of Ideas, — one of those Eternal Values to which I have only recently given my assent.

As such, it is to me a fresh testimony to Truth and Beauty; it is a vehicle of future Perfection. Existing until spring merely as an ideal, nothing is impossible to it. No beauty of color-scheme but may be mapped out in its plan; no bewildering profusion and length of bloom that cannot be entered upon its charts, assigned a certain number of square feet of soil (scale, ten feet to an inch), or alphabetically listed in my seedling mail-orders. To me, at present, it is perfectly logical to assume the ownership of the most beautiful garden in Berkshire. Everything lovely can be made (on paper) to agree with everything practical, in a marvelous synthesis of horticultural beauty.

I almost dread to plant my little Garden of Eden; the entire authority which I now exercise over its every detail (on paper, again) will, I fear, but ill fit me to deal with the stubborn self-assertion of a firmly-rooted plant, vigorously engaged in its individual struggle for life. It is one thing to wipe out, with a ruthless hand, a border of pansies in a chart, and firmly to replace it by a border of candytuft, in order to balance my purples and whites; it may be a very different matter to discipline a purple pansy that insists on being yellow, or to coerce a bed of hyacinths to stop blooming in time to let me put into the same bed my verbena seed-

lings, while they are still amenable to transplantation. That is why this period of idealism is so glorious. With time and enthusiasm, almost any desirable fact can be verified by some authority or other, and theory can be adjusted to fit the most beautiful garden-scheme in the world. At all events, such a one I mean to enjoy, up to the very moment of committing my precious seeds to the earth.

My novitiate in the Order of the Garden has been to me an experience of mental, moral, and spiritual discipline; in order to become worthy to enter that sisterhood, I have found my self undergoing the education of almost all the faculties that I have, and the development of others that were, to say the least, very, very latent. Perhaps you will pardon the personality of my topic if, instead of describing to you (as I should adore to do) the immanent glories of my future phlox, or the ravishing combination of my hypothetical white lilies with my potential blue delphiniums, I tell you of the surprising crops of a different nature which my garden has already produced in my character.

Blooming beside the asters and hollyhocks of my imagination, I have discovered the shoots of many spiritual perennials which I had not deemed essential to a well-planned hardy border. I have found it necessary to include these, one by one, in my grouping; to foster their culture and provide them with nourishment, in order that I might the better understand their kinship to other varieties of more concrete 'habit.'

Thus, I have discovered that one of the most invaluable backgrounds to a good garden is a mixed growth of Enthusiasm and Patience. The soil and climate of my temperament have ever been friendly to the former, so it has not been at all difficult to sow the

seeds and raise a large bed of Enthusiasm. Indeed, I soon found that the crop needed a decided thinning-out if space were to be left for anything else, and that a mixture of the blooms of Patience would be a very pleasant relief to the eye. This latter culture has involved a great deal of effort. Patience is an exotic plant in my soul; much cultivation and weeding, careful mulching and pinching back have been necessary in order to induce it to grow; but when I found how much more lovely my beautiful flower-beds would be if set off against them, I determined to coax the tender young Patience-plants into the semblance of a sturdy growth, and the mixture with Enthusiasm proved very helpful to both.

Prudence, too, I found it wise to add as an edging; without it I might have been tempted, by the alluring advertisements I saw, to experiment with totally impracticable and very strange novelties indeed. *Dimorphotheca aurantiaca*, 'a rare and showy annual from South Africa'; *eryngium amethystium*, 'fine for winter bouquets'; or *cyperus artemifolius*, 'excellent for growing in water and damp spots' (my garden being designed for the sunny slope of a hill!), would, but for the Prudence, probably have attracted me by their unusual merits. 'Pocket-like flowers' and 'spiny foliage' would have sounded irresistibly interesting; and the very superlativeness of such names as *heli-chrysum monstrosum*, *gomphrena superba*, *kermesina splendens*, or *celosia plumosa thompsonii magnifica*, would have exercised a fatal fascination upon my imagination. But having planted my Prudence, I chose to go with it a selection of pinks and poppies and petunias and pansies, which will bloom anywhere and involve no risk.

I never knew, before I had this mind-garden, that the pursuit of horticulture, even in the most amateurish way,

even, I might say, in a purely abstract way, was a tremendous stimulus to the cardinal virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Pray how is one to put one's trust in the seed-catalogues (which one's friends unanimously declare to be mendacious); or to glow over pictures and descriptions that one knows to be romance; or actually to write out money-orders with hands trembling in eagerness, money-orders for packets and ounces and dozens and hundreds, — without faith? Faith in man, faith in Nature, faith in seeds, and faith in print? Hope, too, receives the same vivifying stimulus; and Charity, most of all, is necessary if one would plan a pretty garden; the charity that believeth all things and hopeth all things, and must be ready to endure and forgive all things, when Nature and the Garden take things into their own control. Without charity for the misinforming guides I have consulted, and still more charity for my own invincible and happy credulity, I should not dare to face the failures of next summer; but *with* charity, I go gladly forward, feeling that to seek and learn the truth about my own dear garden will be to me a precious soul-experience, even though the most conspicuous truths of all should prove to be the mistakes.

The history of my paper-garden runs thus. Duly incorporated into a central scheme for the creation of a new home, — thrown in, as it were, with the general outlay of plans for the house, the driveways, the fences, the garage, the planting of thickets, the grading and drainage of the land, and the general overhauling of old neglected acres, — came from the hands of the architects the casual drawing of a little formal flower-garden. It was brightly colored with chalks and its delicate pencilings showed forth charming possibilities of arbor and bench, pool and

pergola. But it had to be laid away in our pigeon-hole of 'perhapses' and 'some-days' until one year should have completed the roadways, another the vegetable garden, another the miles of fence, and another the out-buildings. Once in every six months, or thereabouts, it was taken out of the pigeon-hole and affectionately regarded as the promise of a vague future happiness; or its destined rôle in the general scheme was explained to an interested friend, much as one might explain the topography of Carcassonne. But then it was put back again, among the other perhapses, and we went on with the fence.

Last October, however, when we had planted the last of dozens of small trees between our windows and a reeking brewery chimney, we realized that most of the really necessary perhapses had come true; that the some-days had gone by, adding one touch to another, until at last the Garden Some-day stood at our threshold with the alluring crayon plan in its hand. We recognized that instead of a paper Perhaps it might become a fragrant, blooming Certainty. Joyfully we looked our happiness in the face, and, with the intrepidity of ignorance, prepared to lay the garden out immediately, and to plant it in the spring. As usual, I decided to do the deciding. (If I were writing in the popular garden-author idiom I should label the other members of my family in some such way as this, — the Man of Trustfulness, or the Youth of Reposefulness; indicating that they were the ones to regard and admire, I the one to do and to dare; but I prefer to summarize our case by repeating that I, as usual, decided to do the deciding.) So I began to map out the beds as they were designed to lie, in front of our south terrace, allowing the yellow chalk-marks to indicate yellow lilies; the blue spots,

canterbury-bells; and the pink patches, poppies and hollyhocks.

Here began the first term in my new course of education. The flower-beds showed such a marked inclination to lay themselves out that, in order to get the paths in the middle, the grass-plots of equal size, and the beds running at right angles and parallel to the house, I was obliged to grope my way fumblingly back to the rudiments of geometry and arithmetic. To what I had imagined I could do in a few hours, I devoted several days, growing ever more enthusiastic as I noted the transition from pencil-marks to clothes-lines, from clothes-lines to rows of sod, and from these to actual flower-beds in the solid earth.

Meantime, when wind and labor and happiness had tired me to the point of a retreat indoors, I sat down to make out a list of plants which should carry out the promise of the colored chalks, for I had been told that it was well to order early, against the first spring warmth and rains.

I selected blue canterbury-bells to fill in a bed which was visible from my favorite sofa; and here began my repolishing of another branch of mathematics, — algebra: to let x represent the square space to be filled, and y the size of a canterbury-bell, and find z , the number of plants I should need, — knowing absolutely nothing of canterbury-bells, except that my friend's vases of them had enchanted me, and that I had been the recipient of a beautiful blue bunch one day last April, — or was it October? I remembered that they illumined my blue dining-room upon the occasion of a luncheon-party; and by that token I knew that it must have been in June. But perhaps they had come out of a greenhouse?

I realized that I must really inform myself about these flowers. To that

end I looked up some old and slighted seed-catalogues and began my researches. With shame I now recall the depths of ignorance, in spite of which I gayly undertook the disposition of my garden space. Why! I could not even *find* the canterbury-bells until I stumbled upon a preposterous lithograph of their familiar faces, and through this clue discovered them to be *campanulæ*. So Latin was to be added to my curriculum! My pretty bouquets of pinks and baby's-breath were henceforth to be gathered from beds of *dianthi* and *gypsophilæ*; my daisies and lilies became bunches of *bellis perennis* and of *longiflori rubri*; a double flower claimed the adjective *plenissimum*, and the colors changed from blue and white and pink to *ceruleum*, *album*, *roseum*. It was all very interesting; soon my tired sense of humor began to be roused. I found myself laughing at the mixed assembly who had stood godfathers to my plants — especially the Latinized Irishmen, Scotchmen and Germans; the O'Brieni, the MacArthuri, the Kuhli, the Hoopesi, the Smalli, the Shorti. I began to think of my dearest friends as Jonesi, Browni, and Dickensonii.

I felt as I used to feel when I and the other small girls in the neighborhood indulged in what was known to us as 'pig-Latin.' And when, at night, my overcharged brain attempted to sleep, I fancied myself to be Ophelia, distractedly scattering my treasures before the Danish monarchs and singing, 'There's *rosmarinus officinalis*, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is *viola lutea splendens*, that's for thoughts . . . There's *phaniculum vulgare* for you, and *aquilegiæ cœruleæ hybridæ*; there's *thalictrum paniculatum*; . . . you must wear your *thalictra* with a difference. There's an *arctotis grandis*; I would give you some *violæ odoratæ*,

but they withered all when my father died.' Poor Hamlet and his poor crazy love! What might not a Berkshire garden have done for them!

But further in regard to my canterbury-bells. I think I can no more vividly picture to you my complete horticultural ignorance than by telling you that I used often to wonder what there was to be done in a garden in the autumn; was not the out-of-door period almost over? The astonishing information that my pretty *campanulæ* should have been planted early in October (and then not by seeds, but with well-started little plants) was somewhat disquieting, as it was already the middle of that month, and the ground was not even ready. I had been supposing that all that was necessary was to deposit my seeds next April, and to pick my flowers next June; whereas they should have been started at least three months ago! My disappointment would have been very great had I not found comfort in my catalogues, which assured me that the nurserymen had previously dealt with unprepared amateurs, and had raised, for my benefit apparently, young plants all ready for their second season of existence.

In determining not to be caught unawares again, I acquired a new sense of the value of Foresight, a virtue which I had hitherto somewhat underprized, along with thrift and caution, as being of too utilitarian a nature to be strictly beautiful or noble. Spontaneity is to me so much more charming, always, than calculation! Generosity so much more lovable than prudence! But my little prospective blue-bells were teaching me many things, and this was one of their most emphatic lessons, — that foresight is morally and æsthetically more dependable than impulse; and that painstaking may be duller than ardor, but that it produces more and longer bloom.

The moral course of discipline thus connected with my novitiate ran side by side with the mental. While Patience, Prudence, Foresight, Faith, Hope, and Charity had all been pressed into the service of my future garden, I had been reviving at the same time my disused talents for Arithmetic, Geometry, Algebra, and Latin. Now it became necessary to take up Chemistry and Climatology in order that my little seedlings might have the proper kind of soil, and that they should be chosen with regard to the mountain-climate which was their destined environment. The subject of fertilizers (who would ever have thought it!) became to me an engrossing fad. My sisters of the Order, who seem to possess an *a priori* knowledge of the proper proportion of sand and leaf-mould, of sunshine and shade, of dampness and dryness, requisite to the needs of their various gardens, can hardly imagine the reassurance which I found in the statement that such and such an enticing plant was 'perfectly hardy in any soil'; or my discouragement in learning that I had selected an alluring variety which could thrive only in the Southern States. A new world of unheard-of fascinations was opened up to me through the insidious pages of those seedmen's lists!

As an aid to the assimilation and quick application of so much undigested and recent information, I finally drew up a series of colored maps and tables; for the thing was growing so complicated to my mental grasp that I needed visual assistance in classifying the colors, heights, periods of bloom, lengths of life, and methods of culture, of my prospective garden-products. To verify the conflicting statements of different text-books, to tabulate this mass of contradictory statistics, and then to draw and color the plans and order the seeds, — for these labors all

my faculties were marshaled into service: imagination and business acumen, technique, and creative impulse.

My charts demanded toll of Art, Science, and Philosophy, with an uncompromising peremptoriness that no live garden would ever inflict. One little growing plant that fails to bloom cannot have much significance in a big flower-bed; but one little error in the reckoning of its distance apart from its neighbors may make a difference of hundreds of plants and thousands of blossoms. One small discrepancy in the statistics of the blooming period of some particular plant, upon which one has depended to supply a pink patch in an otherwise colorless bed, — say the tulip bed after June, — may give rise to an elaborate revision of the whole color scheme, when, for instance, one textbook tells you that it blooms all summer, and another that it blooms from July sixteenth to August twelfth.

But, close as my concentration was obliged to be, I felt that it was good for my relaxed mind. Even if to-day I did not confidently hope to see my dear posies where I now see but a water-color drawing, I should thank them (or my visions of them) for the beneficial discipline which my mind and heart have undergone in their imaginary behalf.

My acquaintance with flowers, hitherto, has been mainly conducted through the medium of the botanist or the florist; as though one should seek to acquire a pleasant circle of friends by studying their physiology and anatomy, or by visiting an ethnological exhibit! I intend henceforth to make friends with my family of plants, and am already taking much delight in learning to speak the language of their domestic life. Certain words and phrases which I have but recently heard or understood I now can never

speak without an exultant feeling of intimacy which belongs to the inner circles of the Order of the Garden. Such a term is 'mulch,' which seems to me to signify a sort of poultice; another is 'pinching back'; still another is 'a habit of growth.'

According to the dictum of modern analysis, it is habit of growth that actually makes a personality; our habits lay the very corner-stone of our mental, moral, and physical selves; so that it would be quite justifiably profound to say, 'by men's habits shall ye know them.' As, in my researches, I was constantly meeting the application to plant-life of this term 'habit,' I perceived that a very nice appreciation of values might be displayed in the choice of the plants which one is thinking of introducing into one's own garden. This choice involves the imparting, or the not imparting, of a certain moral tone to the garden. A well-defined individuality seems to inhere in a plant which is described as 'very dwarf in habit.' When I remember the pettiness, the closeness to earthy things, the low spiritual stature, that go with a dwarf habit of mind outside our flower-gardens, I think I will not have, in my own, very many plants of that kind. Then I think of the 'dense, bushy habit' of certain other people; the 'spreading' habit, the 'trailing, drooping' habit, and even the 'weeping' habit; and turn instinctively toward the plants whose habits are said to be 'branching and free,' 'stately,' 'erect,' 'feathery and graceful,' or 'neat and compact'; realizing that one flower differeth in glory from another even as do one's other friends; and that in the garden of plants, as in the garden of Life, one may be fastidious without learning to be unkind.

There are also other traits in plants which, although they may not exactly have a moral bearing upon our regard

for them, may, nevertheless, remind us of secret affinities or exasperations existing between us and our fellow-perennials. Do you not feel, in regarding a seed which requires six months to germinate (as in the case of certain violets), that you have had the same sensation before? Perhaps in the presence of a leisurely friend whose irritating delays and procrastinations are always forgotten and atoned for by the violet-like freshness and aroma of her personality? Or when you are told that other seeds, like those of the morning-glory, will be greatly facilitated and hastened in their sprouting, if given a night's soaking in warm water, do you not recall a friend with symptoms?

Do not the splendid varieties of poppies and larkspur labeled 'hybrid' and glowing among their aristocratic, but uninteresting, relatives of purer descent, remind you of a glorious western girl in Boston? And by the habit, color, perfume, and generosity of bloom, in fact, by all the excellences of its species which are foretold upon its label, I find much to symbolize the best and pleasantest of American society, in a packet of seeds catalogued as 'specially-selected double-mixed.'

My heart expands to meet the little

flowers that shall some day bloom for me, as I think of all that I want them to do for me. I must be ambitious if I am to associate with their teeming, striving life; but also very calm when I come into their silence, their still rapture in the hot sunshine, their patient endurance of drought, their quiet, steadfast growth. They must free me from envy if my neighbor's garden outshines mine; when their own superiority gladdens my eyes, they must make me very magnanimous; and I must be tender and helpful toward their struggles and weakness. Freely they will have received their bounty from sun and wind and bee and bird; freely they will spill their perfume for me, their only rivalry lying in their endeavor to be the more alive, the more abundant, the more responsive, to the universal life about them. So they must make me very generous. I want them, too, to bring me their own health of soul and body; to teach me to love their unconscious, open-air freedom, their joy in the common soil and the skyward gaze of their faces. Let their honest clamor for light and warmth teach me to love the vivid, innocent life of the senses. Let my imagination see in them the poetry and religion of the summer world.

LEE AND JACKSON

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

JACKSON was a born fighter. In his youth he fought poverty. He fought for an education at West Point. There he fought his way through against prejudice and every disadvantage. Fighting in Mexico he thoroughly enjoyed himself. As a professor at the Virginia Military Institute he probably did not. When the war came, it was a godsend to him; and he fought with every nerve in his body till he fell, shot by his own soldiers, at Chancellorsville.

For purely intellectual power he does not seem to have been remarkable. He learned what he set out to learn, by sheer effort. What interested him he mastered. Without doubt his restless, active mind would have fought abstract problems, if it had found nothing else to fight. But I do not imagine he loved thinking for itself, or had the calm breadth to study impersonally the great questions of the world and flash sudden, sharp illumination on them, as did Napoleon.

And Jackson had no personal charm. He was courteous, but with a labored courtesy; he was shy, abrupt, ungainly, forgetful, and apt to be withdrawn into himself. His fellow students admired him, but shrank from him. His pupils laughed at his odd ways and did not always profit by his teaching. This, before his star shone out. And it is strange to contrast such neglect with the adoration that pressed close about his later glory. In Martinsburg the ladies 'cut every button off his coat, commenced on his pants, and at one time threatened to leave him in the

uniform of a Georgia colonel — shirt collar and spurs.' Nothing similar is recorded of Lee — even humorously.

It must not be supposed that, though unsuccessful in general society, Jackson lacked warmth or human kindness. He was sensitive, emotional, susceptible. He felt the charm of art in all its forms. He read Shakespeare, and quoted him in a military dispatch, — 'we must burn no more daylight,' — as I cannot imagine Lee doing. When he was in Europe, he keenly enjoyed painting, and architecture, and loved to talk of them after his return, entertaining the *Times* correspondent with a long discussion of English cathedrals, — partly, to be sure, to avoid talk on things military. When in Mexico, he was charmed by the Mexican girls, so much so that he fled them, as Dr. Johnson fled Garrick's ballet. In his youth he was even a dancer. When age and religion came upon him he used still to indulge, for exercise, in an occasional polka; 'but,' as Mrs. Jackson remarks, deliciously, 'no eye but that of his wife was ever permitted to witness this recreation.' In his family he was tender, affectionate, playful, sympathetic. 'His abandon was beautiful to see, provided there were only one or two people to see it.' His letters to his wife are ardent and devoted, full of an outpouring and self-revelation which one never finds in the printed letters of Lee.

In short, he was a man with a soul of fire. Action was his life. To do something, to do high, heroic things,

to do them with set lip and strained nerve and fierce determination — to him this was all the splendor of existence. In his youth he had not learned Latin well, and it was questioned whether he could do it in age. He said he could. He was set to teach matters that were strange to him, and some doubted whether he could do it. He said he could. Extempore prayer came to him with difficulty, and his pastor advised his not attempting it, if he could not do it. He said he could. 'As to the rest, I knew that what I willed to do, I could do.' Such a statement has its foolish side and takes us back to what I said above about Jackson's intelligence. Pure intelligence sees insurmountable difficulties, too many and too plain. Jackson, if ever any man, came near to being pure will.

It seems that his courage, flawless as it was, was courage of will rather than of stolid temperament. He visited the hospitals less often than he wished, because, he said, when he was in cold blood, his nerves could not endure the sight of wounds and torture. 'It was not unusual to see him pale and trembling with excitement at the firing of the first gun of an opening battle.' Yet his power of concentration was so enormous that when he was thinking out a military problem he forgot bullet and shell and wounds and death. 'This was the true explanation of that seeming recklessness with which he sometimes exposed himself on the field of battle.'

Also he had the magnetic faculty of extending to others his own furious determination. He could demand the impossible of them because he performed it himself. 'Come on,' he cried in Mexico, 'you see there is no danger.' And a shot passed between his legs spread wide apart. His soldiers marched to death, when he bade them. What was even worse, they marched at

the double through Virginia mud, without shoes, without food, without sleep. 'Did you order me to advance over that field, sir?' said an officer to him. 'Yes,' said Jackson. 'Impossible, sir! My men will be annihilated! Nothing can live there! They will be annihilated!' 'General,' said Jackson, 'I always endeavor to take care of my wounded and to bury my dead. You have heard my order — obey it.'

What was there back of this magnificent, untiring, inexhaustible will and energy, what long dream of glory, what splendid hope of imperishable renown? Or was it a blind energy, a mere restless thirst for action and adventure, unceasing, unquenchable? Something of the latter there was in it doubtless, of the love of danger for its pure nerve-thrill, its unrivaled magic of oblivion. 'Nothing is more certain than that this love of action, movement, danger, and adventure, was a prominent trait in his organization,' says one of his earlier biographers. 'I envy you men who have been in battle. How I should like to be in one battle,' he remarked in Mexico; and he confessed that to be under fire filled him with a delicious excitement.

Nevertheless, he was far enough from being a mere common sworder, or even the gay, careless fighter who does the day's work and never looks beyond it. In his youth there can be no doubt that he dreamed dreams of immense advancement, of endless conquest, of triumph and admiration and success. During the war some one expressed the belief that Jackson was not ambitious. 'Ambitious!' was the answer. 'He is the most ambitious man in the Confederacy.' We have his own reported words for his feelings at an earlier date. 'The only anxiety I was conscious of during the engagement was a fear lest I should not meet danger enough to make my conduct

conspicuous.' And again, 'To his intimate friend he once remarked that the officer should make attainment of rank supreme, within honorable bounds, over every other consideration.'

Very little things often throw a fine light on character and difference of character. On one occasion, as the troops were marching by, they had been forbidden to cheer, lest the noise might betray them to the enemy. When Jackson's own brigade passed their general, however, their enthusiasm was too much for any prohibition, and they cheered loud and long. Jackson smiled as he listened, and turning to those beside him, murmured, 'You see, I can't stop them.' Whether Lee had any ambition or not, it is difficult to imagine him betrayed into such a naïve expression as this. The smile might have been possible for him, the words never.

So in Jackson's younger days his devouring ardor fed on worldly hopes. Then religion took possession of him, not suddenly, but with a gradual, fierce encroachment that in the end grasped every fibre of his being. Like a very similar nature in a different sphere, John Donne, he examined all creeds first, notably the Catholic, but finally settled in an austere and sturdy Calvinism. Not that his religion was gloomy or bitterly ascetic; for it had great depths of love in it, and sunny possibilities of joy. But it was all-absorbing, and he fought the fight of God with the same fury that he gave to the battles of this world. There must be no weakness, no trifling, no inconsistency.

'He weighed his lightest utterance in the balance of the sanctuary,' writes one who knew him well. Christians are enjoined to pray. Therefore Jackson prayed always, even in association with the lightest act. 'I never raise a glass of water to my lips with-

out lifting my heart to God in thanks and prayer for the water of life.' They must remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Therefore Jackson not only refrained from writing letters on Sunday; he would not read a letter on Sunday: he even timed the sending of his own letters so that they should not encumber the mails on Sunday. It was the same with a scrupulous regard for truth. Every statement, even indifferent, must be exact; or, if inexact, corrected. And Jackson walked a mile in the rain to set right an error of inadvertence.

The wonder is that a man of such temper accomplished anything in the world at all. I confess that I feel an unsanctified satisfaction in seeing the exigencies of war override and wither this dainty scrupulousness. It is true that they cannot do it always. 'Had I fought the battle on Sunday instead of on Monday I fear our cause would have suffered.' But then again, the Puritan Lee writes to the Puritan Jackson: 'I had hoped her own [Maryland's] citizens would have relieved us of that question, *and you must endeavor to give to the course you may find it necessary to pursue the appearance of its being the act of her own citizens.*' How many leagues the praying Jackson should have walked in the rain to correct the fighting Jackson's peccadilloes?

And now how did Jackson's ambition and his religion keep house together? His admirers maintain that religion devoured the other motive completely. 'Duty alone constrained him to forego the happiness and comforts of his beloved home for the daily hardships of a soldier's life.' But certain of his reported words in the very closing scene make me think that the thirst for glory was as ardent as ever, even if it had a little shifted its form. 'I would not agree to the slightest di-

minution of my glory there [in heaven], no, not for all the fame which I have acquired or shall ever win in this world.' It does not sound quite like the chastened spirit of a son of peace, does it?

No, the early Jackson and the later Jackson were the same Jackson. The blare of trumpets, the crash of guns, the cheers of an adoring army, were a passionate delight to him, and would have been as long as he walked this fighting world. But that will, which by itself was mighty enough, was doubled and tripled in power when it got the will of God behind it. To gratify personal ambition the man might have hesitated at destruction and slaughter. But to do his duty, to carry out the designs of Providence, that mission must override all obstacles and subdue all scruples. In face of it human agony counted simply as nothing.

Henderson, who is reluctant to find shadows in his idol, questions the authenticity of Jackson's interview with his brother-in-law, as reported by Mrs. Jackson; but I am perfectly ready to believe that the hero of the Valley declared for hoisting the black flag and giving 'no quarter to the violaters of our homes and firesides.' Certainly no one denies that when he was asked how to dispose of the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, his answer was, 'Kill them, sir! kill every man!' And again, when some one deplored the necessity of destroying so many brave men, 'No, shoot them all; I do not wish them to be brave.'

Such a tremendous instrument as this might have gone anywhere and done anything, and if Jackson had lived, his future defies prevision. 'No man had so magnificent a prospect before him as General Jackson,' wrote Lawley, the correspondent of the London *Times*. 'Whether he desired it or not, he could not have escaped being

Governor of Virginia, and also, in the opinion of many competent judges, sooner or later President of the Confederacy.' But this regular method of ascent would have been slow. When things went wrong, when politicians intrigued and triumphed, when the needs of the army were slighted and forgotten for petty jealousies, Jackson would have been just the one to have cried out, 'Here is man's will, where is God's will?' just the one to have felt God's strength in his own right arm, to have purged war-offices, and turned out Congresses, and made incompetent presidents feel that they must give up to those who saw more clearly and judged more wisely. There would have been no selfishness in all this, no personal ambition, because it would have been just doing the will of God. And I can perfectly imagine Jackson riding such a career, and overwhelming every obstacle in his way except one — Robert E. Lee.

When Jackson and Lee first met does not appear. Jackson said early in the war that he had known Lee for twenty-five years. They may have seen something of each other in Mexico. They may have seen something of each other in Virginia before the war. If so, there seems to be no record of it. At any rate, Jackson thought well of Lee from the first, and said of him when he was appointed to command the Virginia forces, 'His services I regard as of more value to us than General Scott could render as a commander. . . . It is understood that General Lee is to be commander-in-chief. I regard him as a better officer than General Scott.'

From that beginning the lieutenant's loyalty to his chief grew steadily; not only his loyalty, but his personal admiration and affection. I like the elementary expression of it, showing unconsciously Jackson's sense of some of his own deficiencies, in his remark to

McGuire, after visiting Lee in the hospital: 'General Lee is the most perfect animal form I ever saw.' But illustrations on a somewhat broader plane are abundant enough. 'General Lee has always been very kind to me and I thank him,' said Jackson simply, as he lay on his death-bed.

The enthusiasm of that ardent nature was ever ready to show itself in an almost over-zealous devotion. Lee once sent word that he should be glad to talk with his subordinate at his convenience on some matter of no great urgency. Thereupon Jackson instantly rode to headquarters through the most inclement weather. When Lee expressed surprise at seeing him, the other answered, 'General Lee's lightest wish is a supreme command to me, and I always take pleasure in prompt obedience.' If we consider what Jackson's nature was, it is manifest that he gave the highest possible proof of loyalty, when it was suggested that he should return to an individual command in the Valley, and he answered that he did not desire it, but in every way preferred a subordinate position near General Lee.

Jackson's personal affection for Lee was, of course, intimately bound up with confidence in his military ability. Even in the early days, when Jackson had been in vain demanding reinforcements and word was brought of Lee's appointment to supreme command, Jackson's comment was, 'Well, madam, I am reinforced at last.' On various occasions, when others doubted Lee's judgment or questioned his decisions, Jackson was entirely in agreement with his chief. For instance, Longstreet disapproved Lee's determination to fight at Sharpsburg, and Ropes and other critics have since condemned it. Jackson, however, though he had no part in it, gave it his entire and hearty approval.

I do not find anywhere, even in the most private letters, a disposition in Jackson to quarrel with Lee's plans or criticize his arrangements. On the contrary, when objections are made, he is ready to answer them, and eagerly, and heartily. 'General Lee is equal to any emergency that may arise. I trust implicitly in his great ability and superior wisdom.'

Jackson had plans of his own and sometimes talked of them. He was asked why he did not urge them upon Lee. 'I have done so,' was his answer. 'And what does he say to them?' 'He says nothing. But do not understand that I complain of this silence; it is proper that General Lee should observe it. He is wise and prudent. He feels that he bears a fearful responsibility and he is right in declining a hasty expression of his purpose to a subordinate like me.'

Again, some one found fault with Lee's slowness. Jackson contradicted warmly: 'General Lee is not slow. No one knows the weight upon his heart, his great responsibility. He is commander-in-chief, and he knows that if an army is lost, it cannot be replaced. No! There may be some persons whose good opinion of me will make them attach some weight to my views, and if you ever hear that said of General Lee, I beg you will contradict it in my name. I have known General Lee for twenty-five years; he is cautious; he ought to be. But he is not slow.' And he concluded with one of the finest expressions of loyalty ever uttered by a subordinate, and such a subordinate: 'Lee is a phenomenon. He is the only man I would follow blindfold.'

After this, who can question the sincerity of the words spoken on his death-bed: 'Better that ten Jacksons should fall than one Lee!'

And what did Lee think of Jackson? As always, Lee's judgments are more

difficult to get at. In spite of all respect and all affection, I cannot but think that his large humanity shrank a little from Jackson's ardors. When he told a lady, with gentle playfulness, that General Jackson, 'who was smiling so pleasantly near her, was the most cruel and inhuman man she had ever seen,' I have no doubt it was ninety-nine parts playfulness, but perhaps there was one part, one little part, earnest. As late as after Antietam Lee's military commendation of Jackson was very restrained, to say the least. 'My opinion of the merits of General Jackson has been greatly enhanced during this expedition. He is true, honest, and brave, has a single eye to the good of the service, and spares no exertions to accomplish his object.' No superlatives here. Sharp words of criticism, even, are reported, which, singular as they are, seem to come with excellent authority. 'Jackson was by no means so rapid a marcher as Longstreet and had an unfortunate habit of never being on time.'

Yet Lee's deep affection for his great lieutenant and perfect confidence in him are beyond question. It has been well pointed out that this is proved practically by the fact that the commander-in-chief always himself remained with Longstreet and left Jackson to operate independently, as if the former were more in need of personal supervision. Lee's own written words to Jackson are also — for Lee — very enthusiastic: 'Your recent successes have been the cause of the liveliest joy in this army as well as in the country. The admiration excited by your skill and boldness has been constantly mingled with solicitude for your situation.'

Jackson's wound and death and the realization of his loss produced at a later time expressions of a warmth so unusual as to be almost startling. 'If I had had Stonewall Jackson at Gettys-

burg, I should have won that battle.' 'Such an executive officer the sun never shone on. I have but to show him my design, and I know that if it can be done it will be done.' The messages sent to the dying general are as appreciative as they are tender. 'You are better off than I am, for while you have only lost your left, I have lost my right arm.' 'Tell him that I am praying for him, as I believe I have never prayed for myself.' (Yet if the words are correctly reported, note even here the most characteristic Lee-like modification, '*I believe.*') And only those who are familiar with Lee can appreciate the agony of the parting outcry: "'Jackson will not — he cannot die!' General Lee exclaimed, in a broken voice, and waving every one from him with his hand, "he cannot die."'

The study of the practical military relations of the two great commanders is of extreme interest. Lee does not hesitate to advise Jackson as freely as he would any other subordinate. 'It was to save you the abundance of hard fighting that I ventured to suggest for your consideration not to attack the enemy's strong points, but to turn his positions at Warrenton, etc., so as to draw him out of them; I would rather you should have easy fighting and heavy victories. I must leave the matter to your reflection and cool judgment.' He even frequently gives a sharp order which approaches sternness: 'You must use your discretion and judgment in these matters, and be careful to husband the strength of your command as much as possible.' And again: 'Do not let your troops run down, if it can possibly be avoided by attention to their wants, comforts, etc., by their respective commanders. This will require your personal attention.'

Jackson seems usually to have accepted all this with unquestioning submission. It is true that Longstreet is

said once to have accused him of disrespect because he groaned audibly at one of Lee's decisions. But Longstreet was a little too watchful for those groans. Also, on one occasion, when Lee proposed some redistribution of artillery, Jackson protested, rather for his soldiers than for himself: 'General D. H. Hill's artillery wants existed at the time he was assigned to my command, and it is hoped that artillery which belonged to the Army of the Valley will not be taken to supply his wants.' But, for the most part, the lieutenant writes in the respectful, affectionate, and trustful tone which he adopted at the very beginning of the war and maintained until the end. 'I would be more than grateful, could you spare the time for a short visit here to give me the benefit of your wisdom and experience in laying out the works, especially those on the heights.'

Jackson's complete submission to Lee is the more striking because, although a theoretical believer in subordination, he was not by nature peculiarly adapted to working under the orders of others. Some, who knew him well, have gone so far as to say that 'his genius never shone under command of another.' This is absurd enough considering his later battles; but it seems to me that some such explanation may be sought for his comparative inefficiency on the Peninsula, as to which almost all critics are agreed. 'It was physical exhaustion,' says Dabney. 'It was poor staff service,' says Henderson. Is it not possible that, accustomed hitherto to working with an absolutely free hand, his very desire to be only an executive and carry out Lee's orders may for the time, to some extent, have paralyzed his own initiative?

However that may be, there is no doubt that Jackson did not take kindly to dictation from Richmond. It is said

that on one occasion he wrote to the War Office requesting that he might have fewer orders and more men. It is certain that he complained bitterly to Lee of the custom of sending him officers without consulting him. 'I have had much trouble resulting from incompetent officers being assigned to duty with me, regardless of my wishes. Those who have assigned them have never taken the responsibility of incurring the odium which results from such incompetence.' And very early in his career he had a sharp clash with Secretary Benjamin who had attempted to interfere in the detail of military arrangements. Jackson sent in his resignation at once, explaining that his services could be of no use, if he was to be hampered by remote and ill-informed control. The fact of the resignation, which was withdrawn by the kindly offices of Johnston and Governor Letcher, is of less interest than the spirit in which Jackson offered it. When it was represented to him that the Government had proceeded without understanding the circumstances, he replied, 'Certainly they have; but they must be taught not to act so hastily without a full knowledge of the facts. I can teach them this lesson now by my resignation, and the country will be no loser by it.' Was I wrong in saying that this man would have ridden over anything and anybody, if he had thought it his duty? Such summary methods may have been wise, they may have been effective: they were certainly very unlike Lee's.

Now let us turn from Jackson's superiors to his inferiors. The common soldier loved him, — not for any jolly comradeship, not for any fascinating magnetism of personal charm or heroic enthusiasm. He was a hard taskmaster, exacting and severe. 'Whatever of personal magnetism existed in Stonewall Jackson,' says his partial bio-

grapher, 'found no utterance in words. Whilst his soldiers struggled painfully toward Romney in the teeth of the winter storm, his lips were never opened save for sharp rebuke or peremptory order.' But the men had confidence in him. He had got them out of many a difficulty, and something in his manner told them that he would get them out of any difficulty. The sight of his old uniform and scrawny sorrel horse stirred all their nerves and made them march and fight as they could not have done for another man.

And then they knew that though he was harsh, he was just. He expected great things of them, but he would do great things for them. He would slaughter them mercilessly to win a victory; but when it was won, he would give them the glory, under God, and would cherish the survivors with a parent's tenderness. 'We do not regard him as a severe disciplinarian,' writes one of them, 'as a politician, as a man seeking popularity — but as a Christian, a brave man who appreciates the condition of a common soldier, as a fatherly protector, as one who endures all hardship in common with his followers, who never commands others to face danger without putting himself in the van.'

But with his officers it was somewhat different. They did indeed trust his leadership and admire his genius. How could they help it? It is said that all the staff officers of the army liked him. And Mrs. Jackson declares that his own staff were devoted to him, as they doubtless were. Yet even she admits that they resented his rigid punctuality and early hours. And there is no doubt that in these particulars, and in many others, he asked all that men were capable of and sometimes a little more. 'General Jackson,' says one of his staff, 'demanded of his subordinates implicit obedience. He gave orders in his own peculiar, terse, rapid fashion,

and he did not permit them to be questioned.'

General Ewell is said to have remarked that he never 'saw one of Jackson's couriers approach him without expecting an order to assault the North Pole.' On one occasion he had given his staff directions to breakfast at dawn, and to be in the saddle immediately after. The general appeared at daybreak — and one officer. Jackson lost his temper. 'Major, how is it that this staff never will be punctual?' When the major attempted some apology for the others, his chief turned to the servant in a rage: 'Put back that food into the chest, have that chest in the wagon, and that wagon moving in two minutes.'

Also Jackson had a habit of keeping everything to himself. This was doubtless a great military advantage. It was a source of constant amusement to the soldiers, who even joked their general about it. Jackson met one of them one day in some place where he should not have been. 'What are you doing here?' 'I don't know.' — 'Where do you come from?' 'I don't know.' — 'What command do you belong to?' 'I don't know.' When asked the meaning of this extraordinary ignorance, the man explained. 'Orders were that we should n't know anything till after the next fight.' Jackson laughed and passed on.

But the officers did not like it. Jackson made his own plans, and took care of his own responsibilities. Even his most trusted subordinates were often told to go to this or that place with no explanation of the object of their going. They went, but they sometimes went without enthusiasm. And Jackson was no man for councils of war. Others' judgment might be as good as his, but only one judgment must settle matters, and his was, for the time, to be that one.

Hence his best officers fretted, and he

quarreled with nearly all of them. And when things did not go right, with him it was the guard-house instantly. All five regimental commanders of the Stonewall Brigade were once under arrest at the same time. The gallant Ashby, just before his last charge and death, had a sharp bit of friction with his commander. When Gregg lay dying, he sent to the general to apologize for a letter recently written 'in which he used words that he is now sorry for. . . . He hopes you will forgive him.' Jackson forgave him heartily; but he could not have death-bed reconciliations with all of them.

In some of these cases Lee was obliged to interfere, notably in that of A. P. Hill. Hill was a splendid soldier. Lee loved him. By a strange coincidence his name was on the dying lips of Lee and Jackson both. But he was fiery and impetuous, and did not hesitate to criticize even the commander-in-chief with hearty freedom. He chafed sorely under Jackson's arbitrary methods. Lee, in recommending him, foresaw this and tried to insinuate a little caution. 'A. P. Hill you will, I think, find a good officer, with whom you can consult; and, by advising with your division commanders as to your movements, much trouble will be saved you in arranging details, and they can aid more intelligently.'

It was quite useless. The two fiery tempers clashed till the sparks flew. Jackson put his subordinate under arrest more than once. In the Official Record we may read the painful but very curious correspondence in which the two men laid their grievances before Lee, and Lee with patient tact tried to do justice to both. 'If,' says Hill, 'the charges preferred against me by General Jackson are true, I do not deserve to command a division in this army; if they are untrue, then General Jackson deserves a rebuke as notorious as the

arrest.' It is said that Lee at last brought the two together, and 'after hearing their several statements, walking gravely to and fro, said, "He who has been the most aggrieved can be the most magnanimous and make the first overture of peace." This wise verdict forever settled their differences.' Forever is a long word, but surely no verdict of Solomon or Sancho Panza could be neater.

Lee's relations with Jackson as to strategy and tactics are no less interesting than the disciplinary. Some of Jackson's admirers seem inclined to credit him with Lee's best generalship, especially with the brilliant and successful movements which resulted in the victories of the second Bull Run and of Chancellorsville. Just how far each general was responsible for those movements can never be exactly determined. The conception of flank attacks would appear to be an elementary device to any military mind. Lee certainly was sufficiently prone to them, and urged them upon Jackson at an early stage. It is in nice and perfect execution that the difficulty lies, and in the delicate adjustment of that execution to the handling of the army as a whole; and in this Lee and Jackson probably formed as wonderful a pair of military geniuses as ever existed.

As to Lee's initiative, it can be easily shown that even in the first Valley campaign he had, to say the least, a most sympathetic and prophetic comprehension of Jackson's action. If Jackson may possibly have conceived the plan of operations which led to the second Bull Run, it was Lee who designed the movements of Gaines's Mill, which Jackson failed to carry out. At a later date, just before Fredericksburg, when Jackson was again operating in the Valley, his biographer, Henderson, in the absence of authentic data, assumes that the lieutenant was

anxious to carry out some flanking conception of his own, and that Lee assented to it. This may be so, but a few weeks later still, when the battle was imminent, Lee expresses himself to a very different effect: 'In previous letters I suggested the advantage that might be derived by your taking position at Warrenton or Culpeper, with a view to threaten the rear of the enemy at Fredericksburg. . . . As my previous suggestions to you were left to be executed or not at your discretion, you are still at liberty to follow or reject them.'

The case that has aroused most controversy, one of those problems that can be always discussed and never settled, is that of Chancellorsville. The facts, so far as they can be gathered from conflicting accounts, seem to be as follows. On the night of May 1, Hooker had withdrawn to Chancellorsville. Lee and Jackson met and talked over the state of things. Examination had shown that to attack Hooker's left and centre was out of the question. On the other hand, reports received from the cavalry made it appear that the right might be assailed with advantage. Lee therefore decided on this, and ordered Jackson to make the movement. Jackson then secured further information, elaborated his plans accordingly, and acted on them with Lee's approval.

Evidently this statement leaves many loopholes, but it is impossible to be more definite, or to say just where Lee's conception ended and Jackson's began. If we turn for information to the two principal actors, we shall not progress much. 'I congratulate you upon the victory which is due to your skill and energy,' says Lee; but this passing of compliments means no more than Jackson's general acknowledgment: 'All the credit of my successes belongs to General Lee; they were his

plans, and I only executed his orders.' Jackson's special comment on Chancellorsville is not more helpful: 'Our movement was a great success; I think the most successful military movement of my life. But I expect to receive more credit for it than I deserve. Most men will think that I planned it all from the first; but it was not so.' — 'Ah,' we interrupt, 'this is magnanimous. He is going to give the credit to Lee.' — Not at all; he is only going to give it to God. Nor does Lee's letter to Mrs. Jackson make matters much clearer: 'I decided against it [front attack] and stated to General Jackson we must move on our left as soon as practicable; and the necessary movement of troops began immediately. In consequence of a report received about this time from General Fitzhugh Lee . . . General Jackson, after some inquiry, undertook to throw his command entirely in Hooker's rear.'

What interests me in the controversy is not the debated question, which cannot seriously affect the greatness of either party concerned, but the characteristic reserve of Lee, as shown in the last sentence above quoted, and far more in the letter to Dr. Bledsoe, written, says Jones, in answer to 'a direct question whether the flank movement at Chancellorsville originated with Jackson or with himself.' Lee's reply is so curious that I quote the important part of it entire.

'I have however learned from others that the various authors of the life of Jackson award to him the credit of the success gained by the Army of Northern Virginia where he was present, and describe the movements of his corps or command as independent of the general plan of operations and undertaken at his own suggestion, and upon his own responsibility. I have the greatest reluctance to say anything that might be considered as detracting from his well-

deserved fame, for I believe no one was more convinced of his worth or appreciated him more highly than myself; yet your knowledge of military affairs, if you have none of the events themselves, will teach you that this could not have been so. Every movement of an army must be well considered and properly ordered, and every one who knew General Jackson must know that he was too good a soldier to violate this fundamental principle. In the operations around Chancellorsville, I overtook General Jackson, who had been placed in command of the advance, as the skirmishers of the approaching armies met, advanced with the troops to the Federal line of defenses, and was on the field until their whole army recrossed the Rappahannock. There is no question as to who was responsible for the operations of the Confederates, or to whom any failure would have been charged.'

The more I read this letter, the less I understand it. It does not answer Bledsoe's question at all, makes no attempt to answer it. Instead, it tells us that Jackson did not rob Lee of the command or the responsibility or the glory. Who ever supposed he did? And why did Lee write so? Did he wish to leave Jackson the credit of initiative in the matter? It sounds as if he wished the precise contrary, which is quite incredible. Or did he miss the whole point, which seems equally incredible? This letter, like some others, goes far to reconcile me to the loss of the memoirs that Lee did not write. I feel sure that, with the best intentions in the world, he would have told us very little that we desire to know.

It is hardly necessary to say that in a comparison of Lee and Jackson, the question of just how far either one originated the military designs which

covered both with glory, is not really very essential. I hope that I have already indicated the difference between them. Perhaps in their religion it is as significant as in anything. To both religion was the cardinal fact of life; but in Lee religion never tyrannized, in Jackson I think it did. Lee said that 'Duty was the sublimest word in the language.' Nevertheless, if he had heard Mrs. Jackson's remark that her husband 'ate, as he did everything else, from a sense of duty,' I think he would have smiled, and observed that it might be well occasionally to eat for pure pleasure. It would be most unjust to say that Jackson's was a religion of hell; but it would be nobly true to say that Lee's was a religion of heaven. Perhaps it would be fairer to both to speak of Jackson's as a devouring fire, of Lee's as a pure and vivifying light. Indeed, especially in comparison with Jackson, this idea of light satisfies me better for Lee than anything else. His soul was tranquil and serene and broadly luminous, with no dark corner in it for violence or hate.

And, although I speak with humility in such a matter, may we not say that the military difference between the two was something the same? It is possible that Jackson could strike harder, possible even that he could see as deeply and as justly as his great commander. I think that Lee had the advantage in breadth, in just that one quality of sweet luminousness. He could draw all men unto him. What a splendid mastery it must have been that kept on the one hand the perfect friendship and confidence of the high-strung, sensitive, and jealous Davis, and on the other the unquestioning loyalty, affection, and admiration of a soul so swift and haughty and violent as that of Jackson!

WHAT IS WRONG WITH OUR BOYS?

BY WILLIAM T. MILLER

THE Boy, like the Tariff, the Football Rules, and the Suffragette, is an eternal problem. He is a never-ending source of discussion at teachers' conventions, family councils, and sociological conferences. He is blamed for many things which he has nothing to do with; and is sometimes, though rarely, given credit for things he does not do. Usually, however, the criticism of the Boy is adverse. Where there is one optimist to see his good points, there are ten pessimists to bewail his faults.

Perhaps the strongest and most unprejudiced adverse criticism at the present time comes from the field of business life. It is very common for a business man to complain about the boys that come into his employment. They can neither write neatly, spell correctly, nor cipher accurately; their personal habits are none too admirable, and they have little politeness or respect for superiors. So say many large employers of boy-labor. If these statements are all true, surely there is something wrong with our boys.

Now, with remarkable unanimity of opinion, the critics lay the blame for this assumed deterioration of the boy at the door of the school. Magazines and newspapers seeking information on this vital subject from business men find almost universal dissatisfaction with present-day boys, and an equally universal belief that the trouble is not so much with the boy himself as it is with the system under which he is educated. If these beliefs are correct diagnoses of conditions, then it behooves

educators to do some pedagogical house-cleaning.

But there are several things to be said in explanation and extenuation. In the first place, it is a mistake to assume that the inefficiency of boys in the lower levels of business life means a general deterioration of the boy in general. Comparisons, especially of persons, are dangerous arguments. When we compare, for instance, the business efficiency of present-day boys with that of the boys of thirty years ago, we should take into account that the average store- or office-boy of to-day is decidedly lower in natural ability and mental calibre, regardless of his school training, than the boy in a similar position thirty years ago. The reason for this is that undoubtedly these boys come to-day from a lower level of boy life. Business has broadened and expanded tremendously, making necessary a vast army of boy-workers where before but few were required. This creates the demand; now for the supply. There are wide individual differences in boys. Those of a high order of natural ability usually wish to gain as much education as possible. Each year the opportunities for cheap and convenient higher education increase; each year more and more boys who are mentally and morally strong go into the higher schools (both secondary and collegiate), and are thereby withdrawn from the supply needed to fill the places created by the commercial demand. Hence these places must be filled by a lower type of boy. In other words, the boy

who would formerly have been in the store and the office is now in the high school. Figures alone do not prove much, but it is interesting to note that as late as 1889 only fifty per cent of the grammar-school graduates entered high school in Boston, while in 1908 sixty-eight per cent entered. Obviously it is not logical to make a general deduction in regard to the character of the boy by comparing the lowest type of to-day with the high or middle type of the past.

Another reason why the boy of the business world to-day is of a lower type than his predecessor of the sixties is found in the glamour of commercial employment as contrasted with the undesirable features of industrial or trade work. In a store or office the boy can wear good clothes, keep in touch with the outside world, and usually manage to get along without working very hard. Therefore a great many who, on account of their peculiar traits and aptitudes, should be engaged in manual work, struggle up, above their level, into business life. An interesting proof of this statement is the present lack of skilled artisans in many trades. When business was less extensive, and the demand for boys was correspondingly slight, only the higher type as a rule secured these business places, while the lower types filled the industrial positions which are now considered undesirable, and in some of which there is an actual scarcity of supply.

The proper adjustment of talents and abilities to social and economic needs is one of the great problems of to-day. It is to be hoped that the present agitation in favor of vocational guidance will encourage boys and young men to look into conditions of supply and demand in prospective occupations before they decide on a life-work. Careful and scientific selection of vocations would bring about a better

equalization of workers between professional and commercial fields; and a large percentage of the inefficient boys now in business would find their proper place in the ranks of industrial and skilled labor.

The school, which is compelled by popular opinion to shoulder the entire blame for many of the deficiencies of youth, for which the home is equally responsible, is already at work on this vocational problem. In Germany, indeed, the solution has been almost worked out, but in America we are only just beginning to see that the efficiency of our social machine depends upon the proper balancing of the various forces entering into its complex action. This means that if we see to it that boys get into that class of work for which they are best fitted, both by inclination and personal aptitude, they will do better work, and the whole community will benefit. There is, it is true, much room for argument regarding many details and phases of the vocational movement. Especially should its advocates guard against any action which would hamper the individual initiative of the boy. One prominent schoolman has gone so far as to state that, in his opinion, 'vocational guidance is another nail in the coffin of initiative.' This is rather strong language, and probably the opinion grew out of a misconception of the real meaning and scope of vocational guidance. In its true and only defensible sense, this means the investigation by boys and girls, under suitable direction and wise guidance, of the various kinds of employment open to them, with the requirements, possible rewards, and relative chances for steady work, so that they may be able themselves to choose that line of work in which they will be most likely to succeed.

The great development of city life has helped to accentuate the need for

this vocational direction. Usually, when the city boy has the choice of several positions, he takes the one which pays the best, entirely regardless of his own fitness or even his liking for that particular line of work. This haphazard procedure results in constant dissatisfaction on the part of both the employer and the employee. The former is not getting the kind of work he wants, and the latter is not doing the kind he likes. The large city, by the great development of its agencies for distribution, such as retail department stores and wholesale jobbing-houses, narrows rather than broadens the vocational horizon of a boy. In many large cities there are, it is true, great factories producing a multitude of articles; but boys, as a rule, know next to nothing of the manufacturing industries of their own city. The story is a familiar one of Benjamin Franklin's being taken by his father to visit all the different shops in Boston, so that the future philosopher might see all the trades then practiced there, with a view to selecting a suitable one for his own attention. It illustrates a real need of our boys at the present day. They lack experience; they do not know the opportunities and requirements of the various occupations carried on in their own cities. Their horizon is very narrow, and must remain so until intelligent and sustained effort is made to acquaint them with vocational facts. This effort the school must make.

It is the verdict of many close observers that our boys do not work hard enough. This does not mean necessarily that they are lazy, but rather that they have not acquired what may be called the habit of work. In this respect the city boy is at a disadvantage, for there is nothing to equal the farm chores as a means of developing habits of hard work. Of course there are city boys who do chores and are encouraged

by their parents to form habits of industry; but for the most part, especially in the so-called well-to-do classes, the boy's chief aim in life is the pursuit of pleasure, with useful work and study tolerated by him as unimportant side-issues.

It is a great pity that so many things which used to be looked upon as the proper work of the boy are now thought to be beneath his dignity, and are performed by servants or left undone. Again, the development of flat-life, the janitor system, and kindred metropolitan 'improvements,' have all helped in the emancipation of the boy from useful labor. The result is that most of our boys lack that habit of industry which makes it easy to work, whether it be at manual labor or in the culture of the mind.

Practical teachers often deplore the lack of care and effort bestowed upon lessons assigned in school to be studied at home. The trouble usually arises from the fact that the careless pupils do not know what hard, sustained, and careful work means. This is as much the fault of the home as it is of the school. It is often forgotten that the school has the boy only about five hours out of every twenty-four, and that habits developed in so short a period will be lost unless the home coöperate with the school. We are very familiar with the adage about all work and no play, and its dire effect on Jack's character; but nowadays there is more danger that 'all play and no work may make Jack a lazy boy,' as well as a dull one. The habit of work makes a boy more thorough in his lessons, and the result is better spelling, writing, ciphering, etc., when he goes into the world. The accuracy and care which the business man so longingly seeks can only come from a solid foundation of continuous hard work. The boy who has been trained to work at home and

at school will naturally be an active and ambitious clerk or artisan; for industry becomes a habit.

The power to think independently, and to make decisions unaided by a superior, is a very valuable possession, and it must be begun and developed in school, otherwise the boy will be under a heavy handicap. The boy who cannot think or decide crumples up under responsibility of any kind. It is largely responsibility and experience which develop this power of judgment. Here again, the country boy, with his animals to care for and his tasks to manage, has an advantage, for he simply must learn to plan and to think. In the city practically everything is taken for granted, and unless he learn to think in the school, the city boy is helpless. Whether he learns in school or not, depends chiefly on the individual teachers. The best course of studies in the world can be so stupidly administered that the mental activity and free thought of the child are effectually and utterly throttled. On the other hand, a very dead, uninteresting course may, in the hands of a good teacher, result in lively, spontaneous, thoughtful work.

But, regardless of where the fault lies, many observers agree that this lack of ability to think is one of the great deficiencies of our boys of to-day. It is to be feared that certain subjects which have been pressed recently into the curriculum of our elementary schools have served to deaden thought somewhat. We do not say this in disparagement of the subjects themselves, but rather of the methods by which they are commonly taught. Let us take, for example, Painting (not drawing, but water-color work), Weaving, Clay-Modeling, and Nature-Study, variously known (according to the point of view) as 'fads,' 'frills,' 'fillers,' or 'culture' studies. We do not wish to

take the utilitarian point of view that no study is of any value unless it can be coined into wages — or 'salary'; we believe that the end of education is not merely to earn 'a living,' but to gain more abundant life, which implies some ability to grasp the meaning of beauty in art and nature. Besides, even these so-called 'culture' studies have a disciplinary value if properly taught.

If Painting is a mere imitation, it becomes valueless daubing, but the true teacher will make the blending and harmony of colors an exercise of the judgment, developing powers of perception, comparison, and expression. In Weaving, if designs are simply wrought out blindly, the task is a waste of time educationally, however useful the finished product may be. But if the design is carefully planned by the individual child, and if difficulties are met and decisions made by him on his own responsibility, such work is undeniably stimulating to mental alertness. Nature-Study has been the butt of much ridicule, and it does seem a waste of time to look at pictures of birds, tear flowers apart, or play with chips of stone. The net result of much of this work in our schools is the learning of the names of a few specimens, promptly forgotten. And yet, properly taught, elementary science (for that is what true Nature-Study really is) offers an ideal opportunity for the cultivation of careful observation, accurate description, and systematic arrangement, — all demanding strictly original thought. The fallacy of jumping at conclusions, or arguing from defective induction, is not indulged in by the boy who has enjoyed some real objective teaching in elementary science.

It is unfortunate, however, that this same subject is at present taught, for the most part, in a very humdrum, lifeless, second-hand manner. When specimens are inadequate or entirely ab-

sent; when facts are pointed out by the teacher, instead of being discovered by the pupil through independent investigation; when conclusions are derived from the teacher or text-book, instead of being arrived at by the pupil's reasoning power, the study of elementary science is a waste of golden minutes.

But it is not only in these culture studies that poor teaching retards mental development; even in such accurate and exact studies as arithmetic and grammar, slipshod or dictatorial methods often result in blind, halting work, with no real independent power underlying the operations.

Beyond a doubt, education is far more widely diffused now than it was thirty years ago; and for that reason our boys ought to be better educated now than ever before. Probably they are; but that should not blind us to the deficiencies of our school-training which lessen the ability of the boy to do the work of the world. Education is not to be appraised by quantity; its value depends on the power it develops. If our boys lack the habit of work, the schools should see to it that, in school at least, they shall do more work, and do it more

carefully and continuously. The home must help, of course; but the school, and above all the individual teacher, must see to it that the boy does not sit back and absorb an education, but that he makes a vigorous personal effort to secure it. Teachers must work hard themselves, for the spirit of work is contagious; but they must not do the pupil's work for him.

By expert vocational guidance the school must broaden the experience of the boy, in order to remedy the present random method of doing the world's work. By revision of courses, and by careful training and supervision of teachers, the schools must do more for the development of the power of independent thought and self-reliant initiative. There is nothing very seriously wrong with our boys, nor with our schools either; but the three defects noted above must be met at once by corrective policies, both in the school and the home; or we shall soon find our boys at a standstill. When our boys are at a standstill, our outlook will be a dark one; for the only safe foundation for a strong and prosperous national future is the progressive education of the youth of the present.

THE COUNTRY MINISTER

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

To business men of a country town the minister appears to lead an easy life. 'Just think of it,' they say, 'nothing to do but prepare two sermons a week — and all the remainder of the time to enjoy himself!' The merchant who spends ten hours a day, six days of the week, at desk or counter; the professional man with his long hours of study and anxiety; the laborer with weary home-comings — all think such duties much less than their own. Not until the preacher is followed from Sunday to Sunday is it realized how far from complete is the showing.

To-day religious effort is systematized through church organization, and its leaders take on responsibilities commensurate with the larger field. As he comes down town Monday morning, stopping at the postoffice for a chat, at the corner for a greeting, or dropping into the newspaper office to look at the exchanges, the minister knows no moment when he does not feel himself a link in his church's onward movement.

He may be called to defend his profession in most unexpected places. The other day, on a slow-moving freight train, hours behind time, dragging its rumbling length over a branch railway, the passengers gathered at the end of the ill-smelling coach and talked as friends in discomfort. Somehow, the conversation turned to religious affairs, and a cattleman delivered some ponderous remarks concerning Bible history, highly colored with disbelief. After he had held the floor for some

time a quiet young man came forward and asked, as if for information, 'My friend, can you read Hebrew?'

'No, I never studied things like that,' admitted the cattleman.

'How about Latin and Greek?'

'Never went to college,' was the grudging answer.

'Have you read Plutarch or Herodotus in translation?'

'N-no.'

'Well, I have studied the Scriptures in three languages and have spent years on ancient history. It seems to me that you ought to learn something before you presume to criticize.' Then he gave the little audience a straightforward talk on the Word, taking up every assertion of the unbeliever's argument and disposing of it. At the end the passengers applauded, and the cattleman was heard no more. The quiet young man was pastor of a little church in a prairie village, but he dwelt in an atmosphere of study and militant religious effort.

Doubtless the pastor of a country church to-day does escape some of the hardships that attended the position a half-century ago. The work of the country-town minister to-day is greatly changed from that of the old-time itinerant, seedy of appearance, who expected to gain full reward for faithfully performed labors in the next world rather than in this. As in other professions, new elements have entered, and the minister has advanced with the times. He fills a different place in the community life; his field has enlarged

with the broader civilization and the myriad new problems.

Most important of all is the extension of organization, for there has been as vast an increase in organization in religious activities as in business. Be it conference, synod, or association, to which he pays allegiance, the pastor is no more an independent worker. This does not mean a lack of the missionary spirit that has animated men since the beginning of time. For instance: a young man and a young woman graduated together from a small college, married, and went out to their chosen work. In a two-room sod house, eight miles from town, on a homestead, with their three small children, they live close to Nature. The husband has charge of four widely separated congregations, driving his circuit with a sturdy pony and a cart. How they exist is a wonder, yet he gave cheerful testimony: 'There is so much good to do for these people — it is a blessed work for them and my church.' With him always is the zeal for the larger association and the thought of its advancement.

But his hardship is exceptional. In older-settled communities the country minister may live among his people, but there is no isolation, for farms are small and neighbors near. In newer states the ministers, for the most part, live in town; congregations in rural districts are served by going to them, rather than by locating with them. It is the opinion of many that there are too many church organizations represented in the American village. The directory of one typical western city shows a population of forty-four hundred. In it are fourteen church organizations, all but one having church buildings and maintaining paid pastors. With the attendance from the surrounding country districts, less than a thousand families are served, includ-

ing those with no church affiliations. Outside three leading denominations, the pastors have small salaries and speak to small congregations. Yet none would for a moment consider consolidation, whatever might be the argument for greater efficiency and power. The missionary spirit must abide with the larger part of these workers, else there could not be sustained effort. Occasionally a preacher grows weary of the struggle to make grocery bills and salary checks meet, resigns and moves away — but there is always another to carry on the task.

If the country minister remains a few years in a community he becomes a father-confessor to many families. In this age of unrest, of varying fortunes and of soaring ambition, two individuals especially are sources of advice to the family — the banker and the pastor. The one is consulted from necessity, the other from choice. Through the week the burdens of the heart-broken, of the desolate, of the discouraged, of the perplexed, come to the ears of the pastor. His sympathies are drawn upon and his assistance is asked in the most momentous affairs of life. He may wreck a promising career, he may lift a fainting soul to heights of usefulness. If he be a man of judgment and courage, he exerts an influence that cannot be measured, and leaves an impress that witnesses to his own usefulness. He carries with him a sense of accountability of which the business man in his narrow channel of daily interests knows nothing, and of which none but himself can have full understanding. His is a life of consecration to community-interests. The minister who loses ground does so because he fails to view his calling from this plane of everyday relations to his people and confines himself to his appearance in the pulpit, often the least of his opportunities for helpfulness.

Not every man is qualified to be a community-adviser, and fortunate is the congregation that possesses a pastor gifted with honesty of purpose and great common sense. He will be called on to settle many things — most of them affairs of which the outside world never hears. There are the father and mother, with a daughter for whose future they are anxious. Shall she be sent to college at the sacrifice of family funds, or shall she seek employment in store or office? Shall the son go to the city to make his own way, or shall he be kept at home? The pastor listens to all the arguments, reads in the parents' words the longing of their hearts, but knows the children, too. He is certain that the daughter will not use the college education wisely, that the son needs the utmost guardianship of the home — but what shall he say? The widow who needs advice is less of a problem than the unhappy wife who asks for guidance in her marital affairs. Perhaps a family can be saved by the right word at this time. It requires much knowledge of the heart to say it.

The stranger within the town's gates goes first to the parsonage. He is penniless, has rich relations or money coming to him; can he be helped? The city preacher is not the only one who is misled by tales of hard luck. Frequently his country brother yields to persuasion and contributes money which he sorely needs himself and which, when he finds he has been duped, he deeply regrets — for there is small recompense for misplaced charity in the consciousness of attempted Christian service. The agent who desires his approval of a set of books is a caller. On the pastor's recommendation perhaps many families will buy. Shall he be encouraged out of good-nature? These and other problems come before him, and he has no position isolated by formality

into which he may retire; he must meet all his parish face to face to-day and to-morrow, must receive the criticism and take the blame if he follows the wrong course. Little wonder that his daily walk is far from the popular idea of a flower-strewn way, 'with nothing to do but prepare two sermons a week.'

If the country minister is burdened with the trials of families already formed, he is made a part of the joy attending the starting of a new household. The bashful couple that knocks at the parsonage door on a summer evening, and in the little parlor, with the minister's wife as witness, enters the married life, is but one and perhaps the least interesting phase of this pleasant part of the pastor's work. Nor does the town wedding, with its pomp, its bridesmaids and groomsmen, its decorations and its formalities, furnish the only cheer.

One day the telephone calls and a voice comes from the farmer's line, ten miles away: 'Will you marry me the fifteenth of next month?' The name and place follow. Smilingly he replaces the receiver. On the appointed date a buggy drives to the parsonage. A farmer boy, uncomfortable in unaccustomed 'store clothes,' is ready to 'take out the preacher,' a distinguished honor. The affair is an important event — all weddings are important, but none more so than the one in the country. The family of the bride has lived long in the community; every neighbor for miles around is invited. The furniture has been set out of doors to make room for the guests. The crowd fills every available spot from kitchen to parlor. The bride's mother is nervously effusive, the father is doing his best to make himself useful. A score of questions await the minister's decision: Where shall the bridal couple stand? What shall be the order of precedence?

A hurried rehearsal is held in the upstairs bedroom, the bashful groom stumbling over every possible obstacle, the bride answering at the wrong place in the service. In the bay window of the parlor a bower of lace, vines, and rugs has been arranged. The organist of the neighborhood is playing a soulful love-ballad. Deftly, from much experience, the minister guides the palpitating bridal party from stairway to window-nook and performs the ceremony.

The gowns are unostentatious, there are no trains, no dress-suits — but there is a sweet simplicity sometimes lacking on more elaborate occasions. Then come congratulations. The pretty bride is kissed by every young man of the neighborhood, despite her frantic efforts to avoid it. There is laughter and hearty good-will. The minister sits at the head of a long table; supper is served — a bounteous, over-whelming supper, with all the skill of an expert housewife's effort expended on its preparation. It is rich with the product of farm, garden, and dairy, satisfying in every feature. It may lack cut glass and solid silver, it is not served by trained waiters, but it has a homelikeness that appeals to every guest. Following may come songs and a good old-fashioned visit, for the neighbors do not often come together on social occasions.

Suddenly breaks out the inevitable charivari — what would a country wedding be without it! Tin pans, shot-guns, yells, and every noise that healthy country boys can devise, make the night hideous. The groom pretends to be much vexed, the bride appears frightened — but at heart they feel that it is in a way a tribute to their popularity. They know how to stop it — the serenaders are taken to the kitchen and given the 'treat' they had expected.

By and by the bride and groom drive away. They have gone, as the local paper will say in its report next week, 'to the groom's fine farm, where has been fitted up for them a commodious residence.'

The preacher and his wife are taken back to town by their former driver, and as they jog over the country roads the sound of the company's parting dies; they talk of the hospitality enjoyed, of the fine young couple launched on wedded life, and of the good people they have met. At home the preacher takes from his pocket a ten-dollar bill, lays it on the dresser and considers the evening well spent.

Other duties come that have a more sombre side. Sorrow as well as joy is shared with the minister. When death comes to the farm home it means experiences not met when there is death on the avenue. The little dwelling is far from town, the family is perhaps crowded for room. The roads are rough and the storms severe. Again the neighbor-boy drives to town for the minister to conduct the service. If it be held at the house there is no possibility for the flower-laden, softening atmosphere of the city parlor. Family and friends are gathered around the coffin. The singers are beside the minister. Or there is service in the little country church, and the friends and neighbors sit on wooden benches, listening to words of sympathy and consolation. It is expected that there will be a sermon — it would seem out of place to have a short and formal service. So the minister fulfills that duty fully. Then he waits until all have filed in single row past the coffin, each attendant stopping for a long look at the form lying silent.

It is a slow ride to the last resting-place. No matter what the weather, no matter how unaccustomed to biting winds the preacher may be, he heads

the procession that travels, perhaps for miles, to the graveyard. Desolate is the country cemetery! Often it is bare of trees, and seems a neglected spot whose space the farms begrudge. If out on the plains, its boundary is a barbed-wire fence, its sod the original prairie grass that once knew the footprint of the buffalo. The care and adornment that mark the town cemetery are seldom found in it—yet around it centres the same love and tenderness. The minister is conscious of all this as he stands with bared head performing the final rites. He knows that there is left a family that must go back to a farmhouse to face a keen intensity of loneliness. Then comes the long ride back to town, and he reaches home chilled and weary.

If he be popular and has been long a resident of the place, he pays the price in scores of such trips during the year. Sometimes they come in such frequency that he has scarcely time in which to prepare his pulpit addresses. He exhausts his supply of nervous energy as well as his reserve of consoling words. Seldom is there financial recompense. The newer sections of the country have not yet reached the point in their development when their people expect to remunerate a minister for a funeral service. Of course he does not make a charge; he is willing to do his best to fulfill his priestly office in time of grief; but he sees the undertaker paid, the other expenses of the occasion met, and sometimes as he rests from a long, soul-disturbing afternoon he wonders if he also ought not to have some other recognition than thanks. When it does come he appreciates it, not for the money itself, but because it expresses in a concrete way the sentiment of those he has served. Some day there will be recognized the same obligation to the minister who officiates at a funeral as is unquestioningly felt

toward him who is the representative of church or state at a wedding—and the country minister is willing that that day shall arrive.

Even with the service his task is not always ended. There may be a request that he write a lengthy obituary for the local paper, and that he have published a card of thanks 'to all the kind friends and neighbors who assisted us in our late bereavement.' When he has fulfilled these requests he may be excused for feeling his responsibilities exceedingly well performed and for hoping that he may receive therefor a heavenly reward.

The necessity of calling on the members of his church occupies a vast portion of his time, and robs him of many hours needed for study. The city pastor, with his card-case, a carriage and driver, may make twenty calls in the afternoon. His country brother cannot so simply do his duty. Every family must have at least one visit during the year, not to mention one or two formal calls, if possible. The preacher and his wife must spend the evening or a part of the afternoon in a formal stay when the men are at home. The history and experiences of every member of the family are rehearsed—the time when Willie had the measles, the pain grandpa endured when his team ran away and broke his shoulder, and the adventures of Uncle Jim in the army. 'I have one hundred and forty families in my church,' said a conscientious pastor. 'I take out of the year one hundred and forty evenings for visits, which means about every available night when weather is suitable. Did I not do it, my people would fail to keep up their interest in the work and my board would ask an accounting.'

Owing to the complexity of church organization, the minister is of necessity the vehicle through which every order from higher authorities is trans-

mitted to his congregation; likewise he carries the message from his subordinate laborer to the people. He must meet with the committees on prayer meeting, Sunday school, missions, and various other activities, present their plans and put them into operation. He is almost certain to be afflicted with a stubborn deacon who can always find excuse to start trouble, who 'allows' that 'th' sermon was n't quite up to the mark to-day,' or bemoans the fact that somebody was offended by plain speaking. However, the deacon is more easily borne than the over-officious sister who feels called upon to report to the aid society all the shortcomings of the pastor's wife and household, and whose visits partake of the nature of licensed inspection. Years of service may accustom the minister to these visitations, but he never learns to welcome them.

Along with other duties the country-town minister must do his share in the general social activity of the community. Should he refuse, it means that he loses much in standing and usefulness. Does the Ancient Order of Trustful Knights have a banquet, who but the preacher is so fitted to deliver the principal address on the good of the order? Does the Ladies' Literary Club have an open meeting, who else can so well occupy the evening with an address on 'The Renaissance of Greek Poetry'? Is there a mass meeting for a charitable object, who but the preachers are to make the appeal from the stage of the opera house? Who else is to conduct the lecture course, see that the Carnegie library is managed satisfactorily, and take part in the exercises of flag-raising and public holidays? To accomplish all this calls for a large fund of information and familiarity with the world's doings. The minister cannot be a mere bookworm, buried in his study of Biblical literature — he

must be an active force among men. He fills a place that the old-time country preacher knew not in so large degree.

Out of all this activity he gains greater hold on the community, enhances the work of his church, and increases his own power. He realizes this, but sometimes wonders if the diversion of his talents in many directions is best after all. When he has spent a particularly wearing week in multifarious calls, he comes to the pulpit with some misgivings. He is thankful that he does not have to face a critical audience. To be sure, there are probably several college graduates before him, but they, too, have been busy and are sympathetically inclined. It is one of the solaces of the cultured minister that wherever he goes he finds men and women who have reached high planes of thought. In the unpretentious farmhouse may be found on the parlor wall a university diploma, instead of a steel engraving of Washington Crossing the Delaware, or a view of Napoleon's Tomb. He meets in his rounds earnest students who have not forgotten their Latin and psychology, who read the best books and periodicals. 'They must be nice people — they take such good magazines,' was the report of a rural carrier when asked regarding a new family just moved to a western farm. So the minister is inspired to live up to the best that is in him; whether speaking in a country schoolhouse or in his comfortable church, he is ever cognizant of unceasing appeal to the best that is in him.

Whether or not he have strong political opinions, it is necessary that there be some attention given to affairs of state; but the wise minister refrains from expressing extreme sentiments. Should he forget himself and go deeply into a campaign, he is likely to regret it after election. This does not, however,

prevent him from belonging to one of the national parties, and he holds the respect of the men of his church when he frankly takes his position. Endeavoring to conceal political preference for fear of giving offense, is poor policy, and few ministers adopt it. With the matter of secret societies and lodges it is different. 'I have allowed my membership in several lodges to lapse,' said one country minister, 'not because of any fault with the organization, but because I found that to be an active member meant the withdrawal of a certain amount of energy from my church work in which it is needed.' On the other hand, many ministers say their lodge associations help them in church work by bringing them in touch with the men of the community in a place where all meet as equals. The idea of rivalry between lodge and church has largely passed away, and the two are understood as supplementing each other in the accomplishment of good things for the community-life.

So with the Sunday school, which is depended upon to recruit the church membership, and in the country town outstrips the maturer congregation in members. It holds forth in the country schoolhouse during a part of the year, then rests until there comes another season of interest. The farmer and his family may maintain this school, but the minister must be there sometimes if it is to be established with any certainty of good. So on Sunday afternoon he drives out and gives a talk to the children. In his home church he is expected to take an active interest in this part of the work — and if his wife does not teach a class she is by some considered as falling below the proper measure of a helpmate. At every religious festival the minister must assist in the Sunday-school celebration, and always he must advise and counsel with the superintendent. The school's

progress depends, in the last analysis, on the pastor's tact and his ability to set strong men and women to work.

In this age of varied directness of religious effort, the minister is likely to seek methods of adding to the uplift of his parishioners through the introduction of semi-worldly enterprises. The organization of brotherhoods, with their impetus toward good citizenship, social betterment, and the physical development of their members, is but one of the more popular of these methods. They are aimed at securing the attention of the men — the women will come of their own accord.

'The hardest problem of the country minister,' said one who is an enthusiast in such matters, 'is to secure the presence and coöperation of the men. Out of the large number who nominally belong to the congregation, comparatively few can be reached and held. It is not that, as in the city, there are many counter-attractions, — for these are less numerous in a country community, — but because of an indifference that is difficult to analyze and to overcome. The demand for the church's assistance in a prosperous country town, with no vicious criminal classes, no slums, no tenement districts, no great crying field for charity, — simply the exposition of every-day Christianity, — does not make to many men a strong appeal. It lacks the spectacular, and perhaps that accounts in some degree for the inertia. It is not hostility; it is merely unwillingness to act; but it can be aroused when needed to carry on any good work.'

So the minister, with his desire to build up the congregation and to meet the competition that exists because of the many others working to the same end, strives to interest the men. He dislikes to feel that any of his members are, as one expressed it, 'loafing on the

job.' He knows that the end of the year will bring a necessity for meeting obligations — not alone his own salary, which is none too munificent, but the benevolences of the church. When he packs his suit-case and starts for the annual convocation of his synod or conference, he is conscious of a justifiable satisfaction if he can report that every fund has been filled.

The itinerant evangelist is one of the agents used to bring new activity into the religious life of the town. He is usually accompanied by a singer, and for a week or a month exhorts and calls to repentance. When he comes with a wholesome message, with enthusiasm and the ability to present his cause in a winning way, he does much good. He puts new life into the work, starts the town to talking about religious things, and brings many to a sense of responsibility toward the church and its mission. But he may be of the sensational variety, seeking self-glorification as well as the accomplishment of reform. Then he writes for the local papers glowing reports of his own sermons and takes delight in a wholesale denunciation of whatever he considers the town's chief faults. This makes leading citizens angry, but he cares not. He preaches one sizzling sermon on dancing and another on card-playing, and he is the topic of conversation during his stay. A census of conversions is published daily, and at the end a handsome contribution, nearly equal to the pastor's salary for a year, is presented to him.

Thereupon the professional revivalist moves on, and the hard-working minister resumes his task. After a few weeks comes relaxation. One sister gives a bridge-whist party, and some of the young folks indulge in a ball. So the burden is back on his own shoulders; he it is who must hold the church to its accustomed standard, and be re-

sponsible for its ultimate success — a duty far different from that of the evangelist, calling for more sustained power and for established consistency in word and act.

Every minister has an ambition to leave his church better than he found it. If the building be scant in proportions, he strives to inspire his congregation to build a new one or to enlarge the present structure. That means a great deal of money. It must come usually not from the congregation alone, but from many outside contributions. The business men, feeling that it is a good thing to strengthen religious work, are liberal givers. So the contract is let when a part of the money is raised, and when the work is completed, the minister and his helpers struggle to complete the payment. Sometimes it is easy — sometimes not. When one denomination takes this course, others are convinced that it is their duty to do likewise. One church after another is reconstructed, and only those immediately concerned with the finances realize just how difficult is the task.

Of late years, with greater prosperity among the members, church contributions have increased. The minister is better paid; he depends less on donation parties, with their heterogeneous collection of undesirable provender, and receives his salary with greater regularity. He shares in the prosperity of his parishioners, and is able to conduct the business end of his profession with more system. This enhances his self-respect, makes his service more efficient, and gives him a position in the community that enables him to accomplish larger things. Needless to say he does not lay up riches in this world. With a yearly stipend that may reach \$1200, and a parsonage, he manages to pay the family bills — and little more. This is not the usual figure, however;

when the wage falls to \$800 or \$600, the struggle with his bank-account is perpetual. The minister and his wife must dress well enough to be presentable in any company; their home must be fit for the visit of any parishioner; indeed, it is a stopping-place for many a wanderer who ought to have tact enough to go to a hotel.

The attitude of the business men toward the ministers, even though there be more churches than are really needed for the size of the town, is one of encouragement. To all the multifarious calls they are found willing givers within their ability. If detailed to a special work, they do it gladly so far as their power extends. Occasionally in the membership are one or two families of wealth that unquestioningly make good all deficits, but generally the population of the country town is pretty much on a level. Good times are diffused over all; business depression is felt uniformly.

Because of this common level the minister is called on to lead few crusades. He has no benighted districts into which he must carry personal warfare against bitter opposition. There may be, and frequently are, times when he joins with the good citizen in curbing an evil tendency, and often he is met by unforeseen outbreaks of lawlessness that call for quick action, level-headed judgment, and courage. If he be not content to take a moderate view and be inclined to force special ideas, it is likely that he will not remain a country minister, but will find his field in the service of some reform work of different scope. The pastor's work does not call for perpetual display of fireworks; it requires rather sympathetic helpfulness for men and women who are doing their daily task with anxiety for material success, often against odds, and who are willing to be assisted but cannot be coerced.

The country press gives to the minister and to the church ungrudging aid. The minister seldom finds in the local paper the embarrassment met by his fellow worker in the city, where sensational reports and more sensational headlines may exploit some trivial statement or unimportant action into undesired prominence. His publicity department is his own, and with it he can accomplish much. He may be the author of the reports of his weddings, his funerals, his special services — the editor asking only that he furnish legible copy.

Occasionally a country minister, nervous and high-strung, feels hampered for a time by this yearly round. He wonders why he cannot arouse in the community the enthusiasm he imagines follows the efforts of city preachers whose portraits and interviews occupy liberal space in city papers. He longs for more action, more excitement, and rebels at the weight of his burden. After he has become acquainted with his people, after he knows intimately their daily life and learns their merit and limitations, his view changes. He knows then that the country neighborhood, or the country town, has a high level of morality; that if it does not glow with exaltation, neither does it descend to depths of degradation; that instances of marked wickedness are isolated, that the men and women as a whole are well-behaved, trying to be good citizens and to bring up their families in honor and good-will. Because he can assist them in this, and can fill so large a place in their daily life, the man with consecration in his heart and good sense in his head, has a rare opportunity. It depends entirely upon himself how much he shall accomplish. He may remain in his study; he may polish his sermons in preference to improving his acquaintance with the everyday folk of congregations.

gation and neighborhood; he may assume extreme dignity and dwell aloof; but if he does so he is the exception, for the country minister of to-day is a man among men, filling a man's place in the civic life while occupying the position of a representative of a higher calling.

As his children grow up, the minister seeks a change to a college town where they can obtain an education while living at home. He is thankful for the abundance of small colleges; it gives him better opportunity to secure this boon. Sometimes he leaves the ministry at this period and goes into business to secure a competence for the possible rainy day. Not always does he succeed; the profession he has followed so many years has given little training for money-making, and he is exceptional if he be a success in his new field. Perhaps gifted with his pen, he manages to earn extra money by contributing to church papers or to the magazines. His success here depends largely on his ability to group helpful suggestions and timely topics in attractive prose. Usually he looks forward to the fund for the superannuated as a pension in his old age. Finally he gives up caring for a reg-

ular charge, and 'supplies' a pulpit now and then, enjoying a well-earned rest.

The demand is always for a higher class of men in the country ministry. The graduates of theological schools get in the country their training for larger fields. They learn what it means to care for the spiritual welfare of a people while filling a large place in the social and civic life. The rewards are not liberal, expressed in dollars and cents, but measured by the chances for usefulness and for development of character they are limitless. It is a preparation for the fulfillment of hopes, the accomplishment of ambitions. Even if the call does not come to a higher position, the field offers its own recompense. It is something for the minister to know that careers of usefulness have been begun because of his unselfish advice; that his counsel is cherished by successful men and women filling their own place in the world; that laid away in bureau drawers are scores of cherished newspaper clippings, reports of weddings and funerals at which he officiated, obituaries he penned. Looking back on such years of service, the country pastor has ample reason to rejoice.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

Do you remember, from the dim delight
Of long ago, the dreamy summer night,
So full, so soft, when you, a sleepy child,
Lay in your faintly star-light room, and smiled
Responsive to the laughter of the folk
Who sat upon the porch below and spoke
From time to time, or sang a snatch of song?
Do you remember still across the long
Years' way the perfume from the flower beds
Wafted in gusts of sweetness, as the heads
Of drowsy blooms were shaken by the wind?
And wistful, do you still hold in your mind
The myriad doings of the summer night?
The tree-toads, and the cricket's chirp, the flight
Of fireflies, those burglars of the dark,
Who flash their lantern-light, then veil its spark;
The breathless calling of the whip-poor-wills,
A sobbing screech-owl off among the hills?
Then — cobweb visions over dreamy eyes —
Do you remember how in mystic guise
Sleep 'gan to wave her mantle o'er your head?
Now far, now near, the shadowy folds she spread,
Slow, and more slow, until at last they fell
And wrapt you in their slumb'rous heavy swell —
And so, close gathered into happy rest,
Sleep caught you fast against her fragrant breast,
Then set her velvet pinions wide in flight
And bore you through the wonder of the night.

THE PORTRAIT INCUBUS

BY HELEN NICOLAY

THERE is a book yet to be written — an intimate sort of book, not for the drawing-room, but for the closet. It will seem a little like a book of devotions, but much more like a *Housekeepers' Manual*. Purely scientific in spirit, it will be wholly reverent, even a bit ceremonial in expression; and its title will be *A Guide to the Decorous Destruction of Ancestors*.

We may hesitate to admit it, but can we truthfully deny that at some time each one of us, deep down in his or her heart, — particularly *her* heart at house-cleaning time, — has longed for such a volume? We may even have been unconscious of the longing; or, acutely conscious, have smothered the thought in horrified haste, crushing it madly back into the Pandora's box of evil suggestions that each is fated to carry about with him through life, but must strive to keep shut, with what success he can, for the good of Society. I confess the thought was no stranger to me when I suddenly came face to face with it the other day in a Boylston Street curio-shop.

It was a dismal place, that shop, full of the odds and ends that congregate in every such eddy of trade, — lame highboys, frivolous Empire tables, pieces of Sheffield plate, Mayflower chairs of doubtful parentage, and all the dusty, pitiful riff-raff of smaller objects that have once been precious, but are now discarded and utterly forlorn. Huddled together awaiting purchasers, jostled about the shop by a great demon of a porter, black as the

pit from whence he was digged, and presided over by a callous young clerk, insensible alike to their pathos or their artistic merit, it was — if inanimate things have feelings of their own — a very inferno.

Hanging on the wall, in one corner overlooking the clutter, was a portrait. Not a very good portrait, even as portraits go (and, goodness knows, portraits go rapidly from bad to worse!) but a portrait with compelling gaze that caught the eye and would not be denied. Technically, it was a marvel of simplicity, a thing of flat tints and few colors, points connoisseurs rave over. But unfortunately these flat tints were laid on with the flat finality of the sign-painter, instead of palpitating with hidden form as do the flat tints of a master. Presumably the picture was painted by some village artisan, some untaught genius whose days were spent in manual toil, but whose dreams and scanty holidays were held sacred to the goddess he could not openly woo. Of its two colors, one was a dull and faded blackish gray, resembling stove-polish, which once stood for dark blue. The other, a leathery yellow, was used impartially for the complexion and for touches of gold that enlivened the sombre material of the sitter's uniform.

For this was a military portrait, showing a man not quite young, but very far from old. A man with thoughtful face, clean-shaven save for a slight moustache, thin cheeks, arched brows, rather long black hair sweeping away from a high forehead, and eyes that

gazed out over a lapse of fifty years. The costume, that of a major in the early days of our Civil War, would have supplied the date had that been necessary, but the date was cut deep in every line of the sensitive face, carved there by the tools Nature reserves for her greatest triumph of mind over matter — when she moulds features and expression in whole generations of forceful men into consonance with some governing idea.

This was the student, the dreamer, of 1861, a face that the next four years were to change utterly; either blotting it from the earth, to halo its place with a martyr's crown, or infusing it with an energy that removed it forever from the ranks of those who dream.

Meanwhile it was typical: a man American to the core, nervous, spare, highly strung, a trifle romantic, wholly earnest; the kind to respond to a great duty or a magnificent idea, no matter how repugnant it might be to the fibre of his being, and once enlisted in a cause, to follow it, even to the grave. Therefore, though he deprecated war, he wore a uniform, this saddest of all types of soldier — an officer without the lust of battle, who could lead his command unfalteringly to honorable death, but never, unaided, inspire it to headlong victory. Fortunately, other types marched with him in that hour, shoulder to shoulder; men in whose veins the red blood of magnetic leadership ran riot, whose courage fused with his own in the heat of combat to make the annals of those dark days glow like an epic from the Homeric past.

But what of the portrait's history? How came it to be looking down on the dreary remains in this Boylston Street furniture-morgue? It is easy to divine the first chapters of its story. The small persistent daily self-denials that built up the sum required for this canvas, painted from a *carte-de-visite* after

its original rode away and was swallowed up by that insatiable, all-consuming monster called the Army of the Potomac. Further weeks of economies went into the tarnished bit of gilt magnificence in which it was framed. One can see the shaded parlor where it hung; and if one is quite shameless, linger there to spy on the adoring, anxious, suffering eyes that gazed at it daily from the threshold, gathering courage from this sweet torture, to endure and hope on to the end.

What was the end? Was his one of the lives snuffed out, or did he come home broken in health but superb in spirit, his eagle's glance not to be dimmed by age or pain? In either case the picture was no longer true. It lacked the nimbus, or the eagle's eye. And forty-odd years have passed since that time. After the gentle soul to whom it was both torment and solace looked her last upon it, what happened? The frame seems to tell a tale of poverty and decay. Did the family slide down and down through grades of want until a last great sacrifice was demanded, and a pitiful procession of household gods passed under the hammer? Or did the family fortunes rise instead by leaps and bounds, soaring on inflated stocks until its younger members were wafted into a region where only 'true' art can be endured? Did they shudder at this sallow unwashed old kinsman of theirs, and finally cast him out on the tender mercies of the ragman? Does a questionable Sir Joshua, or a blatantly prismatic Sorolla, hang in the white-and-yellow drawing-room that long ago superseded that shadowy best parlor, with its mid-Victorian walnut and dark green window-shades?

And if — Oh, there are so many ifs!

First of them all is this: If we keep abreast of the times, accept modern

notions about matter and development and all that (and nobody in this day questions the industry of germs, whatever secret animosity he may cherish toward Higher Criticism), are we not galloping on two horses at once, precariously near a fall, if we still cling blindly to worn-out conventions regarding our ancestors? After all, why should we be specially polite to those old worthies, we, who never saw them, never asked to be born, had no part in the passions that created us, and owned not a single share, either for gain or loss, in their great joint-stock company called the Past?

We should 'honor our fathers and mothers'? Certainly; and love our brothers and sisters and, if we can, our uncles and aunts and cousins, and sundry isolated individuals in the third and fourth generations back of us — all of our ancestors in fact that we have known in the flesh. But behind them stretch indefinite lines and files and platoons of forebears, growing hazy in mortal outline, until they drop human semblance altogether, to take on grotesque forms of beasts and birds and prehistoric monsters, and finally sink to the less terrifying though equally potent protoplasm. What a collection of gargoyles our family portrait-gallery really contains!

No. Our obligations lie not so much in the dim past as in the vague and quite as indefinite future. And, granted that as a race we have outgrown some ancestors, does n't it follow that we may as individuals outgrow others? And if this is so, is n't it manifestly unfair to those who come after us, to saddle them with a lot of antiquated lumber for no better reason than that it bodies forth, more or less inaccurately, the mortal shapes of some dead and gone kinsmen?

Doubtless in the beginning there was excellent reason for treasuring and

venerating family portraits; just as there was good solid reason for most of the customs that have hardened and caked into illogical conventions of twentieth-century life. Very likely self-preservation lay at the bottom of this one; since there was a time when right made might, and family glorification was part of the game. No, not of the game, — part of the grimly desperate struggle away from the beast toward higher things. Family arrogance made for supremacy. Family portraits were convenient, portable family history, evidence in tangible shape of family pride and power.

We have inherited the convention, and the arrogance. We have also invented the camera. And who can look upon a collection of family blue-prints as tangible evidence of anything except fatuous imbecility. Think of the tons of paper, blue, black, and brown, under which our family archives groan. And of their effect on the minds of an unprejudiced posterity! Uncle Lionel, at the age of seven weeks, clutching his nursing-bottle, is not calculated to inspire sentiments of valor, though Uncle Lionel grown to manhood, wielding a pen or a scalpel, or with his hand on the lever of a sky-soaring machine, may prove braver than all the heroes of antiquity rolled into one.

After all, however, it is not fair to hold the camera responsible. The mere march of years did it, and the *coup de grâce* really fell when portraits, like ancestors, became too numerous.

Take for instance, the Six gallery at Amsterdam. Its chief treasure, Rembrandt's portrait of Burgomaster Six, with his reddish hair and glorious red cloak, is a priceless family monument, but infinitely more interesting as a record of the friendship of a great artist for a sturdy man. In the same gallery hangs the portrait of the Burgomaster's mother, a dear fat old dame,

on whose broad bosom one could willingly lay one's head to rest, or weep. Then, scattered through the different rooms are half a dozen pictures of Dr. Tulp, the Burgomaster's son-in-law, chiefly remarkable for their unlikeness to Rembrandt's famous portrait of him in the Anatomy Lesson, and for the side-light they throw on his popularity, and his willingness to be 'done in oil.' In the hallway, where, fortunately, it is difficult to see it, hangs a likeness of the girl he married, painted when she was a very little maid. Let us hope it does her injustice. A modest portrait of the present Baroness is also in the collection. But if every Six, from the old Burgomaster down to his latest daughter-in-law, were represented, it would long ago have ceased to be a picture gallery and have become a multiplication-table!

This is not an argument against the manufacture of portraits. Let everybody be painted. The more the merrier! Artists must live. Family affection must find expression; private grief, if possible, be assuaged. Let every one who longs for a portrait of 'dear Annie,' or 'dear Mother,' or 'cute little Joe,' have the desire of his heart satisfied. Though many are painted, few are saved — from final destruction. But, when the choice comes, let it, in Heaven's name, be made on some more rational ground than the fetich of ancestor-worship. On what ground? Ah, that is another story. Our present concern is with the portraits that do not endure.

After the last person who personally cares for them is gone, — mind you, not until then, — and when they have become a burden to the artistic conscience, or a dead weight on the house-keeping instinct of those whose duty is to make homes for the living, it is time, high time, to get rid of these atrophied remains of a dead past. The question

is, how to do it. We should go about it decently and quietly, even as Nature does when she undertakes a like task.

Shall the pictures be burned? I knew a family of girls, children of a dark-eyed, energetic western father, who was something of a political force in his state and day. A man he once befriended showed his gratitude by painting a life-sized portrait of his benefactor, and presenting it to the family. It had blue eyes, and was putty-faced, and about as unlike him as could well be imagined, but it was a gift, and a 'portrait,' and the family suffered under the incubus for several years, moving it from place to place about the house, to ease the pain. Finally the politician received his reward, and was translated to Washington, as good politicians sometimes are. Preliminary to the family flitting, there was a grand clearing-out of household rubbish. A great bonfire heap was made in the side-yard, and when the eldest daughter came upon her mother hesitating before this picture, she seized it firmly by the frame, a younger sister lent a willing hand, and the two bore it joyously forth and laid it on top of the pile.

Then the torch was applied, and the family of girls joined hands and circled slowly about it, singing a dirge, and waiting for the picture to burn. But it would n't ignite, and would n't, although the flames crackled merrily underneath. One of the girls, almost hysterical, got a long pole, and poked it viciously in the ribs. Then it caught, and they circled faster and faster about the pile, watching it writhe and twist in the blaze like a tortured thing. The blue eyes rolled up and glared at them. A sudden draft took one slowly-consuming fist and shook it in their faces; and at that moment one of them raised her head and saw the donor coming up

the driveway. With a shriek she fled, and the others vanished after her; all but the eldest, who stood her ground with very red cheeks, and the long pole clasped in a plucky if trembling hand.

There must be better ways than burning old pictures.

Another friend endured in silence as long as she could. Her incubus was a group portrait with spacious botanical background, showing two dropsical darlings of a great-aunt-by-marriage. The children died in infancy three quarters of a century ago. Their mother, in the last years of her pathetic boarding-house existence, begged, as a special favor, to have the precious canvas stored in her nephew's attic. And although she herself had long passed away, her niece-by-marriage continued to dust and care for the picture with New England thoroughness. At last one day when things were very still, and her heart very rebellious, she armed herself with a pair of huge shears, and mounting to the top of the house, cut that canvas into inch bits, feeling the while more criminal than Herod. And even after the deed was done, there were the fragments, hundreds of them, to be disposed of.

Clearly, cutting is not the way.

Nature has kindly moth, soft velvet rust, and silent caressing corruption in endless forms, to aid her in such under-

takings. Human methods seem so crude in comparison.

Shall the pictures be sold? Strange, is n't it, what effects certain combinations of words have on the adult mind? For example, those five short monosyllables, 'His own flesh and blood.' A sense of warmth, of possession, of protecting care, flows through one at the very sound of them. Prefix three other monosyllables, equally short and harmless—make it, instead, 'He would sell his own flesh and blood,' and outraged nature responds with a thrill of horror—possibly also of secret admiration for such thorough-paced villainy—comparable to nothing short of the tingle that goes through infant veins at the incantation, '*Fee, fi, fo, fum.*'

Shall cast-off family portraits be sold? No; a thousand times no! That was what happened to the Boylston Street soldier.

Then what can be done? They *ought* to be destroyed, irrevocably, utterly; but there must be reverence and dignity in the act. Fire is too savage; cutting too brutal; selling is not to be thought of, and Nature's kindly moth and corruption are agencies too slow and too subtle for our needs.

Surely there is a place in the world for that book I long to see,—that thin, prim little volume on whose title-page those who seek it may read: *A Guide to the Decorous Destruction of Ancestors.*

THE ABOLITION OF THE QUEUE

BY CHING-CHUN WANG

THAT a new style in the cut of the hair may mean, on the one hand, a saving of millions of dollars a year to a whole people, involving the destiny of a nation, and on the other hand, the most disastrous derangement of economic conditions, even to the extent of dislocating great industries of a whole nation, may not have occurred to those who have noted recently that the Chinese are cutting off their queues. The queue itself is insignificant; but its abolition means incomparably more than the mere removal of a few feet of hair. The significance of the economic as well as moral meaning behind this reform can hardly be overestimated.

The queue and the Chinese have become synonymous. To mention the Chinese immediately suggests the queue, and to mention the queue at once reminds one of the Chinese. Indeed, the Chinese without the queue are inconceivable! It is no wonder, then, that the recent Imperial Edict of the Chinese Emperor ordering all the Chinese diplomatic officers to cut off their queues, has at once aroused world-wide interest. The far-reaching effect and significance of this reform, however, cannot be estimated aright without some knowledge of the origin and singular meaning of this peculiar form of wearing the hair, which has been the mark of ridicule on the one hand, and a sign of refinement on the other.

After noting the great fondness which the Chinese in the United States have for their queues in the face of much inconvenience and embarrass-

ment, one can hardly believe that this style of tonsure was once forced upon them, with the sword, as a mark of subjection. Nevertheless this was the case. Before the advent of the present Dynasty in 1644, the Chinese wore their hair long, usually tied up in a knot on the top of their heads. The present Dynasty, on conquering the previous ruling house, imposed by martial law upon every male in the country the Manchu style of the queue. Official barbers, with full power either to shave the hair of every one whom they could catch, or, on his refusal, to cut off his head, were said to have been stationed in many parts of the country. It was inevitable that such a conspicuous and tangible mark of subjection should have been bitterly resisted even to the death by large numbers of the Chinese. Stories abound to the effect that many people during those years preferred to lose their heads rather than to shave their hair. But, as Dr. Arthur H. Smith remarked, the rulers 'showed how well they were fitted for the high task they had undertaken, by their persistent adherence to the requirement, compliance with which was made at once a test of loyalty.'

Time and dexterous policy have worked a complete change. Not only have the Chinese people long forgotten the rancorous hostility of their forefathers toward the queue, but they have become more proud of it, perhaps, than of any other characteristic of their dress. To an average Chinese young man, a fine long queue is of

more importance for his social prominence than the choice neck-tie, the smart cut of the coat, the crease of the trousers, and all other similar points of style combined, of his American brother. Indeed, to be born a Chinese boy without a wealth of hair for a good queue sometimes is regarded as more unfortunate than to be born an American girl prone to many freckles on the face, and hair of an unbecoming shade. Thus what was originally a badge of servitude has ended by becoming an object of pride and solicitude.

Such has been, and to a large extent is, the affection of the Chinese for the queue. During the last two centuries, scarcely any one ever thought of changing the queue, much less of abolishing it. Indeed, it seemed as if the queue were to remain a part of the Chinese people as long as China should remain a nation.

With the beginning of intimate intercourse with the West, however, there gradually sprang up a feeling against the queue, which has grown, not because of any lack of loyalty to the Dynasty, but because of the conviction of the inconvenience of the queue itself. But nothing appreciable had been done toward its removal until after the Chino-Japanese war, when the Emperor Kwanghsu, along with the other reforms which he was about to introduce, was reported to have favored the removal of the queue. But the ambition of that enlightened Emperor was cut short by the *coup d'état* of 1898, after which everything returned to its former course, and no further talk of this reform was heard until 1900. In that year it was reported in some quarters that the advance of the allied forces into Peking meant the end of the queue. This, however, did not prove to be the case; and the queue prospered as ever, in spite of all the violent changes in China.

In the mean time, the popular feeling against the queue has grown in proportion to the increase of foreigners coming into China, as well as to the unprecedented exodus of Chinese travelers and students into other countries. The law requiring the wearing of the queue also gradually relaxed in severity. Not many years ago, the cutting off of the queue would have been dealt with as a criminal act, while to-day members of the Imperial Household go without it. Before 1900 a Chinese in the United States without a queue was a rare exception, but now the reverse is the case. Not long ago the queue, if considered at all, would have been cited as an essential badge of civilization, 'a *sine qua non* of even a moderately intellectual ascendancy'; while to-day, in the Chinese capital itself, the queue is condemned as a nuisance. The fact that thousands upon thousands of Chinese young men have cut off their queues, without any permission from the Government, clearly shows that the once severe law governing the wearing of the queue has virtually become a dead letter.

In spite of the silent change of public opinion in regard to the queue, the Government, being too deeply absorbed in other reforms, did not pay much attention to the queue until His Excellency Wu Ting-fang, the late Chinese Minister to the United States, presented his memorial. Minister Wu's experience in foreign countries and his keen observation of the conditions of the Chinese people, especially those in America, convinced him of the uselessness of the queue. So, in spite of the warning of his staff that his agitation for the abolition of the queue might prove disastrous to his official career, he did not hesitate to present to the Throne, at the beginning of 1910, his memorial setting forth his convictions. He fearlessly stated that he found that

eight or nine tenths of the Chinese in America had removed their queues, and that the remainder, while retaining them, were at pains to conceal this appendage, which they found at once inconvenient and derogatory. He went still further. He even urged the abolition of the queue on general principles, and boldly pointed out to the Throne that it had nothing to do with loyalty, and was entirely unsuited to modern conditions.

To the surprise of many, the memorial actually received considerable favorable discussion in Peking. But, on the clever plea of the conservatives that the removal or retention of the queue did not belong to the realities of reform and had no bearing on the strength or weakness of the country, Minister Wu's memorial was 'shelved.'

The abolition of the queue, however, had become too burning a question to be stopped by this adverse attitude of the Peking authorities. No sooner was Minister Wu's memorial made known than the Chinese ministers to Italy and Holland presented similar memorials pleading for the abolition of the queue, only with more emphasis. In fact, the latter was so opposed to the wearing of the queue that he had cut off his own, without waiting for any instruction or even permission from the Throne, which act fifteen years ago would have cost him his life.

Just about this time Prince Tsai Tao, uncle of the Emperor and brother of the Prince Regent, returned from his world tour. This young, energetic prince was so convinced of the uselessness of the queue, that he personally urged the Prince Regent again and again to abolish it. He even made compliance with his request a condition of his remaining in office. The strenuous advocacy of this prince supplied the strength that had been lacking in the proposals of China's diplomatic officers. Follow-

ing his lead, other princes and members of the Imperial Family and anti-queue officials took new courage, and for a while flooded the Throne with pleas and memorials advocating the change. In fact, all other reforms which rightly came up for discussion in government circles were for the time being held in abeyance, owing to the absorbing interest attached to this problem.

Moreover, the question had also become the general topic of conversation throughout the whole empire. All classes of people seemed to take a personal interest in the matter. The conservatives exerted their best efforts to maintain their last stand, while the progressives seized every opportunity to carry out their policy.

To the outsider, it appears mysterious, if not ridiculous, that there should be so much opposition and higgling against the removal of an appendage which has been universally recognized as inconvenient and derogatory. To understand this, one should first of all bear in mind that the queue has grown up with the people for over two hundred and fifty years, and has become a universal custom or fashion. 'Custom, like human speech, once established resists change,' and fashion defies reason. This is especially true in China, where the people have the greatest respect for the past, and where a proverb says, 'Old customs may not be broken.' If one recalls the complete failure of the 'bloomers' in spite of their undeniable and unmistakable convenience and practical superiority over the skirt, he will readily understand why the Chinese cling so fondly to the queue. The memory of the feeling which the writer experienced in cutting off his queue is still fresh. The sound of the scissors sent a peculiar thrill through his system that it is impossible to describe. He knew the queue was useless and must be cut off,

he wanted to have it cut off, but, nevertheless, he hated to see it go!

Aside from the intense dislike of the Chinese for changing the 'established customs of our ancestors,' which alone has defeated many reforms, there still remain numerous practical and tangible difficulties to be overcome. In the first place, it was taken for granted that with the removal of the queue the present national costume must disappear, and that the change of costume would necessitate the abolition of the Kowtow — the most sacred form of worship in China. This change will dislocate all China's ancient traditions and established principles of propriety, as well as the teachings of her sages. Not long ago, this difficulty would have proved insurmountable. To-day, however, it has proved comparatively harmless. In fact, many did not hesitate to say that, after the adoption of the western costume, it might be just as well to substitute the shaking of each other's hands in greeting for the shaking of one's own, or the polite bow for the Kowtow.

But the strongest obstacle was the fear of the inevitable economic derangement. It is recognized that as Chinese goods are not suitable for the European style of dress, any sweeping change of costume would consequently necessitate the importation of enormous quantities of foreign goods. This would at once throw thousands of Chinese weavers and other laborers out of work, to say nothing of the waste of the stock of goods on hand. Thus it is admitted that such an important and sweeping change in Chinese economics as would be involved by the change of costume would necessitate a great loss of money to, and probably ruin of, the innumerable silk-merchants and clothiers of the country. In fact, the Hangchow hatters, who, 'like Demetrius of Ephesus,' feared their craft 'in danger

to be set at nought,' have already protested strongly against any change of the sort. The Chekiang silk-manufacturers have also raised a loud cry. That a sweeping change of costume will result in much loss and misery hardly admits of any doubt. For these and other reasons the simultaneous change of the costume and the queue was thought impracticable.

Under such circumstances, it was suggested that China should adopt a partial change: that she should remove the queue and retain her costume. The argument was that the removal of the queue and the change of costume are two entirely different things, and should not be confused in the solution of the problem. Since the two reforms cannot be carried out at the same time, it is but appropriate to remove the queue only, without adopting any new costume. By taking this middle course the Kowtow and other sacred forms of worship may be continued, and the danger of economic derangement may also be avoided.

This at once appeared a logical solution of the problem. Moreover, the best opinion concurs that there is no need of discarding the Chinese costume. On the contrary, it would be a mistake if China should adopt, wholesale, the European dress in place of her own. The senseless adoption of the dress of another people is likely not only to introduce all the bad points of the new, but to banish all the good points of one's own. Moreover, the erroneous idea that the removal of the queue must necessarily imply a similar change of costume cannot be demonstrated more clearly than by the fact that the Japanese, as well as other peoples, except a small minority among them, still retain their national garb, notwithstanding their cropped hair; and they certainly do not appear the worse for the change.

Some people, especially foreign residents in China, also advance a plea for the retaining of the Chinese costume for æsthetic reasons. They say the Chinese look 'elegant and picturesque' in their present costume. The Chinese, however, although called a 'nation of æsthetes,' find no time to take æsthetics into consideration in their reforms. The pendulum of public opinion against the former attention to æstheticism is now swinging to such an extreme that there is every reason to believe that the elegance of the Chinese dress will hasten its abolition rather than retard it.

The real objection to the partial change of cutting off the queue and retaining the costume, however, lies in the fear that it will give an appearance of half-heartedness, which might prove disastrous to the whole programme. The past teaches that such signs of half-heartedness on the part of the government have been repeatedly the principal cause of failure of reforms, and should, therefore, be avoided at all events. Moreover, such a partial change would not help much in bringing about conformity to the present universal fashion, which was the principal purpose of the change. Therefore it was urged that the removal of the queue and the change of costume must come together.

To meet all these objections, another proposal was made, to the effect that the removal of the queue and the change of costume should be made simultaneously; but should be confined only to those classes of people who come into contact with foreigners and those whose occupations require such change. The diplomatic officers, for instance, must first of all be compelled to make the change. Then the police, the soldiers, and the students, must follow in their order. As the number of men in these classes is comparatively small, the danger of economic disturb-

ance may be avoided on the one hand, and the real purpose of a genuine, complete change, so as to conform with other peoples, may be achieved on the other.

This at first appeared logical. But those who made the proposal overlooked the fact that the soldiers serve only a limited number of years in the army, and that the policemen do not remain policemen all their lives. The same is true about the students and the diplomatic officers. If the great majority of the people were permitted to wear queues and Chinese dress, while only those few who happened to be police or soldiers were compelled to adopt the western fashion, then the latter few, upon their change of occupation, would be subjected to much embarrassment, and at once become objects of curiosity. Therefore, the proposal, perfect as it appeared, has already proved impracticable, as in the case of the Imperial Body Guard, where, on the application of this theory, desertions actually took place.

Thus, it appears that there was objection from every direction. To remove the queue without changing the costume is regarded as half-hearted and hence dangerous; to change the dress and queue of certain classes of people is impracticable; and to compel all classes to adopt the changes is perilous. For a while it seemed as if there were no hope of accomplishing anything.

China, however, always seems able to find a way of doing things slowly, and this case was no exception. She recognized that her subjects may be divided into four categories: namely, those who are enthusiastic for the change, those who are in need of it, those who are opposed to it, and those who are indifferent. Therefore, she thought fit to conduct the reform systematically, first by ordering those in need of the

change to adopt the reform, as has already been done in the case of the diplomatic officers, and at the same time to encourage those who are willing. In addition the members of the Imperial Family must also set the example, by adopting the change themselves. By so doing, within a few years the European costume may be adopted without any disturbance by those only who are willing or in need of the change, and the queue may disappear as magically as it came into existence.

This is evidently what China has begun to do. Reports say that after the experiment with the diplomatic officers the government will soon impose the reform upon the army, the navy, and the students, and finally will proclaim the complete abolition of the queue throughout the country, and will leave the question of costume to each individual. The general attitude of the masses, the strong conviction of the leading classes, and the sincerity shown by the government in carrying out the reform, make it apparent that those who want to see the Chinese queues will have to go to China within the next five years.

The significance of this change can hardly be overestimated. When the whole country is taken into consideration, the benefits and saving from doing away with the queue are enormous. For instance, the combing and braiding of the queue takes every day at least fifteen minutes of the best hours of every man in China, and perhaps twice that much of the barbers' time, which could be applied to productive purposes. Although time is cheap in China, it is worth at least ten cents a day on the average. According to this rate, each queue costs about one cent every day for combing. Multiply this by the number of males above fifteen in the country, which is placed at about 100,000,000 and then by the number

of days in a year, one will see that the annual saving from this source alone will mean about \$365,000,000. This, however, is only the cash value of time saved. But the actual saving in useful material is also considerable. A conservative estimate of what an average man or boy spends for queue-cords, etc., will be about twenty cents a year, which means \$20,000,000 for the country. It is also recognized that the queue shortens the life of one's coat or gown by at least 10 per cent. The removal of the queue will, therefore, mean a saving of about twenty cents a year for every man, or about \$20,000,000 annually for the country. There are many other savings from the removal of the queue, concerning which we need not go into detail; but these three sources alone will mean an actual saving of material valued at \$40,000,000 per year, or \$405,000,000 in cash value of time and material. These figures should not be taken too seriously; but they are significant, nevertheless.

If the question is considered from a hygienic point of view, none will hesitate to say that the queue should be removed. Few can realize how much trouble it means to keep clean a headful of long hair, especially when it is genuine. The ease and comfort which one with cropped hair feels in washing and scrubbing his head are unknown to the man who wears the queue! The general inconvenience of the queue can be properly realized only after one has once worn it.

These economic and hygienic benefits, great as they are, dwindle to insignificance, when compared with the moral effect of the reform. In introducing the western institutions upon which China's destiny largely depends, China must change the attitude and feeling of her masses. She cannot do this unless she can make these masses feel some changes in themselves. To

accomplish this, nothing seems more effective than to do away with the queue. Once an average 'Chinaman' finds his head minus the queue, he will at once take it for granted that he has also become one of those 'foreign devils,' and hence regard it as his lot to adopt things foreign. Instead of being opposed to western innovations, he will become eager to adopt them. Indeed, it seems safe to prophesy that the removal of the queue will bring about more changes in the attitude of the masses toward the introduction of modern institutions than any other reform. It will probably mean the complete revolution of the thoughts of four hundred millions of people!

Again, it must not be overlooked that the abolition of the queue will do much toward that complete removal of the ancient differences between the Chinese and the Manchu, which the govern-

ment has been endeavoring to accomplish. It will lead even those who are most hostile to the ruling Dynasty to feel that the government is really doing its best to harmonize the old discord, and that after all the two peoples are but one.

Thus it seems that the abolition of the queue, insignificant as the queue itself is, is destined to be an epoch-making reform, which will clear the way for numerous other practicable changes. It will create unity among the people and give new strength to the nation. There are numerous strong and apparently insurmountable obstacles; but if China can compel her people to give up such a deadly and tenacious habit as opium-smoking, and can impel her women to change the fashion of their feet, there is little reason why she cannot compel her men to change the fashion of their hair.

TWO DOCTORS AT AKRAGAS

BY FREDERICK PETERSON

Akron. — She has been dead these thirty days.

Empedocles. — How say you, thirty days! and there is no feature of corruption?

Akron. — None. She has the marble signature of death writ in her whole fair frame. She lies upon her ivory bed, robed in the soft stuffs of Tyre, as if new-cut from Pentelikon by Phidias, or spread upon the wood by the magic brush of Zeuxis, seeming as much alive as this, no more, no less. There is no

beat of heart nor slightest heave of breast.

Empedocles. — And have you made the tests of death?

Akron. — There is no bleeding to the prick, nor film of breath upon the bronze mirror. They have had the best of the faculty in Akragas, Gela, and Syracuse, all save you; and I am sent by the dazed parents to beseech you to leave for a time affairs of state and the great problems of philosophy, to essay your ancient skill in this strange mys-

tery of life in death and death in life.

Empedocles. — I will go with you. Where lies the house?

Akron. — Down yonder street of statues, past the Agora, and hard by the new temple that is building to Olympian Zeus. It is the new house of yellow sandstone, three stories in height, with the carved balconies and wrought brazen doors. Pantheia is her name. I lead the way.

Empedocles. — The streets are full to-day and dazzling with color. So many carpets hang from the windows, and so many banners are flying! So many white-horsed chariots, and such concourses of dark slaves from every land in the long African crescent of the midland sea, from the Pillars of Hercules to ferocious Carthage and beyond to the confines of Egypt and Phœnicia! Ah, I remember now! It is a gala day — the expected visit of Pindar. I am to dine with him to-morrow at the Trireme. We moderns are doing more to celebrate his coming than our fathers did for Æschylus when he was here. I was very young then, but I remember running with the other boys after him just to touch his soft gown and look into his noble face.

Akron. — I have several rolls of his plays, that I keep with some new papyri of Pindar arrived by the last galley from Corinth, in the iron chest inside my office door, along with some less worthy bags of gold of Tarshish and coinage of Athens, Sybaris, Panormos and Syracuse. Ah, here is the door! It is ajar, and if you will go into the courtyard by the fountain and seat yourself under the palm-trees and azaleas on yon bench, by the statue of the nymph, I will go up to announce your coming.

Empedocles. — All is still save for the far, faint step of Akron on the stair, and the still fainter murmur from the streets. The very goldfish in the foun-

tain do not stir, and the long line of slaves against the marble wall, save for their branded foreheads, might be gaunt caryatides hewn in Egyptian wood or carved in ebony and amber. That gaudy tropic bird scarce ruffles a feather. What is the difference between life and death? A voice, a call, some sudden strange or familiar message on old paths, to the consciousness that lies under that apparent unconsciousness, will waken all these semblances of inanimation into new life of arms and fins and wings. Let me try her thus! My grandfather was a pupil of Pythagoras who had seen many such death-semblances among the peoples of the white sacred mountains of far India. Ha! Akron beckons. I must follow him.

Akron. — Enter yon doorway where the white figure lies resplendent with jewels that gleam in the morning sun.

Empedocles. — The arm drawn downward by the heavy golden bracelet is cold, yet soft and yielding like a sleep. The face has the natural ease of slumber, and not the rigid artificiality of death. 'Tis true there is no pulse, no beat of heart nor stir of breath, yet neither is there the sombre grotesqueness of the last pose. But the difference between life and death is here so small that it is incommensurable, the point of the mathematicians only. I shall hold this little hand in mine, and, with a hand upon her forehead, call her by name; for, know you, Akron, one's name has a power beyond every other word to reach the closed ears of the imprisoned soul.

Pantheia! Pantheia! Pantheia! It is dawn. Your father calls you. Your mother calls you. And I call you and command you. Open your eyes and behold the sun!

Akron. — A miracle, O Zeus! The eyelids tremble like flower-petals under the wind of heaven. Was that a sigh

or the swish of wings? O wonder of wonders! she breathes — she whispers!

Pantheia. — Where am I? Is this death? Some one called my name. That is the pictured ceiling of my own room. Surely that is Zaldy, my pet slave, with big drops on her black face. . . . And father, mother, kneeling either side. And who are you with rapt face and star-deep eyes, thick hair with Delphic wreaths, and in purple gown and golden girdle? Are you a god?

Empedocles. — Be tranquil, child, I am no god, only a physician come to heal you. You have been ill and sleeping a long time.

Pantheia. — Yes, I feel weakness, hunger and thirst. I remember now that I was well, when suddenly a strange thought came to me on my pillow. I thought that I was *déad*. This took such possession of me that it shut out every other thought, and being able to think only that one thought, I must have been dead. It seemed but a moment's time when the spell of the thought was broken by an alien deep voice from the void of nothing about me, calling me by name, calling me to wake and see the day. With that came floods of my own old thoughts, like molten streams from *Ætna*, that were rigid as granite before the word was given that loosed them.

Empedocles. — Did you not see new things or new lands or old dead faces, for you have been gone a month? I am curious to know.

Pantheia. — How passing strange! No, I saw neither darkness nor light. I heard no sounds, nor was conscious of any silence. I must have had just the one thought that I was dead, but I lost consciousness of that thought. I remember saying good-night to Zaldy, and I handed her the quaint doll from Egypt and bade her care for it. Then the thought seized me, and I knew no more. My thoughts which had always

run so freely before, like a plashing brook, must have suddenly frozen, as the amber-trader from the Baltic told me one day the rivers do in his far northern home. Oh, sir, are you going so soon?

Empedocles. — Yes, child. You must take nourishment now, and talk no more. But I am coming again to see you, for I have many earnest questions still to put regarding this singular adventure.

Akron. — Let me walk with you. I will close the great door. Already the gay streets are silent, and the people crowd this way, whispering awe-struck together of the deed of wonder you have done this day. You have called back the dead to life, and they make obeisance to you as you pass, as if you were in truth a son of the immortals. Your name will go down the ages linked with the miracle of *Pantheia*. You are immortal.

Empedocles. — Nay, 'tis not so strange as that, and yet 't is stranger.

Akron. — I would know your meaning better.

Empedocles. — The power of a thought, that is the real wonder! We just begin to have glimpses of the effects of the mind upon the body. To me, Akron, the faculty has set too great store upon herbs and bitter drafts, and cupping and the knife. I would fain have the soul acknowledged more, our therapy built on the dual mechanism of mind and substance. For if an idea can lead to the apparent death of the whole body, so might other ideas bring about the apparent death of a part of the body, like, for example, a paralysis of the members, or of the senses of sight, feeling, hearing; and in truth I have seen such things. Or a thought might give rise to a pain, or to a feeling of general illness, or to a feeling of local disorder in some internal organ; and I feel sure I have likewise met with such

instances. And if an idea may produce such ailments, then a contrary idea implanted by the physician may heal them. I believe this to be the secret of many of the marvels we see at the temples and shrines of Æsculapius, and of the cures made by the touch of seers and kings.

But this teaching goes much deeper and further. If we could in the schools implant in our youth ideas which were strong enough, we should be able to make of them all, each in proportion to his belief in himself and his ambition, great men, great generals, thinkers, poets, a new race of heroes in all lines of human endeavor, who should be able by their united strength of idea and ideal finally to people the world with gods.

I have among my slaves, who work as vintners and olive-gatherers, a physician of Thrace, as also a philosopher of the island of Rhodes, a member of the Pythagorean League. These I bought not long ago of the Etruscan pirates. Every evening I have them come to me on the roof after the evening meal, and there under the quiet of the stars we discuss life and death, the soul and immortality, and all the burning problems of order, harmony, and number in the universe. What surprises me is that this Thracian should be so in advance of the physicians of Hellas, for he holds as I do that

the mind should be first considered in the treatment of most disorders of the body, because of its tremendous power to force the healing processes, and because sometimes it actually induces disease and death. And we have talked together of the incalculable value of faith and enthusiasm so applied in the education of the child, this new kind of gardening in the budding soul of mankind, and of what new and august races might thereby come to repeople this rather unsatisfactory globe.

I am minded to free these slaves, indeed all my slaves, and I have the intention of devoting the most of a considerable fortune, both inherited and amassed by me, to the spread of these doctrines, and to the public weal, particularly in the matter of planting in the souls of our youth, not the mere ability to read and write Greek and do sums in arithmetic, but the seeds of noble ideas that shall make this Trinacria of ours a still more wonderful human garden than it has been as a granary for the world's practical needs. From this sea-centre we send our freighted galleys to Gades in the West, Carthage in the South, Tyre in the East, and to the red-bearded foresters of the Far North. I would still send on these same routes this food, but also better food than this, stuff that should kindle and feed intellectual fires in all the remote places of the earth.

AN UNTRAINED NURSE

BY LUCY HUSTON STURDEVANT

'WROP it up warm, an' set it by the stove, an' feed it whenever it cries; an' ef it's ailin' put a little mite of calomel on the tip of its tongue; an' don't take hit out. That's the way to raise a baby.' Thus spoke Mrs. Haw, looking up from her sewing.

Out on Hominy Creek she had been called Mistress Haw, for some shreds of the leisurely parlance of our forefathers may still be found among the Cove and Creek dwellers of the Southern mountains; but when she carried her husband, her children, and her household gods into Highville, she learned to know herself as Mrs. Haw.

She learned many other things that she had not dreamed of out on Hominy; became aware of them in silence, for the most part, with her shrewd, kind eyes narrowed to receive the new light, and her mouth compressed into a straight line. The inequalities of fortune are not obvious out on Hominy Creek, where there is not much fortune of any kind; but in Highville, which is a flourishing Health Resort, the County Seat, and an active business town besides, the good things of life are portioned out so unfairly that Mrs. Haw's heart burned within her at the sight.

When she first came into Highville, she earned her living as a sick-nurse, untrained, but strong, sensible, and kind. Her patients did well, and loved her. They were chiefly babies and women; though to her the women were merely necessary adjuncts to the babies: she took good care of them, but she never allowed them to think them-

selves of first importance. To tell the truth, she had two passions: babies and books. Babies were her business, a permanent source of revenue; books were her romance, the dream by which she lived. She talked much of babies, and little of books. Which she really loved the most, no one ever knew.

Trained nurses came along in time and took her work away from her, but she remained a tremendous authority on such matters 'all the days of her life,' as the Catechism puts it. She took to mending and plain sewing in place of nursing, and turned out to have a natural gift for making women's shirts; a 'good cut,' as we say. Such people are born, not made, like poets; and their livelihood is assured.

'Wrop it up warm, an' set it by the stove, an' feed it whenever it cries,' said Mrs. Haw. It was her battle-cry, her slogan; thus did she place herself with new customers.

'Oh!' said little Mrs. Denis, wide-eyed, 'but I thought going out —'

'Ef hit's a winter baby. That's the best kind,' said Mrs. Haw, inscrutably, 'but it don't holp no baby none to take hit out of doors.'

She scented her enemy, the many-headed demon, Fresh Air.

'Oh, yes!' said Mrs. Denis, in acquiescence.

She did not care much, having no babies of her own, and she cared very much about pleasing Mrs. Haw, having been told she would work for no woman unless she liked her.

'Yes, ma'am. You want a yoke, ur

plain back? I reckon you'd better have a yoke, with your shoulders.'

'What's wrong with my shoulders?' said Mrs. Denis, in alarm. In fact they had always been well-spoken of, but Mrs. Haw had a disconcerting plainness of speech; if you did not fit her shirts, she was apt to find fault with your figure.

'They ain't much out,' admitted Mrs. Haw.

Her gray eyes twinkled behind her thick glasses. She liked Mrs. Denis; she was a pretty, soft little thing, born to depend, not to uphold, but her face looked as if bewildering responsibilities had suddenly been thrust upon her. Mrs. Haw knew the look; new-comers in Highville were apt to have it.

'Mr. Denis looks a heap better than he did first time I saw him,' she said casually.

Mrs. Denis grew quite pink with pleasure and interest.

'It was New Year's Day. He was walkin' crost the Square — he looked mighty bad off. But now — he's started right. Ef he was a woman he'd be about well, but a man —' She stopped. She had not much opinion of men, but she had a tender respect for love's young dream. 'Jest you get a man to think he's well, an' he is.'

'Are you a Christian Scientist, Mrs. Haw?'

'No, ma'am, I'm a Methodist. That time I went North weth Mrs. Dent's baby, an' seen the ocean, I went to a 'Piscopal church weth Katie. (She's Mrs. Dent's mother's maid. She's a white woman.) That church would n't never help me none. I've jest naturally got to rock when I sing. Mebbe hit's 'cause I've rocked so many babies.'

'Did you like the ocean, Mrs. Haw?'

'No, ma'am.' Mrs. Haw hesitated; she was moved to explain. 'I could n't see acrost it, no ways,' said the mountain woman, used to vast prospects;

'an' that thing they call the tide — hit's a lonesome thing, comin' in, an' comin' in, an' goin' back, an' goin' back. I used to say, "You stop right there! Now stop!" Hit never did. Katie used to laugh. An' them ships! They say there's babies born on 'em. I would n't want to nurse none on a ship. I'd ruther have a nice stiddy mountain.' She rose to go. 'I reckon I've finished up fer to-day, ma'am. I've got to stop on my way home, an' fit a lady. Well, I say a lady; she ain't a lady, she's a friend of mine.'

Mrs. Haw had a fine sense of social distinction; that was where her Southern bringing-up came in.

She rolled up her work, put on a shabby hat and coat, and looked about her. There were some books on a table; she looked at them hungrily, but she did not ask for one.

'I'll stop in an' fit 'em some evenin' next week, about five o'clock.'

The front door slammed behind her; again her sense of social distinction asserted itself; the kitchen door was used by the Negro servants, therefore she, being white, could not stoop to use it.

She turned from one street into another, walking quickly; the streets of Highville run up hill and down; follow them far enough and they climb mountains, or transform themselves into woodland trails. She looked hard at a man who was riding slowly by on an ambling mule; even in the thickening dusk could be discerned the easy grace with which he sat his mount. Mrs. Haw stopped and strained her eyes to see more clearly.

'That you, Orton Nally?'

The man did not look, nor answer, nor check his mule.

'What you doin' in Highville?'

The mule slid by, shuffling its little feet rhythmically on the hard clay road; the rider drooped his head back until his face was hardly visible.

'Keep away from me an' mine! Keep away! Keep away!' shouted Mrs. Haw to the vanishing figure. She caught her breath. The savagery of many untamed generations surged in her blood; her eyes saw scarlet, her hand shut tightly on her bundle; a needle within pierced it deeply, but she did not feel the pain.

'I reckon I could shoot straight enough to hit him!'

The primeval savage sleeps at the bottom of every heart. In the mountain heart he sleeps lightly, and rouses to fury at a sound.

'Ef he hurts Lilly — ef he hurts Lilly —!'

She laughed loudly in the darkness, a dreary cackle, without mirth. She was shivering and shaking like a sick animal.

'A pretty one I'd be to shoot a man! Cain't hold my hand stiddy when I'm jest studyin' 'bout hit. The men's got the best of us. They don't shake none when they shoot.'

She hurried on.

A pretty, half-grown girl hung about the door of Mrs. Haw's little house, watching, watching up the street and down.

'Watchin' for me, Lilly?' said Mrs. Haw, appearing suddenly out of the darkness, like a wandering ghost.

'Why, grandma! Yes, grandma! You're all out of breath!'

'I did n't stop at Mistress Deems. I come right on home. Have you got supper ready fur the bo'ders?'

The girl whimpered.

'I'll get it. Don't cry, Lilly. Come in. Don't hang 'round the door.' She drew the girl forward into the light of the lamp. 'Lilly! Has Orton Nally been here?'

The girl's face flamed into color. 'No, grandma! No, indeed!'

Mrs. Haw did not press the question;

she let the child draw back into the shadow.

'You'll have to set the table, Lilly. I've got a heap of work to do to-night.'

'Why, Mrs. Haw!' cried Mrs. Denis, with flattering surprise, 'what are you doing with grandchildren! You're too young!'

'I was married when I was fo'teen. I don't hold weth girls waitin' the way they do now tell they're seventeen ur eighteen. A girl that waits that-a-way's likely not to get a man at all,' said Mrs. Haw.

Man in the abstract she hated. He was at the root of most of her troubles. Concrete man was the rightful lord of creation; not to secure him would be unbearable calamity.

'My daughters all married when they was fifteen. That time I went North weth Mrs. Dent's baby, an' seen the ocean, Katie told me girls up there did n't marry tell they was thirty some-times. I hed a grandson when I was thirty-one. Lilly's fifteen. I'd like to see her married to a good man, that didn't drink none, an' hed a good trade. Not a mountain man.'

'Don't you think fifteen is rather young to marry?'

'No, ma'am!'

Silence fell.

'You might rip this un, Mrs. Denis, ma'am.'

Mrs. Denis's head drooped over her work. It was a pretty and well-kept head of red gold. Mrs. Haw, looking at it over her spectacles, reflected upon its silkiness, reflected that Lilly's head would look like that if she took better care of it, reflected, with a stir of anger, that Mrs. Denis was rich and Lilly was poor.

'But I reckon Lilly'd be jest as no-account ef she was rich,' said Mrs. Haw to herself, with that bitter justice that lived at the back of her head, and

came down upon her conclusions like a sharp knife, severing false from true, whether she willed it or not.

'Your hair looks like it belonged to a year-old baby.'

Mrs. Denis raised her silky head quickly; her soft round face was puckered into anxious wrinkles; she looked like a child on the verge of a burst of tears.

'Jack — Mr. Denis — had an awfully bad night last night,' she said, suddenly; 'he — it's terribly discouraging.'

'He's obliged to have bad nights now and then,' said Mrs. Haw, 'but I reckon he don't have as many as he did when he first come down.'

'No, I don't believe he does,' said Mrs. Denis, cheering up immediately. 'He does n't! What a comfort you are, Mrs. Haw. How I wish you could always be here. That's the way to look at it, is n't it? Look on the bright side.'

'Ef there's a bright side to look on, yes, ma'am,' said Mrs. Haw, thinking heavily of Lilly, and of Orton Nally.

'Oh! there's always a bright side,' said the girl. 'And though of course I worry awfully about Mr. Denis, I know he is better really. But it's hard for him to be down here, where he has no incentive, and no stimulus, and no congenial society. He's going North this spring for a little while, just to get in touch — to see some people who write. He feels that he needs it.'

'Does Mr. Denis write?'

'Oh, yes!' said little Mrs. Denis, pluming herself visibly, like a little pigeon, 'he writes.'

'Books?'

'Yes — that is — he's written stories. He's going to write books — splendid ones — soon.'

'Books,' said Mrs. Haw, reverently. 'Books!' She let her work lie untouched in her lap, she took off her spectacles,

and held them in her hand: 'Well'm, I've had eight babies, an' riz six of 'em. I kin do any kind of farm work — an' I have. When we lived out on Hominy I wove all Mr. Haw's clo'es, an' all the children's, an' all mine, on grand-ma's old loom. I've brung a heap of babies into the world without any doctor to help me weth 'em — when I lived on Hominy; here in town all the women thinks they has to have a doctor — an' you know Mrs. Denis, ma'am, ef I kin make a pretty shirt —' It sounded like an assertion of merit; it was really a humble offering of her all upon the altar of literature. Suddenly and unawares she had come upon its temple; reverently she trod its shining floor. 'You don't reckon hit'll be bad for him, goin' up into that cold north air? Hit's mighty damp up there,' she said with anxiety.

A heavy step sounded outside, and she leaned forward to look at the young man who passed the door. She had taken no particular interest in him before; he was merely one of the many who were sent to Highville in search of health, and who recovered in its strong, sweet air, or did not recover, as the case might be. She had even resented him a little, because she had taken a fancy to his sweet-natured, pretty little wife, and looked upon him as an anxiety to her. Abstract Man, as Mrs. Haw sees him, is always an anxiety to his wife; he wishes to be; if he can accomplish his end in no other way, he falls ill.

'Hit's mighty damp up North,' said Mrs. Haw.

'Oh, dear!' sighed Mrs. Denis, instantly cast down, 'what shall I do if he catches cold! But he wants to go.'

'I reckon he'd better go ef he wants to go. Hit won't hurt him none, mos' likely — ef he wants to do it,' said Mrs. Haw, wise in the ways of Man. 'I'll fit this shirt now, Mrs. Denis, ma'am.'

When she rose to go, her glance fell

again upon the table of books, with unmistakable longing.

'Are you fond of reading, Mrs. Haw?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Do you have time — would you care to take one of these?' said Mrs. Denis, with a flash of inspiration.

A gleam of joy stole into Mrs. Haw's eyes. 'Yes, ma'am! Thank you, ma'am! I certainly would. I'll cover it weth paper, an' take good keer of hit.'

'Which one will you take?' said Mrs. Denis eagerly. Her cheeks were flushed with the pleasure of a kind action, her round face was puckered with smiles; she did so like to please people.

'Is this un a cook-book?'

'Yeast? No, that's an old, old novel. You'd like this better, I think.' She held up a volume of futile fiction, modern, and much praised.

'I'll take this,' said Mrs. Haw, doggedly.

She had opened the book haphazard in the middle, as a book-lover does, to taste its quality, and lo! the thoughts of her heart were there in print! Her gray eyes burned, as she read one fiery sentence after another; her lips moved, relishing the words.

'I reckon the man that writ this has seen one-roomed mountain cabins.'

'I don't — think — he ever did,' hesitated Mrs. Denis.

'Yes, ma'am. He could n't say what he does ef he had n't. I've always been pore, but I've never had to live that-a-way, but I've seen it, all my life! An' I've seen the harm of it. Hit ain't their fault when they do wrong, hit ain't their fault!' The anger died out of her voice; in its place was a deep sadness. 'Nor hit ain't no use talkin' about the injustice of it — I cain't change it, none. I've thought them things, but I never seen 'em writ in a book befo'. I reckon I can give you that time in June you wanted, Mrs. Denis,' said Mrs. Haw monotonously, 'I've been

studyin' about it, an' I reckon I kin' manage it.'

'You've got nothing again' John Gower, Lilly, except that he's a decent, respectable man, that don't drink none an' don't tell you all the time how pretty you are. Orton Nally jest naturally talks that-a-way to every woman he sees. He'd tell me I was a beauty, ef I'd let him.'

Lilly giggled.

Mrs. Haw smiled too, unresenting. She did not wonder that Lilly thought her unimaginably old and ugly; she thought it of herself, having begun the serious business of life at an early age.

'He hears that kind of talk in saloons. John Gower'll cross the street when he comes to a saloon, ruther than go near one.'

Lilly shrugged her shoulders.

'You remember Orton Nally cain't marry nobody, Lilly.'

'I don't want to marry nobody. You hear that kind of talk in books, grandma, readin' 'em like you do!'

'Here comes John Gower!'

'Let him come!' said Lilly obdurately.

'You kin take a walk weth him, Lilly, an' carry him back to your Aunt Amanda's to supper.'

Lilly shook her foolish head; but a lover is a lover, even though he be strictly temperate, and desirable, and approved by the family; and in a surprisingly short time she was dressed in her Sunday best, and walking off with John Gower, with the appearance, at least, of keen enjoyment.

Mrs. Haw had the house to herself, and she sat down by the window, snatched up a book, and in a moment had forgotten her surroundings, her troubles, and herself. Highville is a ragged town, of great distances; Mrs. Haw's house was on its outskirts, little pine trees pressed against her garden

fence, and wood thrushes sang to her in the early morning, or late in the June days; they were singing that Sunday afternoon, but Mrs. Haw did not hear them, being happily enclosed in the four walls of her book.

John Denis found the North as damp as Mrs. Haw could possibly have anticipated. He came home to fall ill, and be nursed back to health by an excellent trained nurse, named Worrilow; but no sooner was he convalescent than he fled her society, and demanded Mrs. Haw, and was never so placid or so well-pleased as when she sat in his room, and told him stories.

'I wish you'd stop that infernal sewing, and just talk to me,' he said one day.

'I cain't sit here weth my hands in my lap,' said Mrs. Haw, with scant civility. But her tone was kinder than her words, and her smile was kinder than either. 'Mrs. Denis is payin' me fur makin' her shirts, an' I'm obliged to make 'em. Hit ain't holpin' you none to talk so much, Mr. Denis. I reckon I'll have to tell you another story.'

Denis smiled feebly. He took great pleasure in Mrs. Haw's stories. 'That's just what I want.'

Mrs. Haw nodded to her sewing, well-pleased; this was not the first convalescent who had hung upon the words of her fluent tongue — not by a good many!

'I don't guess I ever told you about the time they hung three men in the field over 'crost Caney Street. I could show you the place from the window, ef you was up — there's housen on it now. I was twelve year old, an' we was livin' out on the other side of Bear Mountain, fo'teen mile west of Hominy. We started at sundown the night befo', an' walked all night. Pap brung us all that was big enough to walk that fur. He

'lowed we ought to see hit. He was a pore man, but he done what he could fur his children. Fore part of the night we was alone, but along about one o'clock in the mo'nin' we begun to come on families frum this side the mountain. Hit was mighty dark along under the trees, but we had a lantern, an' mos' all the families had 'em, 'count of the children strayin' off an' gettin' los' in the woods. The woods was bigger then, an' blacker, an' thicker, than they is now. Or mebbe I was littler. They seemed mighty black to me that night. Nobody said much. You don't talk much in the woods at night. You jest naturally cain't. An' we walked an' walked an' walked — an' *walked*, weth the lanterns swingin' an' the owls hootin' back in the woods; an' every now an' then we'd hear steps side of the road, an' some more folks would come out an' follow along.'

As Mrs. Haw talked, she sewed, snapped her thread, and knotted it, but the thread of her narrative was unbroken.

'Bear Mountain's an awful long, long mountain. I thought we never would get down an' out where we could see the stars. A little brother of mine was along — Roley. He was ten year old, an' a curious kind of child, always tellin' big stories about what he'd seen, an' done, when he'd never done nothin' but tote water from the spring all the mo'nin'. Seemed like he believed 'em, too. They was pretty stories: we children used to like to hear him tell 'em. Pap used to whup him fur lyin' sometimes, but hit never changed him none, that I could see. He got it into his head that we was all goin' down to Highville to hang *him* fur lyin'! I guess he had a hard walk, pore little boy! He did n't ask no one — jest set his mind that-a-way. He mought have asked me, but he never did. He died that winter. He had a runnin' in his

leg. Nursin' him was the first nursin' I ever done. Pore little boy!'

Mrs. Haw took off her spectacles and wiped them slowly.

'When we got down Highville way, all the roads was black weth people. Men rid in clear from Tennessee. An' we did n't see no hangin' after all,' she said, with a cheery cackle. 'It was put earlier 'count of the crowds, an' by the time we got into town, hit was all over. I never did get to see one. When I was young, I had to work too hard, an' now — I'd rather not, someway. Seem like them Gladiator Shows, when they killed the Christians. I read about one in a book.'

'When do you do your reading? In the evenings, I suppose.'

Mrs. Haw laughed genially. 'You reckon I've got nothin' to do night-times but read! I reckon you mean night-time, when you say evenin'. I've got fo' men bo'ders, Mr. Denis; an' Mr. Haw, an' Lilly, an' Lilly's two little brothers, to take keer of. I have a heap of work to do night-times — an' I gen'lly carry some sewin' home weth me.'

'In the morning, perhaps, you get up early, and get in an hour or two at a book. Lots of people work before breakfast. One's brain *is* fresher then.'

Again Mrs. Haw laughed, quite unrestrainedly this time! 'My men gets their breakfasts at six. I don't read none in the mo'nins.'

'Then when?' Denis persisted.

'You write me a book, sir, an' I'll find time to read it, someway.'

Her reading hours were her secret; her own household did not know them.

'I wish I'd known this country then,' Denis grumbled, meditating upon the triple hanging, and its effect upon the minds of the populace.

Mrs. Haw did not answer. She bent over her work; her shining needle flew. The young man watched it, hypnotized

into drowsiness, if not into complete repose.

'I wish I'd had the luck to see the mountains before everything was civilized out of them,' he muttered, sleepily.

Mrs. Haw's face looked gray and hard; her lips moved, though no sound came from them. 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord!' The Christian spoke, but the savage lay beneath. 'Ef he hurts Lilly, I'll shoot him down. She's got no father nur mother to take keer of her — I'll shoot him down —'

But she knew very well that she could not shoot Orton Nally, no matter what he might do; that he was stronger and readier than she could possibly be, and that if it came to shooting, he could take care of himself, and she would go to the wall. Subtlety is woman's best weapon, but Mrs. Haw was above all things direct. The cold wind of reason blew across her hot anger, and chilled it into something very like despair.

'Hit's time fur your milk, Mr. Denis, sir. You take it now, and you can get a little sleep — an' then I'll tell you some mo' stories. Jest a little mite of sleep!' she said, with tender patience.

He turned on his side, and fell asleep presently, and Mrs. Haw rocked and sewed and meditated, and set her troubles out in an orderly row, and looked them over. Her chair made a little creaking that would have roused the patient into wakeful wrath if any one else had done it, but the rocking of Mrs. Haw seemed an integral part of her, and as such was distinctive and soothing.

'Hit ain't no use reasonin' weth a man like that, no use at all, nur cryin'; he'd be right pleased an' happy ef he could see me cry —' Her chair creaked a little louder, and lost its regular cadence. 'Nur coixin' — not an ugly old woman, like I am. Loolian don't coax

him none; she scolds him, an' feeds him good — an' she's his wife — he'd jest run away from me!' She set her mouth firmly, until it looked like a thin line. 'I'll go up there, an' do what I kin — some one's got to go; an' if anything happens—hit's obliged to happen!'

The patient stirred uneasily in his sleep; all this suppressed emotion was disturbing the peaceful atmosphere of the room.

'I've finished the shirts, an' I've brung back the books, Mrs. Denis, ma'am; an' I'm obliged to you fur lettin' me have 'em.'

'Did n't you like *The Circuit Rider*?' said Mrs. Denis.

'No, ma'am. I've seen a heap of Methodist preachers all my life; had 'em in the house when I lived on Hominy. I don't need to read books about 'em. But that other was a pretty book. I reckon I could have made him more comfortable than that Torfrida did.'

'Hereward?'

'Yes, ma'am. No one's obliged to be as uncomfortable in the woods as they was. She was n't what you'd call a triflin' woman either. Well, 'm, I'm glad I've read 'em.'

'Are n't you coming next month?' cried Mrs. Denis in dismay.

Mrs. Haw's voice had a ring of finality. She had spoken as one might speak who takes an eternal farewell.

'What will Mr. Denis do without you to talk to him!'

'He's right well now. An' I've got some business to do up country.'

Mrs. Denis looked quickly into Mrs. Haw's face, and looked quickly away again; emotional, unreasoning little people, who are eager to please, and troubled over many things, see sometimes when wiser folk are blind.

'It's disagreeable business!'

'Hit ain't pleasant,' Mrs. Haw admitted. 'Now don't you get to frettin'

about him. He's better than he was befo' he got sick. Ef he wants to write books you let him; hit won't hurt him none.'

'Don't go up country,' begged Mrs. Denis. 'Oh! don't go, Mrs. Haw. Let the business go—no matter what it is!'

A gleam of pleasure stole athwart the gray calm of Mrs. Haw's face, as a sun ray lightens for a moment the gloom of a boding sea.

'Thank you, ma'am; but I reckon I'll have to go.'

'It seems to me a good deal of water has run under the bridges since we've seen Mrs. Haw,' said Denis to his wife one day. 'What has become of her, Helen? I want some more reminiscences.'

They were driving down the road that used to run for many miles along the rushing waters of the French Broad: a very old road that was once the stage road north and west into Tennessee; before that, a bridle path; before that, by the witness of tradition, an Indian trail. Trail or path of some sort doubtless it has always been, companioning the river through trackless wildernesses, fraught with danger and death; followed by fearful women, by trembling captives, by old age and defeat; followed, too, assuredly, by lovers, children, and the like, hopeful and happy. To-day no one follows it, for a big electric plant has dammed the river; the old road-houses are torn down, and the old road is dead — drowned by the spreading flood.

Mrs. Denis gave an exultant chuckle. 'She's coming to-morrow,' she said, like a child that joyfully produces a present that it has thought of all by itself; 'I wrote her a post-card; I thought you'd like to see her again; and she wrote me a post-card, and said there had been illness in her house, but that she'd come to-morrow! I'm

so glad! And she'll say how well you look!'

Mrs. Haw came through a summer thunder-storm the next morning, and sat down to her work by the window of the sewing-room, to an accompaniment of rolling thunder and lurid lightning that would have sent some women to a feather-bed. Mrs. Haw viewed it unmoved.

'That was a bad storm we had early this morning,' said Denis, an hour or two later, entering cautiously, as a man should enter a sewing-room.

'Yes, sir. Don't step on that lace edgin', sir!'

'Is the lightning always bright red down here, and does it always strike in one's front yard?'

'Hit's obliged to strike in somebody's yard,' said Mrs. Haw, aphoristically; 'how'r you, sir?'

'Finel!'

Mrs. Haw continued her work in silence.

'How did you get on up-country? Mrs. Denis seemed to think you were having a bad time. What were you doing up there? Borning some more grandchildren?'

'No, sir,' said Mrs. Haw cheerily. 'Not this time. I did n't get to go up country after all. I was fixin' to go a Wednesday, but the night befo' a man got runned over by one of them automobiles, an' they carried him into my house. Hit happened close by. An' he stayed there tell he died. No, sir; hit was n't the fault of the automobile. He'd been drinkin' an' he had n't sense enough to get out of the way.'

'Why did n't you send him to the hospital?'

'His wife's kin of mine,' said Mrs. Haw, simply. 'She come down to nurse him, soon as she heard. They live way over in the blue. Hit took two days to get her here.'

'What do you mean by that?'

Mrs. Haw looked vexed. She tried to purge her speech of purely mountain idioms, but now and then one slipped in.

'That means way, way off, where the mountains fold down into each other, an' you cain't see anything but the blue, 'cept mebbe a little curl of white smoke risin' up. Loolian come as soon as she could, an' she watched by him tell he died. He's better dead. He was the han'somest man in the mountains, Orton Nally was, an' I guess he was n't fur from bein' the worst. Seemed like he could n't keep away from a pretty girl, an' he dranked!'

'He sounds interesting.'

'He ain't interestin' now,' said Mrs. Haw grimly, like a voice from a Dance of Death; 'a man's got to stay 'live, ef he wants to be interestin', anyways to a girl. My Lilly likes men mighty well, but she don't like 'em none when they're dead. I'm makin' Lilly some pretty clothes,' said Mrs. Haw, tentatively, as if she wished to be asked why.

She would have liked to tell Denis about her pretty Lilly, and about John Gower, and the things he would not do. We all have our own triumphs, and our own achievements; they may be small, but they are very big to us; we like to talk about them, and take our little wage of praise.

'I want her to have as much as other girls have,' said Mrs. Haw. With a very little encouragement she would have unburdened her soul. 'Hit's a good thing fur a girl to get a good man, that don't drink none, an' don't have no foolish talk, a stiddy man.'

'The storm's coming back, I think,' said Denis.

Mrs. Haw looked out of the window; beneath it was a wonderful great prospect of river and foothills, and range upon range of blue peaks. Clouds were trooping up the defiles in long lines, and

lifting from the highest summits into the sky above.

'No, sir,' said Mrs. Haw, setting her own affairs aside without resentment, 'I don't guess it's comin' back — I reckon you an' Mrs. Denis kin go fur your drive, ef you want.'

She sat by the window, sewing steadily; beneath she heard the joyous voices of the Denises, making ready to start.

'He's well again,' she reflected. She was a lonely soul, all the more that she was not often alone; and she held much converse with herself, like all such. 'They'll be goin' back North soon. Seems like nobody ever does stay here long. Well, I'm glad they kin go that way.'

In joy, not grief, that is; life, not death. Mrs. Haw might have been used to seeing people go by this time, people she had nursed and worked for, cheered through sad hours, and heartened up to go on; it was an old story to her. But she had a trick of growing fond of them, and when they went away she missed them; they forgot her; she knew that very well. It was her misfortune that she was a clever woman, and saw too much for her own good.

There was a good deal of talking going on under the window; the Denises were carrying books out of the house, and putting them in the back

of the runabout, and covering them carefully from the possibility of mud stains.

'I wonder where they're takin' all them books,' said Mrs. Haw hungrily. 'To somebody that has plenty of 'em, I reckon.'

Mrs. Denis slipped into the room, all smiles, and pink color, and eagerness.

'What's your number, Mrs. Haw? We are n't quite sure.'

'Fo'teen.'

'Will any one be at home?'

'Lilly'll be there. Them shirts ain't ready to go yit. I'll take 'em when I go.'

'It's the books,' said Mrs. Denis happily; 'Mr. Denis thought there was no use packing so many, and he thought you might like to have them, and we thought we'd drive them over this morning. There, I've told you, and we meant it to be a surprise!' said Mrs. Denis in deep regret.

Mrs. Haw watched her books drive off; she had never dreamed of owning so many, and such nice ones; it seemed 'too good to be true,' as we say in this vale of tears. The mountains were cloudless and blue, the day was fresh-washed, and sweet with honeysuckle, and the smell of wet earth.

'It's turned out to be a pretty day,' said Mrs. Haw, 'an' after all there's a heap of good people in this world — ef it is a bad one!'

A SOUTH AFRICAN SWEET-TOOTH

BY MARK F. WILCOX

IN my early *Natal* days my sweet-tooth was a matter of small concern. I only knew that I liked sugar-cane and could chew my fill, in season, off the great piles around the Kafir mill. I used to scramble, barefoot, over shaky mountains of cane until the grizzly-haired native owner, puffed with importance and European clothes, would nearly lose his tongue clicking Zulu maledictions upon me. There was plenty of risk, too, for the long heavy canes were never securely stacked, and might hurl me down at any moment to pin me beneath their sweet weight.

But my dearest delight was to abscond to the river-bank with half a dozen native companions and an armful of canes, and there bask in the sunshine on the hot sand or play in the lukewarm water, all the while munching the tough stalks. No Kafir youngster could outdo me, then, at peeling cane with my teeth. That is why my sweet-tooth now occupies so much of my time and attention, and why among my boyhood memories nothing stands out with more grim distinctness than the old sugar-mill.

Since my tooth remains, I suppose the old mill still sprawls on a wide stretch of bottom-land, like a big brown spider in the centre of its web. There is nothing much in the factory's external appearance to suggest the Kafir ownership, unless it is the general air of decay. Observed from our house, which is on a hill overlooking the river, the curling old iron of the roof and the

crumbling walls seem only the result of a respectable desuetude.

All around spreads a deep green sea of billowy sugar-cane, broken here and there by vari-colored islands of reeds and mimosa bush, and cut by a winding, yellow-green isthmus of thick-set syringa trees, that shade the road from the river to the high lands. Touching the yellow isthmus and turning back the green sea in a russet-and-sienna wave of cut sugar-cane, the mill rises, dark and weatherbeaten, seemingly as old as the giant boulders sticking to the flanks of the distant blue hills.

It is only when you leave our veranda to descend the hill and cross the river that you begin to question the antiquity of the mill's dilapidation. Whether you wade the shallow stone weir, or ride across in trap or on horseback, you cannot muffle by splashing feet or grinding wheels the noise of a periodic and most hideous *screak-scrack*, a sound that seems to fill the heavens, and yet is like nothing so much as a starved wheelbarrow. When at last you locate the din, you receive, then and there, your first lesson in native lack of thrift.

Upon the farther river-bank, about thirty feet above the water, lies a huge cylindrical tank of rusty iron; and mounted on this is a hand-pump and a dark figure of a man, who moves up and down with the handle of the pump, so automatically that you are almost ready to believe the pump is moving him. As you pass by up the dusty road he hails you in guttural Zulu; and if

you can understand him, he is ready to stop his labor long enough to tell you what he is doing — in my day he would also tell you all there was to tell about the mill, the mission, the country, or anything else that would keep his tongue clacking, while his arms rested and the water-supply ran low in the mill.

This sociable dorky, you soon find out, furnishes all the water used at the factory. That the pump should run by wasteful and uncertain hand-power is evidence enough of bad management, but that this same hand-power should be negligently weakened by lack of lubrication is proof conclusive.

The gurgle of water through a rusty pipe, lying above ground, speaks the way to the mill. After a quarter of a mile of level road, you come to an abrupt rise of about twenty feet, where the river once made its bank; and there is the mill. The gurgling water is swallowed by an open cistern, — a few ant-eaten boards are all that remain of the cover, — from thence to be drawn by a whining steam-pump up to some concealed reservoir inside the building. And now, if the odor of dusty sugarcane and pungent syringa has previously withstood the crowning aroma of the mill, your nostrils are pleasantly assailed with the full quota of odors saccharine, from the sweet-sour smell of boiling sap to the bitter-sweet of burning sugar.

The boiler-room stands on the side nearest the river — a sheet-iron lean-to, with the entire front exposed to the inclemencies of the weather. You see no coal nor any piles of wood, but the mystery of the fuel-supply is soon solved. Near the boiler-room are standing in the yard great stacks of dried refuse from the cane, — cut tops, raked-up leaves, crushed stalks, — and these are being fed by the armful into the yawning fire-box. The stuff burns

like paper, and the constant attention of three men is required to keep the fire from going out, while six more are needed to replenish the stacks; but coal and wood are thereby saved. Such is the economy of the Kafir.

Next to the stacks of refuse, on the other side of the main entrance to the building, are huge piles of cut sugarcane. You wander around among the great heaps, which in the busy season mount as high as the gable of the single-storied mill, and wonder where it all comes from. Six more men are needed to feed the stalks into the low-growing calenders. Thence there flows across the mill to the boiling vats the sweet sap, filtered with only one mesh of screen and flowing along an open trough, where congregate innumerable bees, flies, and wasps, many of whom, full to repletion, tumble headlong into the fragrant flood, and are borne deliriously, like so many drunkards, to their doom.

From the vats, whose scummy steams assault your nostrils with almost sickening sweetness, the sap emerges a muddy brown syrup, that is cooled in broad, shallow pans resting on the rear floor of the main room. The broken window-panes are unscreened, as are the cooling-pans, and an interesting assortment of insects soon sacrifice themselves for their own sweet-tooth and the flavor of the sugar. From the pans you watch the syrup dipped up to hum merrily through a pair of centrifugal machines, and come out a dark, thin treacle; but inside the conical sieve of each machine you find a quantity of golden-yellow sugar.

There are other processes of which I have but a vague memory, that are used to separate the different grades of sugar, from the nearly white to the nearly black. I only remember toward the end of the room two large pans full of a very black liquid, in both of which

two very black men were stamping industriously with bare feet. Of what advantage this process was, I never knew; but long afterwards I used to find much satisfaction in shocking those who knew no better by informing them that sugar was made by having Negroes wade in molasses until it crystallized.

At the rear of the mill is another open shed, and here a dozen more natives dip sugar out of numbered bins into burlap sacks, weighing them when full, and sewing them up for shipment. This shed, too, has its usual contingent of insects; so it is little wonder that the finished product seems more like a burying-ground for bees and wasps than a life necessity.

Turning, you walk back through the long low building until you come to a short flight of stairs which brings you to the engine-room and the front door. Here, at last, are signs of intelligent and provident care. The battered old compound working wheezily on the right-hand side of the room still glitters in spots, while the silent little auxiliary, standing on the other side, is a miracle of shining brass. The old engine, though asthmatic, performs its duty smoothly, and the big fly-wheel whirls with scarcely a sound. Instinct-

ively you look around for a white man, and you find him. Though clad in greasy trousers and shirt, with face and hands as black as those of any Kafir laborer, you recognize the European profile, you understand the English, 'Hi sye!'

He asks you first for a 'bit o' baccy'; then launches forth on a melancholy wail, spiced with picturesque half-English, half-Zulu expletives, concerning the fate of this Kafir-managed institution. Should you happen to express your wonder because he stays there at all, under such conditions, he comes closer to explain that the mill belonged to a 'dam fine Hinglishman' when he first became engineer, and that afterwards he had become so attached to his engine that he could not leave it when the exchange of ownership was made.

He waxes sentimental, leaning even closer, and you get a sudden whiff, from his labored breathing, of tobacco soaked in cheap whiskey; and you back out of the front door, saying that you understand.

'Hi sye!' he calls after you in an anxious stage whisper, 'ye hain't got a drop about ye, hev ye?'

You understand very well.

IF THE UNITED STATES SHOULD GO TO WAR

BY JOHN BIGELOW, JR.

IN the course of the last few years a succession of events has given rise among our people to an uncommon, if not unprecedented, interest in our military affairs, and a corresponding amount of discussion of our preparedness or unpreparedness for war. A good deal of the arguing has seemed to be based upon uncertain and insufficient data regarding our actual resources in men, arms, and equipment. The purpose of this paper is, not to settle the question of our military preparedness or unpreparedness for war, but to assist the reader in pondering the question for himself, and perhaps enable him to get somewhat nearer to a satisfactory answer than he has yet come.

In time of peace, the military land force of the United States consists of the Army, or Regular Army. In time of war, or of domestic disturbance, the Army may be supplemented with a contingent of Militia, or with a contingent of Militia and a contingent of Volunteers. The Militia is a state force except when called into the service of the United States. It cannot be called into such service except by the President, who is the sole judge of the occasion therefor, and of the number to be called out. Volunteers can be called for only by Congress, or under authority of an act of Congress. The Militia is divided into the organized Militia, or National Guard, and the unorganized Militia. The Regular Army, the Volunteer Army, and the National Guard, are all recruited in time of peace by voluntary enlistment;

but in time of war the Regular and the Volunteer armies have been recruited by draft or conscription.

Let us now try to determine what force the country commands for immediate use against a possible invading force. According to the official Army Register for 1911, published December 1, 1910, we have in the Army 85,392 officers and men. Numbers are but one of the factors of military power. Among the other factors are composition, organization, equipment, and training. By composition is meant the character and strength of the various elements, such as infantry, cavalry, artillery, etc., of which the Army is composed. The proportioning of the several arms to one another is determined by the needs of one arm. In all armies this principal or main arm is the infantry, for the reason that the infantry is the most mobile of all arms, taking into account all kinds of ground or terrain. Troops that are or may be formed into field armies are called mobile troops, as distinguished from *depot* or *garrison* troops. In our Army we have no *depot* troops; and our only *garrison* troops are the coast artillery. These man our seacoast forts.

Organization is the arrangement of the parts of the Army into companies, regiments, brigades, divisions, and such other units as may be necessary to their efficient command and administration in peace and in war. In our Regular Army the most irregular conditions obtain in respect to organization. The largest unit of organization is

the regiment, which numbers on a peace footing from 800 to 1000 men. In a regularly organized army, regiments of the same arm of the service are grouped together to form brigades, and groups of brigades, with proper reinforcements of other arms, constitute mixed divisions, or divisions. A division is the smallest unit which regularly comprises more than one tactical arm. While a company, battalion, regiment, or brigade, is all infantry, all cavalry, or all artillery, a division regularly comprises infantry, cavalry, and artillery.

In the armies of Europe, divisions are grouped together, as they were in our Civil War, to form army corps. In our Army, that is, in our Field Service Regulations,—for it is only there that we have an army,—they are grouped together to form what we call field armies. The largest unit which, marching on one road, can be expected to form up from column into line of battle in one day is in Europe the army corps, numbering about 30,000 men; and in our army, the division, numbering about 20,000 men.

Our Regular Army is distributed over our territory and island possessions, from Maine and Alaska to Porto Rico and the Philippines. To get at the force available for our defense against invasion, we must determine the portion of it that is stationed in the United States, exclusive of Alaska. Taking the situation as it was just before the mobilization for manœuvres in Texas, and considering only mobile troops, we have in the United States 35,456 officers and men, with 104 pieces of artillery, as shown in columns 1 to 3 of Table I.

Of heavy field artillery we have, it would seem from official representation, 140 pieces, but no *personnel*, not even an organization on paper. For these reasons I have not considered any of this arm as available.

Each regiment of infantry and of cavalry should include, according to our Field Service Regulations, a company of machine-gun men, with six machine guns. Each has, in fact, but one platoon with two such guns. The infantry and cavalry are thus short of two thirds of their proper complement of machine guns.

TABLE I. REGULAR MOBILE TROOPS IN UNITED STATES AT PEACE STRENGTH

<i>Troops</i>	<i>Units</i>	<i>Officers and Men</i>	<i>Pieces of Artillery</i>	<i>Corresponding to</i>
Infantry	20 regiments and 1 battalion	18,107
Cavalry	10 regiments and 2 troops	9,166	..	55,913 Infantry
Field Artillery				
Light and Mountain	3 regiments and 2 batteries	3,026	80	24,122 “
Horse	1 regiment	908	24	136,032 “
Heavy	7,000 “
Engineers	2 battalions and 2 companies	1,376	..	36,975 “
Signal Troops	4 field companies	349	..	17,364 “
Sanitary	4 field hospitals, 4 ambulance companies detachments	426	..	10,000 “
	Total	2,098	..	45,528 “
		35,456	104	

Our present battalion of engineers consists of four companies. The Field Service Regulations, however, require that it shall consist of three companies, which would transform the two battalions and two companies of the foregoing table into three battalions and one company.

Apart from the forementioned deficiencies, the several arms of the service are not in proper proportion to one another. The number of infantry to which each of the auxiliary arms would correspond, in a mixed force properly organized, is shown in column 4. It will be seen therefrom that no two of them correspond to the same number; and that the largest number of infantry for which we have a proportional complement of auxiliary troops is 7000, or, discarding the heavy artillery, 10,000. Taking the latter number as the basis of our calculation, and figuring out the proportional forces of auxiliary arms, we get as a possible field division the force shown in Table II, below.

The infantry will have to be organized into brigades, and the signal troops into a battalion. It would also be necessary to form a division staff. This work involves the detailing of officers from Washington, and the travel of these officers from their various stations to division headquarters. However well-instructed and well-trained

they may be, they will lack experience in their new positions, and will be at a disadvantage compared with officers serving on permanent staffs, such as the corresponding officers of European armies.

The formation of this division will leave a surplus of all classes of troops, which, with some transference perhaps from one arm of the service to another, would about suffice to guard the communications of the division and repair the losses in men.

This division is the largest force which we can consider ourselves able to put into the field to advance against an enemy, within a period of from three to six weeks after mobilization commences. The time would depend upon the original disposition of the troops, and the point or points at which they are concentrated.

The quota of heavy artillery, in case it could be provided, would be one battery or four pieces, and one hundred and twenty-two officers and men.

An act of Congress authorizes the President to expand the organizations of the Regular Army to their full war strength when it may seem to him expedient to do so, and to add to the medical corps accordingly. The result of a mobilization on a war strength, and the number of infantry corresponding to each of the several arms, is shown in Table III on the following page. It is

TABLE II. REGULAR TROOPS IN UNITED STATES AS A MOBILE DIVISION

<i>Officers and Men</i>		<i>Pieces of Artillery</i>
Infantry	10,000	..
Cavalry	1,639	..
Field Artillery		
Light and Mountain	1,538	32
Horse	90	2
Heavy	..	0
Engineers	370	..
Signal Troops	204	..
Sanitary Troops	704	..
Total	14,545	34

assumed that the necessary machine-gun companies are formed and equipped, that the forementioned unorganized troops of the engineer corps, signal corps, and hospital corps have been organized (the medical department being slightly increased), and that the engineer battalions are formed of three companies each.

From these 62,853 officers and men, we could get 24,122 infantry with the proper complement of auxiliary troops. This force, being sorted into independent cavalry, two mixed divisions and an auxiliary division, might be dignified with the name of field army, though it is little larger than a European army corps. (See Table IV, on page 837.)

The surplus of men would about suffice to guard the communications and keep the ranks full for, say, six months. But the mobilization of this force involves the incorporation of about 27,000 additional men. In all the great armies of the world this is done by calling to the colors what are known as Reserves, men who have served from one to three years in the ranks, and

upon discharge are held to service only for an occasional manœuvre and to fill up the ranks in time of war. All the arms, uniforms, and equipments for these men are kept in store, ready for immediate issue when needed. In our Army there is no such provision for filling the ranks. Our 27,000 men would have to be newly enlisted. To get them of the physical standard which now obtains in the Army, it would be necessary to examine over 135,000, for not one in five applicants is accepted. Before they are sent to a camp of instruction, all the necessary uniforms, tentage, and other equipment would have to be, or should be, collected there for them. It would then be necessary to see that the arms, uniforms, and personal equipment are properly issued to them, which includes the fitting of each individual man. Only when this work, or the greater part of it, is done, should the training of these raw recruits begin, to be carried on until they are transformed into reliable soldiers. All this would prolong the process of mobilization, so that six months should be

TABLE III. REGULAR MOBILE TROOPS IN UNITED STATES AT WAR STRENGTH

<i>Troops</i>	<i>Units</i>	<i>Officers and Men</i>	<i>Pieces of Artillery</i>	<i>Corresponding to</i>
Infantry	20 regiments and 1 battalion	39,055
Cavalry	10 regiments and 2 troops	13,426	..	81,898 Infantry
Field Artillery				
Light and Mountain	3 regiments and 2 batteries	3,854	80	24,122 "
Horse	1 regiment	1,168	24	136,032 "
Heavy	7,000 "
Engineers	3 battalions and 1 company	1,733	..	42,532 "
Signal Troops	5 battalions	903	..	46,355 "
Sanitary Troops	7 field hospitals and 7 ambulance companies attached	2,044	..	24,122 "
		670	..	24,122 "
	Total	62,853	104	

allowed for it. In this time, or before the first general engagement, the Army might provide for its quota of heavy artillery, say eleven batteries, or forty-four pieces and 1342 officers and men. The equipping and training of this army might be done partially or imperfectly in less time than the writer has allowed for it. But he assumes in his calculation that the force raised is all to be used, and is to meet the enemy on equal terms, and not to humiliate us with a new Bladensburg or Bull Run, nor saddle us for another generation with a monstrous pension budget.

This regular force might be increased with militia. Let us suppose that the organized Militia, or National Guard, is all called out. According to the last War Department report, this force numbers 119,660 officers and men. Deducting the contingent of Hawaii, the coast artillery, the general staffs, altogether 9805, we get for comparison with the foregoing figures, a remainder of 109,855. This aggregate of the forces of forty-eight states and territories would be made up as indicated in Table V, on page 838.

These officers and men, nearly 110,000, will furnish us the *personnel* for an army based upon 25,000 infantry, with a sufficient force for the protection of the communications, and reserves to keep the ranks full for about five years. The field army would number about

36,000 officers and men, and eighty pieces of artillery. It would have no horse artillery or heavy artillery, and very few machine guns.

In a mobile army there should be about one general officer to every 2500 enlisted men. Our Regular Army contains about one for every 3400, and the National Guard about one for every 2600. The proportion in the National Guard being about right, practically all of the National Guard, if acting as a unit, would be commanded by National Guard generals. We know little or nothing as to the ability of these officers. The popular estimate of it, in and out of military circles, does not seem to be high. Judging from our military history, and what the writer has personally observed, it should be pretty low.

It may as well be admitted too that in our Regular Army the generals are not our best card. Few, if any of them, have done anything that can be considered a demonstration of fitness for their high offices in the field. But they are well instructed theoretically, and their lack of practical training is being gradually repaired by experience at manœuvres. There is good reason for believing that, so far as the regular forces are concerned, the officers and men, assuming the recruits to be trained as before indicated, will be approximately up to the stand-

TABLE IV. REGULAR MOBILE TROOPS IN UNITED STATES AT WAR STRENGTH

<i>Officers and Men</i>		<i>Pieces of Artillery</i>
Infantry	24,122	..
Cavalry	3,954	..
Field Artillery		
Light and Mountain	3,711	76
Horse	208	4
Heavy	0	0
Engineers	893	..
Signal Troops	42	..
Sanitary Troops	2,714	..
Total	36,094	80

ard of the best foreign armies, and be fully armed and equipped.

Of the National Guard, eighty-seven per cent are reported by the Chief of the Division of Militia Affairs to be 'sufficiently armed and equipped for field service.' But the word 'equipped' as used in this report seems not to include horses or mules, wagons, ambulances, or caissons, and it is uncertain how far it includes medical and surgical equipment, signal and engineer equipment. Referring to the National Guard, the Secretary of War reported to Congress, December 12, 1910: 'It is not fully equipped for field service.'

Neither does the Chief of the Division of Militia Affairs report what per cent of the National Guard is physically fit for field service. The only figures bearing on this point are given in a quotation from the report of the medical officer who inspected the sanitary troops in a number of camps of instruction. Referring to the contingents from three states, he says, 'The physical disqualifications of at least fifty per cent of the personnel was apparent. Anæmia, deficient physical development, and evidences of improper nourishment before entering camp, were in evidence, . . . cases of infectious diseases were brought into this camp that should have been ap-

parent before the organizations left their stations, such as typhoid fever and advanced tuberculosis.' An inspector of infantry remarks: 'The physical examination of the men in the National Guard is not strict enough. . . . We are spending ammunition and imparting instruction, such as it is, on a great many men who would never be accepted for service.'

There is no report as to what per cent of the National Guard is adequately trained, or has attained any definite standard of proficiency. All the training that is required of it by law is five consecutive days of camp or field service, and twenty-four drills or periods of target practice or other instruction, in the course of a year. Of the organizations that assembled during the last year for drill or target practice, about forty per cent failed to parade an average strength of two thirds of their number. Only seventy-two per cent of the enrolled strength attended target practice. The course pursued in this exercise is so different from that of the Regular Army that no satisfactory comparison can be made between the marksmanship of the Militia and that of the Army. It is plain, however, that the infantry of the National Guard is very deficient in this cardinal qualification. 'The field ef-

TABLE V. MOBILE NATIONAL GUARD IN THE UNITED STATES AT PEACE STRENGTH

<i>Troops</i>	<i>Units</i>	<i>Officers and Men</i>	<i>Pieces of Artillery</i>	<i>Corresponding to</i>
Infantry	1,620 companies	96,489
Cavalry	69 troops	4,167	..	25,418 Infantry
Field Artillery				
Light and Mountain	51 batteries	4,565	195	50,452 "
Horse	5,000 "
Heavy	7,000 "
Engineers	20 companies	1,200	..	32,400 "
Signal Troops	25 companies	1,339	..	65,611 "
Sanitary Troops	125 detachments	2,095	..	29,540 "
	Total	109,855	195	

iciency of the organized Militia of the United States varies from that of a high standard to a very low one. The officers and men of some state forces know little even of their elementary duties.'

When armies move toward each other at the outbreak of war the three tactical arms come into contact with the enemy, and engage him in the following order: first, cavalry; second, artillery; third, infantry. The arm, therefore, that should be the readiest, the best prepared for active service, is the cavalry; the next readiest should be the artillery, and the least the infantry. In our National Guard the order of readiness is just the reverse of this. The best prepared is the infantry, and the least prepared the cavalry. The horse artillery, which should accompany the independent cavalry, does not exist.

The first encounters of cavalry are fought mounted. These contests are decided by shock of horse against horse, or cut and thrust of sabre and pistol-shot from the saddle. The cavalry, if so it may be called, that can only fight dismounted, will be about as effective against regular cavalry as it would be

against a cruising airship. What so-called cavalry there is in our National Guard is generally mounted infantry. The Chief of Staff of the Army reports: 'In the cavalry and field artillery of the National Guard the difficulty of providing horses renders satisfactory training next to impossible.'

The special inspector of the field artillery says: 'Of all the batteries seen this summer there was but one (A of Massachusetts) capable of delivering an effective fire.' Referring to this arm, the Chief of Staff of the Army says: 'It is, with the exception of a few batteries, practically uninstructed in field duty and wholly unprepared for service.' While cavalry is the first arm to become engaged, once the engagement becomes general, the light artillery is the more important auxiliary arm. Without it the main arm, the infantry, would be paralyzed; for infantry cannot advance under the fire of modern infantry and artillery without the support of an efficient artillery.

But let us for the moment overlook the matter of training. Allowing only for lack of equipment, physical unfitness, business engagements, and other

TABLE VI. CONSOLIDATED MOBILE REGULAR AND MOBILE NATIONAL GUARD FORCES IN THE UNITED STATES

REGULAR UNITS AT WAR STRENGTH					
<i>Troops</i>	<i>Officers and Men</i>	<i>Pieces of Artillery</i>	<i>Corresponding to</i>	<i>Corresponding Army</i>	
				<i>Officers and Men</i>	<i>Pieces</i>
Infantry	106,597	66,038	..
Cavalry	16,343	..	99,696 Infantry	10,825	..
Field Artillery					
Light and Mountain	7,050	275	66,038 "	7,050	147
Horse	1,168	24	136,032 "	576	12
Heavy	1,092	36	66,039 "	1,092	36
Engineers	2,573	..	69,471 "	2,446	..
Signal Troops	1,840	..	90,160 "	1,348	..
Sanitary Troops	4,809	..	67,806 "	4,684	..
Total	141,472	335		94,059	195

detering causes, we should not reckon on more than seventy per cent of the reported strength of the National Guard, or in round numbers about 83,000 officers and men, to report in answer to a call; and these would probably include a considerable percentage of new, untrained men, taking the places of *stay-at-homes*. Taking seventy per cent of the numbers given in column 2 of Table V and adding them to the corresponding numbers in Table III, we get for the combined National Guard at peace strength and Regular Army at war strength the forces shown in Table VI, on page 839 (columns 1 and 2). The auxiliary arms correspond to infantry as indicated in column 3; the corresponding army, based on 66,038 infantry, is shown in column 4. It is assumed that the heavy artillery indicated has been provided for.

This force might be formed into a field army composed of a brigade of independent cavalry, three divisions, and an auxiliary division. The necessary commanders and staffs for these divisions and the field army would increase the aggregate strength to a little over 94,000. We will suppose that the surplus of about 50,000 men will repair the losses in men during the first year. If provision is made for prolonging the war beyond this time, giving recruits a year's training and forwarding proper reinforcements of trained men every three months, we should have at the end of every three months, while the war lasts, say 10,000 new men to uniform.

Under the head of supply we must consider the whole establishment — about 140,000 men and 335 pieces in the mobile army within the United States, and 75,000 men and forty pieces outside of the mobile army within and without the United States, making about 215,000 men and 375 pieces, without counting recruits or reservists.

We have in the Army a six months' supply of clothing, including bed-blankets, for about 170,000 men. And in the Militia a six months' supply for about 125,000. These supplies might last 215,000 men about nine months. At the end of that time we should have a supply equal to all demands. In regard to personal equipment (haversack, canteen, cartridge-belt, meat-can, etc.) no accurate information is obtainable as to the stock on hand. For a number of years the Chief of Ordnance of the Army has been trying to accumulate a reserve for 300,000 infantry, 50,000 cavalry, and 300 batteries of artillery. But how far he has succeeded is not known. It would appear from his last annual report¹ that he has stored, in division depots, sufficient equipment for eleven full divisions at war strength — about 238,000 officers and men — for a period of six months. Equipments could be produced by the Ordnance Department at the rate of 600 sets per day. In these six months, added to six months of preparation, the department could produce a fresh supply of about 187,000 from its present plant; as many more as might be wanted would come from additional plants, public or private, put up in the mean time. Allowing three months for enlisting the new men and assembling the troops at camps of instruction, and four for equipping and training them, the army would be ready for the field about seven months after beginning to prepare for it, though with a number of militia generals, whose education would lack something more than a finishing touch.

The force necessary for the protection of the communications depends upon many factors, the chief of which are the number and the length of the lines. It may be assumed that there will be four of them. The length will

¹ 1910, pages 25, 26.

ordinarily be less on the defensive than on the offensive, and will increase with the progress of an offensive campaign. We should allow for guarding the communications of our field army at least a division, say 20,000 men, with forty-eight pieces of artillery, which would reduce the first line of our field army to about 73,000 men, with 135 pieces of artillery.

Under modern conditions the average piece of artillery in a field army will fire about 500 rounds in one good day's fighting. Taking three such days of fighting as falling to the average piece per year, we have 1500 rounds as the average expenditure per piece per year in a field army, and 220,500 as the yearly expenditure of the 147 pieces in the first line of our field army. Adding for the remaining 228 pieces of our whole establishment 500 per piece, we get for the total annual expenditure, 334,500 rounds. We have altogether about 220,000 rounds, or a supply for about eight months of campaigning. By the end of that time and seven months of preparation our government factory would have furnished us about 120,000 rounds, and private factories the remainder. Thereafter these establishments would produce fast enough to meet all demands.

The infantry and cavalry would need about 1200 additional machine

guns. These are manufactured in the United States, both in government factories and in private factories, but at what rate the writer does not know and cannot learn for publication. We may hope, but should not expect, that in seven months the Army and the National Guard could be fully equipped with them and properly trained in their use.

The Surgeon-General has in store a field equipment for 200,000 men. How long this equipment will last and at what rate it can be replaced, the writer has indeed learned, but is not allowed to publish. He cannot say with any accuracy how the Army would be off for transportation, engineer equipment, and signal equipment. Information on these points either is not obtainable or is confidential, but he assumes that the Army could supply itself in these respects.

Apart from the items considered, we have or can probably procure, a timely supply of all necessary munitions of war. But producing and purchasing under the strain and stress of war would be very much more expensive than would a proper provision for our war requirements in time of peace. Not only this, — the supply obtained in time of war would be largely of inferior quality. It would not be possible to subject all purchases to the thorough test

TABLE VII. SHOWING THE ORGANIZED FORCES FORMING THE FIRST LINE

<i>Period</i>	<i>Forces</i>	<i>Number</i>	<i>Pieces of Artillery</i>	<i>Short of</i>
3 to 6 weeks	Regulars at peace strength	15,000	38	Machine guns
6 months	Regulars at war strength	37,000	124	Machine guns ?
7 months	Regulars at war strength, National Guard at peace strength	73,000	147	Transportation, medical equipment, signal equipment, engineer equipment ?
9 months	Regulars and National Guard at war strength	180,000	432	?
1 to 2 years	Regulars, National Guard, and Volunteers, at war strength	300,000	719	

or inspection to which they are subjected in time of peace.

A simple way to raise a larger force than we have yet considered would be to recruit the National Guard as well as the Army to its full war strength. This would give us about 130,000 more Militia, making our whole establishment number 346,000 men. Our supply of uniforms would last these men about five months. To provide for adequately increasing it and keeping it up, we should allow, say, ten months; we should not commence issuing from our reserve until five months after taking the first steps toward replenishing it. That would delay recruiting more or less, according to the extent to which we could handle recruits in civilian clothing and without bed-blankets. Let us put this delay at two months. Allowing two months for enlistment and concentration, and five months for training, we have for the minimum period of mobilization nine months. We have but 572 pieces of field artillery, including 140 heavy; and forty pieces are supposed to be outside of the United States. Assuming that the additional Militia, with the available pieces, all went into the field army, it would give the latter a strength of 224,000 men with 532 pieces of artillery, of which, say, 180,000, with 432 pieces, would be in the first line, or in advance of the lines of communication, and 44,000, with 100 pieces, on the lines of communication. Our reserve of artillery ammunition would last the whole establishment about four months. But this time added to the nine months of mobilization would make thirteen months. In that time we should have provided the manufacturing plants to furnish us ammunition and all other necessary munitions of war as fast as we should need them. Our surplus of men should provide for keeping the ranks pretty well filled for about a year.

We could not go on expanding our military establishment by enlistment. Any further expansion of it would involve the formation of new organizations, the appointment of additional officers, which means raising volunteers. Allowing the necessary time, there is no limit to the numbers that we may enroll, and organize, except that of our military population. Taking this to consist of our male citizens between eighteen and forty-five years of age, it numbers about 16,000,000. Allowing for the physically, mentally, and morally unfit, those religiously opposed to war, and those who on other grounds should be or who succeed in being exempted from conscription, and allowing also for the Navy, Naval Militia, and Marine Corps, we have about 8,000,000 available men. The rate at which we could convert this population into armies would depend upon how far, and how fast, we could eke out our inadequate supplies by purchases from abroad; and would be determined largely by the number of trained officers and men that we furnished from the Regular Army as instructors and levies to the new organizations.

Just how we would go about the formation of a volunteer army is not known. A bill making provision for it in detail has been before Congress for three years, but there has not been enough interest in the matter to bring it to a vote. We might, by judicious and energetic use of our resources, put a million of men on a war footing, trained, as well as equipped and organized, to meet a first-class foreign army, in from one to two years. Deducting 100,000 for service outside of the United States, we should have 900,000 for service within the United States. Deducting 300,000 more for reserves to repair losses for about a year, we should have 600,000 men for active service within the United States. Judging by

the exigencies of our Civil War, this force would be partitioned about as follows:—

First line, in advance of lines of communication	300,000
Second line, on lines of communication	200,000
Third line, in home depots and garrisons	100,000
	<hr/> 600,000

After about a year and a half of preparation we might be able to add to our forces by the half-million or million, until we were limited by the number necessary to be kept in reserve to repair losses. We should figure on at least twenty-five per cent of our whole military establishment as marked for death, capture, discharge, desertion, or other such casualty, in the course of the year.

The conclusions arrived at in the foregoing discussion are summarized in Table VII, at the foot of page 841, showing the properly organized forces that we can put in the field as a first line, in the periods indicated, including the heavy artillery.

Along the 3000 miles of our northern frontier we are confronted by a powerful empire with which we have done a large part of our fighting and have had more friction and differences than with any other foreign power. From Vancouver to Halifax, and from Halifax to Jamaica, dependencies of Great Britain girdle the United States with a cordon of military and naval bases of operation. On our western side, where she holds no such position of vantage, she has an ally in our one formidable rival and only supposable opponent. We could not build a canal across the Isthmus of Panama without stipulating with her, not only as to her own rights, but also as to those of all other nations, in the projected waterway, and providing—which provision, to be sure, we are now practically repudiating—that foreign nations should

be allowed to use the canal in waging war against the United States.

On our southern border a nominal republic is in a condition of disorder which may at any time lead to our intervention, or some other nation's. Should Great Britain go into Mexico and decide, as she did in Egypt, to take her time about going out, the United States would have to put her out or swallow the Monroe Doctrine.

On our eastern and western frontiers we can no longer look for safety to the vast wet ditches formed by the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Should our fleets be defeated, or diverted from the defense of our coasts, a single expedition across the Atlantic or the Pacific might land on our shore a force of 100,000 men. The operation need not last twenty days. Such a force might be followed by another one of equal number in from twenty to forty days. Thus, inside of two months, 200,000 men may have descended upon us. Deducting, say, one fourth as guards for the communications, there would be about 150,000 for the first line of an invading army.

Our seacoasts are fortified at the entrances of the principal ports. But these fortifications are short of men and ammunition, and lacking in other elements of equipment, such as fire-control, search-lights, and power-plants for the movement of ammunition. On the Atlantic coast they need as a minimum force to man them 39,549 men. To meet this need they would probably have 16,200 Regulars and 4200 Militia, together 20,400 men, making a deficiency of 19,149 men. On the Pacific side they would have more than enough men. The guns and mortars are provided with sufficient ammunition for all of them to fire continuously forty-one minutes, or for half of them to fire continuously for an hour and twenty-two minutes. The Chief of

Ordnance of the Army thinks there should be ammunition for half of the guns and mortars to fire continuously for two hours. But let us believe that there is a sufficiency of men and of ammunition for the efficient working of the armaments. There can still be no greater delusion than to think that our seacoast forts constitute a protection to our coast-lines. Forts can defend a strategic line or front only under one or two conditions: that they command by their fire every practicable line of march to or between the forts, or that they include in their garrisons forces adapted and adequate to sallying out and attacking the invading columns or

cutting their communications. In our seacoast forts neither of these conditions obtains. The guns and mortars command only the channels by which hostile vessels may enter the ports, and the direct approaches from these channels to the forts. The garrisons include no mobile troops, no forces suited to sallying out against the enemy. On the unprotected roads leading from rivers, creeks, estuaries, and beaches where troops might be landed, we should meet the enemy with field armies or detachments therefrom that will prevent him from landing, or drive him back upon the sea. Are we prepared as we should be to do this?

THE PEDIGREE OF PEGASUS

BY FREDERICK MORGAN PADELFOED

MY summers are usually spent in a little colony on the shores of our beautiful Puget Sound. In this colony each family has its cottage, while we dine in a common hall. The children play by the water, or underneath the great fir trees of a forest which Nature has been centuries in the making. Here is furnished a primitive environment, and the children grow up as they should, very real little savages, repeating the experiences of the race. One evening last summer while we were at dinner, a herd of innocent and perfectly well-disposed cows wandered on to the premises. The children caught sight of them, and with one war-whoop their tables were emptied, and, snatching up such weapons as were at hand, they hastened to encounter the enemy. The

scene was indeed stirring. Children and cattle plunged this way and that, the plan of battle showing about as much intelligence on one side as on the other. But eventually the superior race got the best of it, and the cows fled over the hill, with the victors in pursuit. A half-hour later, as the shadows were gathering, there were heard the strains of martial music, and there danced into camp a lusty group of warriors, glowing with the excitement of victory; and as they danced they chanted the verses, —

‘ We chased them,
We chased them,
We chased them all home.’

Here was primitive verse in the making, testimony not to be slighted, and when the excitement allowed, I inter-

posed the question, 'Who made up the verses?' For a moment they looked at one another with perplexity, and then came the unanimous answer, 'Why, we all did it. We just all said it at once.'

This little episode summarizes much of the story of primitive verse. But I leave the illustration, to pursue the more orthodox course of the historian.

The clear, truth-compelling light of modern science has penetrated one after another of those remote chambers of the past which have hitherto been sacred to poetry and to myth. We have come to adjust our minds to the process and its findings in such fields as geology and biology, but now we find that we must acquiesce as gracefully even in the very province of the arts. The severe conclusion of the scientist is, to be sure, not always a balm to our self-esteem. I had this brought home to me the other day by my friend the biologist, who observed, apropos of the fact that I sleep out-of-doors on a downstairs porch, that it is the custom among certain species of South American apes for the male to sleep at the foot of the tree, while the female and the young repose in the branches above. But to be thus cited as an example of a reversion to type is no harder than to give up the youth-long fancy of the early bard, standing, with august beard and flowing robes, on the hill-top, the inspired lay pouring into his soul from the serene above. Yet engaging as is Carlyle's picture of the god-man, Thor, it is, after all, but the poet's dream. Thor must make way for Caliban, the demi-god for the dancing savage. For poetry had its humble beginning in nothing more refined than the rhythm that invariably accompanies the rude dances and the common work of the most primitive community. Before men knew any god or acknowledged a leader, they yet worked and played in rhythm.

Indeed, even before the tribal days, though of this no absolute testimony can be had, I fancy that men made play of work by the same means. We do this to-day, and why not much more the unrestrained children of the eldest time? Our American Negroes, who for the most part have only a thin veneer of civilization, turn instinctively to rhythm in performing any simple task. The boy at the stand who blacks my shoes plays me a merry tune with brush and rag, and an old Negro, whose duty it is to awaken the guests in a southern hotel, tempers the early morning call with the consoling ditty, —

I know you're tired, and sleepy, too;
I hates to wake you, but I has to do;
So please raise up.

But whatever may be the truth as to the solitary savage, the social savage is rhythmical in work or play. Rhythm controls the blows of the women as they pound the roots in the crude stone mortar, and the feet of the men as they fall into the dance which relieves the tedium of the camp. Rhythm is the well-nigh invariable condition to activity. Thus, when our Puget Sound Indians migrate in autumn or spring, the paddles all swing in time to the beating of a drum from a canoe which holds a central position in the fleet.

In these rhythmical movements poetry has its lowly origin, for rhythmical movement prompts rhythmical sound. At first this is simply an oral imitation of the reverberating feet or of the instrument of work. To this very day the peasant women of Poland pound the corn to the accompaniment of one interjection; and who has not heard the 'he-eave' of the sailors at the halyards? Many of the primitive Germanic interjections have survived in the counting-out rhymes of our children's games, just as the games themselves are descended from the cult of

the past. Of what early ritual was our familiar 'fe, fie, fo, fum' a part? Did the rude Teuton therewith charm the ground against the evil spirit of sterility or blight, or was it a thank-offering to a god for goodly favors?

How long the savage was content to confine his poetry to simple interjections we cannot tell, but in time the interjection gave way to the choral sentence. This was at first a mere observation of some fact of tribal experience. Thus, a woman who has spent much time in Africa, records that a certain tribe will dance for full four hours to the single verse, —

The shark bites the Bubi's hand,

a verse that prompts one to turn punster. It is indeed a long look from such a poem, impersonal, objective, sung by an automatic, homogeneous ring of savages, to the modern lyric, purely subjective, intensely personal, in which a solitary soul feels out into the darkness for contact with a kindred spirit; but remote as are these extremes, they are yet related, and embrace the sequence of a great art.

It was but natural that different choral sentences should some day be thrown together into a stanza, and the formation of such a stanza marks the next step. I once had the good fortune to catch such a poem in the making. During the interval between the St. Louis Exposition and the Lewis and Clark Exposition in Portland, Oregon, a Filipino tribe, the Igorrotes, who had been brought to America to exhibit the native life, spent a portion of the time in the city where I live, and were on exhibition, illustrating, among other activities, their dances. Now it chanced that an acquaintance of mine, who is an enthusiastic student of primitive music, was making a study of the music to which these Igorrotes danced, and trying to transcribe it. This he found extremely difficult to do.

But one day he confided to me the startling information that, being satisfied that success awaited him if only he himself could join in the dancing and the singing, he had arranged with the interpreter for a private session, at which he could actually participate.

It was a spectacle not to be missed, and he finally consented to take me along as a valet extraordinary. The dance in question was of a most primitive type, in which the savages form almost a complete circle, and with hands resting on one another's shoulders dance to the right, stamping strongly with the advanced foot and dragging the other, and chanting a monotonous refrain to the time of the resounding feet. To try to qualify in such an exercise was certainly a test of nerve, but, nothing daunted, the musician watched his chance and, leaping forth, clutched the shoulders of the last man in the dance and started on his novel voyage. It was a glorious tribute to the enthusiasm and self-abasement of science, and, it is safe to say, a spectacle quite without parallel even in the triumphant records of that great branch of human learning, to see this goodly man, clad in frock coat and Windsor tie, with flowing locks, carried along by these dancing savages, — whose sun-burned bodies were restrained only by the earliest post-Eden garb, — and frisked hither and yon like the tail of a capricious comet or of a cavorting kite.

But assuredly his reward awaited him, for presently the interpreter, who was watching the effect with interest, turned to me and said, 'They like him, for they have put him into the chant, and are now singing "Man with long hair, Igorrote's friend."' And a moment later he remarked, 'Now they sing, "Man with the long hair dance very well."'

At first the adventurer had attempted

only the step, but, as his confidence increased, he essayed the chant as well. This brought out the commendation, 'Man with the long hair sing very well.' And then the three verses were united into a little chorus, which was used throughout the rest of the dance:—

Man with the long hair, Igorrote's friend;
Man with the long hair dance very well;
Man with the long hair sing very well.

Not a very intellectual poem, to be sure, but nevertheless a long remove from the simple interjection, and able to hold its own with the chorus of many a chapel hymn that I have heard. Not even the interpreter could tell who suggested the verses, nor doubtless, could the men themselves have done so. The verses just sprang forth, like the chorus of our children.

The duration of this stage in the history of the art, who can tell? It would depend upon the capacity of a tribe for advancement, upon the readiness with which the sense of individuality would mature. Some time, with a growing consciousness that 'I am I, and thou art thou,' would dawn the eventful day when some intrepid man would break from the impersonal group, and improvise verses of his own, alternating with the tribal refrain.

This was the more advanced stage that our American Negroes had reached in their native Africa—if, indeed, they were not precipitated into it by the quickening contact with white civilization—and, along with the stage last discussed, is illustrated by the Negro worship and festal gatherings to this day, even in communities where the blacks have been in touch with Christianity for some generations.

I once spent an eventful evening, rich in folk-lore, in Uncle Jasper's church in Richmond. Uncle Jasper, you must know, was the theologian who discomfited the higher critics and physicists by proving that 'de sun do

move—else how could Joshua hab commanded de sun and de moon to stan' still.' Uncle Jasper himself was not present, the young man who piloted us to the church explaining that because of age he had given up all services but the monthly communion. The key to the meeting, which was the last for the year, was given by the lay brother who opened the service. After stumbling through a chapter of the Bible, he launched into a passionate appeal to his hearers, if unsaved, to repent. He pictured, in language which for graphic description I have never heard surpassed, the dark waters of Death, the terrors of the Judgment, the agony of the damned, and the delectable existence of the saved, closing with the persuasive announcement that, 'De wicked culyed folks is bein' summoned fast; tree membuhs of dis congugation was covuhd up yestuhday, and oders is even now on de coolin' board.' These *preliminaries* concluded, the meeting fell into the usual swing. Now some man arose and chanted verses of his own invention, alternating with the general chorus, the improvised hymn running for many stanzas, the Negroes swaying in time and joining hands with their neighbors to the right or to the left. A favorite chorus, which smacked of a source quite foreign to a prayer-meeting, ran,—

Oh! de shelf behin' de doah!
Oh! de shelf behin' de doah!
Brudder take de bottle from
De shelf behin' de doah!

And now some brother fell upon his knees, and launched into a cadenced prayer, which provoked, by way of accompaniment, an ever-growing volume of sighs and half-articulated sentences. Thus the service ran into the night, song and prayer alternating, the excitement becoming more intense as the hours wore on. It was an occasion not to be forgotten, weird and fascinat-

ing, illustrating a great epoch in the development of a universal art.

Nor do we have to look beyond our own race for echoes of such a past. A few years ago a desperate criminal named Tracy escaped from the Oregon penitentiary, and, providing himself with firearms, worked his way up into Washington, applying at ranches for food and killing those who offered him any violence. For several weeks he eluded the police and lived in the forest. He was, however, invariably courteous to women, and there was in him a touch of the gallant that appealed to the romantic imagination of the popular mind. Excitement was intense, and politics and world-affairs paled into insignificance; a presidential candidate never received more flattering attention from the press. One evening I had occasion to be in the rougher part of the city, and noticed a crowd of excited men gathering around a saloon. Evidently something unusual was taking place. I elbowed my way through the crowd to the door: there, on the bar, stood a drunken fiddler, improvising the story of Tracy's exploits. I took down a portion of the song, of which a typical stanza runs thus:—

The valiant Tracy has such nerve
Behind the bars he would not serve;
Said he, 'A better lot I deserve';
Now list to the tale of Tracy.

Between the stanzas the men caught up the air, and there quickly evolved a little chorus:—

Tracy, Tracy, ha! ha! ha!
Tracy, Tracy, ta! ta! ta!
Tracy, Tracy, ha! ha! ha!
Hurrah! hurrah! for Tracy.

Thus among these rude men was reproduced, as it were, a chapter of the past: the improvising poet, singing of an event of common interest, and sustained by a choral group, who shouted a refrain which had sprung forth in obedience to a common impulse.

The next step in the development of poetry was a social group, to which every member contributed by song. It is illustrated in that beautiful story of Cædmon, as told in the tender language of the Venerable Bede. In its refined form it produced the minnesinger and the troubadour, those remarkable masters of ready verse. American college students do unwitting homage to it to-day, when a group of men amuse themselves of an evening by singing Limericks in turn, the chorus joining in the refrain:—

Oh, won't you come up,
Oh, won't you come up,
Oh, won't you come up for a penny.

Next came the period of the professional singer, when the most expert man was set aside to amuse the rest. This was the epoch of the minstrel. Fortunate he whose gift of song insured him a universal welcome, in the castle a seat at the board beside the lord, and lands and jewels; in the village the no less sincere hospitality of the common folk. No picture of mediæval life would be complete without the minstrel, whose songs of the heroes and deeds of old turned to sunshine the dreary hours. But this is a tale that requires no retelling.

What wight who hung upon the accents of the bard, as with glowing eye and stirring lay he led captive the hearts of heroes, could have conceived the time when minstrelsy should be no more? But the minstrel has gone, gone as went my lady's favor, and the bright trappings of her knight—all done to death by printers' ink. For books put an end to minstrelsy as inevitably as they sounded the knell of feudalism. When you can read the tale yourself, why listen to another's telling! For a while, to be sure, the minstrel took advantage of the gayety of the Christmas season to insinuate him-

self once more into the great hall, a sorry reflection of his former self; but the day came when the baron's gate was shut upon him forever and he degenerated into the mere wayside fiddler, bargaining his songs for ill-brewed ale.

Last stage of all is the professional poet, who composes in the secrecy of his study for an audience that reads, and who unlocks the secrets of his own heart for such as may understand. How far he seems removed in his isolation from the ring of dancing tribesmen, how far from the village folk singing songs upon the green, how far even from the minstrel with his epic lay! Communism has given way to individualism, the external to the internal, the objective to the subjective, the unanalytical to the analytical. Browning could never have written *A Woman's Last Word* or *Cristina*, if the savage had not once danced his dance and chanted his rude chorus.

Poetry of this ultimate character is assuredly the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge, and occasions the most exquisite spiritual sympathies and inspirations. It but becomes more precious as society becomes more completely individualized, and the sense of solitude more poignant. But, on the other hand, I am glad that we are still able to complement it with poetry of a more primitive character; to find, for example, in the sturdy ballads that time has so kindly preserved, a literature that reflects the hardy vigor of naïve society, the homely episodes, now humorous and now pathetic, that were shaped and fashioned by the elementary passion of simple, communal life. Such poetry invigorates one and universalizes one's sympathy, as does a sojourn with peasant folk, where a whole community seem to share a common life, and where ideas, and even

emotions, seem in a measure to be impersonal and persuasive.

I used to visit, when a lad, a bleak island which lies some twenty miles off the New Brunswick coast. Protected by frowning sea-walls, four hundred feet in height, that allow only an occasional harbor, and fog-engulfed a great part of the time, this little island knew few visitors. But when one actually landed upon it, the honest Scotch folk who dwelt there received him as a kinsman. I was once overtaken by dusk when crossing the island, and put up for the night at a farmhouse. While the younger women were preparing supper, I chatted with 'Grandma' McKinley, then in her eightieth year, who sat in a bed-quilt easy-chair by the fire. Wishing to sustain my end of the conversation, I presumed to suggest that life must have been a bit lonely and tame in the long winter months. The old lady turned her sharp eyes upon me, detecting that my tone was a trifle patronizing, and rejoined, 'Now, young'un, you need n't pity us. There is a plenty of old folk on the island, and winter is the time when they keep droppin' off, and we just fill a picnic basket and go and spend the week, and eat and sing, and it breaks up the long spell somethin' wonderful.' Well, after all, smile as you may, that's squeezing the nectar out of life. What must she have done at twenty! — footed it full-feateously, I trow.

Precious to the modern spirit is the poetry that modern days have wrought; but it is not a little thing that song has become so scant a part of our lives, that we no longer do — or may — sing at our tasks. To be sure, we have our professional musicians, trained to surpassing excellence, but life at large is a bare, ruined choir. When, and how, shall we get back our song? Must we say good-bye to it forever, the sunshine of an unrecoverable childhood?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

IN PRAISE OF JOURNEYS

HE who confides these words to a long-suffering typewriter has not been truly happy since he declared—in print—that ‘there is only one thing stupider than the average person’s travels: and that is the book written to describe them.’ There is some truth in the statement, and that, precisely, is why it is an ungrateful thing for one to have inscribed who has derived much comfort from his own wanderings and from those of other people. Do you, O Superior Person, consider travel literature an insipid kind? That is but natural if you have just been reading one of the contemporary atrocities got out to serve as letterpress for pictures in three colors. I can even imagine a robust reader turning from Mr. Lucas’s latest travel-book on the ground that it is too saccharine in its song of ‘the joy of entering and reëntering Paris.’ Let such an one turn, after hearing Mr. Lucas out, to the *Total Discourse* of William Lithgow. ‘Paris, I confesse, is populous,’ he writes; ‘a masse of poore People, for lacques and pages, a nest of rogues, a tumultuous place, a noctuall denne of Theeves, and a confused multitude.’ Between Lithgow, with his seventeenth-century testimony, and Lucas, with his of the twentieth, we somehow manage to get the real Paris: the Paris that had Villon and has Apaches; the Paris that has Sorbonne and Comédie Française and Louvre thrown in for good measure. Travel literature is ever rich in just such mutual correctives.

Frivolous though it is, in the main, an essay on this bastard genre, with

due attention paid, not only to the experiences of travelers throughout the lands and ages, but also to their sentiments and philosophies, and the attitudes of worldly men and wise toward this pastime of travel, would make a *magnum opus* worthy of the dustiest labors. Far be it from me to attempt anything so scholarly. I am content in setting myself down, for my part, a confirmed and habitual nomad. And that is the fact which best proves to me that I am really an American.

Formerly, men traveled from motives of materialism. But we have changed all that, we Americans. No one says to-day what Dr. Fuller wrote in the long, long ago: ‘Labor to unite and distil into thyself the scattered perfections of several nations.’ We know too well that those ‘scattered perfections’ are out-perfected here in the States. We travel—some of us—rather to enjoy the opportunity of telling foreigners how much better we do this or that at home. ‘You must come to Chicago and see for yourself,’ we urge; whereas Richard Lassels, Dr. Fuller’s worthy contemporary, counseled that ‘the traveler have a care not to carry himself along with himself, but to leave behind all his faults and vices, so that when he comes back and meets some evil companion he may avoid him; and when the other protests, “I am so and so,” he may answer, “It may be so, but I am no more I.”’ The nearest approach to so old-fashioned a counsel is James Russell Lowell’s; and I really think that the American’s is the better statement of the case. ‘The wise man,’ he writes, ‘travels to discover himself; it is to find himself out that he goes out of

himself and his habitual associations.' And the principle is the same, whether we use ocean-liner, tunnel-train, or arm-chair.

Lowell speaks true in his *Fireside Travels* when he writes that one may find his antipodes without a voyage to China. Certainly, of all the ever-charming travel books the very most delightful is Xavier de Maistre's *Voyage autour de ma Chambre*. Richard Lassels, Gent., the excellent authority whose name one need not apologize for repeating, expressed it as his conviction that 'traveling maketh a man sit still in his old age with satisfaction.' But the genuine philosopher does his best traveling of all in the very act of sitting still. Never was there framed a fallacy more vulgar or more mischievous than that which takes motion for the *sine qua non* of happy voyaging.

And if 'self' is, after all, the Blue Flower of the traveler's unending search, that, perhaps, explains why so many of our fellow travelers seem utterly wanting in personality. If they had it, they would be tending it carefully, no doubt, in the home garden. Even as it is, they will as likely as not find themselves when they return home, like the Grail-seeker in the legend. So, at least, I like to think: apologizing for my conduct and for yours, good reader, since you are equally a traveler, whose eyes have already strayed from this poor page to study the far more interesting ship-news. Nor do I blame you: one smells salt on reaching that corner of the newspaper. One may even hear the whistle blowing its final five minutes in praise of the ocean, and all the wonders overseas.

Half of the pleasure of travel consists in the advance study of time-tables and 'Shipping Intelligence.' These documents call up new pictures and refresh old ones. Anticipation and retrospect blend into one perfect composition.

The happiest day-dreamer of all is the intending traveler, in springtime.

Wise men, to be sure, decry every sort of travel literature, even time-tables. As for the thing itself, they call traveling a fool's paradise. But wisemen have never heard of the Blue Flower. The learning they prate of is book-learning — a sorry substitute for the knowledge of men and things, the varied cheer, the shifting scenes, the scarcely ever serious fatigues, of reasonable travel. Nor need a man stop acquiring even the thing called learning because his legs or some other engine carry him hither and thither. When Lecky tramped the Pyrenees he carried Spinoza in his pocket, 'getting exceedingly enthusiastic about the scenery and exceedingly perplexed about the difference between Hegel and Schelling.' Lecky's idea of mountain climbing is not mine, yet there is the precedent for any one to follow who thereto inclines. Certainly there was never a want of peripatetic philosophers. Travel of some sort mankind must have — or takes it, like Xavier, in his bed-room. Some write books about lands they hope to visit on the proceeds; as Gautier in the case of his Spain. Some, more conventional, actually use steamships and railways and motor-cars. For, to the normal man, 'All the world's his soil.' And the less cause we can allege for our travels,

The greater is the pleasure in arriving
At the great end of travel — which is driving.

THE IMMORALITY OF TRAVEL

TRAVELING is the vice of the many and the virtue of the few. 'Travel in the younger sort is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience,' said Bacon; but Bacon lived fortunately early and so escaped the modern cult. He never saw what we have seen: the devastation of fair countries, the desolation of old cities, the desecration of sa-

cred shrines, by the intrusive presence of people who do not belong. My bitter complaint is not directed solely against my own countrymen, albeit Americans are multitudinous in offense. I protest against all folk who get out of their frames and insist on making a part of pictures for which they were not designed by nature, whether they be German or Turk, English, Spanish, French, Japanese, or Hindustanee. The day is past when I could welcome, as I could in childhood, the sight of a Chinese coolie pattering home to his laundry, because he gave me the sensation of somehow touching the Orient; the later day has gone, when a supple Lascar along the docks would set me dreaming of the world beyond Suez. Against Turkish travelers in particular I have nourished a grudge since a swarthy and probably distinguished Red-fez poked his head over my shoulder while I was reading a manuscript in the Bodleian. I felt his breath on my cheek, and looked up into beady and curious eyes. Shade of Sir Thomas! He did not belong there; nor, by the same token, did I.

Experience leads me to think, indeed, that most of us would do much better to stay at home. Let travelers travel, and write exciting books about places not made common by intruding thousands of foreigners. By our own fireside we could then read of Paris as if it were Thibet; whereas we now all go to Paris and fail to get much sense of foreign parts in seeing the pavements of the boulevards throng with our compatriots as do the sidewalks of Fifth Avenue. There are not many civilized regions of the earth that one can visit any longer with the hope of finding the exotic unpolluted by commonplace visitors. There are certain parts of Asia, like Thibet and Turkestan; there are one or two spots in Europe; but I do not know of others.

Travel is the great epidemic of the modern world, common to most races, wasteful of time and money, disastrous to the places visited, most unbeautiful in all its effects. No one has yet described the malady. In the hope that some doctor of society — so numerous a company nowadays — may be induced to study its causes and advise as to its remedy and prevention, I make these jottings. I have suffered from the disease in my own person, as well as vicariously, and I recognize the possibility that I may again be smitten. In a time of health, I present my evidence for the benefit of other sufferers — sufferers in a double sense.

The malady is, indeed, a modern one. For a great while men have traveled, but they have done so decently and sanely for the most part. Merchants have always sought and sold their wares abroad, as they do to-day, with perfect propriety. The much-traveled Odysseus did not garner his experience altogether of his own will; and he represents sufficiently well the classical tradition. In the Middle Ages people went on pilgrimages, multitudes of them; yet they made their journeys with an end in view beyond the mere satisfaction of curiosity and the quest of new sensations. Clerks and minstrels traveled; but they wished to learn, or to make a living. Their purpose saved them. Only in the Crusades do we find a parallel to the madness of our times, while even they were sanctified by an idea. During the Renaissance, and down to the nineteenth century, there is no trace of the disease as we know it.

'Travel in the younger sort is a part of education.' Clearly Bacon had in mind for youth what afterwards came to be known as the grand tour. No harm came from this. The young squire, plentifully supplied with money, and mayhap with a learned tutor (scholars, I may say in parenthesis, should always be encour-

aged to travel for the benefit of the nations), set off for a round of the Continent. He learned much, good and bad, but he was never legion. Moreover, if the *milord* became too obnoxious to the inhabitants of any region, they could take a short way with him and prevent the repetition of the nuisance for a considerable time. If the young man's father traveled, he went on some sufficient errand; and his gain was, as Bacon declared, 'a part of experience.' Most people, however, stayed at home, and listened to travelers' tales with understanding suspicion. This state of mind, I submit, was healthy and very sensible.

In lust for travel, as for gold, we moderns do not heed the wise example of our forbears. We have followed too much the enthusiasms of the Romantists, of Goethe, of Byron, and of Heine, who taught the world that journeys were good for their own sake. We travel because we have the money; because it is the fashion; because we wish to compare other lands with ours, probably to the disadvantage of both. We travel for all reasons except good ones; we are, in short, the victims of a disease. We fail to realize what unlovely spectacles, as average human beings, we present when uprooted from our native soil. In our own place we do very well; abroad we display our defects, and hide our virtues.

On tour, the Englishman's blustering bashfulness makes him unpleasant; the Frenchman's suave impracticality lends itself to ridicule; the German's splendid egotism becomes unbearable. In what light Americans appear abroad, it becomes no patriotic citizen to tell. Furthermore, most of us do not travel wisely but too fast. It is a symptom of disease. We may plan a leisurely sojourn in a few carefully-selected towns, or in some hallowed country district; we usually end with a mad scamper. Such

an outbreak of the latent malady ends in exhaustion of the purse and the man. And death-bed confessions on the home-bound steamer serve no useful purpose. 'Globe-trotting' is no more scandalous as a word than as a fact. That persons in whom the disease of travel has assumed this virulent form should be permitted to spread the infection as they do, is a crime against society.

I receive, from time to time, invitations to join, at a considerable premium, 'travel-study tours.' Could there be a more ironic comment on Bacon's phrase as interpreted in our day? Or a madder perversion of educational method? To cram pictures in Italy under the guidance of a tutor, to absorb cathedrals in France under the tutelage of a guide! Not for one hour, I suppose, do the enthusiasts who follow these febrile quests of culture permit themselves an undirected taste of lands not their own. They must be too busy about the improvement of their minds to care for the enlargement of horizons that real travel gives. I can console myself only by the shrewd suspicion that they do not really study either, and so return to their homes quite unaffected by their jaunt, except for being mortally tired. They are more to be pitied than globe-trotters, but less to be blamed.

One of the saddest features of the whole matter is the havoc wrought upon innocent regions by the pestilence-breathing hordes of travelers. I have already deplored the decay of the exotic, the disappearance of the sense of wonder from the world. I have alluded to the wretched condition of Paris. I must go further if I am to stir right-minded people to a consciousness of the terrible devastation that the disease has accomplished during the last century. Have you ever chanced to see at Verona the late Roman sarcophagus, purporting to be the tomb of Juliet, half-filled with German visiting-cards? Have you ever

visited the Island of Marken and noted how a village of fisher-folk can be transformed into a race of harpies? You must have been saddened to find a charming English country town like Stratford-on-Avon turned into a tawdry shrine for the worship of a poet who learned only too well in his lifetime the foibles of humanity. The very church where he is buried has become a temple filled with money-changers. At least, I have seen placards with figures in two systems of money affixed to its walls. And Chester, with blatant rapture, welcomes to her smug and raw antiquity the incoming or departing hosts of Americans. I wonder, when I read that one of the leading performers in the Bavarian Passion Play is advertised to accompany an American party up the Nile, whether even Oberammergau has escaped the taint. Has not Boston, proud of being our own sacred Mecca, adorned herself with patches of black and white, tablets of wood, more to satisfy the appetites of travel-smitten strangers than to honor the dead?

As to the method by which the disease is transmitted, I am no wiser than you; but I feel sure that there is a germ.

JO

WEDDING JOURNEYS BY PROXY

MEETING in the street the other day an old friend and his wife who live in a distant city, I expressed my pleased surprise. 'This is a wedding journey,' they explained. 'Our daughter was married last week, and as neither she nor her husband is fond of travel, they insisted that we should make the conventional tour in their stead. We have got thus far on our way, and are enjoying the honeymoon to the utmost.'

Now, this was putting to the practical test of experiment an idea which has been lying in the back of my brain many years, unexpressed in words. A

spectacle familiar to every Contributor who attends weddings is a bride worn out by months of nerve-racking preparation, better fitted for the hospital than the altar, yet doomed to start on a season of moving from pillar to post, with its incessant strain on body, brain, and senses. Nobody protests audibly, not even the family doctor, because this is the orthodox custom. It remains for a few bold spirits to start a new fashion and require the bride to stay at home after the wedding and take a good rest, letting some kind friend do her traveling for her.

The customary tour is, of course, only one of many inanities connected with weddings, which have nothing better to urge in self-defense than immemorial tradition. Why, for instance, must a lot of well-wishers be corralled on the fateful day for a breakfast, stuffed with sweets and deluged with champagne at high noon, and thus condemned to a term of indigestion and repentance? Dread of appearing churlish, a crow in a dove-cote, prompts many a guest at such a feast to throw prudence to the winds and do what his inward monitor warns him to avoid. Is there not here another opening for vicarious activity? If a repast is imperative, why not call in the services of the younger brothers and sisters of the bride for the consumption of the solids, — asking of them only that they will do in public what they are all too prone to do on the sly, — and turn over the liquids to the servants with a like assurance. This plan would at any rate confine the physicians' ministrations and the drug bills within the offending household, instead of spreading them all over its more intimate acquaintance.

But whether at a later stage we modify the breakfast habit or any of the other mediæval incidentals, surely the wedding journey is something that will bear changing at once. Grant all that

could be pleaded in its favor, such as the need of the young couple to isolate themselves for a while and get better acquainted, or the special virtue of travel as a temper-ordeal and a revealer of unsuspected quips and quirks of disposition, my faith is still anchored to the efficacy of a carefully managed substitution. Let the newly married pair settle down quietly somewhere, — in the bride's old home if you will, or in one of which she is thereafter to be mistress, or in a little cottage in the country, — deny themselves to visitors, and study each other at close range under the same conditions which will normally environ their future life. At the same time, let the old folk be turned loose to do the jaunting. Ten to one, they will enjoy it immensely, and be the better for the change. It will make a pleasant bridge over that little interval of heart-sinking which comes to the parents of a girl after her marriage, before they have accommodated themselves to her habitual absence from the table and the fireside.

When the young couple shall have become old in their turn, and are sending out branches from the family tree laden with new little homes, they can perform a corresponding service for their girls. It will multiply their honeymoons, and refresh the fires of sentiment in their maturer hearts; and we all know how a whole family feels the influence of anything which tends to perpetuate the spirit of courtship between father and mother.

MY VIEW

ON entering my tiny apartment recently a charming little lady exclaimed with real enthusiasm, 'Why, this is like being aboard ship, an air-ship!' And as our little group looked down upon miles of vari-colored houses and bridges and pointed church-spires, and

the distant, glittering Sound, instinctively we waited to feel that floating, slightly rocking sensation known to the traveler on shipboard, whether he be traveling over land or sea.

This very rare lady, possessed of the grace of tact, said other pretty things about my high, green-lined nook; yet she came from a real house of her own in a town of houses and lawns, where the happy citizens merely read in the magazines concerning that horror, the modern apartment-house! And still, in the voice of my guest there was no hint of pity for me as she surveyed my minute domain. She looked at my books, at my few and dear pictures on the woodland-green walls, at my divan and easy-chair set deep in the window-niches, and then she turned again to the panorama spread ever before my eyes and said, with a little sigh of pleasure, 'How restful a view is, a big outlook, like this! How far you seem from all the hurly-burly, and yet how close to the heart of life!'

Really this dear lady almost took away my breath; for you see I am used to the guerdon of thinly veiled sympathy for the misfortune of living where I live.

Some of my visitors come from Jersey, where they have brown earth to dig in, and fresh vegetables in the spring, and the comfort of roomy porches, inclosed in wire netting! And others come from houses down town, real private houses, with white colonial doorways, and beautiful old stairs, and back yards, and butlers, — but of course without such a superfluity as a real view, for people living in their own houses do not yearn for such trifles, and besides, what would the butler do with it anyhow?

Or again my friend comes from a ten-room-and-three-bath apartment in the most fashionable apartment-house section in the city. There also the inhab-

itant has no need of a view, since he looks out upon a wide, modern, sanitary court; opposite is the immaculate tiled kitchen and picturesque Japanese cook of his prosperous neighbor, while many feet below is the clean asphalt pavement; the court containing by way of ornament a geranium bed in summer, and, the year round, four prim and architecturally correct evergreens! But inside the apartment are wonderful floors of polished wood, and built-in mahogany book-cases, and decorative private telephones, and convenient mail-shutes, and burglar-proof jewel-and-silver safes, and beautiful electric lamps, and marble baths as splendid as the baths of Imperial Rome!

Certainly these various friends of mine have a right to pity me, for my bathtub is a trivial affair, as there is not one bit of genuine marble in this whole ramshackle house, none of the many tenants have butlers, and not all of us possess even so much as a maid-of-all-work.

In short, we are impecunious, everyday folk, city-bound, living in an oblong brick box that fronts on a dusty, prosaic street. What, then, is the real use of living at all, and why emphasize our woes to the extent of writing about them?

Dear reader, this is my compensation, the reason why I envy my friends neither their trim gardens, nor their men-servants, nor their spacious rooms, nor even the bliss of many closets! This ugly, box-like structure is builded on a high hill, and the hill overlooks on its eastern side a great, conglomerate, mysterious city, a city which by night becomes an enchantment, and by dawn a vision of pearl and gold and amethyst, and by noon a clear stretch of irregular roof-tops and churches and arching bridges, and again, at dusk, once more vague, illusive, a wonderland sketched in purple shadow and fiery light, every-

where traces of sheer magic, the magic of man's handiwork under God's sky.

Your clean, pure country, — I love it. Your gardens and hedges and pink babies digging up the outraged flower-beds, — I envy you these joys. Even marble tubs possess for me a poetic charm, and the English man-servant and the Japanese butler summon before me visions of luxurious, beatific inaction! But that which I *need*, on which my spirit leans, is an outlook containing, or seeming to contain, all things: leagues of sky, leagues of peopled city, leagues of far, shining water outlining the whole picture, great splashes of hill-side, green or brown, and color, color everywhere!

To-day it rains; my windows are blurred; the lights are gray, not gold. Yet when I turn my head from my chattering typewriter, I see through half-closed eyes emerging shapes, a tall spire here and there, blotches of pure color gleaming through the mist, and in the foreground a group of preening pigeons fluttering against a golden-brown wall. Blocks and blocks away I hear the grumbling of the elevated trains, and occasionally I see a moving dot which from this distance and height looks like a child's abandoned toy.

At the moment there is little in my view of obvious charm — unless a purply-silver haze and spirals of blowing smoke and the delight of distance fascinate you — as they do me! To-day my view is like a fair woman, in street-gown and hat and veil. Only the woman's lover there by her side knows the possibility of that form and face, remembers the gleam of bright hair when the scoop hat is flung away, the white, curved arms under the heavy coat, — arms which only last night were relieved by the delicate contrast of glittering silk, — knows also the poise of the slim throat and the smile of the sweet mouth, now so discreet, so unsmiling, as the

lady sits in the subway train beside her discreet, unsmiling escort.

So with my view: to-day it is disguised, to-night it will gleam like a court beauty in jewels and lace; to-day it is gracious, but subdued; I have seen it passionate in summer lightning, icily magnificent in December snows. And if only the sun would come out now for one brief moment there would be a rainbow arch over my half of Heaven, as I have seen it many times, curving like some Titanic necklace of gems across the streets, the houses, the bridges, the kind green hills, and that far gleam of water.

Commuters, you have your gardens, your velvet turf, your shady trees, your country club, and your divine quiet. But I have a little eyrie hanging over the wonder city from which you hasten each day in weariness and scorn. And this eyrie is a home, because those who dwell within possess the two essentials for happiness: love of one's kind, and a vision of the splendor of the earth!

THE PLEASURES OF ACQUAINTANCE

What is so pleasant as these jets of affection?
— EMERSON.

FAR be it from my pen to dim the glory of friendship, which all the poets of all the ages have sung so sweetly; and yet I dare maintain that of the two degrees of social intercourse, acquaintance and friendship, a slight and evanescent acquaintance is the more ideal, and possesses a superior pungency of flavor. I love my friends with a peculiar extravagance of affection which has only deepened with the shifting of the perspective from girlhood to womanhood. Also, I *know* these friends of mine, and furthermore, forgive them. I steel my heart against the biting frankness of one; I overlook another's dislike of poetry; and I re-

spond, with varying success, to the warm and effusive nature of a third. All this I do for the sake of friendship — that affinity of soul which draws us together, and lends to our intercourse its tender, deep and permanent quality. Because of this permanence and depth — because we shall return, again and again, to a friend's heart, as to the warm fireside of the home — because of the sympathy and love that burns always there, we willingly forego many things. If friendship demands great sacrifices, it repays them all with this feeling of confidence and security. With those whom I account my best and dearest, there is no reserve. Our friendship is rooted in the bed-rock of intimacy.

Unlike Emerson, I go to my friend's house; I know his father, mother, and sisters; 'a thought, a message, a sincerity,' my friendship may be to me; but it is infinitely more, for it bears the indelible stamp of concreteness. It is interwoven through and through with many problems of morality and conduct. It is in no sense abstract, for it holds too many threads of reality; nor is it ideal, for a number of those threads are broken, and tangled, and imperfect. I fancy that friendship is like an exquisite pattern embroidered on a coarse cloth. The embroidery, with its fair colors and graceful design, has become a part of the fabric, and is so intermingled with the uncouth texture that the one cannot be ripped from the other without marring both.

Now, acquaintance is almost the exact opposite of this. All that is impossible in friendship is possible in acquaintance. Acquaintance resembles a bit of bright silk raveling caught lightly in the mesh of the cloth. Without injury to the fabric, you may pull out the raveling and see it lying there in the palm of your hand. It is abstract, simple, ideal, ephemeral. It is not in-

terwoven with necessity or sordidness. It rests upon the top of the affections, lightly; and therefore, I say, it possesses a certain keenness of pleasure that friendship, welling up from the depths, cannot know.

Acquaintance offers the fairest of all opportunities — that of idealizing one's self. With the formation of an acquaintance, there comes into my life a stranger from another world. Can I not be to this man or woman something finer than I know myself to be? According to the mood I am in, can I not, for one half-hour, sparkle with wit, or show myself gracious and kind, or thrash out that philosophical dispute without binding myself to everlasting observance of the principles I have laid down? I can be a boon companion, a literator, an optimist, a pessimist. To an acquaintance, I can reveal what side of my nature I will. I can show him the red apples that lie on the top of the measure. The little, knotty fruit below will remain hidden from his eyes, unless, indeed, we should become friends. And then? Ah! then, he will forgive me. But, for the present, I am ideal, and there is no need for forgiveness.

Not only do I thus abstract my better self from the grossness and complexity of my entire nature, but I converse with an idealized companion. He, too, — be he girl or boy, man or woman, — sketches for me an outline of his beatified self. He displays his most lovable side. If he has unfortunate habits, I am not unaware of them. If his jokes are a mere stock-in-trade, and his few theories of philosophy worn threadbare with hard use, I have not time to find him out. It is not my purpose to play the detective, but to gather what delight I may from my

brief converse with this chance acquaintance. He may be the veritable black sheep of his family; or, worse, he may be that unfortunate, lone, white creature in a tribe of dusky fleeces. These things are as nought to me. His dogmatic father, his scapegoat of a brother, his pedantic sister — these I know not. Only the man himself, the best part of him, such as he has chosen to give me in our brief acquaintance — *that* I know, and in that I take delight.

This pleasure in mere acquaintance is one of the charms of life for all who love the touch-and-go of daily intercourse. It is a sort of luxury, over and above the enduring friendships which demand great sacrifices in return for their great happiness. Friendship drags, in consequence, all the joys and woes of the universe. It frequently displays deformities, scars, and ugly places, which we prefer to hide and cover over. But acquaintance is an ideal, starlike point of friendship, no part of which one could wish to forget.

You who are staunch and loyal friends, who have toiled and suffered and shed your heart's tears and sacrificed untold things to keep alive that flower of friendship, be not offended. I would not, for the sum-total of my acquaintances, forego the least of my good friends. But when I look backward, and, like a miser, count up the moments of human intercourse that have given me great pleasure, the starry points of many an acquaintance shine out so clear and bright that I must count them as no mean portion of my wealth. They have been precious moments in my life; and

I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me.

AP
2
A8
v.107

The Atlantic

**PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET**

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
